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# Editorial Page of The Tacoma Times

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## Sparkle of the Spray

Gen. Reyes gives this pathetic explanation of his attempted revolution:

"I was told that as soon as I would cross the border the country would rise, that in Chiva alone there were awaiting 600 men. Do you know how many I found there? One! Although too late, at last I realized that the people wanted no more war. Now my desire is to be the only victim."

Alas! How many embryo leaders wait, across the border, for the country to rise? How many fall to glean the truth of history which shows that when the people are ready, leaders spring spontaneously from their own ranks? Leaders are only the foam which is the result, not the cause, of underlying revolt and turmoil. They are the beautiful bubbles which reflect for a second the radiant colors of glory. But the historian, the biographer, love the fragile diamonds of the mist and in words repaint their hues for the admiration of the ages, and only who reads between the lines sees the roll of the water down to the very depths and knows that the spume led nothing—that it was but tossed up by the warring waves. The people are, like the waters, clinging to calm, but certain to have their storms.

Genius, crusader, preacher, teacher, statesman, reformer and demagogue alike are impelled by their own furies of impatience or desire for power to try to lash the masses into action. Seldom to any of these are the Fates allied. To the man of destiny, and to the calm, imperious and serenely poised opportunist alone come the splendid moments when they sparkle on the spray.

## The Problem

The new year is bound to be a great one in human progress. It may see tremendous advance in knowledge and application of that almost unknown force, electricity, and higher, more practical understanding of all matters of science and mechanics is bound to come. But greatest, highest, best of all is the promised progress toward common brotherhood. Hand in hand are the spirit of freedom and the love of our fellow men marching on. Liberty, equality, fraternity are, more plainly than ever before, the goal of human desire and effort.

We asked C. A. McGree, editor of the San Diego Sun, what was his best thought and he answered:

"What do the people want most? Why, just a fair chance to live comfortably and decently on a fair day's wages for a fair day's work. The people are going to get that chance, too. Better pitch in and help solve the big problem right."

"Just a fair chance!" Isn't that the way to put it? No talk about the world owing every man a living. "Just a fair chance." That's God's truth. That's the whole question. Science, literature, mechanics, and the arts will all do their big things in 1912. The humblest among us can pitch in and help solve civilization's real big problem, the giving of "just a fair chance."

## Unionism of All

Greetings to 1912 and the unions!! To the union of labor with created wealth, of law with justice, of might with right, of humanity in the bonds of brotherhood, the wise to plan measures for human betterment, the strong to execute them, and the brave to cheer them on!—Estelle Lawton Lindsay.

## Putting Off the Pig-Tail

John Chinaman's Manchu pig-tail presents a spectacle no more humiliating than American party subservency. Pig-tail obeisance to party, thank heaven! is giving way before men and principle.

Real progressive legislation was inspired by men who refused to wear party queues. They no longer wear the pig-tail in China. It is disappearing in America.—W. G. Hale, editor Des Moines News.

## OBSERVATIONS

FRANCIS ROGERS, baritone, urges that American schools train youngsters' voices. Wasn't he ever at a football game?

FIRST Jap auto dealer has sailed for the Flowery Kingdom with a number of American cars.

WHEN you eat cranberry sauce with your holiday turkey, you think of it as a tart, delicious addition to the menu. But if you could know the aching backs, the tolling of women, the child labor that must be measured up with the production of a cranberry crop, perhaps it wouldn't taste so good.

WOMEN'S fashions in Japan haven't changed materially in 2,500 years.

NEW JERSEY judge has broken a woman's will. It was another fellow's woman, all right, all right.

JIM M'DANIEL, one of the lucky men of the age, is dead at Hannibal, Mo. Mark Train used to try his stories on Jim before publishing them for the rest of us.

ALL-NIGHT restaurants and all-night saloons for New York with the schools and churches working on 4-hour shifts.

IN southern Morocco they've found fossils showing that man in the stone age had his domestic animals—buffalos, goats and long-legged pigs.

FEDERAL investigation of weights and measures shows that the consumer is being stung. Wha-a-t?

THIS royal tiger-hunting, it seems, is largely a fake. Indian natives keep tigers in captivity and turn them loose, stupefied with drugs, to be shot.

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART, the author, lives in Pittsburgh, but her latest book is about white people. In Pittsburgh!

COST 40 per cent more to take the 13th census than it did the 12th. Oh, we're growing!

"SPEAKING around the world" seems more and more feasible and if you wake up some morning and find you are talking to yourself, don't be alarmed. London can phone to Berlin now.

"THERE'S a fool in every family!" declared the California lady voter to her caller. He was a bachelor and could see his hat from where he sat, too.

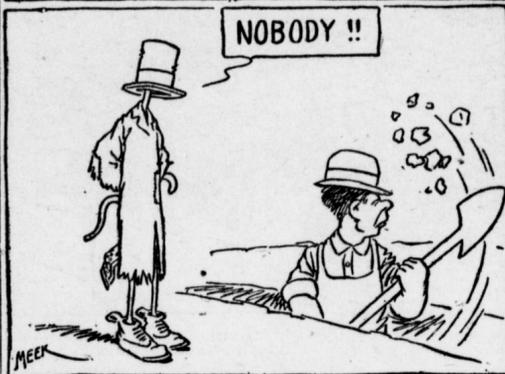
"OBSERVATIONS: What do you think of a man who deceives his wife night after night?"—Mrs. Emma W. We think he's got cunning old Solomon beaten to a standstill, Emma.

DR. FRANK CRANE says that man gets drunk because he wants "elevation above the pettiness, cheapness, commonness of the daily grind." Maybe, Doc. We've seen 'em go up in the air, anyway.

## THE MARKETS

PRICES PAID	PRODUCER.
Apples—\$1.50 @ 2 a box.	Beef—10c.
Lemons—\$2.75 @ 4.25.	Pork—\$ @ 9c.
Cranberries—11 @ 13c.	Onions—\$1.25 @ 1.50.
Oranges—\$2.50 @ 3.25.	Oysters—\$7.50 per sack.
Potatoes—\$1.40 @ 1.50 sack.	Clams—\$2.50 a sack.
Sweet Potatoes—\$2 @ 3.50 cwt.	Crabs—\$1 @ 1.75 doz.
Beans—3 @ 4c.	Butter
Furnips—20c a doz.	Washington Creamery—38c.
Lettuce—20c a doz.	Eastern—30 @ 32c.
Cabbage—2c lb.	Eggs.
Spinach, 11-1c.	Eastern—30c.
Chicken—14c.	Washington Ranch—38 @ 42c.

### "NOBODY"—BY MEEK.



**JEALOUS NATURE**  
"A fireman is no spark for me"—  
The words were pretty Mame's—  
"I couldn't keep the lad, you see,  
Away from other flames."—Boston Transcript.

## Storm Warnings of Ev. True

If ever I go into the hands of a receiver I'll guarantee that he lets go of the assets before he outlives the claimants.

Don't come to me and brag of your nationality. I won't think much of it.

When a dentist tells me it isn't going to hurt and it does, it is going to hurt him, and I don't promise him it won't.

The winter baseball fan is harmless, but that doesn't make me want to sit next to him when he is talking diamond statistics.

When a man buttonholes me and asks me if I know what it means to be sick, I give him one minute to switch off the symptoms or take a good licking.

A neighbor who takes the same paper I do tells me everything he has read in it. He has a family to support, but endurance ceases to be a virtue.



**THUD:** I have not seen your brother lately. He doesn't seem to come out a good deal.

**SLAP:** No; he just got in again.

**THUD:** When can I see him?

**SLAP:** The third Friday in every month.

**THUD:** I was looking for him most every day.

**SLAP:** So were the police.

**THUD:** Is he still getting ahead in his music?

**SLAP:** Not so much as formerly—just now he's behind a few bars.

**THUD:** What is his favorite instrument?

**SLAP:** A Jimmy.

**THUD:** But didn't he once blow a trombone?

**SLAP:** No. What he blew was a safe.

**THUD:** What changed him from the long-haired genius he used to be.

**SLAP:** The prison barber.

**THUD:** Doesn't write as much verse as he used to, either, does he?

**SLAP:** No—it takes him so long to finish a sentence.

**THUD:** Is he going to quit it?

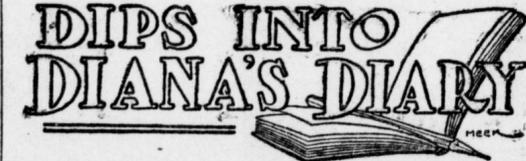
**SLAP:** Yes, he's at work on his last—they've put him in the shop.

**THUD:** Do the guards ever punish him?

**SLAP:** Well—the last time I visited him he showed me several wells.

**THUD:** His wife has not lost her confidence in him, I suppose?

**SLAP:** Certainly not. She always predicted he would arrive.



A large, enterprising lady blew into a near-by town the other day and got up a blue book of local society. She had no trouble getting the names, since she went to the courthouse and consulted the list of mortgaged automobiles. \* \* \* Nell Marmalade complains that it's all she can do to keep her dearest girl chums from stealing her young man away from her. \* \* \* Every commuter train always has two stenographers, who travel to work together and kiss each other goodbye at the depot as if one or the other was going to be swallowed up in the big city forever. \* \* \* Some women when they visit an orphan asylum go on as if nothing could keep them from adopting the whole institution, and the rest of the year don't give it a thought. \* \* \* The magazines have a great many recipes for dainty desserts and appetizing entrees, but they are awfully mum about the subject of washing the dishes.

**Step-Mother Goose**  
BY HOWARD MANN

Daffy-down-dilly has come to town  
In a yellow petticoat and a green gown.  
And Duffy should have a mauve and blue hat  
To match with a swell combination like that.

## Most Anything

When a fellow sits alone at night he has mighty few delusions concerning his importance.

Everybody ought to be in partnership.

It is not in human nature that a man who has owned an automobile for six months should be greatly mindful of the rights of pedestrians.

Nothing in the world is so utterly wasteful as to make strawberries into canned stuff.

If hash could talk it couldn't tell us what is in it—for it doesn't know.

The habit of actresses keeping their maiden name after marriage is a good one. It saves frequent changing.

Rube Marquard is editing baseball puzzles. He was a little shy of them in the world's series.

People who keep the brewer's working nights do not keep themselves working days.

Noble impulses so seldom come in pairs that many of them die of loneliness.

Col. Roosevelt said he was not going to a banquet because he was not hungry. That is one of the best reasons for going.

The Outlook criticizes Congressman Sulzer's grammar. What chance would Sulzer have in a Tammany district with good grammar?

When a literary society gets through with an author he is a mystery even to himself.

The baby-carriage still remains the most successful vehicle for family purposes.

### OUR PRECISE ARTIST



"Faint heart ne'er won fair lady." Alas, alas, how seldom we have our fainting spells in time.

These days remind us of the glad days when we used to grab two hot pancakes, slap one over each ear, and duck off to school through the cold morning breezes.

The man who expects nothing is generally pretty sure to get it.

**Well Qualified.**  
A pleasant little story is told of Dr. Boyd Carpenter in the days before he was bishop of Ripon.

To him came one day a young man and maiden, both bashful and on a very obvious errand.

"Are you Mr. Carpenter?" asked the swain timidly.

"Yes," was the reassuring reply. "Carpenter—and joiner."

**Short!**  
"Yes, I bin to London, and it's a fine town, but crooked."

"How crooked?" said the barman.

"Well," said Pegleg, "I bought Marthey a penny paper o' pins there, an' on the train home I counted them. They wuz marked 'One thousand,' but they wuz fourteen short by actual count!"

### CAUTION-COWARDICE.



Teacher: Willie, can you tell me the difference between caution and cowardice?

Willie: Yes, ma'am. When you're afraid yourself, then that's caution; but when the other fellow's afraid, that's cowardice.

**A Warning.**  
After little Edwin's mamma had borne with his naughtiness until her patience was exhausted, she gave him a long overdue spanking. After the first sting had passed away into a whimper of grievous repentance, he sobbed mournfully:

You w-want to b-be p-pwetty careful, mamma, how y-you 'pank me—'cause y-you might cwack u-me.—Delineator.

## Gypsies Who Work! Band From Brazil Mend Worn Out Copper, Make Fortune

MERCHANTVILLE, N. J., Jan. 11.—Gypsies who work! Think of it. This end of the continent is all worked up by the visit of a band of this sort of gypsy.

They came here recently from Brazil, traveling overland by way of Panama and the Mexican border. There are nearly a hundred of them—men, women and children, mostly children.

The men are skilled copper-smiths. They are getting rich at their trade. No copper utensil is too far gone for these men to mend. They take a copper cauldron from which the bottom has been completely worn and braise a new bottom, making the expensive cauldron as good as new, for much less than a new one would cost. The women earn money telling fortunes. The children beg. The tribe has a king who settles all disputes and the money goes into a common treasury.

That the work of the tribe is bringing substantial returns was shown recently when one of the men was accused of some offense against the Jersey law and held in \$1,000 bail.

One of the gypsy women stood in the middle of the camp with her apron extended in both hands and one of the tribesmen, apparently the treasurer of the community, counted into her apron \$1,000 in bills of various denominations.

A local census taker found that the live stock of the camp consisted of 25 head of horses, 5 mules, 4 cows, 10 pigs, 16 chickens, 3 ducks, 6 dogs, 9 cats, 11 snakes, 2 turtles, 4 parrots, 2 canary birds, 1 monkey, 11 white rats, a colony of toads, 2 hives of bees and an unlimited quantity of insects.

"Granny" Boremeno, the matriarch of the tribe, who acknowledges that she is over a hundred years old, has had 4 children, 15 grandchildren, 76 great grandchildren, 32 great, great grandchildren and 3 great great grandchildren.

Turning Talents to Profit.

"Your facial expression is wonderful," said the admiring friend. "Is that so?" replied Mr. Stroughton Barnes.

"Yes, I never saw such mobile expression, such wonderful facility for conveying whatever thought you may choose to impress."

"Well, if I've really got a face like that I think I'll quit acting and go to playing poker."—Washington Star.

**A Little Off.**  
An old lady was talking with a friend about a bishop.

"He's a fine man," said the friend, "a fine, handsome man. His only trouble is that he's a little bit bellicose."

"Bellicose?" said the old lady, with a surprised frown. "He must have chawed them. The last time I saw him he was tall and rather slender."—Minneapolis Journal.

Some people are protesting Judge Hook as too conservative, and others are fighting him as too radical. Surely this is a queer world.

### IN THE LIMELIGHT

John Hale of Connecticut and Georgia, is a peach fancier. No, not that kind, the sort that grows on trees, and make fine peach cobbler and all that.

He quit a job as street car conductor to show New Englanders that peaches of worth and beauty can be grown on their worn-out farms.

if the proper attention is given the land. His first crop he sold from a push cart in Hartford, Conn. Last year he paid out over \$50,000 to the railroads for hauling his Georgia crop alone. Hale is 53 today—likewise hearty.

### TODAY IN HISTORY

Jan. 15, 1865, Gen. Benjamin F. Butler was given a surprise party by a Washington, D. C., newsboy.

The congressional committee on the conduct of the war, a ponderous body which had carefully remained out of range of cannon shot, had been examining Butler about his failure to take Fort Fisher and he had demonstrated at least to his own entire satisfaction, that the fort could not be taken by assault.

Just then the black newsboy shouted in the corridor: "Extra! Extra! Fort Fisher done took." And the worst of it was that Gen. Terry, who had taken it, had done it with the identical troops that Butler had tried it with.

Don't be misled. Ask for Red Cross Ball Blue. Makes beautiful white clothes. At all good grocers.



## In the Editor's Mail

Everybody in Pierce county reads this column. Short letters from Times readers, of general interest and without personal malice, will be printed. Write about anything or anybody you wish, but do not have malice as your motive. Many letters are not printed because they are too long. Keep 'em short.

Editor Times, and to the pistol and revolver shooters of this city, and those who wish to become such, I would like to say a few words which at this time and under the circumstances, may not be out of place. Many of the above mentioned no doubt think that we have a pistol and revolver club, known as the Tacoma Pistol Club. To such I would say there is no such an organization in this city, that the so-called pistol club is only a myth, never organized, has no officers, except one party, who styles himself president, secretary, treasurer and champion pistol shot of the Northwest. This above mentioned party has bestowed all of these honors upon himself and has dictated to and domineered over the so-called club until most of our best pistol shots will no longer attend the meets, which suits this self-appointed official, as when there are only new members and amateurs in attendance he can generally (not always) make the high score and then write it up in the papers to suit himself. I know these to be facts and several of the best shots that used to participate in shooting at the armory have told me that they would not go there to shoot again until there was a pistol club organized right and officials elected by the voice of the members, and head to it, and not run by one party in a slipshod manner, as it is at present.

Pistol and revolver shooting is good sport and much skill can be attained in the art during the long winter evenings. The expense is light, as the armory does not charge any rent to a club and this city is entitled to a club organized right and on business principles, such as other cities in the state and on the coast have.

I would like to hear from the pistol and revolver shots of the city, through the press, who are interested along the above lines, and see what can be done toward a permanent organization. Now is the time. Let us hear from you through the papers, giving your sentiments fully.

Yours very truly,  
M. M. CONLON.  
Tacoma, Jan. 15th, 1912.

## The Breaker Boys



The miners blast away the coal, the hunkies shovel it. The engineer he hoists the car that's put upon the cage. But by and by it comes to us where all day long we sit. Within the shaking breaker-house and earn our little wage. For we're the little breaker-boys who labor all the day. To pick the slate from out the coal and toss the stuff away.

Our cheeks are hollow, pale and wan, our hair has lost its glow (The breaker takes that all away in just a little time), Along the slide the dusty coal must flow and flow and flow. The breaker roars and crashes and the air is full of grime And we're the little breaker boys with faces dull and gray Who pick the slate from out the coal and toss the stuff away.

Our fathers toil as best they can, but still the cash they earn Is not enough to keep us all and so we take our trick. Putting our youth and gladness in the very coal you burn, Cutting our hands and fingers on the sharp-edged slate we pick. For we're the little breaker boys who leave our fun and play To pick the slate from out the coal and toss the stuff away.

Our eyes have lost their twinkle and our voices lost their ring (The breaker's dark and dingy and the noise of it is great) While other kids are playing ball and having all their fling. We're sitting by a stream of coal and picking out the slate. For we're the little breaker boys who help the mines to pay, Who pick the slate from out the coal—and toss our lives away!

**NOT ALWAYS LOADED**  
Gabbiegh—They say that language is the vehicle of thought, you know.

Keene—Yes, but a lot of times it travels empty.—Boston Evening Transcript.

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