

MEMBER OF THE SCRIPPS NORTHWEST LEAGUE OF NEWSPAPERS. Telegraphic News Service of the United Press Association by direct leased wire. Entered at the postoffice, Tacoma, Wash., as second-class matter. Published by the Tacoma Times Pub. Co. Every Evening Except Sunday.

Editorial Page of The Tacoma Times

PHONES OFFICE—776-778

Thurs. In 12. Cpt. Main 12. Sept. Main 794. JMMERCE ST.

THE CHOLERA

The cholera army is marching against the Turks now. The cholera army is never defeated in times of war. The cholera army is non-partisan. When it has attacked and defeated one army, it attacks and defeats the army of the other side, then it rushes to the rear—to the homes—and rends both nations hip and thigh.

The purpose of this greatest of conquering armies is to conquer and destroy all the world and today the world is arming itself against the enemy which the petty little quarrelers of southeastern Europe have aroused as from a sleep. Even the United States, separated though it is by 3000 miles of ocean, is arming to fight the cholera army—fight it with science and the art of prevention.

While it would not be surprising if cholera made its grand tour again in 1913, there is no need of us United States folks getting scared. Let us remind ourselves that cholera yields to the forces of higher civilization and that for that reason alone this country is reasonably safe against epidemic. At the same time we should prepare ourselves so that we may assist the forces of civilization. We should know what cholera is and what to do when it comes, if it does come.

Cholera is one of the "filth diseases," and resembles typhoid fever, though it is quicker and more deadly. It is caused by a germ entering the stomach in contaminated food or water, and multiplying in the intestines with tremendous rapidity. The victim often dies in a few hours. One case out of two is fatal.

The disease drains the body of water, turning the blood to a thick, sluggish mass which the heart can no longer pump through the arteries and veins. So quick is this action that sometimes the patient seems to wither away before one's eyes.

A physician who has had experience in five cholera epidemics gives these rules for those who are exposed:

- Keep the house thoroughly clean.
- Carefully ventilate and disinfect.
- Bathe every morning in tepid water.
- Take plenty of exercise in the fresh air.
- Wear flannel shirts night and day.
- Avoid chills.
- Abstain from eating uncooked fruit.
- Use the very best stimulants in moderation.
- Keep spirits of camphor and camphor pills for use in the event of cholera symptoms showing themselves.
- Wear a camphor bag.
- Trust in Providence, and sweep out your drains.

If you want to be almost absolutely sure against infection, never eat or drink anything from another person's hands if you can help it. Take food direct from the stove yourself. If it is cold food, put it through strong heat again. Drink recently boiled water from a dish you yourself have rinsed in boiling water.

WISHES ARE WINGS

Wishes are wings. Upon them we mount to what heights we will. The boy who longs for the sea and whose heart leaps at the roar of the breakers and thrills at sight of a sail is building his own ship. The youth who sits spellbound by the words of the orator and makes the solitude eloquent with his own declamations is erecting his own rostrum or pulpit. The child Napoleon playing ceaselessly with his wooden soldiers was making a new map of a continent. Opportunity? It is generated within himself. Environment? Soul purpose goes through that as a flame goes through a sheet of tissue. But the wish must be genuine, soul-deep. The artist cannot by mere wishing have the colors arrange themselves upon his canvas. The wish must be virile enough to be a source of ceaseless effort and consummate skill. We become what we wish to become and we do what we wish to do, not through wishes that are shallow and fleeting fancies, but earnest, constant yearning of the soul. The scientific theory regarding the evolution of the eagle is suggestive. The dream of flight was there before the wings. Through generations of ceaseless longing, slow but sure development and adaptation went on until at last the eagle on mighty pinions soared triumphantly aloft toward the sun. There is hardly any obstacle, hardly any limitation, that mind cannot overcome. Soul will find its own, as surely and as irresistibly as the homing dove finds its cote, the bee the clover, and the seed-shoot the light it seeks.

COLD STORAGE PLANT

Tacoma's next campaign will probably be on the proposition of the municipal cold storage plant. Superintendent Hall of the municipal dock is simply being smothered with business he cannot take care of because of lack of cold storage at the municipal docks. Those posted say Tacoma can bring thousands of dollars worth of business here that does not now come and keep thousands here that goes away by providing a municipal cold storage plant. Friends of the idea also point out that it might help to lessen the high cost of living in some instances. But when the city gets ready to launch this project, there will probably be a wail from certain sources. Like the statistics brought forth by private dock managers to prove that Tacoma would go broke on a municipal dock, cold storage men will come out and prove that a municipal cold storage plant will simply put Tacoma on the skids that lead to the bow-wows of financial ruin. But Tacoma has learned not to take too seriously these bear stories of those "who are in the business and ought to know". The city is now getting ready to include a cold storage plant in the new municipal dock so citizens may as well get ready for a flood of reports and statistics and arguments emanating from those who have axes to grind to show that it cannot be done. But indications are the city will go right ahead and do it and make a bigger success even than has already been made with the municipal dock, which, by the way, will be going some.

WHO PUT THE CHESTNUTS IN GRANDPA'S SEAT.



Wilson's school teacher, who predicted he would some day be elected president has been discovered. He lives in Manhattan, Ill. First call for the school teacher who thrashed little Woody Wilson.

The state of Illinois had 622 fires with a loss of \$1,160,725 in October. The loss is almost as large as Germany's for a year.

A monkey talk dictionary has been issued by a Frenchman. He must be getting things ready for a political campaign.

More misdirected energy—Collecting 10,000,000 postage stamps.

Their Reputation at Stake. "Why is it that Blank, the shirtmaker, and Irons, the laundryman, do not speak when they meet?"

"Well, you know, Blank advertised a new, indestructible shirt."

"And Irons immediately installed more powerful machinery in his laundry."

Why She Didn't Vote. First Suffragette—Did you vote the progressive ticket? Second Suffragette—I didn't vote at all.

First Suffragette—Why not? You registered, didn't you? Second Suffragette—Yes, I was afraid someone would challenge my vote. You see, when they asked my age I was so flustered I gave them my bust measure instead.

How He Captured Her. Here is a copy of a communication sent by a young man in Cincinnati recently to a young lady at Dallas, Texas. It was typewritten, and it resulted in a wedding shortly afterwards: 2 lovers sat beneath the shade, And I un 2 the other said: "How 14 8 that you, be 9, Have smiled upon this suit of mine.

If 5 a heart it palps for you; Your voice is mu 6 melody; 'Tis sweet to be your loved 1 2. Say, O nymph, wilt marry me?" She, hisping, said, "Y, 13ly."

The Accepted Time. "De choir am now about to vociferate," said good old Parson Bagster during a recent Sabbath morning's service in Ebenezer chapel, "and uh-whilest dey am a-doin' of it I solemnly suggest dat de mothers of dem sassy child'en dat has been uh-'sturbin' de congregation take dis occasion to spank em. Dis special song will rise loud and high, muh sistahs, and so uh-whilest yo' do yo' duty dess do it wid zeal and liberality. Spar' de spank and sp'ile de child—give it to de little varmint hot and heavy, and de Lawd will bless yo', and de rest of us will owe yo' a vote o' thanks. De choir will now po' foth deir hobannars."

SOME OIL. BERLIN, Nov. 21.—In connection with the campaign for and against a private oil monopoly in Germany under government control in order to break the grip of the Standard Oil trust, it is shown that Germany imported last year 9,950,000 tons of oil with a value of \$18,000,000.

It's gone for sure, now, but was I crawling over or under or through this fence?"

"It's rare that one of the young women of today knows how to knit," says one of the chiefs of the agricultural department. And there aren't many who know how to run a spinning wheel, and there are a lot of men who could not write very well with a quill pen.

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Town Marshal Hickory Bludgeon admits that a big tin star is a heap o' protection to 'er chest when there's a cold wind a-blowin'.

On the Altar of Fashion Football Athlete (in a towering rage)—What's become of my mole-skin pants? His Mother — Now, Everard, there's no use of your raising a fuss. We had to cut them up to make a jacket for your sister.—Chicago Tribune.

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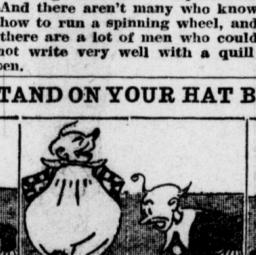
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Prof. Nuttie Missed the Butterfly After All.



He Explains "These doughnuts," began the man. "What's the matter of them?" demanded the Vere de Vere behind the lunch counter. "I think their inner tubes are punctured."—Boston Advertiser.

Only Thing To Do They were motoring idly through the park. Twilight had sat down upon the land. The sudden roaring of wild beasts from the distant zoo caused the fair one to start.

"Oh, Jack!" she cried, nestling closer and closer. "where would you go if you saw a dozen lions bounding along after us?" "If I saw a dozen lions bounding after me," grinned the heartless wretch, "I'd go to a sanitarium."—Judge.

Evolution. "Of course, you believe in evolution?" "Yes," replied Mr. Cunrox. "My own recollection of early days in the West remind me that many a sixty-horse-power limousine can trace its financial ancestry back to a prairie schooner."—Washington Star.

Andrew Carnegie's personal taxes have been canceled by New York officials because he owes \$8,400,000. Anybody who can owe that much money ought to pay double taxes just out of gratitude.

An 82-year-old man in Brooklyn has taken his fourth wife. Some folks may be disposed to criticize the old gentleman harshly. But not we. A man living in Brooklyn is justified in doing anything for excitement.

T. Roosevelt, the ex-president, says he has adopted a policy of silence. You can't get ahead of T. R. He's always thinking up some new policy.

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HE WANTS THE EDITOR'S ADVICE
"Dear Editor:
"I am a young man 22 years old and have a rich uncle who offers me \$10,000 provided I am married by Jan. 1 next. There are four young ladies who pretend or really do love me, but I cannot say that I love any of them. One of them said if I throw her down she will commit suicide; one the others said that if I don't marry her she will kill me. Please give me your advice."
WORRIED YOUNG MAN.
ANSWER—Why, you shouldn't be worried, young man. Think of all the zest that life holds out to you. There are many worthy young men in Tacoma who have uncles who wouldn't give 'em two-bits on a bet; yea, they have relatives who would contribute fifteen cents only for rat poison to be used as a gargle. And to think that you have four beautiful gels who are crazy about you. Don't worry, young man. Maybe your uncle will invest all his money in an oil well before the New Year and won't have a bean to give you; maybe the poor little gel who would commit suicide will marry a motorman on the 11th street car line; maybe the other slice-eyed beaut who would mangle your cadavar will join the Greeks and go off to Turkey to battle with the moslem dawgs. Cheer up, young man, the world is not so dark as you paint it.—EDITOR.

When I Have Time

BY BERTON BRALEY

When I have time, amid my myriad duties,
I shall go forth and breathe the country air,
I shall drink deep of nature's many beauties,
And I shall smile on mortals everywhere.

When I have time I shall give leash to pity
And succor those amid the grit and grime,
I shall bring joy to sad folk of the city
When I have time.

When I have time and life is not so hurried
I shall be pleasant to each soul I meet,
No little thing shall get my temper flurried,
I shall be patient, tender, calm and sweet.

Now by a thousand duties I am haltered,
My frown is grim, my anger prone to climb,
But all this ugliness will soon be altered
When I have time.

When I have time to snatch away from labor
I shall give thought to other things than pelf,
I shall deal squarely, kindly, with my neighbor
And treat him as I'd have him treat my self.

When I have time (what visions I am seeing
Of life that shall be lovely as a rhyme)
I'm busy NOW—I'll be a Human Being,
When I have time.

Mothers, Wives, Sweethearts Hunt Beloved On Battlefield



ALEXANDER, THE MONTENEGRIN WHOSE MOTHER AND SWEETHEART BORE HIM FROM THE BATTLEFIELD.

PODGORITZA, Montenegro, Nov. 21.—The women in Podgoritza waited throughout one long day, hearing the firing that sent its echoes over the mountains. Then a messenger came running into the city, shouting that the Montenegrins had taken Tuzi, the Turkish fort, a few miles over the hills.

The women, by scores, left the town and tramped to the battlefield, mothers, wives and sweethearts, seeking their dead or wounded men.

There was no weeping, or wailing. The women, using carts, horses and sometimes their own shoulders, carried their loved ones, or their corpses, back to Podgoritza, along the roads which a few hours before the soldiers had paced so bravely.

That night scene, along the mountain roads, with the flickering lanterns, the ramshackle carts, the struggling forms of men, and the plodding women, is, perhaps, one of the strangest in the history of warfare.

I am sending a photograph of Alexander, a Montenegrin soldier, whose mother and sweetheart, clinging together like Ruth and Naomi, went out onto the battlefield and found him lying with his side torn open and his scalp torn partly away.

There were no ambulances, nor Red Cross nurses. The two women carried him, not with tears, but proudly, back to Podgoritza. This photograph was taken by Capt. E. de Krigelstein, an Austrian military attache. It shows the women, and Alexander, at the end of their terrible journey. His face is twisted in pain, but, on their faces are expressions of satisfaction and pride, more than sorrow.

More clearly than in any other war in recent history you can see in this war the fact that a nation's fighting ability depends on the kind of men its women produce.

For the last half a century and more these Montenegrins have been talking, planning and hoping for a war with Turkey. Women who were girls 50 years ago were trained to believe that the sons who were born to them would some day tear the hated Turks into bits. When their sons were really born, they passed this belief to them. To kill on Turk, to kill a score or a hundred Turks has long been the dream of every Montenegrin youth and man.

"Is there any good hunting here?" an English sportsman asked a small band of Montenegrin boys, in the mountains.

"It depends," they answered, "on what you want to hunt. There are few deer, but we have had pretty good luck lately with Turks."

EASY TO STAND ON YOUR HAT BUT—!

