

There's many a poor little kid in Europe this year who will sadly awaken to the fact there isn't any Santa Claus.

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HOME EDITION



WEATHER
Tacoma and vicinity: Unsettled.
Washington: Same.

FATHER, FORGIVE THEM; FOR THEY KNOW NOT WHAT THEY DO.



FORD PARTY TORN BY NEW ROW

REWARD OF \$500 POSTED

OLYMPIA, Dec. 25.—A \$500 reward was posted by Gov. Ernest Lister yesterday for the arrest of Frank Stone along with the filing of the fifth information growing out of the industrial insurance graft.

FLASHES

The Peruvian bark Callao was reported last night drifting near Cape Beale, Vancouver island, stripped of her sails and in a helpless condition.

Although he was slightly better today, Mayor Fawcett was still too ill to leave his bed, and was unable to join his family at Christmas dinner.

ATHENS — Reports received here today say that the Germans and Bulgarians will not be ready to launch their campaign against the allies for some time yet, owing to the destruction of railroad bridges.

SEATTLE—Startling disclosures concerning the liner Minnesota's boiler troubles were promised today by Robert Fay, a water tender.

PARIS—Announcements were made today that the French government is making rigid investigations concerning reports of the seizure of foreign citizens from American vessels.

VIENNA—Foreign Minister Burián spent all Christmas day at his desk although all offices were supposed to be closed.

HOQUIAM—Heavy rains continue to fall in Grays Harbor district.

PARIS—The famous foreign legion of France is reported completely destroyed.

OVERHEATING KILLS TWO—SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 25.—Two men are dead today as the result of heavy Christmas meals followed by baths.

HOW'S THIS IDEA?

We've got a real hunch, and mebbe, if everybody doesn't laugh, we'll ask Congressman Albert Johnson to introduce a bill to put our hunch into effect. It's this way—

We've never been able to get relationships straight in our mind. Have you? We never can tell whether Sallie Jones is Willie Jones' sister or only his second cousin, or whether Bill Jones' wife is the Mrs. Jones that presides at the women's club meeting every fourth Friday. And it's very embarrassing to meet a chap at a party somewhere and criticize Mrs. Mary Jones and discover that the chap we're talking to, whose name is Binks, is Mrs. Mary Jones' brother.

Now, then— Why not make everybody's name correspond to his identity?

For instance— When Mary Binks weds William Jones, make 'em couple their names this way:

MARY BINKS-JONES, WILLIAM BINKS-JONES.

Then when Sarah and Johnny come along, name them:

SARAH BINKS JONES, JOHN BINKS JONES.

Give the child his mother's family name to wear as his "middle" name. See?

Then pretty soon, mebbe, Sarah Binks Jones will fall in love with Thos. Arnold Smith. Candy plus diamond plus ring equals:

THOS. ARNOLD JONES-SMITH SARAH BINKS JONES-SMITH.

Which tells everybody, once the system is established, that Sarah, daughter of the Jones that married the Binks girl, is married to Thomas, son of the Smith that married the Arnold girl.

That being settled, the names of Arnold and Binks are of no more use in this family. The children of this union would be known, until their marriage, as:

BERT JONES SMITH, CHARLES JONES SMITH, ANNA JONES SMITH.

And so on, just like that. What do you think about it? Wouldn't it save a lot of social embarrassment, legal difficulties, and political mistakes?

Yes, political mistakes! For when Bert Jones Smith, rising young attorney, praises the candidacy of Fred Binks Halpin-Jones, the respectable advocate of reputable reaction, everybody would just say—

"Oh, yes; the old guy's his rich uncle!" And then Bertie would be "placed."

But we're not going to push this thing unless you Tacomans take it seriously.

Fine In Tacoma; Snow in Valley

Automobilists arriving in Tacoma today from Seattle report a four-inch snowfall in the Duwamish valley just out of Seattle.

It began snowing last night and continued heavily over a small area for several hours.

The general opinion predicted a rain and occasional snows. Tacoma awoke Christmas morning to a cloudless sky and the warmest sunshine the city has enjoyed for weeks.

A heavy rainstorm aided by sweeping winds continued until a late hour last night, making Christmas shopping very disagreeable. The general opinion predicted a rain and occasional snows. Seattle reports a rainy day.

Abandon Ancient Custom

By Gilson Gardner.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 25.—The president's New Year's reception—a social institution dating from the founding of the republic—is in a way of being permanently abandoned.

This year will be the third since 1912 in which it has not taken place. Last year the White House was in mourning. This year the wedding trip includes that date. The year of President Wilson's inaugural reception and the inaugural ball were omitted on the ground that they did not accord with the administration's ideas of social simplicity.

One additional aide has been assigned to the White House. These aides are officers of the army and navy detailed to duty at the executive residence. They are on hand to escort White House parties to the theater and to assist at social events which take place at the White House. There are now 13 of these aides counting Col. Harts, who is directly in charge of their movements.

When Taft was president he started the practice of having a naval aide in uniform always with him at the theater or other public appearance. Wilson dropped the uniformed aide as well as the two motorcycle men who used to go chugging after the Taft automobile. The president's un-uniformed guard now follows in a second automobile which bears a license tag reading, "U. S. S. S."

There was a note of militancy in the message brought by the woman suffragists from the voting states of the west. Miss Jiffie, for instance, hurried this at the eastern folk:

"The Industrial Commission is authority for the statement that there are nine million women wage earners in the United States more than 50 per cent of these are earning less than \$6 a week. We women do not offer the factory girl a pedestal for her tired feet, but a weapon for her hand. Up from the factory and the sweatshop comes the wall for freedom. Do not blame us, leaders of parties, if we seem to be disloyal, if we have put the cry of the working women above your party demands. That is the great historic fact of our meeting here today. For the first time, women are for women!"

To Senator Key Pittman of Nevada is due the honor of having secured a hearing for the Anthony amendment for woman suffrage before the senate committee. When Senator Thomas of Colorado, chairman of the committee, refused absolutely to give such a hearing because he did not like the Congressional Union's policy of using the political power of women in the voting states to help enfranchise their sisters in the eastern states, Pittman rounded up enough members of the committee to issue a mass-

A TOYMAKER IN THE TRENCHES

BY MARY BOYLE O'REILLY

LONDON, England, Dec. 5.—(Delayed in Mail.)—The French corporal just back from the trenches sat polishing pawns for a game.

"These are for Christmas," he told me, smiling, "a gift for Rosalind from her good St. Nicholas."

His boyish manner radiated friendliness. With a stiff little bow he offered for my inspection a short-torn kept half filled with tiny armed workmen, soldier priests and gun-carrying peasants of the Lost Provinces. "I am from Alsace, myself," he announced cheerily, with a whimsical glance at his French uniform Bandoliers.

So He Tells Story of Playthings.

The reservist station-master leaning on his rifle in the doorway nodded discriminating approval.

"Your train is two hours late, mon brave, how came you to make those toys 'up there'?"

The corporal ceased polishing an armed cure; his attitude conveyed the easy comradeship of a camp fire.

"Voyez vous, mon vieux, since this business began I have not known one day's leave. A year cut off from the world by sandbags. 'Nous'rons jusqu'about—we shall fight to the finish; for the present we endure a great deadlock. The beginning of victory is not yet. Therefore, I, being a philosopher, make for my self occupation. Else after this war it will seem strangely difficult to be human. Enfin, these playthings? Well, you shall hear. Attendez."

Rosalind Darling of the Battery.

"When the Germans bombarded Arras our battery was billeted in the boyl (enormous cellars) of the Maison Rouge; that is the most sinister house in the world. With us at first were a dozen women keeping our cellars free of chic.

"And Rosalind? Ah, what should we have done without that very small person?"

"When she was good one of us would hold her to the parapet for an instant that she might observe our guns giving voice or enemy batteries replying fortissimo. When she was naughty it was her penance to play dolls all alone under an arch.

Then He Encounters the German Sniper.

"One morning a giant howitzer buried 'the safest' of our cellars—that cellar where Rosalind played dolls. Helas, our poor little one was absolutely desolated. In two minutes there remained no doubt what she thought of the Germans.

"It was the sniper," he cried, "the bad, wicked, cruel Nuremberger. He has killed ALL my dollies."

"Entire nous, the battery found it tres serieux to hear a child sobbing under the echo of the French army. Pitechoune our Seventy-Five (the beloved gun of the French army). Pitechoune would not be comforted. Suddenly came an inspiration: Given wood I could carve many dollies tout-a-fait chic. Hardly twenty yards off stood the yew. Came night. I hauled over the parapet to creep to the tree. Shells whirred through the dark. No Man's land was a charnal house littered with abandoned dead. A colossal cannon spoke, under the echo of the faintest sounds. It might be a rat or a bird. In pitch darkness I lay prone upon the mud. Then rustling. Something lurking near me squeaked in the mud. Mon vieux, man dies unwillingly; I slid into a fold of the ground. Then I saw him—the German sniper—shaking, gray-faced, creeping toward the yew. He, too, carried a hatchet.

"Therefore, Why Should We Hate?"

"Hearing ME he turned. A spluttering light showed each where the other lay. 'Kamerad,' his hoarse voice whistled anxiously, 'Du lieber Herr Gott, Kamerad, I come from Nuremberg—the Toy Town. I wish wood to make playthings for that little girl.'"

"He waited, motionless. I reflected. War is war, but I knew that he spoke the truth. A toymaker in the trenches. Certainly he is not to blame for the war. In Arras a church bell started tolling in a ghastly way.

"Let tonight be a white peace," I told him. So each guarded the other until both took wood from the tree.

"That was last week. Last night a sure shot threw a packet to our parapet—a Noah's ark of animals. No word was said nor written, but we knew it was a Christmas present from the Nuremberger. It is here in my haversack; Rosalind shall have it tomorrow. Carrying it to her has made me think. We fight to free France; the enemy are mere pawns in an imperial game. But while our fire trenches lie so close month after month only the invisibility makes this war possible. Therefore, why should we hate?"

ing of that body and a hearing, delivers his goods with one. It is no longer possible to go on the assumption that an automobile is an indication of riches and that such a tax is a tax on wealth. In any case it is a drive at the middle class, and it is from the middle class that the politicians recruit the votes which make up that tremendous thing—the balance of power. The fortunes of an administration might easily depend on a little thing like a tax on gasoline.

FINAL BREAK-UP OF EXPEDITION NEW FORECAST

STOCKHOLM, Dec. 25.—On this the day that Henry Ford had hoped to have the soldiers out of the trenches, a fresh row broke out aboard the peace ship.

Gov. Hanna, of North Dakota, quit the ship enraged, alleging the informal calls on the Norwegian officials had been misrepresented.

Judge Lindsey obtained Ford's approval to a scheme of aiding war orphans. Other officials of the party declared they would repudiate all meetings he authorized.

Lindsey, admitting "the game was up," regarding the ending of the war, declared his intention to continue with the meetings.

The news that Ford had sailed for America dampened the delegates' ardor and spoiled Christmas.

Many sat disconsolately in the hotel lobbies and talked of the Christmas back home.

It is reported the party will go to Copenhagen and call for a conference. A permanent committee will be named and it is thought the party then will adjourn. The Hague probably will be visited as originally planned.

Day of Cheer, World Over, Save In Europe

With the exception of Europe where the god of war is continuing his lustful carnage through a second Christmas period, a merry Christmas is being celebrated in every corner of the globe today.

Reports by wire today from all parts of the world—except blood-soaked Europe—indicate that this is the most light-hearted Christmas in years. Especially in America, is the day being given a more than usual celebration.

Word today from the battlefields says that little semblance of a truce has been effected anywhere. In a few small instances, soldiers of opposing nations have laid down their arms to celebrate their one common day of rejoicing.

But as a whole, there was no truce. Last year's demonstration when soldiers of the allies and Germans in opposing trenches threw down their guns and met between their own lines, exchanging pleasantries and tobacco, incurred the anger of high officers, and it was rigorously prohibited today.

In New York last night community Christmas trees blazed in 100 different streets. More money was donated to charities than at any time in years past. In the business district, especially Wall street, expensive gifts and un-

usual cheer marked the day.

A 90-foot community tree was erected in Chicago, with public distribution of gifts last night.

In St. Paul, Duluth and St. Louis there were trees, big charitable collections, and street singing by church choirs.

Portland has an open-air tree for the poor children, and charities were donated to liberally. San Francisco and Spokane celebrated with public out-door concerts.

What's Doing

Today Special Christmas services in most Tacoma churches; morning and evening.

Opening of Empress theater by Wilkes stock company in "Under Cover"; matinee and night.

Christmas opera, "Patience," by Tacoma Light Opera company; Tacoma theater; 8:20 p. m.

Tomorrow Special Christmas tree celebrations in many Tacoma churches; evening.

Address by Dr. Anna Louise Strong at social service forum of First Congregational church; 6 p. m.; church parlors.

- Talk o' the Times -

The same to you, of the very merriest kind.

Real feminine science at Christmas consists in a woman's giving something to a friend which looks as if it cost just a little bit more than what the friend gives her.

What a good time Johnny is going to have with his toys — after father gets through playing with them.

The Los Angeles Mrs. Villa declares all other New Year's resolutions are foolish.

A St. Louis man laughed so heartily at a story that the fall of a bridge had cut the river. Nothing says about that story's falsity.

Church collections show of nickel plate christening.

All have not found in a new year's resolution to be a better man.

to be spurious. We guess that Villa is foolish to abandon honorable war to become a mere bone for wives to fight over.