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Editorial Page of The Tacoma Times

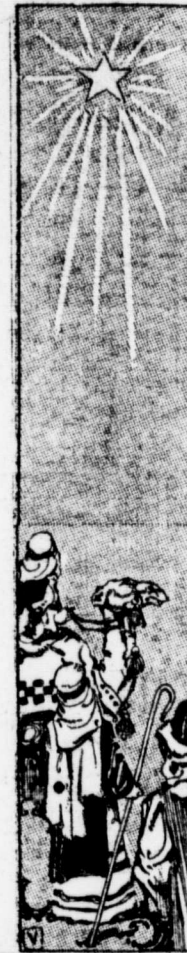
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MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU ALL



The first Christmas was not a merry one. A young mother in the throes of maternity was housed in a cow stable. A baby born in a manger was denied human shelter because of the crowd of oppressed going to the capital to be taxed. And yet, a star never seen before went before the wise men and hovered over the manger where the wonderful mother lay with the marvelous babe in her arms! The star always goes before the wise men of the earth when they recognize Reform, Revolution and Resurrection lying in the hovel and driven to the dwellings of beasts by oppression. It is the Star of Hope. In the Manger of Bethlehem lay the germ of the greatest Reform ever welcomed or derived by the human race. There lay the Revolution afterwards voiced in the Sermon on the Mount. There lay Judge-not-that-ye-be-not-Judged. Resist-not-Evil, Love-your-Enemies, Do-Good-to-Them, that-Hate-Ye-Would-that-they-Should-Do-to-You — the most mighty giants of Revolution ever born. There lay the Gospel of Good Tidings to the Poor. From that moment the very basis of Things as They Were began to dissolve and pass away. The negative morality of the greatest teachers with their "Do not to others as ye would not have them do to you" and the like, began to fade. For the baby in the manger came in the grandeur of the Deed. He was to say, not Refrain from doing wrong, but Do this! Do that! He laid on the conscience of the world the obligation to act—the others had only warned against wrong actions. It is others to be merry on Christmas, because the essential basis of the Gospel of the Manger is one of joy. It was a gospel of good tidings to the poor in that old day. They came together in one mind in little societies of communists, where they that had aught sold it and gave to the others, and there was no poverty—for "none wanted."

In such a community, how merry must have been each Christmas! We have lost much of that primitive Christianity. When we are merry at Christmas, it must be in the midst of those who want. They want because we are not quite Christians. We say "Do unto others as ye would that they should do to you," but we do not sell what we have and give to others that none may want. We have so far fallen away from Christ that we are able to bear the awful existence of poverty in the midst of a civilization supposedly based on the Gospel of Good Tidings to the Poor. And yet, let us be merry, this Christmas-tide. For we have begun to swing back toward Christ as a people, as a Christendom. There is better hope than ever before that the Gospel will extirpate poverty, as it did with the primitive Christians, among whom "none wanted." The paganization of the religion of Jesus has run its course. The tide is setting the other way. Again the Star goeth before the Wise men of the earth to the mangers, the hovels, and the stables of the earth wherein lie cradled the babes of the poor and outcast, coming to be taxed by the oppressor, to whom is borne gifts better than gold, frankincense and myrrh—gifts of hope, freedom, liberty, equality and fraternity. It is the Star of Hope. A thousand years hence, no matter how well we shall be able to do, we shall find ourselves faring upward toward the Manger of Bethlehem, with the Star going before—for it is the Star of Perfection, always to be pursued, but never overtaken. The first Christmas was not merry, but solemn. We may be merry, only because we have passed so many traps and pitfalls, and because the future seems opening in a broad, straight way for the world-wide triumph of the Babe—a triumph not, perhaps, uniformly in the Christian name, but in the Spirit which maketh alive, rather than the letter which killeth.



THE EGG

Does the size of the egg keep pace with the price of the commodity in inverse ratio? In the good old days of the old fashioned Brahma and Cochin hen when 15 cents a dozen was a big price for eggs, they were great big fellows—almost like an ostrich egg, and one was enough for a meal. Now with all the new fangled varieties of hens, and eggs about the size of a lark or woodpecker, it is all one can do to keep the price down to 40 cents. Housewives do not understand this and much complaint is registered against the hen, but the hen is really not to blame. It is the art of hen handling. Chicken raising has become a great business. Modern methods are employed and the poultry expert has it down finer than running a bank. It is the ambition of every hen to lay a big egg. And she does her best. Of course she has to start making little ones. After she has been at the business for a year or two she gets to turning out great big eggs. But she does not make as many. Instead of laying six half ounce eggs a week she will lay three ounce eggs. No poultryman who sells eggs keeps a hen after she is much over a year old. She gets to know too much. He just keeps the lusty young pullets that are laying night and day trying to reach perfection in egg laying.

STOP ALL OF IT

Investigation of the charge that the directors of the New York stock exchange dominates the fortunes of the members, and that "it is impossible to secure a seat on the exchange unless the financial powers consent," as proposed by Pujo, will in itself arouse but little popular interest, for the general public, including Mike and Pat and Bill and Jim, and a lot of the rest of us, who don't care a hoot how much those stock exchange animals chew themselves up. What we all want to find out is a way to make them stop chewing up the rest of us. Lawson says the stock exchange, one way or another, is taking from us no less than five billion dollars a year. Even when we did not know the figures we felt sore, but now we do know them we holler "ouch" and we want to have it stopped right away or sooner.

The Times Santa Claus movement safely passed through its fourth annual attack; may it shadow never grow less.

And now we'll begin to hear promising murmurings of the January Mark-Down Sales!

Little Laura Margaret, happy in her new home today, has sent her love to the editors of The Times—and they pass it on to all of you.

Judging by the crowds, heavy laden with mysterious looking parcels, on down-town streets last night, Santa has a mighty phalanx of lieutenants in Tacoma. Yep, we were there, too.

There are nearly 900 "Shut-ins" in Tacoma hospitals today, and there are many warm-hearted folks who are lightening their burdens as much as they can.

Well Let's Smile Awhile

A Cynic's Acrostic.
Customary
Hullabaloo
Regarding
Inane
Swappings
That
Make
Acquaintances
Sore.

Worth All It Cost.
The bride and groom were honeymooning to the west. The train passed through a long tunnel. As it emerged into the light of day the bride was grabbing desperately at her hat and fighting three fast rounds with one or two hairpins which had become loosened. "This tunnel cost \$12,000,000," said the groom. "Well," said the bride, judicially, "it was worth it."

Unspoken.
"Daughter, I hear you had words with that young man of yours."
"Oh, no, father. We had no

words."
"Did nothing pass between you?"
"Merely the presents and some bundles of letters."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Not That Kind.
"Do you study about the elements in your classes?"
"Not us little ones."
"Really, now, I thought your mother told me you were going to the elementary schools."—Baltimore American.

Different Now.
"Now that you are wealthy are you ever bothered by the friends you had when you were poor?"
"I never had any friends when I was poor."—Houston Post.

Blames Himself.
The Doctor—Every year I register a vow that I'll never spend another winter in this horrible climate, and yet I still linger here.
The Professor—Well, if a man chooses to live in the Arctic circle it's his zone fault.—Chicago Tribune.

The Founder.
Noah smiled.
"Two ships a year are too many," he cried. "I find it sufficient to build one."
Thus he established himself as the original democrat.—New York Sun.

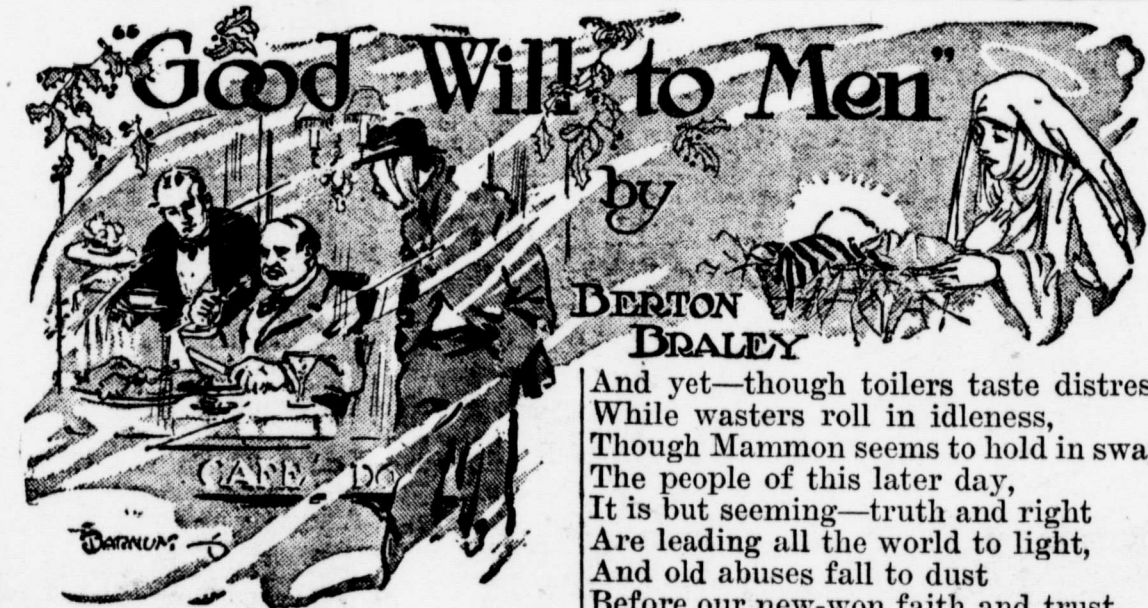
Taking Count.
Pa—So you want to marry my daughter. Are you in a position to support a family?
Suitor—Er—how many of you are there?—London Opinion.

The waiter, a young Hebrew not long enough in the country to become Americanized, set before her a menu. She studied the bill a moment. Then, seeking to engage him in conversation, she said:
"You suggest something."
The waiter considered, her statement a moment and then waved his arms with typical gestures:
"I'm sorry, lady," he replied. "We don't keep it."



By Herbert Quick.

'Twas Christmas Morn; and little Joan, too tense for idle talking, Sat cross-legged by the chimney-piece to loot her Christmas stocking; Out came things bought through Elder's Thought—Joan's dream of dreams ungranted! With trembling lip, she smiled and said, "EXACTLY WHAT I WANTED!" May YOU take from your chimney-piece, encased in finest clocking, The dearest thing your Dream has seen in that same Christmas Stocking; But if the Elder Thought hath left this Dream of Dreams ungranted, May YOU, like Joan, make what you get, EXACTLY WHAT YOU WANTED.



by BERTON BRALEY

And yet—though toilers taste distress While wasters roll in idleness, Though Mammon seems to hold in sway The people of this later day, It is but seeming—truth and right Are leading all the world to light, And old abuses fall to dust Before our new-won faith and trust.

Dives feast upon his golden plate And Lazarus is at his gate, The same starved beggar whom we know From nineteen hundred years ago, In reeking slum and tenement, The children whimper, wan and spent, And hunger-sharpened tongues deride The mockery of Christmas-tide, And mothers weep in woe forlorn— Was it for this that Christ was born?

We are not heedless—Christmas chimes Ring the true spirit of the times, Of "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men," Brave Words that thrill and thrill again, For in the depths of every heart The little flames of fervor start, And grof and grow until we burn All bitter wrongs to overturn, Till all the world we're children of Shall know the perfect rule of Love!

Ah Gentle Savior, pierced and torn, It was for THIS that You were born!



Healthful Hints By The Tacoma Times Physician

FOR GALL STONES
Nature often has a remedy for diseases if people but knew. One of the simplest and most harmless cures of gall stones is OLIVE OIL. It has been tried many times successfully. Take one tablespoonful four times a day. In a short time, the oil softens the parts so that the stones will pass away. There is another excellent method which is a real nature remedy. This merely consists of the habit of eating carrots freely and drinking water in which they are cooked at intervals throughout the day. In one case where this plan was followed the gall stones were dissolved. Any remedy, to be effective, must be given a fair trial. The beauty of both these is that they are harmless and can be doing no ill to any other organ of the body while being taken as an aid to some particular one.

SANTA BACK HOME, WANTS TO KNOW IF YOU GOT WHAT YOU WANTED

Mrs. Santa Claus Cries When Santa Tells Her About All the Boys and Girls He Had to Miss—Job's Getting Too Big for Him, Says Santa—He Needs Help.

ONE OF THE CHILDREN HE MISSED.



(Note to children—The Times sent a reporter to Kriss Kringle Land to get the very latest Christmas news by wireless for YOU. Grown-ups have no business reading this UNLESS they read it ALOUD to you!)

(Special From Santa Claus by Wireless.)

KRISS KRINGLE LAND, Dec. 25.—Old Santa Claus is back home again, all tired out, and the toy factories are shut down for a vacation and the Brownies are asleep all over the place. Did I leave on what you wanted? I must be absent-minded. Reports are coming in already that I left too many presents in some places and not enough in others.

DAYS' BEST STORY

"I've found a new use for those gramophone records you bought last week and which cost such a lot of money," said his wife. "In the first place," she began. "I hold a skein of wool over my arm, tie one end of the wool on a reel, place the reel on the gramophone pin and then start the machine. The wool is wound up in no time." The fond husband gasped in admiration. "But that is not all," she continued. "Tomorrow I shall place a little bath-brick on one end of the records, start the gramophone and clean the knives." He is still gasping.

One New York woman literally has hands on her feet. She wears a watch in her slipper buckle.

I peeked in one window and saw a little girl crying. Her papa was dead and her mamma who works in the factory, was sick. And all that little girl wanted was one doll with blue eyes. So there'll be no Christmas for that little girl unless one of my specially-appointed agents finds her. Mrs. Santa Claus says she hopes some one who reads this goes out and looks for the little girl. Just go down in the tenement district. The Charities have her address. There are hundreds of her—thousands. The job's getting too big for old Santa Claus. Why don't you help him out?

your set of books for the new year should be ordered early—aside from a larger selection of ready-mades, we manufacture any special form required—either bound or loose-leaf.

PIONEER
Bindery & Ptg. Co.
947 C st. 946 Com. st.
Main 436.

WE wish you all the Merriest Christmas you have ever known—May peace and plenty be yours is our earnest wish

MacLean Brothers
"Quality Grocers" 932 C Street