

TIMES EDITORIALS

Let the Truth Prevail!

Like Geronimo

In sending United States troops into Mexico President Wilson has acted on well established precedent—the capture of Geronimo “the terrible Apache”.

Geronimo was chief of the Chiricahua tribe of Apaches. His native name was Goyathlay (the yawner) and “Geronimo” was only a Mexican nickname. He was born in New Mexico near Tularosa but in 1876 he fled to Mexico, rather than be removed to the San Carlos reservation in Arizona.

There began his career of crime, blazed across the history of the west in letters of blood.

United States troops finally pressed him hard. In a pitched battle the cavalry was defeated. As Geronimo himself testifies, “Though many soldiers were killed we lost only one warrior and three children.”

Emboldened by this victory, Geronimo, with his band of Apache braves, began a reign of terror in New Mexico and Arizona and in Sonora and parts of Chihuahua in old Mexico. He battled repeatedly with both the United States and Mexican troops, on first one side of the line, then on the other.

With his own hands Geronimo killed one of the leading generals of the Mexican army. The Mexican troopers grew to fear him and avoid his wild and fearless band.

Finally orders were issued to take Geronimo “dead or alive”, the same identical mandate as has now gone forth for Francisco Villa.

General Nelson A. Miles was placed in command of the frontier forces, superseding General Crook. Miles sent word to the Mexican generals that he was going into Mexico—even unto the heart of the country, if need be—to get the murderous Apache.

The Mexican authorities acquiesced. There was no “reciprocal arrangement”.

Headed by Captain Lawton and his scouts, the pursuit began. Geronimo retreated into the mountains, murdering every Mexican he met as, he went, apparently for the sheer joy of killing. Miles pressed relentlessly after him.

Five times the Indians were surprised in camp and attacked. Indian braves were picked off, one, two, a half-dozen at a time. The pursuit grew too hot. Hard pressed on every side, with little food for his followers or their ponies, Geronimo surrendered to General Miles and was sent, with his leading warriors, to Ft. Pickens, Fla. Later they were taken to Alabama, thence to Fort Sill, Oklahoma.

In the movement which resulted in the final surrender of Geronimo the United States forces operated in accord with the Mexican troops.

Governor Torres, of Sonora, had freely sanctioned the movement and kept the United States authorities well advised as to the progress of the campaign and the whereabouts of the hostiles, as far as possible. There was little, if any, friction between the soldiers of the two countries. They had joined in a determined effort to stamp out a common enemy, to capture or destroy a ravening beast, roaming at will.

The Villa case is exactly parallel, except in the one fact that the bandit is a Mexican citizen. He has probably retreated to the same mountain fastnesses in which Geronimo vainly sought sanctuary.

He will turn and twist and dodge in the same way the Apache chief did in 1886.

With the whole-hearted assistance of Carranza's forces the result of the coming campaign will be the same. Villa will be taken.

But can we count upon that assistance?

“Editor: In regard to Mexico, had President Wilson long ago—”

“J. B. A. READER.”
This is all we'll print of J. B.'s long card, which he evidently sat up about four nights to write for us. We'll answer him briefly, too, and profoundly wish that our answer could ring in the halls of congress.

Oh! Shut up!

P-r-o-s-p-e-r-i-t-y

Thirty million feet of Washington lumber—yes, we said 30,000,000 feet—is the amount of an order to be placed next week by the Great Northern railroad.

It means that a third of a million dollars will be spent here. That means more mills will reopen, others will run to greater capacity, more men will be employed, more money will be spent for groceries and clothing and movies.

The Milwaukee railroad lets out the information that it has leased two more Tacoma docks to handle its mounting overseas commerce. More business, more men, more money for Tacoma!

Chester Thorne, big banker, returns from the east saying that he “heard” a large ship-building concern was coming to Tacoma.

Now The Times knows that Mr. Thorne more than merely “heard” this rumor. Mr. Thorne knows a great deal about that shipyard, and it need not surprise any Tacoman for it to materialize on an immense scale within the next few months.

For this is the year of promise.

“Bulgaria dismayed by coming clouds,” says a Sofia dispatch. Bulgaria should have prepared a storm cellar before it ventured its guess on the war proposition, or at least have stowed an umbrella away handy.

Bulgaria is due for a wetting.

Handling a Strike

Uncle Sam is up against his first strike. But, strangely enough, unlike a big private corporation, there has been NO VIOLENCE, NO ORDERING OUT THE TROOPS, NO REFUSAL TO RECOGNIZE THE UNION, AND NO ATTEMPT TO IMPORT STRIKEBREAKERS.

The strike occurred on the new government railroad in Alaska, at Anchorage.

Secretary Lane received a delayed cablegram from Alaska notifying him that the common laborers on the government road had formed a union, demanding and increase in pay, and had struck. The men were receiving 37½ cents an hour for an eight-hour day. They demanded 50 cents an hour for the eight-hour day.

There are about 800 laborers at Anchorage waiting for the spring opening up of work. About 100 were at work on such jobs as could be done during the winter. These were the men who struck.

Immediately on receipt of the message Secretary Lane got into communication with Secretary of Labor W. B. Wilson who appointed a COMMISSION OF CONCILIATION to go to Alaska, investigate conditions and recommend an adjustment.

The men were perfectly satisfied with this arrangement and have returned to work, pending the adjustment, and with the understanding that if the commission finds they are entitled to more wages, the increase will date from the time of the strike.

The commission consists of John A. Moffitt of New Jersey, and Hywel Davies of Kentucky, official conciliators of the department of labor, and B. M. Squires as statistician.

Moberly, Mo., is in the throes of a violent reform spasm. It is enforcing some local ordinances as blue as indigo itself.

The editors of Moberly's three morning papers were arrested for issuing a paper on Sunday.

Taxis ambled aimlessly around the town, but were not allowed to carry passengers.

The town was so darned good it hurt all over.

Musca Domestica

The 1916 model Musca Domestica will soon be seen in numbers!

It will run erratically into dirty sewers and rubbish heaps and over helpless pedestrians and innocent little children and babies. It will spot them with filth from the streets and disease from the alleyways. It will be just as much a menace as was the 1915 model.

We are talking about this year's house fly. We are talking about it this early because we want you to begin “swatting it” early.

“Swatting it” means many things. It means fly traps, window screens, fly paper, kerosene, manure removal and tightly covered garbage cans.

While it is well to kill the individual fly, it is still better to direct one's efforts against the breeding places.

These breeding places include every rubbish heap, every garbage can, every manure box and every corner where filth has accumulated during the winter months.

Start now to clear away rubbish heaps. See that the covers of your garbage cans are “fly-tight.” Begin cleaning up and airing out for fly eggs will not hatch in direct sunlight or if exposed to direct currents of fresh air.

Start swatting!

IN THE EDITOR'S MAIL

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.

A RAP AT HUNTER

Editor The Times:
Since I know Mr. Seth Hunter, candidate for commissioner, and want to boost for him, I ask space to tell what I know. For that is the only way to boost a man.

Mr. Hunter is a good socialist in every detail. He sent word to the school teacher at the Rogers school that he did not want his children to salute the American flag, saying that it did not stand for the working class.

I don't think that a man who does not want his children to respect the flag would be a very good man to put in office.

Mr. Hunter seems to have left this out of politics, but I hope to hear him speak some time and am anxious to ask him some questions.

I write this because I like to see a man get what he produces. Yours,
J. WAMPLER,
812 South G st.

OH, COVER, READ THIS!

Say, Ed:

Don't you think that of all the high-priced soft job men Uncle Sam has he could best spare the weather man to go down and get Villa?

Any old cut-rate farmer at \$1.89 per, set out anywhere on a stump, could hit the weather fully as often as his weather guys do.

We have six auto trucks out every day and I always tell the drivers that if the weather man says fair tonight, and tomorrow to be sure and take a raincoat along. Try and see Sam about this. Yours, THE KICKER.

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



SQUIRREL FOOD—What's the Use?

BY AHERN



COOK SAYS

MAYOR GOT HIM TO RUN

"I trust the public will pardon me if, in justice to myself, I make a statement of the final word of advice I took before announcing myself as a candidate for city controller," says a statement given out today by C. A. Cook.

"To be brief, the day previous to the announcement I met Mayor Fawcett in the city hall and he asked me 'what about the city commission?' some mention having been made that I might be a candidate. I told him nothing had been done so far.

"He turned to me and said, 'I advise you to go after the controller's office; you can easily defeat Johnnie Meads.'"

"I stated that others had told me the same thing, and I would very likely follow, his advice which he and others had voluntarily suggested that I should do without knowing my own intentions in the premises.

"Following that interview the papers made the announcement of my candidacy. The mayor said he would take no part in the first primary election. I told him I considered this very proper and in keeping with the dignity of his office.

"Of course any candidate would be glad of his support in the final election."

BAR FIXTURES TO BE SOLD BY CITY;

BIBLE IN THE LOT

The first auction sale of saloon and bar fixtures ordered in Tacoma under the prohibition law will take place at the colored club of Reese Lee and Harry Robinson, 2409 ½ Pacific avenue, which was raided several weeks ago by the police.

Judge Evans today ordered Constable Mathies to sell the paraphernalia within 10 days. Among the articles is a Bible.

SIGN OF SPRING!



IT BEGINS TODAY, FOLKS. WHAT DOES? WELL LISTEN—

Lynn O. Leum's Great Novel "Though False He Loved Them Pearly Teeth"

CHAPTER ONE.

Luke Leher worked in a clam foundry, and the quelling whistle had just blown. Slowly he laid down his clam knife and kicked off his boots.

Luke had a heavier load on his head than his hat, and his heart was all aflutter. On the way down to the "mamama" window he passed Aaron Aroma, the manager of the clam chasing department, in which Luke was now at present.

"Hello, Aroma," Luke said, as Aroma went by, but Aroma just grunted his teeth.

Luke smiled as he put his week's wages of \$4.88 in his hip pocket. Luke wasn't much of a whistler, but tonight he whistled his head off as he washed his celluloid collar, for he was going to call on Phoebe Phaedrag on a very important mission.

Phoebe Phaedrag, the belle of Hicks county, answered the door bell which didn't ring, and found Luke scraping his shoes on the mail box.

"Hello," blushed Luke as he handed Phoebe a bag of pop corn. After sitting around impatiently for a half hour, Luke could stand it no more.

"Phoebe, I love you! Life without you would be as empty as a chorus man's head. I want you to marry me, and split fifty-fifty with me on the wheat cakes and goulash! Will you be mine?" Phoebe gave him a look that meant, "You poor fish."

"Luke, how silly of you, I'd be crazy to marry you, a poor clam opener. You haven't any future."

Just then Aaron Aroma walked into the room, "Hurry, get the

kicked to the editor of The Wheeze because she came into town last week and we didn't put it in the paper. We surely are sorry for the omission, but we can't watch both trains. We've got to spend part of the day setting type.

The clock is the only thing that has stopped at the Warburton building for the last ten days.

Old man Horton got a bill for \$3.75 from Ernest Carstens, our popular butcher. In reply he sent Erney a bill for \$4 for wear and tear on his path and back steps. He says Erney got to pay him a quarter now. They'll go to law about it.

OUTBURSTS OF EVERETT TRUE



What Tacoma Labor Unions Are Doing

Prof. J. Allen Smith of the University of Washington, speaking last Sunday at the Central Labor Council hall, said that the difference between labor and the employer is that the latter is allowed to boycott and combine while the former is forbidden to do so.

Prof Nathan Paston of the state university will give the next lecture of the series under the auspices of the Tacoma Central Labor Council at 2:30 p. m. tomorrow at 949 Market st. His subject will be "Various Phases of Heredity and Sex."

A motion picture, showing methods of avoiding mill accidents, will be screened in the Longshoremen's hall March 23. The films are being shown by the National Safety Council.

The Label League will forget business for a few hours and hold a "get-together" social at the next meeting. All delegates and their wives are invited.

Reports of the Painters' convention held recently at Bellingham were made at the last meeting of the local union. A political slate was framed, opposing Hawthorne and Jamison for city council.

The lumber handlers are becoming optimistic. The lumber business is picking up, and they believe work will be plentiful in a short time.

(Don't Get Personal, Slim, Don't Get Personal!)

BY BLOSSER

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