

How Seattle Looks From a Half Mile in the Air. See Star Tomorrow

TODAY Miss Cornelia Glass, The Star's girl reporter, tells you about her experiences of Saturday, when she soared 1,500 feet above the business section of Seattle with Aviator Terah Maroney.

Tomorrow The Star is going to let you SEE just what Miss Glass saw at the highest point in her flight. Frank Jacobs, The

Star's photographer, also made a flight Saturday with Maroney. He took his camera along. From an altitude of nearly 2,000 feet, he took a birdseye picture of the downtown section of the city.

At the Clemmer theatre this week, the start and finish of Jacobs' flight is shown in motion pictures. Tomorrow The Star will PRINT THE PHOTOGRAPH HE TOOK OF SEATTLE FROM 2,000 FEET OVERHEAD. It is the first successful photograph of the kind ever taken in this city.

A SUGGESTION!

NO ONE HAS YET OFFERED TO BUY THE HUMPHREY "DUCK POND," WHICH "COST UNCLE SAM \$169,500, AND WHICH THE "RELIABLE" P. L. SAYS IS A "VALUABLE PIECE OF BUSINESS PROPERTY." PERHAPS IF THE OLD "RELIABLE" WOULD ALSO THROW IN A FEW SHARES OF ITS GUARANTEED AYRES BUNK TERMINALS, SOMEBODY MIGHT BITE.

The Seattle Star

NIGHT EDITION

THE ONLY PAPER IN SEATTLE THAT DARES TO PRINT THE NEWS

VOLUME 19.

SEATTLE, WASH., MONDAY, JULY 31, 1916.

ONE CENT ON TRAINS AND NEWS STANDS.

GEORGE, THE WEATHERMAN, IS STILL AT HIS OLD JOB, MURMURING, "TONIGHT AND TUESDAY, PARTLY CLOUDY." BUT GEORGE, WHO WAS SUPERINTENDENT OF COUNTY AUTO TIRES, HAS A NEW JOB. HE'S MANAGING BOSS WHITNEY'S CONGRESSIONAL CAMPAIGN.

184 DIE IN CANADIAN BUSH FIRE

GIRL REPORTER TELLS OF FLIGHT OVER SEATTLE

RAIN HALTS WORST WOOD FIRE AFTER LOSS IS \$2,000,000

NORTH BAY, Ont., July 31.—One hundred and eighty-four lives have so far been reported lost in the greatest forest fire northern Ontario has ever suffered. More than \$2,000,000 property damage was done. The fire district forms a territory shaped like the letter J, with Bourkes forming the end of the base, Cochrane at the junction with the crossbar and Hearst and Iroquois at either end.

OFFICER WILEY DIES OF WOUNDS

May Ask New Warrants for Billingsley in Duel Deaths

INQUEST IS DELAYED

New warrants, charging Fred and Logan Billingsley with first degree murder, in connection with the death of Patrol Driver Robert Wiley, may be issued Monday, following a conference between Mayor Gill and Prosecutor Lundin.

Wiley, who is the third victim of the gun fight at the Billingsley residence last Monday night, died from his wounds at 9:25 p. m. Sunday at Providence hospital.

"It is up to the prosecutor," said Mayor Gill Monday. "I expect to talk it over with him today. I believe he has a stronger case as the result of Wiley's death than he has in connection with the shooting of Sgt. Weedlin."

That a second Japanese is involved in the shooting, is a new angle being investigated by Chief Beckingham, who says that three women were with the officers in the automobile just before they reached the scene of the duel.

"One of the women declares that a Japanese with a coat on, ran out in the street," said Chief Beckingham. "There were three men in the car. They scattered when the trouble began. They have told me that the second Japanese had a gun."

Wiley was to have been the chief witness during the coroner's inquest into the killing of Sgt. Weedlin, who was shot down by I. Suehiro, the Japanese watchman, after a duel with Wiley.

The coroner's inquest, scheduled to begin Monday, has been indefinitely postponed.

Mrs. Wiley has been at the bedside every day. The fatal relapse came at 6 p. m. Sunday.

Wiley joined the police department in December, 1913, and was 28 years of age. For six months he has acted as police chauffeur.

He lived at 1609 24th ave. and is survived by a widow, one child, his parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Wiley, of Arlington, and R. J. Wiley, a brother, at Arlington.

WILL HIRE 300 MEN

Three hundred laborers will be hired here Tuesday for work on the government railway in Alaska. A cablegram was received by Seattle officials, asking that the men be sent North on the transport Crook August 5.

They will work eight hours and will get 45 cents an hour. Rush work on the Turnagain branch of the railroad north of Anchorage was the cause of the sudden demand for labor.

A special employment office will be opened at the Bell st. port commission terminal.

The fire broke out at 4 p. m. Saturday and was reported simultaneously at several points forming a semi-circle from Bourke's to Hearst over a hundred-mile front. Driven by a 40-mile wind from the south, the flames rolled over the countryside just like a heavy thunderstorm coming up ahead of a hurricane and with everything as dry as tinder, there was never a chance for people to save anything. Cochrane is still burning, but all the business section of the mining town has gone, while Iroquois Falls has disappeared except the large pulp and paper mills of the Abitibi Power and Pulp Co.

TWO KILLED IN BORDER CLASH

Mex. Bandits Slay American Soldiers in Fight at Ranch

PURSUED INTO MEXICO

EL PASO, July 31.—Two Americans were killed in a clash between a detachment of Troop F, Eighth U. S. cavalry, and a party of Mexican bandits at the Sanchez ranch, one and a half miles below Fort Hancock, Tex., at 5:30 a. m. today. Five of the Mexicans, nearly half of the band, were killed in the running fight that followed resistance to arrest.

Pursuit of the bandits across the line into Mexico was contemplated for a time.

Robert Wood, a customs inspector with the cavalry patrol, was one of the first to be killed in the engagement. Private John J. Twomy also was killed and Sergeant Louis Thompson was wounded. The accuracy of the American cavalry fire took a heavy toll among the bandits, and pursuit was abandoned after the remaining Mexicans disappeared in the brush.

Capt. H. B. Cushing of the Eighth Massachusetts Infantry made an official report of the fight to Gen. Bell at Fort Bliss.

STAY THREE MONTHS

EL PASO, July 31.—Three months, it is estimated, will be required for completion of a course of training for the militiamen in the El Paso district, projected in orders received here today.

Army officers predicted it might mean the militia would remain on the border for the next three months.

DR. T. C. FRARY DIES

HOGUAM, July 31.—Dr. Thos. C. Frary, former mayor, is dead here today. He dropped dead on the street. Dr. Frary was 75 years old.

MISS GLASS AND MARONEY AFTER FLIGHT OVER CITY



Miss Glass, of The Star, and Aviator Maroney, photographed just as they alighted after their successful flight, Saturday, over Seattle's downtown section. Miss Glass is garbed in overalls, a sweater and bathing cap.

PROSECUTIONS TO FOLLOW BLAST WHICH KILLED 10 IN NEW YORK

BY J. P. YODER

United Press Staff Correspondent

NEW YORK, July 31.—Comprehensive investigation into the shipment end of the munitions business of the country by state and federal authorities seemed certain today, as a direct result of the monstrous explosions at the Black Tom munitions terminals early Sunday, in which ten were killed and 116 hurt.

Hint of such an investigation came today, when Prosecuting Attorney Hudspeeth, at the preliminary hearing of two men arrested on charges of manslaughter in connection with the resultant deaths, declared every railroad terminating in New York has been a flagrant violator of statutes regulating storage of high explosives.

Death List Small

Agents from the department of justice and the interstate commerce commission spent nearly all day on the scene. On their report will depend whether the commission will go more fully into the case. This phase, however, will not deter state and Jersey City officials in their probe and prosecutions.

Most amazing of all the startling features of this greatest explosion on record is the growing belief that the death list will not exceed 25 or 30, at the outside.

As the flames died out this afternoon and searchers prepared to go thru the ruins of the Lehigh docks, only four persons were known to have died.

They were Leyden Conrad, the Lehigh Valley's chief of police; Arthur Tossen, baby, shocked to death, and two unidentified men. Twenty-three men are reported missing.

These were the known facts as to the loss of life more than 36 hours after the explosion.

Dynamite in Harbor

A serious aftermath of the disaster developed today, when many boxes of dynamite and other high explosives were found floating, nearly submerged, in the harbor. Marine officials issued warnings to ship owners and established a harbor patrol of small boats.

Albert M. Dickman, Lehigh Valley agent, and Alexander Davidson, superintendent of the National Storage Co., were arraigned before Judge Mark A. Sullivan and George Tennant today, charged with manslaughter in connection with the Black Tom explosion, case were continued until Friday morning at the request of Prosecutor Robert S. Hupsteth. The defendants were released under \$5,000 bail.

Theodore B. Johnson, president of the Johnson Lighterage Co., for

whose arrest a warrant has been issued, did not appear.

The condition of the area of devastation made it impossible today to examine the scene of the first terrific impacts. At 8 o'clock

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DEUTSCHLAND GETS STEAM UP

BALTIMORE, July 31.—At 1:30 the tug Thomas F. Timmins started its engines and began clearing away the barges obstructing the passage of the super-submarine Deutschland, now snuggling at the foot of Andre st. There is every indication of immediate departure.

The Bremen will reach the three-mile limit tonight, and then, or early tomorrow morning, the Deutschland will go down the bay. This prediction was made by a member of the big U-boat's crew in saying good-bye to a friend on Locust point today.

HOW IT FEELS TO DANGLE ONE'S FEET IN THE CLOUDS FAR ABOVE SECOND AVE.

By Cornelia Glass

EVERY small boy and every small girl in the world, I suppose, has dreamed a wonderful dream of stepping off of something high, waving his or her arms a bit, and floating out into space like the birds.

I know I used to. One time I tried it. All that I accomplished was a broken ankle. I decided then that flying was one of the dreams that never come true.

Then, Saturday, I found that it could, tho waving my arms had nothing whatever to do with it.

I went over to Harbor Island to a big, round, white tent in the midst of a long field of sand and met Mr. Terah Maroney and his aeroplane.

Mr. Maroney was working around his mechanical bird, tightening a screw here, loosening another there, testing the engine and tapping the iron rods that hold the wings in place.

It seems that when one flies one has to be especially attired in overalls, tied tightly at the ankles, and buttoned high about the chin. Also one wears goggles and a cap over one's hair.

When I was all ready, Mr. Maroney and his assistants raised one side of the tent and slid the machine out onto the field. It glides very easily on its rubber-tired wheels.

They started the big propeller to whirling. Mr. Maroney slipped into the little iron driver's nest behind the wheel and rushed off on the trial trip he always takes before he carries a passenger.

All the while he was sailing and whirling and diving thru the air above us, the bystanders talked to me pityingly.

Some tried to dissuade me from the flight. Others gave me much advice as to what to do and how I was going to feel, from the depth of the wisdom they had gained in standing on the ground and watching.

When the machine had again come to rest on the field before the tent, I scrambled up onto the bottom plane, just behind the driver's seat, and they strapped me there.

Some one gave the propeller a twist, and the great bird began to vibrate gently.

Gets Plenty of Advice

The last thing I heard was a final admonition from a tall pessimist, who had been most dubious about our return.

"Take a lungful of air with you," he shouted. "It'll be the last you'll get for—"

The sudden roar of the engine swallowed up all other sound, and we were gliding along the ground, and his lips formed the words, "Don't worry!"

I couldn't hear a thing above the clatter of the engine. But I wasn't worrying. I was beginning to realize that a wonderful dream, the thing of wood and iron and fabric that was carrying me upward was a vital thing, alive in every part.

Rise in Long Circles

As we rose in long, easy circles, the earth seemed to be drifting gradually away from us. Our perspective increased. The sweep of the Sound and the city came into the picture, then the lakes and the mountains beyond them. In one glorious unbroken panorama, my sensation was not one of rapid motion thru the air, but of being in the path of a 60-mile gale. It did not make breathing difficult. It made it, rather, a pleasure.

Once I tried to lift my hand to pull the cap tighter about my ears, and I found that it gave me a fierce sort of joy to tug against the unexpected weight of the air.

I found, too, the absolute lack of need to hold on, and I let go of the iron bar in front of me and let the wind push me back against the

straps behind.

Talks With His Left Hand

Occasionally Mr. Maroney would turn around and talk to me with his left hand, pointing out our bird-like shadow far below us on the ground, or indicating with his fingers the number of hundreds of feet we had risen.

Five hundred feet—and everything was perfect in its detail! I could see the people on the field from which we were rising. I could see men moving about on the docks, and directly under me one man in a rowboat on the bay.

Boat Looks Like Toy

Higher and higher we rose. Mr. Maroney lifted the fingers of his left hand three times.

Fifteen hundred feet! Three times the height of the Smith building tower!

I could still see the man in the rowboat, but his boat was a toy hewn from a chip now, and he was a speck in the center of it.

A long gray cruiser farther out in the harbor was like one of a whole fleet I had received for Christmas several years ago.

The city was a painted city, a city of blocks of cunning workmanship. The world was my plaything, spread out for me to take or leave.

Has Feeling of Confidence

The wind rushing against my face, the glorious sunlit world below stretching one way into the gleaming blue of the water and the other into the gray mist of the hills, all brought that wonderful feeling of inspiration, of ability to accomplish anything, that surges in one sometimes at music from an organ.

Gradually we sank. The earth drifted nearer. The hewn chip again became a rowboat and the speck a man. The painted city became alive, with humans moving on its streets. I could see the round, white tent and the people in front of it. The wind lessened its rush against my face.

We struck the sand and glided across it with ever-decreasing speed. Then the great bird came to a quivering stop and they un-

buckled the straps that held me. My first flight was over. I shall never forget the inspiration and thrilling joy of it, and I have promised myself it will not be my last.

18-Year-Old Girl Drops 1,400 Feet and Enjoys Feat

"Tiny" Broadwick, 18, and a daredevil of high altitudes, dropped 1,400 feet Sunday from an aeroplane over Harbor Island and floated to earth by means of a parachute invented by her father, Charles Broadwick.

"Tiny" Glenn, another of the Harbor Island aerial colony, plans on leaping into the "droppings" game soon. She has been flying for two years, but has yet to make her first jump.

SQUALL ON LAKE DETAINS BOATS

Scores of young women who went out canoeing Sunday evening on Lake Washington talked very fast Monday trying to explain to their parents why they were away from home all night.

A squall which sprung up suddenly early in the evening swept at least 200 canoes across to points along the opposite shore, from which the occupants found it impossible to return against the wind.

Twenty canoes were beached on Sand point, across from the University Canoe club, alone. The canoeists built a campfire and spent the night there. Other smaller parties camped with less comfort and greater solitude.

Only one canoe was reported to have capsized, a boat belonging to the University club. The young men who were in it swam safely to shore.

Henry McBride, Former Governor, Now Candidate for the Republican Nomination, Will Speak Tonight at Fremont Hall, Fremont Station