

TED COOK MAY BE FUNNY AT THIS CLOWNING STUFF, BUT HE HASN'T ANYTHING ON MUTT AND JEFF, THE SPORT PAGE CUTUPS. THESE TWO PALS ROMP THRU EIGHT COLUMNS OF BIRTH EACH DAY IN THE STAR.

THE ONLY PAPER IN SEATTLE THAT DARES TO PRINT THE NEWS

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GET OUT THE OLD PICNIC BASKET, FOLKS. GEORGE SALISBURY, THE WEATHER PROPHET, SAYS WE WILL HAVE FAIR WEATHER TONIGHT AND SUNDAY. GEORGE ALSO SAYS THE TEMPERATURE WILL BE MODERATE.

SEA DISASTER VICTIMS ARRIVE

LAUGHING AND CRYING, THEY JOIN RELATIVES

Woman Serves 3 Years With Male Convicts

By Fred V. Williams

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Sept. 16.—"Artie" Baker, a woman, has served—AS A MALE CONVICT—three years of a 14-year sentence for robbery in San Quentin penitentiary.



"Artie" Baker is her real name. Prison authorities must have known her sex. So must the federal officers who arrested her and obtained her conviction. She is there today in the garb of a man, and until this story carried her appeal to the world, her secret had been locked within the prison's grim, gray walls.

For three years "Art" Baker lived among hundreds of rough men, who, one by one, learned her secret. She was jostled and jibed and insulted until an appeal to the prison doctor brought her a separate cell and a little booth at one end of the big room, where from 1,400 to 1,800 men take their baths every week.

Even this bit of privacy accorded her by the prison's executives has not lessened the sting which this woman's life, lived among men, has brought on her.

"I will kill myself if they don't send me into the wom- (Continued on Page Four.)

FIRST PICTURES OF CONGRESS DISASTER



Upper picture shows the rescue of passengers from the liner Congress, taken from the U. S. dredge Michie, which took the survivors aboard. Lower picture shows Assistant Steward Tyson, who rescued Engineer Martland, as he appeared when taken from the special train at the O-W. depot, Saturday.

Happy Reunions at Station End Anxious Wait

Laughing and crying, passengers from the lost liner Congress arrived here aboard the O-W. rescue special from Portland at 10:45 a. m. Saturday.

Nearly a hundred anxious friends and relatives awaited them. An aged mother clasped her daughter in her arms and cried out: "Thank God!"

Disembarking, husbands, wives and children gathered apart in little groups and stood together weeping silently for sheer, irrepressible joy.

Assistant Steward F. Tyson was taken from the train wrapped in blankets and rushed by auto to a hospital to recover from the effects of the poisonous gases he inhaled in his rescue of Chief Engineer Martland.

In the machine with Tyson was lifted Mrs. Margaret Reig of New Orleans, whose feet were burned when the deck became heated by the flames underneath.

Suffering From Shock Tyson's hair was slightly singed, and he was unable to speak audibly. Mrs. Reig was almost in a state of collapse, and was suffering from shock.

Mrs. Sallie McKnight, of 3518 Yesler way, rushed to her daughter, Miss Charlotte McKnight, when the latter stepped from a coach, and almost crushing her in ecstasy, exclaimed: "Daughter! Daughter!"

"What is it, mother?" asked Miss McKnight, patting her gently on the back as they wept.

Reported Lost "Someone telephoned me you had been lost," said the mother. "It nearly killed me. I haven't slept a wink since."

Her other daughter, visiting friends in San Francisco, remained in that city when her sister boarded the Congress for Seattle.

A little woman climbed from the train carrying a baby and a suitcase. Following her was a little boy.

She hesitated on the platform, looking amongst the crowd. A Joyful Reunion A burly man stepped out and without a word encircled wife, baby, suitcase and little boy in his embrace. Together they walked away, chattering all at once.

The rescue special's whistle sounded, and the big train of happiness puffed out of the yards, leaving half a hundred people standing on the platform still talking, still laughing, still sighing, as they realized again what might have been.

Tyson was saved from death by J. E. Johnson, chief steward of the dredge Michie. Tyson was carried aboard the Michie unconscious.

"He cannot be saved unless we have a pulmonator," said a surgeon. "His lungs are choked with poisonous fumes."

"Let me try," said Johnson. He then bent over Tyson, placed his mouth over that of the senseless man and drew the poison into his own lungs. Johnson kept at this until he staggered to his feet, dizzy and sick, reeling back into the arms of watchers. Doctors said he saved Tyson.

Mrs. F. L. Ashton, of 1151 16th ave. N., one of the heroines of the Congress rescue, who sustained a crushed hand in carrying a baby whose mother had fainted from the burning deck to a lifeboat, said of her experience: "It didn't amount to anything at all. I was helping another woman who had two little children, when I saw this other mother faint. I just went back and picked up her baby and took it with me to the lifeboat, while some men carried its mother to safety."

"It is a miracle we were saved," said Mrs. Ashton. "The decks were burning when the first boat was lowered. Our boat shipped a little water as we neared the dredge Michie, but that was because of

CAN CARRANZA GUARD BORDER?

By Carl D. Groat

United Press Staff Correspondent NEW LONDON, Sept. 15.—American-Mexican negotiations reached a delicate point today.

Whether Carranza is willing and able to patrol the border is a vital question upon which negotiations are turning.

As far as surface indications go, the first chief probably will take over the duties which have devolved upon Gen. Pershing's column.

But the fact that his representatives have not committed themselves to such a scheme make negotiations extremely delicate.

As matters stand, the American commissioners want Carranza to do most of the patrolling thru a sort of Mexican police.

Steals From Man Who Gave Him Job When He Was Broke

It will probably be some time before the police make up a collection again to help out a robbery victim. But they did it a week ago Saturday, and regretted it this Saturday.

A week ago Ralph Fuller, age 18, reported that he had been robbed of his last 30 cents.

"Tough luck," commented Lieut. Dolphin. Then the boys clipped in \$3, so Ralph could eat and sleep.

"And maybe we can get him a job," some one suggested. They did.

Dave Tobias came to the front with a job washing great, big baked potatoes for the N. P. commissary department.

Saturday Dave called up police headquarters. "That fellow we got the job for robbed the conductor of \$50," announced Dave. "Yep, that's what he's telegraphed. If you see him, pick him up."

TRUCK HITS WOMAN

Driving into a crowd of people to avoid striking another truck, D. Brown, chauffeur for the Westlake Transfer Co., ran over Mrs. Oscar Viles, of Richmond Highlands, and bruised S. Eastwood, Boyd hotel, at Fourth ave. and Pike st., Saturday morning.

Mrs. Viles was taken to Seattle General hospital, where it was announced that no bones were broken, but that she may have sustained internal injuries.

LONDON, Sept. 15.—M. Calogopoulos has been entrusted with the formation of a new Greek cabinet, said a dispatch today from Athens.

ENGLISH SMASH GERMANS' THIRD LINE OF TRENCHES

LONDON, Sept. 15.—The British center has been thrust forward to a point 500 yards north of Foursaux wood in the violent battle raging north of the Somme, Gen. Haig reported to the war office today.

The whole of the villages of Courcellette, Martinpuich and Fiers are firmly in British hands. Five hundred more prisoners have been captured, making a total of 2,800 Germans officially reported captured in the first 24 hours of the renewed Somme offensive.

Four German field guns were captured south of the Ancre last night and two local counter attacks by the Germans failed. The Germans resisted desperately, but the Teutonic commanders made no attempt to organize a great counter attack.

The British carried out many successful night raids, entering many enemy trenches at several places.

Bombs Give Battle Light Fighting desperately to save themselves from retreat on a mile-wide front, the Germans have been throwing battalion after battalion into action against the storming British columns north of the Somme, in an effort to check Gen. Haig's advance.

The battle began yesterday morning, grew more furious toward night. By the glare of illuminating (Continued on page 8)

GENERAL STRIKE BEGINS TO AID N. Y. CAR MEN

NEW YORK, Sept. 16.—A sympathetic strike which union leaders declare will result in 75,000 workers leaving their jobs in support of the striking employees of the traction companies became effective in New York before noon today.

Twenty thousand longshoremen and boatmen were the first workers to respond to the strike call. Labor leaders declare these men will be followed by 25,000 machinists who will strike before night.

By the end of next week unless there is a change in the traction strike situation, union men predict thousands of others will be out. They will include men employed in all industries. If this does not have the desired effect, a general strike of 700,000 men and women workers in Greater New York is threatened. Police patrols have been established along the roofs of buildings on Ninth ave., but, despite this, trains were bombarded with bricks, bottles and stones early today. One woman was seriously injured.

TACOMA MAN BAGS FIRST DEER OF YEAR

TACOMA, Sept. 16.—Dr. T. R. McNetrney has the record of bagging the first deer of the hunting season. While pursuing grouse near Tacoma yesterday, the doctor ran upon a 160-pound deer, killing it with one charge of No. 7 shot.

SLAVS OUST BULGARS

PARIS, Sept. 16.—Russian troops have joined the Serbs and French on the allies' left wing in the Balkans and have driven the Bulgars from four Greek villages.

Berlin, Sept. 16.—In hot fighting north of the Somme yesterday, the British forced the Germans from the villages of Courcellette, Martinpuich and Fiers, it was officially admitted this afternoon.

Mulloy got in an argument with the grandmother, and E. P. Burke, Miss Tully's uncle, interfered, with the result that Mulloy struck him, it is said, with a club. Mulloy was charged with third-degree assault Saturday by Prosecutor Lundin.

RANDOLPH'S VICTIM OF PRACTICAL JOKER

Theodore Randolph, the photographer, is not missing. He insisted so Saturday morning and declared that it wasn't his wife, but must have been a joker, who reported to the police that he hadn't been home since September 5.

MOTHER HAS CASH IF SHE WILL CALL

If the black-eyed mother with the hungry baby who sought work thru The Star on Sept. 12 will make her present address known, \$11, which has been donated by interested citizens, will be forwarded to her. Arnold Cox of Pearson, Wash., donated \$1 and offers a home with him and his wife. H. J. Titus, superintendent of the Northern Pacific dining car service, who is always present on the job when any deserving person is in distress, wired \$10 from Montana while en route to the East.

HEAR LAST CONCERTS

Two concerts in Seattle parks Sunday will mark the close of the city concerts. Wagner's band will play at 2 p. m. in Volunteer park, while Leu-ben's band will play at the same time in Woodland park. In all, 46 concerts were played, and the park commission is of the opinion that the season has been the most successful yet attempted in Seattle.

PIONEER IS DEAD

REDDING, Cal., Sept. 16.—John Hutchens, 59, a pioneer of Trinity county, was found dead in a chair on the front porch of his home at Ruth today. A rifle lay on the porch at his side. Authorities are in doubt whether he committed suicide or was the victim of an accident.

GOES A-VISITING AND GETS IN JAM

Ray Mulloy went with Miss Tina Tully on Sept. 14 to the home of E. P. Burke, 1917 Seventh ave., where she planned to visit her grandmother.

Mulloy got in an argument with the grandmother, and E. P. Burke, Miss Tully's uncle, interfered, with the result that Mulloy struck him, it is said, with a club. Mulloy was charged with third-degree assault Saturday by Prosecutor Lundin.

As I sat in The Star office yesterday noon, writing police reports, the editor was talking with a press agent.

AIRING OF ROW IN GUARD OFF

TACOMA, Sept. 16.—There will be no airing in United States court of the National Guard tangle involving the arrest of Capt. David Livingstone by Col. Ingalls, commander of the Washington regiment at Calexico.

Capt. Livingstone was released by order of Maj. Gen. Bell, commander of the Western department of the regular army, Friday. He had been under arrest, but not imprisoned, at Calexico, and since returning to American lake.

Livingstone, who is a Centralia physician, had applied for a writ of habeas corpus, and Federal Judge Neterer had scheduled a hearing for next week.

The arrest followed a hot argument between Col. Ingalls and the captain.

FIRST HUNTING MISTAKE IS MADE

SHELTON, Sept. 15.—J. W. Lewis, of this city, was mistaken for a deer by Thomas Booth, a member of Lewis' hunting party, and was shot and killed near Mason lake Friday.

More than 50 automobile parties passed thru this city en route for the big game country.

JAPAN INCREASES POWER IN PACIFIC

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 16.—A monthly freight steamship service between San Francisco and Australia is Japan's latest effort in her campaign to dominate the commerce of the Pacific.

Z. Kamiya, general manager of the Osaka shown Kaisha made this announcement today prior to his departure for Japan after an inspection of the field.

The Smuggler

That's the name of the next novel-a-week to appear in The Star.

It Will Be

good reading for all the family. Ella Middleton Tybout is the author.

Start Monday

and read one installment every day. The story runs complete in six consecutive installments.

CHILDISH LAUGHTER GREET'S STAR REPORTER WHEN FELLOW CLOWNS WHACK HIM

BY TED COOK

Once, when I was a nine-year-old kid, I read a story about Toby Tyler, who one night scrambled up into the seat of a circus wagon, made friends with the old driver, and rode away.

Toby carried water for elephants a while. Then, late one afternoon, the bareback rider buckled a big leather belt around his little stomach, attached it to the revolving crane in the center ring and gave Toby his first bareback lesson.

But, next day, with the belt removed, Toby fell from the back of the big white horse, and lay very still in the sawdust. A doctor was summoned. The circus folk, who had adopted him, waited for the

crooked little spine to straighten. But it never did. So they powdered his face, gave him stiff, starched clothes, painted funny spots on his cheeks and made him a clown!

Thereafter, he was the greatest man in all the world—bar none! That is, he was to me. I am a 24-year-old kid now, but I have never forgotten Toby, and all the glamor and glory of his little world.

Yesterday I met him. Not the real Toby, perhaps, but another clown, whom I shall choose, for the rest of my days, to believe is the same little fellow grown old. His name is John Albion, and his hair is white, and he is the boss clown of the Sells-Floto circus.

As I sat in The Star office yesterday noon, writing police reports, the editor was talking with a press agent.

"Cook you're to go out to the show grounds this afternoon and clown up and come forward. You're to write a story about it," he said. "To myself I muttered, 'Go to hell.' Then I thought of Toby Tyler and answered, 'All right.'"

At 1:30 Ed Jackson, the press representative, took me around back of the side show tents, and we ducked under a half-raised canvas into the men's dressing tent.

There were dozens of racks, supporting grotesque clothes—clown clothes—and spangled tights, and tinsel-covered creasers' helmets, much battered by wear.

And on dozens of trunks sat dozens of men, unshirred. They were talking quietly about the war, prohibition, business, the things you and I talk about. Their splendid bodies and clear eyes bespoke health that comes from exercise and fresh air. A big fellow, with a diamond in his tie, and hat tipped back, got

up and came forward. "You the reporter who's to clown?"

It was Rhoda Royal, equestrian director. He's the fellow who has full say over every act—everything in ring or on platform—and his word is law in the dressing room.

I felt out of place, but he smiled and took me over to the solemn little fat fellow, seated, legs crossed, on a trunk. "This is John Albion, clown boss," he explained. "He's been in the business 30 years, and will take you in tow."

Evidently I was as strange, intruding, to these folks, as they were to me. They all looked my way, with friendly, curious expressions. General animation followed, clothes were snatched from the racks, and I found myself slipping off my shoes and talking to John, who assured me that all I had to do was "keep lively and watch the rest."

From the bottom of his trunk he pulled a pair of great, misfit (Continued on page 5)