

Give Your Aid, and the Montamara Festo Will be Bigger and Greater Than Ever this Year

# The Tacoma Times

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30c A MONTH.

There was a young chauffeur named Sid, whose auto decided to skid. In six months he is due to renew, with plumbing work under his lid.



"I'm glad," the Turkish Sultan said, "that war is o'er, with all its strife, for really I'd grown weary of the awful, harem-scarem life, so also had all of my wife!"

## MILLS ASKS PERMISSION TO PROBE

### Two Bremerton Boys Talk About Jap Scare

BY FRED L. BOALT.

Much war talk over Sullivan's bar. Much wild and foolish talk when the drink sets tongues to wagging. For the strategy boards convene nightly at Sullivan's bar, and Sheldon's, too, and all the other bars.

And terrible are the theoretical campaigns they plan. Frightful is the execution they do. And in all their wars Columbia cinches her claim to being the Gem of the Ocean. She sweeps the seas.

"Gawd help them Japs!" say the strategy boards. You are bound to feel sorry for the Japs after an informal evening spent with the strategy boards. Make due allowance for patriotism and beer. Don't take too seriously the boast of Able Seaman Bronson, on 72 hours' leave from the West Virginia.

"One American," says Mr. Bronson, "can lick two Englishmen, or three Frenchies, or any number of Japs." This, probably, isn't strictly true. Mr. Bronson's patriotism grows with the hours. By midnight an American can lick four Britishers or six Frenchmen, and would make nothing at all of slaying all the yellow men in Asia. Pass lightly over the pessimism of Gunner's Mate Shannon, from the venerable Oregon. Unlike Mr. Bronson, Mr. Shannon's libations inspire only pessimism and sadness.

"First of all," says Mr. Shannon, "the Japs'll pounce on the Philippines. Then they'll gobble Hawaii. And then they'll knock the tar out of us."

Mr. Shannon does not take this gloomy view, however, before 11 o'clock.

And, as he utters the gloom-pregnant words, he hurls a look of malevolent hate at two stocky little yellow men in sailor suits who enter silently, sidle up to the bar, order beer in whispers, drink, and slip away.

"If it came to a show-down," Mr. Shannon wants to know, "would them yellow lads fight with us? Would they?"

If you will make allowance for patriotism and beer, you will find that the strategy boards know well the topic of naval warfare. They can give you the exact location of all ships, the guns they carry, the size of the crews manning them.

They can give you facts and figures as to target practice—facts and figures proving (which is true) that American gunners lead the world. They can tell you, too, where the Japanese fleets are. "We ain't prepared for war," says Mr. Shannon, presenting a minority report.

"We never are," counters Mr. Bronson. "We weren't prepared

in '76, nor again in 1812, but we licked the Britishers, didn't we? We weren't prepared in '61. We weren't prepared in '98. But we ain't been licked yet. I tell you, one American can lick two Britishers, or three Frenchies.

"You said that before," shouted Mr. Shannon. "I say we ain't prepared. Look at the ships right here in the yard. It's a good size fleet. But how are they manned? You know, everybody knows, that there's aint a ship here that's got more'n half a crew."

"There's the reserves," weakly thrust Mr. Bronson, but Mr. Shannon roared in derisive laughter, in which the others joined. Jack doesn't think much of amateur sailors. The Chief Petty Officer, who has scorned up to this point to take part in the debate, is frowning. Chief petty officers, as everybody knows, are aristocrats. Not often do they deign to drink with inferiors at Sullivan's bar. The Chief Petty Officer is vexed.

"Wise!" he scoffs. "Wise! Wise as the rocking-chair admirals in Washington. We ain't prepared for war. We don't need to be. In Europe they're always prepared. They have to be. They're so close together that it's easy for somebody to start something."

"But why, sir," asks Mr. Bronson, deferentially, but with spirit, "don't we need to be prepared?"

"Geography," snaps the Chief Petty Officer. "We're off the map. A powerful enemy could knock the edges off us, but they couldn't lick us. If an army got 'way in, how'd it get out? How'd any army keep open the line of communication from the Pacific seaboard to Denver, say, or from the Atlantic seaboard to St. Louis? In every war we ever had we've always made mistakes at first. Generally we get licked in a few battles. Why? Because geographically power on earth can come to us and lick us, and, as we're not territorially ambitious, like Great Britain, we're not likely to carry the fight to the other fellows."

The strategy board hears him out in respectful silence. "But," adds the Chief Petty Officer, soberly, "there's one thing about our navy that's dead wrong. We've got too many Japs and Chinks aboard."

"They only cook and wash dishes—servants' work," objects Mr. Bronson, the optimist.

"I know," agrees the Chief Petty Officer. "But they're enlisted men."

"I'm not saying, mind you, that these Japs would play dirty in the event of war. I'm only saying that, if a Jap wanted to, he could put the ship he's on out of commission as easy as anything. Why, if he had the nerve, he could blow it out of the water and go with it. And if I understand the Oriental mind, a stunt like that would entitle him to a seat in the classiest heaven they've got. If we go to war with Japan, I hope I get a ship with no Japs aboard. But it won't be any ship in Bremerton. They've all got 'em."

This so saddens the strategy board that it files into the street, now empty. There isn't a Jap in sight. Mr. Shannon and Mr. Bronson proceed erratically upward to catch the launch. Mr. Bronson would like to prove his prowess by annihilating Japanese sailors. But Mr. Shannon weeps because he foresees that the Gem of the Ocean is soon to be exposed as a phoney stone.

### CARS DO NOT RESPECT TIGHT SKIRTS THIS PICTURE WILL TELL YOU IT'S SO ACTRESS TRIED IT, AND SHE KNOWS



JULIA RING.

I'm going to enter the campaign for lower street car steps in Tacoma. It's a wonder your women don't rise up in rebellion over the tortures that are imposed on them by a heartless street car company. If my assistance in the crusade can be of any good, I'm sure it is given freely.

So said Miss Julie Ring yesterday in her dressing room at the Pantages, while she was preparing for the matinee.

And Miss Ring meant what she said. In fact, she consented (although modestly reluctant) to show a Times photographer how really annoying it is to board a Tacoma car.

And any woman knows that before one of her sex would allow herself to be photographed boarding any of the high platforms of the city's street car fleet in a tight fitting skirt, she surely believes she was a martyr in a good cause.

After the matinee, Miss Ring accompanied a Times photographer to a downtown street corner. The photographer swung his camera into fighting action and waited for the unusual demonstration. When the first car came along Miss Ring stepped towards it and placed her foot on the lowest step.

Being a modest man, the photographer merely waited until he knew Miss Ring was in the act of clambering on board the car, hoisting herself in a hand-over-hand manner, and then pushed the button. He was busy with his camera immediately afterwards, and was willing to take Miss Ring's word for what happened.

"Now, do you believe me when I say that the women of Tacoma are insulted by being forced to use Herculean methods of boarding a car?"

The photographer murmured sympathetically. "It's bad enough to have to wear the latest style of form fitting gown, without being subjected to such an indignity," continued the actress.

"I'm sure that my dresses are not any tighter than those of the Tacoma women. In fact, I have seen a few extremes along about the most unconventional Easterner. And if these women ride on street cars, as I suppose they do, they have my heartfelt sympathy.

"If a man were given a hobbie that would permit only an 8 or 10-inch step, and were ordered to climb on board a street car, I think he would become peevish, to say the least. But if, at the same time, he stood a chance of ripping his hobble, and it cost him anywhere from \$50 to \$200, he would begin to say harsh words against the street car company that built steps so high. And, on

### EXPRESSES CONFIDENCE IN HIS MEN

Hear ye, hear ye, hear ye! all police officers and the chief in Tacoma are forthwith to be investigated. Anybody desiring to peach can now be given attention.

Of course Commissioner Mills did not say it in those words but the affect was the same this morning when he boldly announced to the city council that he desired the council to authorize him to proceed to "investigate from the chief down" the police department.

The council, of course, gave him carte blanche to go to the bottom of the whole department and sift the sheep from the goats. "If there has been any protection money or graft money of this kind I do not know it but I want to know it and I want to say this investigation will not be behind closed doors, everything will be open," said Mills.

He suggested he would take it up with the city attorney and have him help probe.

"I have had every confidence in every man in the department," said Mills, "and have now."

"You certainly cannot have confidence in the officer on that beat down on D street," suggested the mayor.

Mills said he would not discuss that now.

This announcement of the commissioner of safety came to the council after a long conference this morning between Mills and Chief of Police Loomis.

Following the council meeting Mills and Mayor Seymour held a long conference behind bolted doors.

### HOME HAUNTED BY GHOST OF MURDERED GIRL

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., May 15.—Jane Adams, a 19-year-old girl, was murdered five years ago by being thrown from the Million Dollar Pier.

The murderer was never found, nor was the reason for his act learned, thereby affording a mystery that was accentuated today by the girl's family appealing to the police to help them solve the appearances at their home of a ghost which, they assert, bears a strong resemblance to the murdered girl.

On several occasions the family have startled the neighborhood by leaving their home and seeking protection, declaring the "ghost" or "spirit" was stealing about the house.

### VINCENT ASTOR IS IMPROVING

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., May 15.—Vincent Astor, who canceled social engagements on Saturday because of a recurrence of throat trouble, spent the day outdoors on his estate near here, supervising matters pertaining to his experimental farm.

### Gifts For Baby

The baby's small, unsteady hand can grasp firmly the curved handle of a baby's spoon. The massive sterling silver will withstand rough baby usage, and the spoon can be preserved as a memento for after life.

Only one of the baby gifts that you can get at Andrews' LEADING JEWELER 1130 PACIFIC AVE.

### POLICE MAKE MID-NIGHT RAID

TWO HOUSES IN C STREET DISTRICT CLEARED OF OCCUPANTS—THREE WOMEN ARRESTED.

Four policemen and as many detectives, late last evening, acting on the orders of Chief of Police Loomis, raided two notorious houses of ill-fame on lower C street. Three women were arrested, two of whom are said to be proprietors and the third an inmate.

Those arrested in the raid were Pauline Burt, owner of a house on lower C street, India Hines and Ida Hall, at 1537 1/2 South C st.

All were booked on a charge of selling liquor without a license and operating a house of prostitution. The women were released on \$100 bail to appear in court this afternoon.

Last night's raid followed closely upon the raid made by the sheriff and his deputies last Saturday, when a number of negroes and women owners of houses of ill-repute were taken in.

### ARE YOU ON A SAFE TRACK?

Are you providing for the future? Start a bank account now, protecting yourself against the slippery rails of old age. A good bank account is better than a pension.

**The Puget Sound State Bank**  
1115 Pacific Ave.

### YOU SHOULD WORRY! BOALTIS MARRIED MAN

BY FRED L. BOALT.

Still beauty-hunting. I want the public, and especially those fair ladies who later may be subjected to my scrutiny, to understand that my interest in them is purely impersonal. I love Art for Art's sake—and, besides, I'm a married man with a family.

How rare a thing is beauty! How many of us are plain and mediocre if not downright ugly! How Harrison Fisher, the artist, must have rejoiced when he discovered Pauline Fredericks, the actress, whom he instantly dubbed, in the extravagant language which all artists employ, "the most beautiful woman in America!"

Such thoughts as these saddened me as I pursued my beauty quest. Also, hurrying people whom I meet on the streets jostled me rudely out of my artistic abstraction.

Wishing to escape for a moment from the hard knocks of an inartistic public, I sought sanctuary in the entrance to a building. There was a case on the wall. The case was filled with photographs.

Now the odd thing about a beauty quest is that, just when you are beginning to despair of finding beauty anywhere, you turn a corner, perhaps—and meet beauty face-to-face.

It was no now. I looked at the photographs—and there was beauty smiling at me—beauty in the person of Miss Katherine Smith, of Regents Park.



KATHERINE SMITH. (Photo by Margie Hall.)

### Co-eds Will Trot And Dance Tango

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., May 15.—Vassar girls and their guests will turkey trot and tango, with faculty permission, at the senior promenade May 30.

### JESSE JONES ENDS LONG SERVICE

Jesse S. Jones of Tacoma, for six years a member of the Washington state public service commission, will conclude his public service tonight, when Arthur A. Lewis of Spokane, appointed to the position, will assume office.

### NEW POSTMASTER FOR SEATTLE

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 15.—President Wilson sent the following nominations to the senate: Edgar Battle, for postmaster of Seattle; Thomas Fox, for postmaster of Sacramento.

### GOOD LOCATION FOR ARMY POST

Secretary of War Garrison has been invited by the trustees of the Commercial club to visit Tacoma and inspect the prairie south of the city, which it is said would make an excellent location for an army post.

### 8 DIE WHEN TORNADO HITS NEB. VILLAGE

SEWARD, Neb., May 15.—Eight are dead here and seventeen injured and one is dead at McCool Junction, as a result of a tornado last night. The tornado formed near Grafton, struck McCool and Seward and then continued toward Omaha, losing most of its force before it struck that city. Eight physicians worked all night attending to the wants of the injured as fast as they were rescued from the ruins of the wrecked homes. Twenty-two houses were torn to pieces and many damaged. Authorities are able to handle the situation.

A terrible rain and hail storm followed the tornado and thick darkness fell when the municipal lighting system was destroyed. The groaning wounded were drawn from the wrecked homes by lanterns with which the rescuers searched for victims. Several business houses, which were not ruined were used as temporary hospitals and morgues for the dying and dead as fast as they were found.

### Countess Dances Only 15,000 Mi.

ST. PETERSBURG, May 15.—The world's long-distance dancing record is claimed by the Countess Lamudorf, who estimates that she has covered 15,000 miles on ballroom floors. All told, the countess has attended 1,082 balls, danced 2,934 quadrilles, 500 polkas, 4,500 waltzes and had 1,700 partners.

### Girl Punished; She Kills Self

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., May 15.—Jessie Gibson, thirteen years old, daughter of William Gibson, after being punished by her mother for an act she declared she had not committed, jumped into the cistern at the family home here today and was drowned.