

LOTS OF MEN AND WOMEN ARE SEEKING WORK. READ THEIR APPEALS FOR JOBS ON PAGE 6 OF THE TIMES TODAY. HELP THEM IF YOU HAVE NEED OF HELP OF ANY KIND. THE SERVICE IS FREE TO ALL.

# The Tacoma Times

30c A MONTH

THE ONLY INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER IN TACOMA  
VOL. XI, NO. 235. TACOMA, WASH., MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1914

HOME EDITION

**THE WEATHER**  
Well, we are back on the same old ground. The weather man said "Fair tonight and Tuesday," when he called today.

**THE PINK**  
The Pink (final) edition of The Times, has all late local and wire news in addition to the baseball scores. Don't miss it.

**Just Lookin' On**

IT'S JUST AS EASY TO BE PLEASANT ONCE YOU HAVE THE HABIT—



I have no time to waste upon the gink who grunts and groans, About hard times and hateful things And rakes up buried bones.

Give me the guy with merry smile Who starts each blessed day With a happy laugh, a cheery grin And, mind you, stays that way!

**NOTE**  
The longer you know us, Shireen, you will learn that on nice, sunshiny mornings we write with bland optimism; on rainy days it's different.

**AMONG OTHER THINGS WE CANNOT SEE THE SLIGHTEST USE FOR—**

- Whiskers,
- Lady barbers,
- Fat policemen,
- Men who use scent,
- Women who use kalsomine,
- Painful dentists,
- Booze assassins,
- Wives who nag,
- Husbands who need nagging,
- Children who say cute things,
- Parents of ditto who insist on telling you about it.

**WELCOME CONTRIB.**  
Dear Sir:  
Here is a little thing I dashed off that I think is pretty good.  
R. MONTGOMERY.  
Puyallup.

**SATURDAY NIGHT IN PUYALLUP**  
The crowds march ceaselessly Up and down the brightly lighted street; Cheery faces and heavy-burdened baskets Tell of marketing and Provisioning for the week. It is a happy sight.

**GOSH!**  
R. Montgomery springs a new one upon us. What kind of a contrib. do you call this, anyway, R.?

**WATJER MEAN?**  
Spawaway, Sept. 20.  
Sir: Did you know that quail are biting now out this way?  
W. E. McDevitt.

**IT'S GREAT TO BE A GENIUS LIKE THIS—**

The young and impoverished artists in Paris often have a great struggle to make ends meet. They are frequent visitors at what may be called a penny potluck entertainment. In a big caldron is steaming hot soup, and in the soup pieces of meat of varying sizes and quality. On payment of a penny the diner-out is given a big steel two-pronged fork, with which he is allowed to make one dip. He is entitled to retain whatever is picked up and, in addition, gets a basin of soup and a piece of bread. There is all the fascination of a gamble combined with economy in this method of buying food.

**ADVT.**  
If you think this column is foolish, you order read the "Talk o' the Town" in the Pink edition of the Times every night. Honest, it's awful drivel. Read it tonight.  
O. K. CHESTNUT.

**ALLENTOWN, Pa., Sept. 21.**  
John Scherer, aged 15, was severely injured when his bicycle skidded and he was thrown in front of an automobile.

Scherer was wedged between a wheel and a mud guard so tightly that the car had to be jacked up to extricate him, and his slenderness saved him from instant death.

**Today's Best Joke**

Marie—At the place where I was spending my vacation this summer a fresh young farmer tried to kiss me. He told me he'd never kissed a girl in his life.  
Ethel—What did you say to him?  
Marie—I told him I was no agricultural experiment station.

## TERRIBLE SLAUGHTER NEAR AISNE

PARIS, Sept. 21.—The battle of the Aisne entered the second week today. The issue is still in doubt. The conflict has settled down to an artillery duel, which is said to be one of the most terrible in world history. Some shelling is being done at a range of seven miles. All batteries are masked. The allies' siege guns are directing a heavy fire on the crown prince's army, which is endeavoring to pierce the allies' lines at Craonne. The fighting at this point is particularly desperate. Again and again the Germans have charged with bayonet

heavy losses as the allies. Fighting continues as fiercely as ever along the Aisne and southward. The result is apparently still a draw. The allies are making strenuous efforts to crumple the German right under General von Kluck. Fighting desperately. General von Buelow at the right of the German center, between General von Kluck's and the crown prince's army, is endeavoring to pierce the allies' lines at Craonne. The fighting at this point is particularly desperate. Again and again the Germans have charged with bayonet

## GERMANS TAKE OFFENSIVE BERLIN DISPATCHES CLAIM

BERLIN, via Sayville, by wireless, Sept. 21.—Germany's forces in France are everywhere taking the offensive, according to dispatches this afternoon from field headquarters. A message from Bucharest declares that the Crown council decided Saturday in favor of continued Rumanian neutrality. From Christians came the news that Frithjof Nansen, the Arctic explorer, is preaching the necessity for a military union between Norway and Sweden to protect their independence. The government is raising a war loan through subscriptions for imperial bonds and treasury certificates to the amount of one billion and sixty-five million dollars.

## TWO MILLION MEN FIGHT IN BIG AUSTRIAN BATTLE

PETROGRAD, Sept. 21.—Two million men are fighting in Galicia. The battle is the third general engagement in Austria since the war began. The struggle opened today with the Russians strongly reinforced and driving General Dankl and his Austrian army backward. The czar's siege guns are directing a heavy fire on the stronghold of Przemysl on the River San, which is replying furiously. Officials declare that casualties on both sides, especially the Austrians, are enormous. A drizzle of sleet and cold rain is said to be causing hardship among the troops and rendering the roads so heavy that the retreating Austrians are forced to abandon much artillery.

ROME, Sept. 21.—Roumania's entry into the European war as an ally of France, England and Russia is reported to be so imminent that the German minister is said to have been recalled from Bucharest.

## WAR FLAG PENNANTS

Any Coupon clipped from The Times, when presented at The Times office with 15 cents, will entitle you to a 75c War Flag Pennant, German, French, English, or Belgian. Pennants will be sent by mail if 5 cents additional for each Pennant is enclosed. Bring or mail to The Tacoma Times.

## CUTS CITY COST

There will be few street improvements in Tacoma next year. During an hour's session of cutting the budget today, in which the city council only lopped \$4,127.26 from the estimated expenses of 1915, the city commissioners came to a sharp realization that they must abandon all ideas of grading, paving, laying sidewalks, sewers or gutters during the coming twelve months. It was tentatively agreed to cut out the military drafting corps of the city engineer's office, cutting off \$11,000 a year in salaries by this means.

## AUTO STOLEN

Thieves stole Stephen Beadle's auto from in front of 203 4th st. Saturday night. The car had a license number painted on the back. It was "26477." This morning the abandoned auto was found in front of the Byrd Produce company. It had an auto tag, number "4497" on it. The car proved to be Beadle's, but the thief had repainted the rear of the car, obliterating the Beadle license number. Two tires had been stolen, the engine had been wrecked, and the car had been driven 65 miles.

## WHILE THE COP TWIRLS HIS STICK



## WAKE UP!

Ruston is a next door neighbor to Tacoma. It is more than a neighbor. Its practically a part of Tacoma. Yet the people of Ruston are compelled to pay twice as much for electricity as Tacoma people pay. **RUSTON PEOPLE HAVE TO DEAL WITH A PRIVATE POWER CONCERN. TACOMA PEOPLE BUY FROM THEIR OWN CITY LIGHT PLANT. THAT'S WHY RUSTON PAYS ABOUT TWICE AS MUCH FOR ELECTRIC LIGHTS AS TACOMA DOES.** And that's a very poor reason. Tacoma has more than enough current for its own use. It would be good business for Tacoma to sell electric current to Ruston. It would be mighty good business for Ruston people to buy current from the Tacoma plant. Will some one of our high priced city managers kindly wake up and put this deal through?

## PLUCKY MAN

CENTRALIA, Sept. 21.—His throat cut from ear to ear and windpipe partially severed, Sam Morely, a blacksmith, stands a chance to recover. He quarreled with an unknown man Friday night in a saloon and received the wounds in the scuffle. Morely walked several blocks to a doctor's office, with blood running from his wound.

## MISS CYNTHIA GREY:

Without cutting his head off how will I stop Peggy (my brother's rooster) from waking me up at 3 o'clock in the morning. It gets right under my window and crows and gets all the other roosters crowing. Please tell how to remedy this.

## ANOTHER WAR

EL PASO, Tex., Sept. 21.—An invasion of the state of Sonora has been started by General Villa with two brigades of troops. The movement of the 5,000 men in his command is said to have started without the sanction of General Obregon, commanding the northwestern military zone. The soldiers of Villa will meet constitutionalist forces under General Benjamin Hill, who refused to obey Villa's orders in

## SEES A HARD WINTER FOR TACOMA POOR

To assist in caring for the poor of Tacoma, a meeting will be arranged this week by the city commission and county commissioners. The city council today voted to confer with the county and ask for a large county appropriation for charity. "There's a terrible hard winter coming," declared Mayor Fawcett. "The city has no charity fund. Last year we tried to help the poor by giving day labor at \$1 a day. But this winter we will not even have this work." The county commissioners have charge of all charity contributions, and the city will ask for a large share of the fund this year.

## HANDS JOLT TO STONE-WEBSTER

Stone-Webster has been receiving some hard knocks in Tacoma recently, but one of its hardest knocks came Saturday afternoon. Judge Cushman threw out of court the power trust's injunction against Tacoma, by which it wanted to quash the city's ordinance forcing all future power wires to go underground. In handing down his decision, Judge Cushman declared that the city had sole right to say where and how private companies could lay wires in Tacoma. By the ruling, the Stone-Webster people cannot increase their power business in Tacoma, because the underground wire ordinance is prohibitive. This was the intention of the ordinance.

## Survivor Of Wreck Tells Vivid Story

(By E. L. MORIARTY.)

PORTLAND, Oregon, Sept. 20.—When 70 persons suddenly find a watery grave, and two live to tell the tale, there is bound to be an interesting yarn. For an hour this afternoon it was my privilege to talk with the gamest man—or rather boy—I ever knew. For Alexander Farrell, one of the survivors of the schooner Francis H. Leggett, which capsized off the Oregon coast Friday afternoon, is a lad of 20 years. With all the candor of a boy, lacking the self-consciousness which might arise from knowledge of a terrible ordeal successfully passed through, Alexander told me what he knew from the time the schooner first got into trouble until 10 hours after she sank, when he was lifted aboard the steamer Beaver. At his brother's home, looking extraordinarily well for one who had undergone the experience of 10 hours alone on a hurricane sea with nothing but a railroad tie to cling to.

**FINDS R. R. TIE**  
The Francis H. Leggett sank, as nearly as can be determined, at 3:10 o'clock Friday afternoon. Farrell says that he looked into the chart house when the hand pointed at 3. Three minutes later, he says, the boat went over. Preferring to take chances with a railroad tie rather than a boat, Farrell managed to keep afloat through the stormy afternoon and into the morning, the long hours until a boat from the Frank H. Buck, aided by a searchlight of the steamship Beaver, picked him up and carried him to safety. The Beaver reached here late Saturday night. "When the sea got very bad, Captain Marco ordered everyone into their staterooms," said Farrell. "But about 15 minutes before she went, keel up, he had us out. Marco was aft and it seemed like most of the passengers were forward."

**PRAISES PASSENGERS**  
"Everybody seemed to say 'where is Captain Marco?' A Mrs. Anderson, whose husband is on another ship going southward, said: 'Captain Jensen, you take charge here.' Captain Jensen was captain of the schooner Nokomis and was a passenger aboard. I want to say that Jensen did all that anyone could do. "He ordered no man to get into the lifeboats ahead of the women. But when the women were in, ordered the husbands to get in with them. Three boats were put out, but they dashed to pieces. It was a terrible sight to see those people down there. "We had pumped out no end of crude oil trying to quiet the waters. A seagoing man, one of the crew, told me to look down, and said: 'Look how black they all are.' And they were. The

sea was full of faces turned up and the features were black as ink with the oil. It was an awful sight. Then the sailor said to me: 'We'll be down there in a minute, lad, but don't try to fight it, the sooner it's over the better.'

**THE SHIP PLUNGED**  
"First I thought I'd jump over, but as I started to leave my foot caught on something and I came back feeling I would be dragged under. The first thing I knew the ship's keel was up and over we went." Pinning him down to the details, I asked him if there was any conversation among the people who managed to cling to wreckage. "Yes. There was a Mrs. Snelker whom I spoke to. She was taken out of a sick room by her husband. All she wore was a night gown and some sort of a coat. She was clinging to two logs and had her arms around her little 12-year-old boy. The boy took it pretty hard and was crying. They managed to hang on for about two hours. "The Buck came up toward me. I guess she did the coming, though it seemed to me that I was going toward her. The sea was rolling high and I could get glimpses of her. Then she turned and beat away. I felt discouraged for the first time. "After a while she started back again. Then I made out the Beaver. She was just a speck on the horizon. The Beaver kept going up and down, searching among the wreckage, I guess. The Buck put out a life boat, but they didn't see me. If ever I yelled, I yelled then. But it didn't do any good. Finally five men standing on the deck of the Beaver saw me. The lights flashed over me and the men in the Buck life boat spotted me."

**THE RESCUE**  
"The way those men handled the life boat was a marvel. They were some boatmen. It was just after one in the morning then and I had been on my tie for 10 hours. At times I lost her, the waves were so heavy, but I swim well and always managed to locate her and hung on. "I lifted myself up over the boat's side when my rescuers came up. I was so numb I couldn't feel anything. I seemed pretty strong, but once I got in the boat I grabbed onto a man's leg and they couldn't pry me loose. I had the sensation that if I let loose I would go down. "They pulled me up by a rope onto the Beaver. Nobody could have treated me better than Captain Mason, his men and the passengers. I was pretty much out of my head. They bathed me in kerosene. "That was the only way to rid me of the oil." Farrell's ears and nails and hair are still liberally coated with stains of the crude oil which the captain of the ill-fated Leggett had thrown on the waters. As mementoes of his unforgettable 10 hours alone on a stormy sea Farrell has oil colored silver, which remained in his pockets. He lost a roll of bills. There is a bundle of letters. And so well did the oily waters do their work that the address on some of them are still perfectly legible. Farrell wore large, heavy tan shoes. He was unable to get them off or did not try, in the excitement of the moment. Men on the Beaver said last night that each shoe must have weighed 10 pounds, so water-soaked were they. **Limbs Battered** The fortunate man's limbs are badly bruised and battered. He was afflicted with a severe pain in his back during the long period in the water and it is still bothering him. His face is scratched and rough from either wreckage or where he hit himself to keep awake as the numbness overcame him. Farrell owes his escape to a good physique. Baring his ankles to show the bruises resultant from the experience, he displayed a powerful leg that is in keeping with the general muscularity of his physical make-up. Asked whether he had been seasick, Farrell said: "I did not have another meal except a couple of apples. You see, ate just one meal and didn't hold onto that. From Thursday morning until the Beaver picked me up Saturday morning I didn't have another meal except a couple of apples. You see, I get seasick very easily."

**TODAY'S CLEARINGS**

|              |       |              |
|--------------|-------|--------------|
| Cleavings    | ..... | \$491,567.39 |
| Balances     | ..... | 17,452.96    |
| Transactions | ..... | \$509,020.35 |