

# The Tacoma Times

THE ONLY INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER IN TACOMA.

HOME EDITION

30c A MONTH

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OCCASIONAL rain tonight and Tuesday. That is what Observer Cover confidentially whispered over the telephone to our weather editor today. Occasional, you know, but wet!

If you had a pet alligator, what would you name him. The Times has just got to find a good name for an alligator. Buy a Pink edition this afternoon and find out how to win \$5!



A strand of golden hair, A ring, clinging scent Of her—the girl who went Away and left it there!

REGRET NOTE: We received contribs from Major Bates, the w. k. attorney-at-lawing, bon vivant of the Bonneville hotel, and from E. Lewis Garretson, the celebrated Shriner, but the Censor said 'em nay, so we cannot let you in on two mighty good little gingersnaps—

ALSO CENSORED



TO PHYLLIS I Ab, Phyllis, wouldn't that I were rich, And held the world at my command?

Yea, Phyllis, if I owned the moon And all the stars up in the sky; I'd only ask to sit and spoon

Oh, Phyllis, Venus in her power Ain't got a single thing on you; Nor is the rose a fairer flower, Just lovin' you, is all I do!

Ach, Phyllis, ain't you chilly, kid, In that there thing you wear? Or is it just your fancy, kid, To make our readers stare?

And just think of it, this here Buxton feller is married. How can he hope to square such a bum time as that with his wife?

In spite of the fact that Peril Hebb has enough loose change to finance a South American revolution, he never, never pays more than two-bits for his neckties.

THE CITY ED. A WILLING LITTLE GUY, CONTRIBS AS FOLLOWS—

CHESTNUT'S NEW HAT O. K. Chestnut, who writes this colyum, has three things that he likes to poke fun at; or used to. These are Wrist Watches, Cologne-water and Fuzzy hats. Well, the laughter will henceforth be all on our side of the building. For listen here: O. K. went to Doges' riot sale and saw a fuzzy rehour that marked down from \$6 to \$1.15 and he is wearing it with great dignity; and his wife was seen buying a wrist watch in a C. K. jewelry store Sat. eve, to give D. K. for Christmas; and one of his relatives who keeps a drug store has laid away a bottle of Ripe Muskmelon Perfume which can't be sold 'cause the label is all wore off, and O. K. will receive that in his little sock for the blithesome Yuletide. With his three stock jokes gone, the future looks pretty plum for the Conductor of this Colyum, doesn't it? The only moral I can think of is that Joke Artists ought to have more than Three stock gags.

BLOTS ON CIVILIZATION Banjo solos. Amateur actors. Hair singes. Pink shirts. Fountain pens. Sulphur matches. Woolen socks. White vests. Banana ice cream.

ADIOS! O. K. CHESTNUT.

## Love For Her Employer Ruin, Declares Girl

By Cynthia Grey. (Here is a human document that is more tragic than any you can read in fiction or see upon the stage. It came to me this morning among many other letters on the subject of girls receiving attentions from their employers. I think it shows conclusively that sex in business cannot be ignored. What shall—or rather what can—a girl in these circumstances do?) Dear Miss Grey: I have read with interest your article in Saturday's Times and the appeal of that little girl who wrote you for advice touched my heart, she has my deepest sympathy. Tell her to leave that man's employ AT ONCE, and do anything rather than keep on working for him under existing conditions. Heartache Comes. She will have the heartache for awhile, but time will cure that, whereas if she stays on there every day will be torture. He must have known she was learning to love him—but what did he care? She was a nice little thing to amuse him in his spare hours—and now he announces his engagement to a society girl—poor little stenographer, poor little plaything. Maybe—who knows—he will have a daughter some day who some other man will treat as he has treated this girl and his own deed will come home to him. One Who Knows. I will tell you part of my story—it may help someone else. I am past 25 (old enough to have sense), but here is a bit of advice to mothers—no girl unmarried gets too old for a chaperon. A few years ago I secured a position as stenographer in one of the offices here in town. Everything went smoothly for two years, then—well, then my employer began to get interested in me, and I returned that interest. It crept into my heart and was there almost before I knew it (I believe I was flattered at first), then love took its place; and the pity of it is he is married and has a family—and I KNOW IT. But I have learned to love this man devotedly, passionately—beyond everything else in the world. I never enjoy a pleasure unless it is connected in some way with him—perhaps it is just the remote possibility of seeing him by chance. I have no men callers, I do not care for them—I cry many of my evenings away. Why should such an illicit love come to any woman? Why? I have asked that so many times—what directed my footsteps to that office and kept me there? I feel and think all of these things but I would not have him give up his family for me for anything in the world, even though he were that kind of a man. Queer Old World. I am writing you this from my desk in this same office I am telling you about—what a queer world it is, tragedy and sentiment all around us—I, like the little maid who wrote you, must go on working—but all I earn in the week does not pay one-tenth of the heartache and misery I suffer. Please accept and publish this for what it is worth—it is the every-day life of a woman who by chance has to work—some who read will understand; others will say, "It is her own fault, she could have resisted him, etc., etc.; others will be glad their love has fallen in the right place—my answer to every criticism is—I do all these things BECAUSE I LOVE HIM. What I have said to you may help some girl to "run away" from a like danger. "THE WRITER."

## TWO SHIPS OF NEUTRAL NATIONS SUNK BY MINES

STOCKHOLM, Dec. 7.—News was received here today of the loss of the Finnish steamship Everilda and the Swedish steamship Luna. Both vessels struck hidden mines off Boernoerg. The crew of the Luna is reported saved. All but one person on board the Everilda perished.

## BERLIN IS OVERJOYED BY VICTORY

BERLIN, Dec. 7.—All Berlin was overjoyed today over the official announcement of the occupation of Lodz by the German forces. Not only was the capture of this great city, with a population of more than 500,000, taken as a marked victory for the Germans in the most desperate battle in the world's history, but it is pointed out that Lodz is of immense strategic importance in the conflict. The occupation of Lodz gives the Germans control of the main railroad to Warsaw and promises an early assault upon that city, the chiefest in Russian Poland.

## M'ADOO ASKS FOR BILLION DOLLARS

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 7.—Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo today submitted to congress the estimate for government expenses for the fiscal year beginning July 1, 1915. The estimate totals \$1,090,775,000. The naval total estimate is \$147,764,086. The naval total estimate is \$147,764,086. The army total is \$186,675,373. Army engineers asked for \$53,000,000 for rivers and harbors improvement. Estimates for pensions totaled \$166,600,000. More than \$18,000,000 is asked for the Panama canal.

## What Will We Call Alligator?

What will we call the alligator? That is the question that agitated The Times staff today when a long, funny-looking box, with all holes in it, was unloaded on the sidewalk in front of the Times office. Well, there will be a \$5 gift in it for some reader of the Pink edition of The Times. Buy a Pink tonight and maybe the \$5 will be yours.

## WED AT 14, CHILD-WIFE WINS DIVORCE



LOS ANGELES, Dec. 7.—Los Angeles has the youngest divorcee. Not the youngest in years, not the youngest in worldly wisdom, but—the youngest in appearance. She is Lorena Foster, better known in this city as "the Little Mary Pickford of Los Angeles." With her baby blue eyes and her hair in curls she stood before Judge Monroe here recently and was granted a divorce from her husband, Harry M. Lutge, a wealthy young society man of Chicago. Court attendants gasped when she gave her age. Then with childlike simplicity she told of the child romance which had its end in the divorce court. She said that she had married when she was but 14 and had entered the gay whirl of society life in Chicago a few months later. On her honeymoon she wore short skirts and was so shy that she traveled for half fare. She saved her trousseau and since then has often entertained her friends by wearing it and posing as a child. Society life in Chicago was too great a strain for a little country girl, she said, and besides that she was a woman—the court smiled—and wanted to be free of the man she did not love. "You have seen those melodramas where the handsome city chap runs off with the innocent country maiden?" said Miss Foster. "Well, that was my case exactly." For the past two years this little girl, whose child love has lived and died, whose winsome manners caused a stir in the ranks of the fair debutantes of the Windy City, has been the pet of the film folk of Los Angeles. Possessed always of a yearning to become a dramatic star, Miss Foster today stands at the threshold of her ambition ready to fulfill her nickname of the "Little Mary Pickford of Los Angeles." Miss Foster was, three years ago, named by H. King, eastern art critic, as the most beautiful girl in California.

## TURKEY SEETHS IN WAR

SALONIKA, Dec. 3.—(Via London, delayed)—All Turkey is today seething with war and armed force. Henry Morgenthau, the American consular agent, is not only acting for the United States, but also for seven other powers in Constantinople. He has worked day and night to alleviate the suffering of the terror-stricken foreigners. The Ottoman government is permitting only women and children to leave the country, detaining all foreign men on the grounds that they may bear arms against Turkey in the "holy" war that threatens to break out with renewed violence. The government has seized all the hotels, stores, factories and banks owned by Europeans. Consuls of European nations have fled. Thus far, American Consul Morgenthau has prevented violence against individuals.

## HERO COOK RISKS LIFE FOR BEANS

PARIS, Dec. 7.—Corporal Johann Schmeltekoepf, second cook of the Fifty-first Landsturm regiment of the imperial German army, is the hero of the regiment and a probable recipient of the Iron Cross. Armed only with a paring knife and a huge pot of boiling beans, he defied two divisions of the French army, broke through the lines of a British battery, and regained the German trenches along the Aisne, unharmed save for his dignity. That he left two whole army corps roaring with laughter and caused a lull in one of the fiercest hand-to-hand struggles fought during the war is nothing to him. He saved the beans for his comrades, and they consider him the greatest hero of all the war, even though they roar with laughter. Schmeltekoepf now wears two huge crosses of iron. The fact that they were hammered out from waste iron by his comrades makes no difference. He is a hero, and more than that, he is a good cook. The Fifty-first Landsturm regiment was intrinsically. There had been a lull in the desperate struggle that had raged for two days. During that struggle, when the pressure of the advancing English and French had fallen heaviest (Continued on Page Seven.)

## NELLIE STORLE DIES SUDDENLY

Nellie Storle, 25, whose breach-of-promise suit two years ago against Edward Hogan, a wealthy Canadian, occupied the attention of the Tacoma federal court for two weeks and attracted the interest of all Tacoma, died suddenly Saturday night. She became ill on Thanksgiving day, according to her physician, Dr. Royal A. Gove, and lost strength rapidly. Two years ago Miss Storle filed suit for \$40,000 damages for breach of promise against Hogan of Vancouver, Canada. The case was tried in Tacoma, and attracted wide attention. Miss Storle was a strikingly pretty girl, and had hundreds of friends on the East Side. After deliberating for 24 hours, the jury brought a verdict of \$20,000, and Miss Storle immediately took possession of a large block of Hogan's property on D street near 17th. She has lived at home since the suit, keeping her daughter with her.

## RUSTON PEOPLE LINE UP AGAINST TRUST TOMORROW

The people of Ruston, Tacoma's suburb near Point Defiance, will line up against the Guggenheim interests tomorrow. An "independent" city ticket will oppose the Tacoma Smelting Company, Inc., at the polls tomorrow, when Ruston votes on its mayor, two councilmen and city treasurer for the ensuing two years. It will be a battle between the people, on the one hand, to control their town government through their own representatives, and the Guggenheim smelter, on the other hand, to elect its own employes as figurhead officials of the town. Dr. F. E. Pratt, surgeon for the smelter, and mayor of Ruston, incurred the wrath of Ruston's residents when he took up the smelter fight during last winter's strike trouble, and lived inside the smelter stockade during the miniature war that waged in Ruston. Jim Garrison and Gus Ahlstrom, councilmen, and Treasurer McClung of Ruston, are smelter employes and are running for reelection. The independent ticket is headed by Jack Olson for mayor. Olson owns two-thirds of the property of Ruston, and is opposed to the smelter. A. L. Wingate and Peter McCabe are running as councilmen and J. O. Jellyberg for treasurer.

## HUSBAND RUSHED INTO COURT AND STOPPED WIFE'S DIVORCE

A divorce suit with all the dramatic sensationalism of a moving picture film unfolded itself in Judge Card's court today. Mrs. Edna E. McMahon of Tacoma, accompanied by her two children, Vera, age 4, and Raymond J., age 18, was sitting in the witness chair waiting to testify in her divorce against Raymond J. McMahon when the husband rushed excitedly into court and demanded that the proceedings cease. "I don't want this divorce granted," declared McMahon. "I didn't know of the case before. Here's an answer. I'm going to fight the suit." McMahon handed the court a formal answer to his wife's petition for a divorce, in which he denied all of Mrs. McMahon's charges and asked that the divorce be refused. Judge Card read the document, and announced that he would postpone the trial for a week until McMahon could prepare his defense. McMahon is a Tacoma longshoreman. His wife declares that he has neglected her and that during the past year she has been forced to visit her mother several times in order to keep herself and children from starving.

## GERMANS DENY RETREAT ORDER

LONDON, Dec. 7.—A Reuter dispatch from Amsterdam says the report of a backward movement by the German troops along the Yser canal is officially denied at Berlin.

## WHEN A MAN'S MARRIED

