

If Henry Watterson doesn't begin writing his new line of editorials on asbestos paper he's liable to have his fire insurance canceled.

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HOME EDITION

WEATHER. For Tacoma and vicinity: Showers tonight; Tuesday fair. For Washington: Showers and cooler.

FRENCH GO TO RUSSIA'S AID MOST BITTER BATTLE OF WAR

SPIRITS ASSIST SLEUTH

Mystery, dark, deep and dank! Our Tacoma detectives, including County Detective Fred Shaw, may be forced into seclusion by the discovery of a new method of recovering lost articles that put P. Grubb's Rising Sun Detecting to shame. Some weeks back one Mrs. Elizabeth Muir, 49 St. Helens av., stored a quantity of household articles, including her best linen, pictures, dishes and other articles, in a storehouse on lower Broadway. Robbers bold entered and appropriated said articles, baffling police et al. by their cleverness. Mrs. Muir, sick at heart over her loss, consulted Mrs. Minnie S. Perkins, a local clairvoyant, who after much uncanny consultation with the spirits gave her client a description of the places where she would find the missing articles. Mrs. Muir, thus armed, started a sea-going cruise about the more dilapidated parts of the city, and managed to find buildings answering the description. Saturday she got County Detective Fred Shaw and the two sallied into the second-hand establishment of a gentleman claiming the name of Fred Kefer, 1712 Broadway. Right there, plain as day, were 11 towels and pillowslips, bearing Mrs. Muir's name. The articles were appropriated by the law, the dealer claiming that some man, unknown to himself, had sold him the stuff. Mrs. Muir is making another trip to the crystal gazer in the vain hopes that she can "get the dope" on her missing dresses and hemstitched muslins. She and Fred will then make another trip into the unknown.

THOUSANDS AT PARK SUNDAY
The years attendance at the National park was increased yesterday to 29,000 when 1,000 persons registered at the park. Despite the heavy fires that are causing the lowlands to be covered with a heavy smoke cloud, the mountain and vicinity are comparatively free from smoke.

Help! Here's Newest Put Your Beauty Spot Nearest Your Most Beautiful Feature. Where Do You Put Yours?



LOS ANGELES, Aug. 30.—Good morning! Where is your beauty spot today? "On my arm near my elbow," laughingly replies Miss Mary Brown, pretty Los Angeles girl. "The beauty spot, you know," she says, "is to enhance the most beautiful feature of a lady. Of course the masculine eye is caught by the little black dot, and then perforce it must be held by the loveliness of the beauty it gets off. "For instance, if a girl has bewitching eyes, she wears her beauty spot near one of them to attract attention to them. "If she has particularly round, white, adorable elbows, she wears a beauty spot on one of them. "If she possesses full, scarlet lips, she wears a beauty spot near them. "Don't you see how the charm works on unsuspecting Mr. Masculine? In the days that were, according to Miss Brown, a beauty spot was considered a foolish thing, worn by the ultra silly who thought only of making themselves extremely conspicuous in some way or other. But, now, she informs us, there is really a reason for this little black dot which any connoisseur of beauty will agree is rational and right. Anyway her idea is unique and should be a fashion wonderfully taking among those maids and matrons who have time and inclination to enhance their natural charms.

EXPOSE CITY'S PLOT

The plan of certain city hall interests to sell electric power and light to downtown landlords at one cent a kilowatt-hour was exposed today in council session as a deal by which the city would sell juice at a price actually lower than the cost of production. It was shown up as a plan by which a payroll of \$37,000 a year would be lost to the city. Small Customers Suffer. It was further shown up as a plan by which the light bills of many prosperous business firms would be cut to one-third the present level, at the expense of the small light-user. These facts were shot at the council by John J. McDonald, engineer of the courthouse, who appeared as a citizen to protest the closing of the deal, which is sought solely by the Central Heating Co., a recently organized concern here. McDonald quoted figures from committees previously formed to find the cost of producing city electricity, and from the controller's report for 1914, showing that in one case the electricity cost 1.45 cents a kilowatt-hour to produce, and in the other case 1.33 cents. Yet the city proposes to sell for 1 cent to the downtown building-owners.

Helps Big Stores. McDonald pointed out also that while this new rate would gain only a little business to the city—that of those buildings which plan to tear out their private plants and put in the service of the Central Heating Co.—it would cut the bill of present downtown users who have businesses within the limits set by the council for the new rates. For instance, Rhodes Bros. now pay \$300 a month light bill. This would be cut to \$100 a month. Thus, downtown revenues from present users of city light would be cut many hundred dollars, McDonald showed. The beneficiaries would be the building owners who up to now have not used city light, and the Central Heating Co., which likewise has paid nothing to the up-building of the municipal plant. McDonald also had figures to show that a number of stationary engineers would be thrown out of work, affecting a payroll of at least \$37,500 a year.

RUEF FREE



This remarkable picture shows Abe Ruef after a stroll in the country, the day after his release from San Quentin penitentiary, and the beginning of his three months' exile from San Francisco pending the coming municipal election. Ruef was released recently after he had served four years of a fourteen-year sentence, which, with good behavior gave him a credit of one-half his sentence and made him eligible for parole. When Ruef entered San Quentin four years ago he was fat and prosperous looking; there was hardly a gray hair in his head. Today he is thin and haggard and his hair is almost white. On his return to San Francisco three months from now Ruef will manage his big realty holdings as he is a very wealthy man. He declares he will never again participate in politics.

CANNON FIRE DEADLIEST OF WAR HISTORY

PARIS, Aug. 30.—With the Germans more active than ever before along the eastern front, the French last night and today began a terrific attack on the western Teutonic trenches with the idea of forming German troops on the Russian border to the western front. In a terrific attack with mines, shells and grenades, the French blew up whole sections of the German defenses. It was the most intense and bitterly sustained artillery assault of the war on the western front. It is believed by military students to forecast a forward movement of gigantic proportions on the part of the allies. In several trenches which the French have captured lately, very few Germans have been found. This has led to the belief that only the shell of a Teutonic army is left in the Flanders trenches. The most severe attacks of last night and today were between Court Chausées Neurlsons and Bolante, the war office announced. While the artillery was blowing up sections of the trenches and bombs were exploding over others, heavy losses were inflicted on the German defenders by hand-grenade attacks. In many cases, the trenches are only 10 yards apart. The slaughter is appalling.

Risk Took a Risk; Now He's the Goat

Walter Risk, one of Tacoma's self-made prominent citizens, today stands in danger of paying \$232 as the price of his lime-lighting when the Liberty Bell came to Tacoma. When the bell was first scheduled to come, Risk went to the city hall and told the city dads he represented the Elks. He offered to take the job of caring for the bell with-out any cost to the city. His only reward was to a consciousness of civic duty well done—with maybe a dash or two of limelight for himself. The council agreed. Today, Risk seeks to have Tacoma taxpayers plunk up \$232 to pay for the bell reception. But he is getting a cool reception at the city hall. The general verdict seems to be that Walter took the task at his own Risk. If he is stung, the council is very, very sorry. But not so sorry but that it can keep its hand on its pocketbook. Meanwhile, the Elks have disavowed Risk's offer to the council, and will refuse to pay the bill. WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 30.—A report on the sinking of the Arabic and a general submarine communication is expected from Germany at "any time," Secretary to the President Tumulty said today.

Could Save UNCLE SAM \$25,000, But POOR; LOAN Will They? IS NEEDED

BY GILSON GARDNER. WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 30.—In order to prepare for war, or to make war in case the German provocation results that way, the United States must borrow. A bond issue is inevitable. For many months revenues have been behind expenditures until there is now a deficit of approximately \$35,000,000. Under ordinary circumstances this deficit could be disregarded and by slight changes in the revenue laws a sufficient income provided. If, however, Uncle Sam is to buy a fleet of airplanes and a school of submarines, and to make powder and cartridges for a large volunteer army, at least a billion dollars will be required right away. When congress convenes this will be one of the first matters to receive attention. The county commissioners will announce acceptance of the bid for the five and one half miles paving of the Country Club-DuPont county road late this afternoon. Of the eight bids offered, the commissioners favor two. Commissioners Slayden and Williams, in all probability, will vote for the Washington Paving Co.'s bid on a total of \$79,375, while Reed said today he would vote for Mattson & Carlson's bid, calling for a concrete pavement at \$54,165. Commissioner Reed asserts that the concrete type of paving, with a layer of asphaltic Roadmate every two years, for a period of 20 years, will mean a saving to the county of from \$25,210 to \$51,000, providing the interest on the difference of the paving is counted.

California Banker Raises Eggs For 8-1-3 Cents Per Dozen--He's Convict at McNeil's

(Because many of the convicts at McNeil's island prison, referred to in these articles, will be "coming out" in a short time, and publicity might discourage their plans to entitle the shame of their crimes and punishment, no names of prisoners will be used.—Editor's note.) BY E. A. PETERS. Three years ago this summer a stout, expensively dressed man of middle age alighted from a government power boat at a McNeil's island dock. Beside him another large man, in more quiet clothes, and of more agile, powerful build, leaped from dock to dock. They walked up the dock together. Neither spoke. A moment later the two big men stood before an iron-studded gate in a high barred wire fence. A militant young man in blue uniform, with high powered rifle over his shoulder, barred the way. Over the gate were the letters—"U. S. Penitentiary." The stout, expensively dressed man was a banker from Stockton, California. He had committed a breach of faith against Uncle Sam. He had used treasury funds for his own purposes. A federal judge showed no prejudices for wealth, and sent the banker to the McNeil's island prison, 15 miles from Tacoma, for a term of 11 years. That was three years ago. Within 30 minutes after the

banker and his attending officer had stood before the penitentiary gates, he was no longer a stout, expensively dressed person, but a shapeless, shaven-headed human being in a striped suit of clothes. He no longer had a name. He was a number. He was destined to remain a number for eleven long years. For the first month, Warden Halligan and the guards watched their new prisoner closely. They always watch new prisoners. Close scrutiny of a newcomer at the penitentiary tells the officers in a few weeks whether they can trust the man to become a trusty. At the end of a month, the banker-convict was led from his cell to the office of the warden. "I've decided to give you a chance to make good," said Halligan. "I'm going to make a trusty of you. It's customary, you know, to give a man the benefit of his good intentions, and if you're a good prisoner, Uncle Sam will be glad to cut off some of your sentence. What kind of a job do you want?" The prisoner had never worked in his life. He had devoted all his years to bonds, and stocks and savings accounts. But from the window of his cell, he had no-

ticed the White Wyandotte chickens in the big chicken yard of the prison. They had appealed to him. "Is there room for me to work with the chickens?" he asked timidly. Ten minutes later he was installed at the chicken coops as fourth assistant to the chief of the poultry department. He has kept such a close check that he swears by his 8-1-3 cents per dozen cost of producing eggs. And it's a safe bet that few chicken raisers supplying eggs to the market can equal that record. The Stockton banker is one of a score of department heads at McNeil's island. It's a city in itself—that place of stone buildings and steel bars, perched on a lonely hillside opposite the old town of Steilacoom. And every piece of work, whether it is construction of new buildings, erection of a baseball diamond, or the routine operation of this miniature city, is handled by convicts—department heads—who have charge over their different prison units. And each unit knows its dot, just as the banker-poultry fancier does, what it costs to operate his department.

attended personally to the little hills and ailments of his great flock of white hens and roosters. And in two years he has perfected a system whereby he knows exactly how many quarts of grain a hen will demand while she is laying. He knows just what amount of food it takes to raise a chicken from infancy to maturity. He has kept such a close check that he swears by his 8-1-3 cents per dozen cost of producing eggs. And it's a safe bet that few chicken raisers supplying eggs to the market can equal that record. The Stockton banker is one of a score of department heads at McNeil's island. It's a city in itself—that place of stone buildings and steel bars, perched on a lonely hillside opposite the old town of Steilacoom. And every piece of work, whether it is construction of new buildings, erection of a baseball diamond, or the routine operation of this miniature city, is handled by convicts—department heads—who have charge over their different prison units. And each unit knows its dot, just as the banker-poultry fancier does, what it costs to operate his department.

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SUE MISSING HOTEL PEOPLE

Suit was filed today from the prosecuting attorney's office against the bands of Rose Foster and Karl Bradshaw, the missing copartners in the recent raid on the Alaska hotel, charged with running an illicit house and living off the earnings of fallen women. Ward received today from Capt. of Detectives Charles Tenney of Seattle said that every effort was being made to locate the missing couple, but nothing as yet had been heard of them.

CARRANZA AT MEXICO CITY

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 30.—Carranza is believed to be in Mexico City. With the transfer of his headquarters from Vera

WHAT'S MATTER WITH MRS. EVERETT TRUE? WE'RE STILL WAITING FOR HER CRITICISM

We fear it's time for Mrs. Everett True to put in an appearance. Mrs. True, you know, is the only person who ever puts it over on the pictures. It's been just that way in our contest—"Best Letter Criticizing The Times." Mrs. True hasn't written us, and everyone else has had a good word for Everett. And we don't want the old boy to get the big head—why, thunder! all he does is just a day's work like all the rest of The Times people. Better than that, when he's sore at someone, he's allowed to crumple them up any way he wants to. That is, everyone except Mrs. True. Will Mrs. True please write?



All the rest of you Times readers, too, get in this writing game. You have until 6 o'clock tomorrow evening to write your letters and get it in. For the best one we'll give a prize of \$10. For others, there are lesser prizes. Tell us how you like The Times—what you like in it, and what you don't. Remember, 6 o'clock tomorrow evening closes the contest. ENGLAND SENDS MILITARY NEW YORK, Aug. 30.—A special train guarded by 25 armed men, nearly 700,000,000, and \$25,000,000 in munitions arrived last night from England to strengthen the British security.