

"Two ways I look,
Two faces I present; one seamed
with old,
And gray with looking on the
frozen past;
One fresh as morn and fronting
days to be."

The Tacoma Times

THE ONLY INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER IN TACOMA.

30c a
Month

VOL. XIII. NO. 11.

TACOMA, WASH.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1916.

Home
Edition

WEATHER
Tacoma and vicinity: Rain or
snow, warmer.
Washington: Same.

SOUTH TACOMA CHILDREN ARE BURNED TO DEATH

Pick Out Your Bachelor

TACOMA HAS LOTS OF 'EM, GIRLS--RICH, RIPE, WILLING

Just Look Over This List!

BY D LOSS SUTHERLAND.

Here you are girls. With the arrival of prohibition and the New Year comes your opportunity to capture Tacoma's bachelors.

A tabulated list has been prepared of about 40 of the city's unattached. It includes everything from bootblack to multi-millionaire.

Some are tall and some are fat and some are very old in years, but each possesses a heart untouched by Cupid's dart, although it is admitted that some have had very narrow escapes.

This much is certain: They are with us, and where there are women there are possibilities.

For those who are looking for something up near the top in Mr. Bradstreet's little book, we suggest the Hewitt brothers.

Both Henry and John are available, we understand, and either would be able to outfit the nest with gas ranges and patented washbuds without crimping his bank roll in the least. It has been rumored that these boys are two of the most wealthy in the state.

See This Array of Batch Lawyers

The legal profession probably offers a more promising array of un-mussed possibilities than any other. O. Burmeister, Homer T. Bone and Ralph Woods are known as the Loveless Triumvirate.

All have nearly given up hope. "Bar" has tried conscientiously, but has failed. He has been incalculated, but his love never has been sharp enough to cause him to step off and buy his beefsteak for home preparation.

Homer T. Bone is one of our handsomest male citizens.

Walter Christian is another handsome dog and would be a jewel for any pining maiden.

Another legalite who is quite well fixed and heart-free is J. T. S. Lytle.

For the maidens who desire heirlooms, Kid Cupid offers three youth of the vintage of the '70's. Jim Junett, John Forbes and Charles Evans are nicely aged and have sown their oats. By vintage of the '70's we mean comers to Tacoma of that pioneer decade; when this trio was born we are not hardy enough even to guess.

Jim is docile as a clam until he gets in a K. of P. parade, and then by crackle, his blood just boils. His leading accomplishment is twirling his baton. John Forbes also came to Tacoma when it was as young as 1916 is today. He knows a thing or two, having been in the police force for many years, retiring with honorable mention as police captain and an unsalted great oorta.

One Judge Who Might Be Had

All four ventricles in Evans' heart still pulsate with the wild love of youth. John used to be post master before Louis Bean came among us and when the hamlet boasted only one main street. Even then he was desired. He is still possible.

The Hon. Albert Joab, colonel and ballroom dilettante, perhaps is the women's one best all-around bet. The Col., while he is not so wealthy as some in our list, has a natural leaning to the feminine, and if the right one only speaks, he could no doubt be led to the altar. The Col. dances nicely and is a brilliant and fluent writer.

The judiciary is represented by one lone figure, in Justice Frank Graham. The judge likes a pipe, fried eggs, the Popular Magazine, justice and funny stories. He has habits as regular as the most exacting woman could demand.

The military loving girl will just go doty after Capt. Hartwell W. Palmer, whose existence is made possible by the St. Paul & Tacoma Lumber Co. His

fighting is confined to summer skirmishes with blank cartridges near American lake. He is well paved with money and is a perfect dear in puttees. Myron Cramer is a second free lance who favors preparedness. He has a job and is an officer in the Nat. Guard.

Lots of Docs; One Lumberman

For those who like the dignified bearing of a physician, the market offers Drs. C. E. Law and F. A. Scott. Both are unfettered and pay a high income tax. Both skit about in machines. Dr. James La Gast offers a wonderful opportunity for the romantic girl, while Dr. Leo J. Hunt is very homelike and comfy.

Jim T. Gregory is the best we have right now in lumbermen. He has sworn off on starting logging camps this year and will thus be available for inspection. B'Gosh, girls, it's the opportunity of a lifetime.

Maidens fairly well along in life should give Pete Dally a careful once over. Pete, besides owning an Elk's pin, has a large bank account and a comfortable build. He eats by assaying.

In fact, he is nearly as midriffy as Frank B. Cole, who splits profits in the Cole-Martin Co.

This affable stationer has a dome as slick as an incandescent light globe and a heart as free as the sunshine.

Two Editors Are On Cupid's List

The theatrical profession offers our girls Charles A. Reeves as its sole candidate for Hymen's altar. He was so shocked, however, by the marriage of his partner, Charles Herald, that it is thought he has vowed never to trifle. This treasurer of the Tacoma theater may be a hard one, but so was his friend Herald.

Nick Kent, the pharma-

clist, has been doing business in Tacoma for years and all the while piling away the wherewithal, but his intimates say he has almost reached the hopeless stage unless some girl takes the initiative, and that soon. He could be thawed out, it is thought.

Across the street from Nick is Mike. Mike Sita has a flourishing little bootblack stand and has never known the pleasure of burnt home-made hot cakes for breakfast. Yet Mike says he is willing to take a chance.

There is John Leasure, collector for the N. P., who is said to be the finest fellow on earth.

And County Assessor James Cameron is another young fellow who is sure of his pay check and who might just as well be holding yarn skeins as galling around alone.

Dick Hays, marine editor for the Ledger, and R. W. Buchanan, city editor of the News, are the journalistic entries for 1916. While Dick plays golf, there is a possibility of breaking him of this fault. He is somewhat of a domestic as it is. "Buck" is addicted to good clothes and to reminiscing of Philippine army life, but has no other bad habits.

Or, Maybe, You Prefer Merchants

Ted Elvert, the Apollo-like youth at the stamp window in the P. O., has been seeing pretty girls by the thousands for all these years and is still eating alone. Why, oh why, doesn't some maiden break his monotonous existence.

For something in dry goods and notions, there is Herman Schroeder, while Willis B. Donnelly, salesman for the M. & M. Hat Co., has yet to swear "I do," and lovingly produce the solid gold band of chaste gold.

And if you can't be satisfied out of this array, Tacoma maidens, we wash our hands. We've done our damndest for you.

HOT SPRINGS, Va.—President and Mrs. Wilson, following a short automobile ride in the morning, attended a public reception in the afternoon.

According to detectives, who have made a careful investigation, the suicide occurred within a few minutes of the hour of 11.

The clothing bore nothing that would reveal the identity of its owner. The blue serge coat, well worn and of small size, bore the Dickson Bros' trade mark and the hat came from the Burnside Co.

Detective Capt. Smith has ordered a rigid investigation of the suicide mystery.

FIRST ARRESTS UNDER DRY LAW
SEATTLE, Jan. 1.—The first arrest for violation of the prohibition law was made at 2:55 o'clock this morning, when a saloonkeeper was caught dispensing some of the golden brew. Another saloonkeeper was arrested at 4:30 o'clock.

Otherwise the water wagon rumbled peacefully in. The New Year's celebration was even quieter than usual.

FATHER UNABLE TO ACT

Two small boys were burned to death in a fire which destroyed the home of A. R. Hanson, 6801 South Junett street, shortly after 11 o'clock today.

Another boy, older than the others, narrowly escaped from the flames when he rushed out of the house with his father, who was alone with the children at the time.

The children were sleeping when the fire started, and before any warning could be given the flames were licking the walls and rafters of the house.

The father was in the kitchen when the fire broke out. He told firemen that the flames spread so rapidly he was powerless to save his two children. The smoke had become so intense, he said, that he could not go into the room where the two small boys were sleeping.

The home burned like paper. By the time the fire apparatus arrived it was entirely ablaze. The two children were already overcome and helpless.

Firemen were delayed several minutes in getting at the water because children of the neighborhood had plugged up the fire hydrant with stones.

The dead children were 5 and 3 years old, respectively. The older boy's name was Erwin, the younger, Axel.

The mother works away from home. She lives in the Arlington park addition of the city.

The mother has not yet learned of her children's death.

FOUR OF A KIND



FLASHES

NEWPORT, R. I.—A wireless message from an unknown steamer announced the disabled steamer Thessaloniki had been picked up and was being towed into New York.

TACOMA—Lundberg & Mahon, Tacoma architects, announced the plans for an observatory to be built at St. Martin's college, at Lacey, this month.

PORTLAND—James Clark, law graduate of the University of Washington, signed today with the Portland team as a pitcher.

LOS ANGELES—In the midst of the New Year's celebration, a terrific explosion in the foreign quarter destroyed the home of Joseph Rossini. Rossini and his wife are missing today. They had received threatenin' glotters.

BERLIN—Emperor Wilhelm in his New Year's proclamation to the German army thanked the soldiers for their valor and expressed confidence in the new year with God to protect the Fatherland.

HOT SPRINGS, Va.—President and Mrs. Wilson, following a short automobile ride in the morning, attended a public reception in the afternoon.

THE YEAR AHEAD

We extend to the community the facilities of a well developed bank, which has gradually increased its business, during the quiet times.

Now that everybody concedes prosperity, we want to extend the assurance that this bank will put forth the same effort in extending accommodations to its customers, as has been the custom in the past.

The first of the year is a good time to make a change either in the checking or savings account, and we cordially invite you to call upon us.

FUGET SOUND STATE BANK

New Year Comes White to Tacoma

By Edgar C. Wheeler

A clean, white New Year. When the city hall clock struck midnight and factory whistles tooted a noisy welcome, young 1916 was born—wrapped in a feathery blanket.

Old wet 1915 passed silently away, celebrating the event not with a boisterous booze party, but with a good old-fashioned, slippery sliding, snow frolic.

Everybody Happy.

A pedestrian picked his way down Ninth street with a bundle under his arm. What was in that bundle? Z-I-I-I! There was a flourish of two legs and several arms, all beating the air at once, and a half dozen bowls of hot chili went rolling joyously down the icy hill.

The crowd howled in glee, while the victim brushed off his hat and watched for the next one.

It was a happy New Year. **Boys and Girls in Snow.**

Tacoma men and women joined in the spirit of fun and frolic. They became small boys and girls playing in the winter snow. They forgot all about that "last gasp" before the state goes dry, and left the saloons nearly deserted to slide down the icy chute-the-chute at 13th street.

Several of the downtown saloons, finding that the call of the last night was out in the open,

closed their doors as early as 9 o'clock and their employees joined in the merrymaking.

Automobiles caught the spirit of fun, too. They frolicked and reared on their left hind wheel, or any old wheel at all, to the joy of the crowds on the street corners. They would run down the hills as meek as little lambs, then of a sudden they would balk, wheel around and leave crazy tracks in the snow.

Quiet in Cafes.

It was nothing serious—just fun.

The last night in the cafes was quiet, free from rowdiness.

Groups of revelers sat at the tables and sipped their last glasses, while they buried old King Booze with songs of "How Dry I Am" and awaited the coming of the brand new day.

Resignation Everywhere.

In the saloon the tipper drained off his last full glass in quiet forgetfulness, while the old-timer sipped thoughtfully at his glass in honor of days gone by. An air of resignation marked the groups.

There was no whimpering, not whimpering, and little cursing. The young spirit which the baby New Year, with all its newness, brought ran through the heart of Tacoma, and everybody was happy.

BRITISH VESSEL IS SUNK

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 1.—The British liner Persia was submerged Thursday off the coast of Crete, while approaching Alexandria, Consul Skinner at London cabled today.

R. N. McNeely, the American consul at Aden, was a passenger on the steamer. Nearly all aboard perished, according to Skinner.

The state department did not disguise the fact that the news may be of tremendous importance in the submarine disputes which were thought to have been practically settled.

Secretary Lansing said he would await official advice before taking any action.

LARGE CASUALTIES FEARED
LONDON, Jan. 1.—Only four boatloads escaped from the Persia, according to advices received here.

Between 75 and 200 persons, mostly women and children, are believed to have perished.

It is not known whether the ship was warned or if it tried to flee. The fact that so few persons are known to have been saved indicated that scant time had been allowed for the victims to reach places of safety.

Three Americans Aboard.

A steamer rescued four boatloads of survivors and landed them today at Alexandria. An official estimate placed the list of the passengers at 231.

The steamer left London Dec. 18 with Charles Grant, Howard Rose and another American citizen among the passengers.

It is thought that Rose left the vessel at Gibraltar.

The Persia is a 7,316-ton steamer. It is the third English steamer to be sunk.

OLDEST OFFICER LEAVES

New Year's day marks the passing of one of the most picturesque figures in the history of the Tacoma police department.

Officer L. B. McCoy, a Civil war veteran and member of the department for 23 years, failed to appear at headquarters this morning when the roll of officers called. He had been placed in a police position.

McCoy had held positions of patrolman, desk sergeant, jailer and guard, the latter place having been made for him a year ago when he became too old to longer act as sergeant. He was the oldest man on the force.

Daring Feat.

One of McCoy's most notable feats as a police officer occurred 15 years ago when he pursued a murderer at night for more than

a mile through the city streets.

The fugitive suddenly stopped, leveled his gun at the officer and threatened to kill McCoy if he advanced further. Arguing and displaying no weapon, the officer walked up to the murderer, who tossed away his gun and gave himself up.

ASSAILANT OF BRIDE ENDS LIFE

PORTLAND, Jan. 1.—The body of Evan Kemp, assailant of Mrs. Mahel Meyers, whose condition is still serious from the gun wound in her chest, lies today in the morgue with a bullet through his head.

A note addressed to the people of Portland, admitting the crime, was found near his body. He expressed great grief. It is believed Kemp killed himself Wednesday night after leaving the house when he saw newspapers telling about the manhunt.

SUICIDE AS 1916 ARRIVES

At the very moment when New Year's eve had reached its climax, the whistles blowing, crowds cheering and horns tooting, a little man in a worn gray suit trudged to the center of the Puyallup river bridge and threw himself over into the icy waters.

Before making his leap, the little man removed his coat, folded it neatly and laid it down on the bridge floor. On top of it he put a small black leather purse containing \$1.65, and over this he laid his worn black hat.

An employee of the Milwaukee shops crossed the bridge a few moments later and saw the suicide's tracks in the soft snow. He found the pile of clothing. Snow brushed carefully from the bridge rail added to the silent story.

FIRST ARRESTS UNDER DRY LAW

SEATTLE, Jan. 1.—The first arrest for violation of the prohibition law was made at 2:55 o'clock this morning, when a saloonkeeper was caught dispensing some of the golden brew. Another saloonkeeper was arrested at 4:30 o'clock.

Otherwise the water wagon rumbled peacefully in. The New Year's celebration was even quieter than usual.

63940