

One of the easiest ways to acquire a good smile that we know of is to peruse the page-seven strip in which Tom and Helen Duff cut their daily capers.

The Tacoma Times

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WEATHER
Tacoma: Fair.
Washington: Fair, light frost east portion; Friday fair except showers extreme northwest.

VILLA SAFE IN HILLS

Peters Passes Through the Prison Melting Pot

COMMITTS A BAD BREACH OF ETIQUET



The Bertillon photograph of Reporter Peters. A convict photographer does all the "mugging" of new prisoners at the Walla Walla penitentiary, under supervision of Bertillon Officer Nickelson. Peters was photographed for the prison "rogues gallery" the second day of his term.

By E. A. Peters
"All ye who enter here, leave hope behind."
When the prison doors clanged behind me on that Friday morning, a week ago today, I virtually "left hope behind."
"I was Peter Wilson, forger. I had a sentence of one to 15 years ahead of me. I was determined to act my part, no matter to what extremes it led me.
My object in breaking into Walla Walla was to find the answer to my question, "Do penitentiaries really effect reform?" If I played my part well, I felt certain that I would learn the truth. I have learned it.
Between the salle-porte and the prison proper is a 15-foot brick wall, with barbed wire fence on top, lookout towers of brick at each corner, and a walk on the outside edge along which guards in tan uniforms pace all day, rifles on shoulders.
The heavy door through which the guard-captain led me, opened into an open court inside this wall.
Neatly clipped lawns, bisected by clean walks of red brick, separated us from a large building with solid steel doors and heavily barred windows. It was the main cell-house.
We entered the building.
"Wait here," the captain ordered. He waved me to a bench.

U-Boats On New Rampage

U. S. Will Put No More Trust In Promises of the Kaiser.

LONDON, March 30.—Teuton U-boats have embarked on a new campaign of high sea terrorism, despite Berlin assurances to the contrary, was the view of officials here today.
It was pointed out that during the first fortnight of the month submarines acted with caution, supposedly on orders from Berlin.
But during the last two weeks, sinkings have averaged several daily.
Admiralty officials said they had proof that the submarines worked without discrimination and hurled torpedoes without warning, frequently at night.

WASHINGTON WRATHY
WASHINGTON, D. C., March 30.—Evidence that Germany has started out on a campaign of submarine warfare which has no regard for the rights of American citizens is accumulating here, creating probably the most serious situation since the beginning of the war.
Facts gathered concerning the recent sinking of the steamer Sussex and other vessels, showed that all these ships carried American citizens and all apparently were attacked in violation of Germany's recent assurances to the United States.
America's next step will be to combine in one formidable indictment all the recent aggravating incidents which will bring the whole subject to a clear cut issue and refuse to accept the kaiser's assurances hereafter.

In a room to my right were several men in blue-gray suits, diligently working over sets of books. One sat before a telephone switchboard. Guards sauntered about.
Through a door at the left I saw for the first time the steel cages that soon were to become my home.
Prisoners, in the dismal blue-gray convict garb, stood about in the corridors, eying me curiously and passing the word along that a "fish" had arrived.
Within five minutes, as I learned through later experience, every man of the 733 inmates knew of my arrival.
"What's your name?"
I looked up. A uniformed guard stood over me. Two trustees were beside him. One of the trustees, a slim, gauntling man, was distinguished by a vest. Veats are curiosities at Walla Walla.
"Peter Wilson," I replied timidly.
The guard wrote it on a pad.
"Commitment papers didn't come yet, eh?"
"No, sir."
"Stand up. Take everything out of your pockets, and dump it into your hat," came the next order.
The shorter of the two trustees held my hat. I began stripping my clothing of every superfluous article.
And it was at this moment that I committed my first great breach of prison etiquette. I blushed when I discovered it. I blush now when I think of it.
On the lapel of my coat was the emblem of one of my lodges. The guard pointed to it, indicating that I should remove it. I felt a surge of red over my face.
For it is unseemly and unmanly for any convicted man to wear a lodge emblem into prison, or even to refer to his fraternal relations after he becomes a "con."
I glanced at the trustees. Their faces had hardened. They looked on me with disdain.
In utter confusion, I removed the emblem. Then I turned back my coat, and began removing a second lodge emblem from my vest. The trustees turned away.
The guard looked down upon me with an expression that showed pity for my ignorance and a sneer for my brazenness.
(Continued on Page Five.)

What's Doing

Thursday
Social hygiene exhibit; Tacoma building; lecture 3 p. m.
Pierce County Young Men's Republican club meets; 710 Pacific, 8 p. m.
All candidates for municipal offices speak at First Christian church; 6th and K; evening.
Social hygiene exhibit; Tacoma building; special addresses by noted speakers, beginning at 8.

NEW JAPANESE STEAMER HERE

VICTORIA, March 30.—The Kosoku Maru, the latest product of the Japanese ship yards, arrived at this port yesterday. She represents the last word in modern shipbuilding.

WOMAN WITH MOST WONDERFUL FEET IN ALL THE WORLD WILL TELL TACOMA WOMEN HOW TO CARE FOR THEIR FEET



By Edgar C. Wheeler
The most flustered person in the room yesterday when Anna Pavlova had her picture taken was the man who took the picture.
"Shoot her in the leg!" her manager had announced, heralding her coming.
And so the heart of Wayne Albee, Ye Likeness Man, was all aflutter.
It beat still more wildly when the queen of dancers entered on the arm of M. Husband. The highest hope of the portrait maker was about to be realized!
Now if Ye Likeness Man had dreamed dreams of how he should be master of the situation, of how he should pose the world's premiere danseuse, he had another guess coming.
The little dancer, whose tireless practice and training had given her the power and charm to hold an audience breathless, knew what was what.
No sooner had she entered than she darted from one corner of the studio to another, looking over the portraits with alert black eyes that said, "Mr. Albee, do you think you know your business?"
Anna Pavlova belongs to the tribe of persons who hates to have her picture taken. She said so. There are many other things she likes better—such as dancing.

talk something beside Russian. Pavlova struck her own pose, a pose that was her natural self. Wayne Albee pressed the bulb. That was all there was to it.
Six, eight, a dozen times a new plate was put in the camera, to snap the dancer in as many different positions and costumes.
At last Anna Pavlova heaved a deep sigh, made eyes and a smile at M. Husband and talked Russian at him.
"What she said I don't know, but it sounded like, "This fellow the same time graceful, trained to respond to every rhythmic move of her body.
I had bought a glittering shine from Pete the boot-black, and I asked Pavlova to tell me what she thought of my feet. She looked down at them—and laughed!
"I must be going," she said.
I appealed to M. Husband. But he only laughed, too. But as consolation, Pavlova agreed to prepare for women



may be all right, but he makes me tired."
Facing the camera, Pavlova didn't seem to be at all concerned about how she looked, except for two things:
SHE WAS SO MUCH OF A WOMAN THAT SHE SAID SHE WOULDN'T BE SNAPPED WITHOUT HER HAT ON. SHE SAID HER HAIR WAS MUSED, AND SHE WAS ALWAYS CAREFUL THAT HER FEET GOT IN THE PICTURE.
Pavlova, of the wonderful feet! Feet that are muscular, at

HAULING OF SUPPLIES A REAL WORRY

SAN ANTONIO, March 30.—Francisco Villa has reached the Guerrero mountains.
Col. Dodd's advance guard has crossed the railroad southwest of Chihuahua city, according to unofficial reports.
Villa is said to have split his command in three divisions after leaving El Valle, and to have taken personal command of 20 picked men.

Villa has been located, 60 miles southeast of Madera, close to the Mexico Northwestern railway, say unofficial advices.
Pursuit by rail is impossible because 40 bridges have been destroyed since January.
Several carloads of supplies for Gen. Pershing's men are ready for shipment today to Casas Grandes, railway.
Officers admitted disappointment over the outcome of negotiations to use the railway.
Under the arrangement reached with Carranza the road can be used only for shipping supplies, not munitions.

Supplies Problem Now.
EL PASO, March 30.—With a force of picked American soldiers already 300 miles inside Mexico and fully 10,000 troops chasing Villa, the army supply transportation problem was the sole topic of interest today.

It is believed Villa has escaped into the heart of the Guerrero mountains, where it will be possible for him to hide indefinitely.
The Mexico Northwestern railroad announced it was unable to ship munitions before Saturday on account of lack of equipment.

FIGHT FOTO IN PINK TONIGHT
The first picture of the Willard-Moran fight to reach Tacoma will appear in tonight's Pink.

MOTHER'S FAITH IN POISONER SHAKEN

NEW YORK, March 30.—With his mother's faith in him shaken, so she says, "He couldn't have been himself when he did it," the only steadfast supporter Dr. Arthur Warren Waite, confessed poisoner, had today was Mrs. Margaret Horton, the mystery woman in the case.

she replied sharply: "I know he is not a murderer, and I shall believe in him forever and ever."

At first his mother refused to believe he had killed Mr. and Mrs. John E. Peck, parents of his wife. Now, however, even she is convinced.
Though troubled severely by grueling examinations and though her friends are deserting her, Mrs. Horton's keenest distress is over Waite's misfortune. She wants to see him, but steel bars keep her away.
Mrs. Horton begged detectives to let her visit Waite and sing to him her "Rose Song" that brightened their studio days when they lived at the Plaza hotel.
"I'm oh! so sorry for you," she said in a note to Waite. "I know you are absolutely innocent. Be brave and strong. I will come and see you tomorrow."
To friends who asked her if she didn't believe Waite's confession,

RAILROAD MEN MAKE DEMANDS

CLEVELAND, O., March 30.—Three hundred and sixty thousand railroad employes today submitted demands for a basic eight-hour day with time and a half pay for overtime work.
Representatives of the brotherhoods notified the general manager that a written answer would be expected before April 29.

MERCHANTS SEND TROOPS SUPPLIES

EL PASO, March 30.—American merchants are stepping ahead of the government and are sending supplies ahead to Pershing's troops in the interior, while the U. S. quartermaster is dickering for a railroad.

THRIFT

The greatest of all worldly things is Thrift.
It's power is limitless—it's application boundless.
Once you have it—no man can take it away.
It guarantees you cash dividends that last thru life and after.
It insures absolutely against the rainy day.

PUGET SOUND STATE BANK
Own Building, 1115 Pac. av.

TODAY'S CLEARINGS
Clearings \$247,763.87
Balances 41,383.57
Transactions 699,703.90

The stranger is desperately ill and in his delirium tosses a number of \$20 gold pieces about. They are spurious.
No reads a line in 'A Siren of the Snows,' the new book-length novel, by Stanley Shaw, to appear in six big installments, beginning in Monday's Times.
This is the best story, we think, of the half dozen The Times has offered thus far.
It tells how a secret service man is put on the trail of a gang of counterfeiters.
He meets the siren.
What happened after that—and things did happen thick and fast—you will read for yourself.
It is one of the greatest tales of love, intrigue and mystery ever written. Read the first installment.
You'll hardly be able to wait for the next five.

MONDAY

FLASHES

OTTAWA—The Canadian government is awaiting word from Gen. Sir Sam Hughes, who is in England in connection with charges that favoritism was played in awarding Canadian munition contracts.
PARIS—Another German air attack was attempted last night on Salonika, it is said, but failed.
CLEVELAND—Following the recovery of 27 bodies from the New York Central wreck, attention is being focused on the pending investigation.
ATLANTA—Following their acquittal of a murder charge, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Innes are to be extradited from Texas and brought here to answer grand larceny charges.
PARIS—Thieves entered St. Peter's church last night and stole nine paintings valued at \$2,500,000, including two Raphaels.
JOHNSTOWN, Pa.—Ten miners are imprisoned today in a coal mine near here.
COPENHAGEN—German authorities are keeping a close watch for an English submarine which has been doing considerable damage in the harbor of Constantinople.
LOS ANGELES—Glenn Martin, aeroplane manufacturer, left hurriedly today for Washington in response to a telegram from Secretary of War Baker.

Talk o' the Times

Greetings, have you saved a vote for Pettit and McGregor?
Pickled doughnuts should always be served cold.
Our rapid-fires won't fire and our wireless won't wire. Our Dadd' does dodd, though.
Anybody not knowing Jay Thomas, who filed an initiative bill at Olympia yesterday "to provide jobs for indigent politicians, etc., might be charitable enough to consider his act a simple attempt at humor. Those who know him will probably be forced to believe he meant it.
What has become of the old-fashioned news item about Col. Joab?
"Res, Res, Res! U. of W."
Howzat for a new college yell?
Pavlova may have wonderful feet all right. Another wonderful feat is the way Stoecker makes acampaign speech without ever referring to Tacoma, the present campaign or anything relating to government, municipal or otherwise.
A Fern Hillite tells us that he started, when he spoke out there, in Brazil; leaped lightly to ancient Greece and Rome; came down through the war zone; made a side trip to the Panama canal; looked in at New York, Ohio and Illinois, and thence flitted to Japan, making one brief call at Wyoming, en route.
Probably thinks he's running for president of the Geographical society.