

WHAT WASHINGTON EXPECTS OF ITS DELEGATES

Washington's delegates to the two Chicago conventions are leaving today.

The people of this state who, theoretically at least, selected them and whom they are to represent, will observe their course with considerable concern.

The people of Washington want an opportunity this coming fall of choosing between the democratic party with a progressive, forward-looking presidential nominee, and the republican party with a progressive, forward-looking nominee.

They want a clean-cut issue, with the progressive party joining forces with its parent.

They will look to this state's republican delegates to fight to the last ditch for such a ticket.

If these delegates and the others who will gather from the four corners of the land are more faithful to the reactionary bosses than to the voters and nominate a Root, or a Taft, or a Burton, then they may come home expecting nothing but contempt and dishonor.

For the people of this state will not swallow a Root, or a Taft, or a Burton.

They will turn rather to the progressive nominee or to Wilson, the known quantity. The people of this state like Wilson; what they distrust is the party with which he has to work.

But they would rather have him, with that party, than a reactionary with a party that is guided and owned by Barnes, Penrose, Crane and their fellows.

MAYOR TO RUN FOR CONGRESS

Vacation time—going camping? For two weeks, a month or the entire summer we'll gladly forward The Times to your new address at no extra charge. Phone Circulation Manager, Main 12.

The Tacoma Times

25c A MONTH. THE ONLY INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER IN TACOMA. 25c A MONTH. 1c A COPY

NIGHT EDITION
WEATHER
Tacoma: Unsettled and occasionally threatening tonight and Friday.
Washington: Same.

Tacoma Shipping at Standstill

FAWCETT DECLARES HIMSELF

A. V. Fawcett, mayor of Tacoma, today declared himself a candidate for the republican nomination as congressman for the third district, against Albert Johnson, incumbent.

Mayor Fawcett accompanied his announcement with a statement in which he goes on record for national prohibition, national woman suffrage, preparedness, a full collection of the income tax, a revision of the immigration laws in the interest of the American workman, and for legislation that will bring about better working conditions in the industrial centers.

He lays stress also on the third district's need for better representation in congress.

His statement says:

"The lack of national consideration for the Third district of Washington indicates that our representatives at Washington, D. C., have been too busy marking (Continued on Page Three.)"

Kitty's Back Plays a Big Movie Part

By D'Loss Sutherland

Kitty Gordon made her initial film appearance yesterday at the Hippodrome with her \$10,000 back and 18 gowns which perhaps were worth even more than her back.

Kitty has been a musical comedy star for years, but has steadfastly refused to appear before the flicker camera.

However, the managers of the World-Paragon brought up a perfectly nice insurance agent and slapped a \$10,000 policy on that part of the actress where the big V shows below her shoulders when she wears evening gowns and she was satisfied. She consented to appear.

Starts Off With Suicide.

Miss Gordon's way was made hard for her in the start. The director deemed she should be one of those heartless women madly in love with clothes and not troubled with much of a conscience. Kitty did the part well.

In the beginning of the story, in fact, during the very introductory part of the film, a mad-sick youth shoots himself because she tries to humiliate him and his money has begun to dwindle. She takes the part of a Broadway actress.

She picks as her next victim a young clerk who in order to keep up the pace his infatuation is carrying him, robs his bank of \$12,000, making false entries in the books. She jilts him for a millionaire mine owner.

Townsend, the bank clerk, leaves for the country to forget and there meets Mary Winslow, a country lass, with whom he shortly falls in love. They marry. Upon his return to the city, expert accounts have discovered the shortage.

Wife Follows.

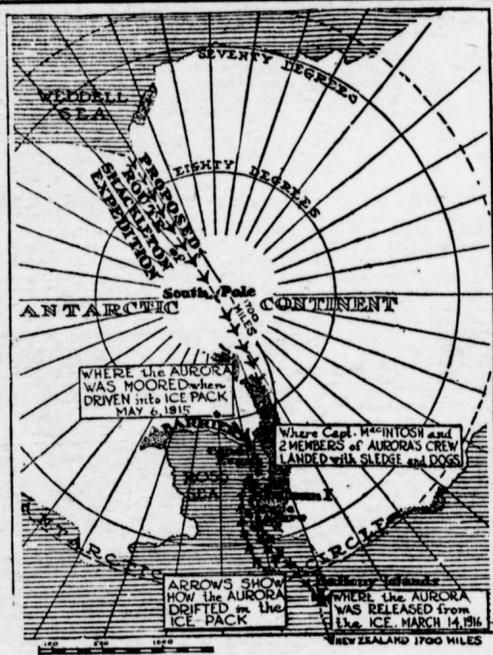
In a fit of desperation, Townsend goes to the actress' apartments and demands the return of the money he spent on her.

His wife, suspicious of his actions and sensing danger, follows. She has been dreaming of a day not far distance as she worked daily over baby clothes.

Townsend's demand for money got a cold laugh and he leaves. His wife, however, forces the signing of a check covering the entire shortage.

Their home remains intact, while the other woman goes down and down.

STORY OF WOMAN WHO WAITED



MAP SHOWS ROUTE SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON PURPOSED TO FOLLOW IN HIS DASH ACROSS ANTARCTIC CONTINENT.

LONDON, England, June 1. — For 18 months Lady Ernest Shackleton and her three children have waited in vain until today for news from Sir Ernest Shackleton, lost somewhere in the icy wilderness of the Antarctic.

In October, 1914, Sir Ernest started on the greatest of all Polar adventures—a daring dash across the length of the South Polar continent.

He and his party were due at the Pole last Christmas day. They should have reached civilization in March 1916, but nothing had been heard from the explorer until the cable came today from the Falkland Islands.

No explorer could have a braver wife than Lady Shackleton. Tall and slight, with a fine face framed in hair just touched with silver, dark eyes which shine with unshed tears as they look toward the map of the Antarctic that hangs on the wall of her home, she presents a picture of patient courage.

Lady Shackleton's story of this great South Pole adventure was given today to Mary Boyle O'Reilly. Here it is:

BY LADY ERNEST SHACKLETON.
As Told to Mary Boyle O'Reilly.

The explorers of the Endurance did not plan to claim new land nor to find mineral deposits; they set out to solve the secrets which the South Polar continent has guarded for untold ages.

FROM ULTIMATE MYSTERY THEY DREAMED OF WRESTLING THE EARTH'S GREATEST SECRET. IT WAS TO BE THE EPIC ADVENTURE OF MODERN TIMES.

To safeguard the expedition two polar ships were equipped—the Endurance and the Aurora—the first to carry the explorers to the edge of the ice, the second to meet the party which sledged from coast to coast across the forbidden continent.

For there are two ways of reaching the Pole—from Latin America south to Weddell sea, and from New Zealand south to Ross sea and the great ice barrier.

Landing on the shore of Weddell sea the polar route runs south a thousand miles to a plateau almost in the altitude of Mt. Blanc.

There in the silence of an ice-white continent is the Pole. Thence the route runs northward 700 miles across snow crushed hard as steel, it is the land at the end of the earth, a region of terrible winds, treeless and empty of living things.

There July is midwinter, and Christmas a day with a never setting sun and the temperature only a few degrees below zero. In the Antarctic seasons are reversed.

By April 22 the sun disappears below the northern horizon, the ice moves violently, and with our June begins the winter of an unending night. An Antarctic winter means incredible weather, 40 to 50 degrees below zero, and by September the polar storms are awful.

On the last day of 1914 the Aurora sailed from Macquarie island for the great ice barrier—there to await the explorers' coming from the pole.

Three weeks later she reached Ross sea base and three of the crew with dogs set out to lay stores ashore. Next day the captain and two explorers left the ship with stores for a sledge journey.

A week later (Jan. 31) six men carrying stores started south over the ice. March and April passed.

Then on May 6, 1915, a blizzard of hurricane force cracked the four-foot shore ice, sweeping flocks and rescue ship to sea.

The men were left ashore.

During nine months in the midst of polar blizzards the Aurora's wireless snapped out "S. O. S.," but the nearest stations, 1,000 miles away, were silent, for one-time listeners had gone to the war.

At last, on Aug. 17, came a faint, unintelligible message.

The Aurora, laboring round and round a berg-bounded sea, discovered the only exit, and on April, 1916, crept into New Zealand. She was terribly crushed.

If Ernest and his companions coming by forced marches from the pole reach their goal—Ross island—they will find the wind-torn flags of previous explorers, the stores and fuel left by former expeditions.

There should be plenty of food and fuel cached on Ross island, with penguin and colonies of seals—at least enough to support 20 men for nine months. But clothing is more necessary than food, and skis, windproof silk and Balaclava helmets cannot be replaced in the Antarctic.

Nor do we know if the expedition ever landed from the Endurance.

It is a year ago last December—the Antarctic summer—when the Endurance took the expedition down to Weddell sea to begin their great march of 1,700 miles across the South Polar continent. My husband's last letters were posted from South Georgia, Dec. 4, 1914. Since then we have no news.

The Endurance was to have reached Buenos Aires by the end of March, this year. Instead she was crushed in the Weddell sea ice

Fails to Reach Pole

LONDON, June 1.—The news that Lieut. Sir Ernest Shackleton, the Antarctic explorer, is safe, has not lessened the necessity of relief.

The message received today from Lieut. Shackleton, dated Port Stanley, Falkland islands, May 31, said that 22 men of his party had been left behind in the ice on Elephant island, in the South Shetland group, after he and five men had left the island in a small boat to summon help.

All of these men were well, but in a situation which demands the

quickest possible relief. It is believed here that they are scantily provided, and it is felt that the necessity of relief is even more pressing now.

According to the message, Shackleton's ship, the Endurance, had been crushed in a Weddell sea ice floe last October, drifting until midwinter, when the party landed at Elephant island. Shackleton left the island Apr. 24.

The purpose of the expedition was to cross the Antarctic continent from Weddell sea to Ross August, 1914.



Lady Shackleton



Sir Ernest Shackleton

STRIKE TO BE SHORT, EXPECTED

Promptly at 6 o'clock this morning 10,000 longshoremen at every American port on the Pacific coast, including 900 men in Tacoma, went on strike.

Shiplading was completely halted in Tacoma, Seattle, Portland, San Francisco, Oakland, Los Angeles and San Francisco.

Every dock and warehouse was tied up in Tacoma today.

Although it was reported that waterfront employers had been preparing to use non-union labor in Tacoma and Seattle to keep their vessels moving, no men had been obtained this morning.

Picket Warehouses

The Tacoma branch of the International Longshoremen's association had a squad of pickets at every local dock and warehouse a minute after the strike was officially called.

The workers' demands call for a flat wage of 55 cents an hour, with \$1 for overtime, with special rates for handling explosives, instead of 50 cents an hour and 60 cents for overtime, the present scale.

Crowds of longshoremen lined Pacific avenue, from Seventh to Ninth street today. They have added a hall at 726 Pacific avenue to their regular quarters in preparation for the strike. They are selecting committees today to carry on a systematic fight.

No Disturbance

No disturbances of any kind have been reported to the police, and the strike has been carried on so far quietly.

Members of the Tacoma Employers' association, including all the dock and warehouse employers, have refused the demands of the workers. Sec. Nelson declared today that there would be absolutely no mediation and that the employers would hold out against the men.

Secretary August Seitz of the Longshoremen's union was confident that the employers will be forced to grant the demands, declaring they would find it impossible to obtain men to fill the places of the strikers.

Shift to Vancouver.

Indications today, according to Harbormaster Parks, are that the big vessels will shift from Tacoma to Vancouver, B. C., to handle their cargoes, and that freight may be transhipped from here to the British Columbia port.

The Blue Funnel liner Talthybus, which has been discharging Oriental freight at Seattle, left at midnight for Vancouver with half the cargo still in the hold.

Local steamship agents say American freight will be shipped to and from Vancouver by rail.

(Continued on Page Eight.)

POLICEMAN IN SHOOTING FRAY

Police are scouring the downtown district for a man who broke away from Officer McKay at Malstrom's drug store, 9th and Broadway, shortly after noon today, and escaped near Broad and Seventh street after the policeman had fired several shots at him.

It is thought the man may be badly wounded.

The man, who a short time ago had appeared at the drug store with a forged prescription for alcohol, showed up again at noon today. Malstrom notified the police and Officer McKay was sent out to get him.

Talk o' the Times

Greetings, did you ever notice that sign on St. Helens avenue—"Uncalled-for Umbrellas, 25 cents"?

Oh, nothing, only it seems to us that any umbrella is uncalled for in June.

At any rate, Mr. Cover, we don't see anything so very rare about this day.

"All the doctors are fakirs," said Dennis Malone, "and their heads are all bulged of ossified bone!"

"They will clip out your gizzard or chop off your neck for nothing at all but their wages, by heck!"

"So when I am sick call a smith or a witch, a tinner, a plumber, I do not care which!"

But when Dennis was hit by a good, healthy brick, he cried, "get a doctor, and bring him here quick!"

How Dennis did beg that the doctor would try to patch up his headpiece and not let him die!

It's oceans of fun to make game of the docs, to threaten to catch them and knock off their blocks, but somehow we like to have croakers about when we get a good hunch that our light's going out.

We depend on the doc to take time by the hand and shove him away where he will not be feared, and we count on the doc when we're in a bad fix to haul us right

out of the old River Styx.

No matter how badly you've gone on the bum, you're awake when they tell you, "The doctor has come."

So here's to the croakers whose pillbox and knife will send us to glory or bring us to life, and may they stay by us whenever we're ill with a flash of the knife and a whirr of the pill!

And now it develops that the blood-thirsty attack on T. R. with a jackknife which two of the Tacoma papers played up so strong day before yesterday was only a fake arranged by certain crooked newspaper correspondents.

Charles B. Axtell, gifted pin-ocle player, asked a light for his cigar while in a barber's chair in a downtown shop yesterday.

The shine boy lighted a match for him.

Axtell says that the next time he wants a light he's going to hold the match himself.

This shine boy's mind wasn't on what he was doing, says Axtell.

"Instead of holding the match to the end of my cigar he held it to the end of my nose."

TACOMA OPTIMISTS
The fuel dealers.
Street cleaners.
Umbrella and mackintosh sellers.