

An article about another big enterprise of the rejuvenated health department which will interest every householder in Tacoma appears on page 3.

The Tacoma Times

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TACOMA, WASH., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 14, 1916.

1c A COPY

WEATHER
Tacoma: Fair tonight and Thursday, continued warm.
Washington: Same.

WILSON IS WHOLE DEM SHOW

The Democratic One-Ring Circus



No. 1.—Opening Up the Big Tent!

ASKS US TO SAVE DAYLIGHT

Tacoma may adopt the new "daylight schedule," already in use in other cities, by which clocks are to be advanced one hour during the summer months.

Will H. Hanna, chairman of the public safety committee of the Seattle city council, today sent a copy of Seattle's new ordinance adopting the schedule, and asked Tacoma to take up a similar measure.

Detroit and Cleveland have adopted the schedule, Portland is using it in the city schools.

The new schedule would cut down receipts of the light department, because Tacomans would go to bed an hour earlier, but it would likewise mean a direct saving of light bills to the citizens.

Persons would arise an hour earlier, business hours would open earlier, and all official business would be advanced one hour.

More afternoon and evening time would be permitted for recreation.

The council decided to postpone action on the ordinance until next Wednesday, and requested that the public express its views regarding the "speeding up" of city clocks.

Militia May Be Sent Next

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 14.—A call for state militia will be the first step should the government need more troops on the Mexican border, said a member of the army general staff today.

Besides 10,000 coast artillerymen on the border there are only 1,500 available regulars.

Officials admitted the militia department is getting supplies and equipment in proper shape throughout the country.

Envoy Named

TOKYO, June 14.—Afraro Sato will be the new Japanese ambassador to the United States, succeeding Viscount Chinda, who goes to St. James, it was announced today.

Talk o' the Times

Greetings, have you been in swimming yet?

We must apologize for a poor choice of words in this column yesterday.

In telling about the handsome young woman who walked down Broadway in half sex Monday, we referred to her as a "frail," thus proudly demonstrating our familiarity with the advanced and down-to-the-minute slang.

Our wife, who was the one that reported the half sex episode, now informs us that "frail" was a most unfortunate description.

We hereby make a correction; that half-sex wren was not frail, far from it.

The real press humorists are those who write seriously about the conventions.

Upon the plain of Shinar, just as fast as they were able, a mighty host of men and boys raised up the Tower of Babel.

The lively Babel Boosters' club the money had collected; the mayor would make the grand address when it should be erected.

The crowd was going crazy over this great civic center; the

STEPHEN DENBY PURCHASES A \$200,000 NECKLACE

What Becomes of It?

- Q Ethel Cartwright is forced to become a spy.
- Q Who took the diamonds?
- Q Who collected the insurance?
- Q Monty is in love with Nora.
- Q Who helped sneak the pearls through the customs. YOU'LL FIND OUT—
- Q If you begin reading "Under Cover" in next Monday's Times.
- Q Just start, that's all. You'll be sure to finish.
- Q It will be hard to wait for the other five installments.
- Q "Under Cover" is a great story.
- Q Read it next week in The Times. In six installments, beginning Monday.

elators to the top the field of bliss should enter.

With every 10-cent purchase merchants gave away a ticket, which you might present to Peter when you reached the pearly wicket.

The Tower stock was selling at eight hundred fifty-seven. "I'll buy a block," each plunger said, "and thus get into heaven."

Then suddenly there came a crash, a shock, a cry, a holler, and every investor there had lost his bottom dollar.

Nobody knew just what went wrong, but all were in a panic.

Each spoke his native lingo, and the racket was satanic.

The kaisomine committeemen, the wreck of Babel viewing, said, "Boys, the bite we'd bitten off was quite too big for chewing!"

All the Tacoma fans have to do now is to learn to pronounce Mehllah.



Here he is, Amos Quito, the little fellow with the punch. He isn't a vegetarian, and he isn't particular how it's served—rare, medium or well done.

There are 100 quadrillion mosquitoes born every day, and not one of them is drilling for the Standard Oil Co.

Just imagine if they used powder how much of it would be used every five minutes to dust their noses.

You can't get Amos to wear a sport shirt but he likes to see them on the fellows with the brakeman hair cut.

The adage that "A democrat never resigns and seldom dies," certainly will have to be revised, in light of the Lister administration record.

TODAY'S CLEARINGS
Clearings \$ 493,607.55
Balances 52,502.53
Transactions 1,138,666.95

TEDDY TAKEN ILL!

AROUSSED AT NAME OF CHIEF

Wilson Walks

WASHINGTON, June 14.—For the first time in history, a president of the United States marched afoot down Pennsylvania avenue in a parade.

The occasion was Washington's mammoth Flag Day preparedness demonstration.

The marine band went ahead of Wilson. The president set the pace.

Wilson wore a blue coat, white trousers and shoes and a boyish straw hat.

He carried a silk flag over his shoulder. He broke all records for parade speeds here.

The band set the cadence for the president's long strides at 140 steps a minute.

ST. LOUIS, June 14.—With the program cut and dried, the democratic convention was called to order at 12:30 this afternoon.

The hall was hot and stuffy. Delegates mopped their faces and wiped their eyes.

Chairman McCombs introduced Martin H. Glynn, former governor of New York, as keynoter, who began his address at 1 o'clock, after temporary officers had been ratified.

Seventeen minutes later, when Glynn mentioned President Wilson, a violent demonstration began. New Jersey started a parade through the aisles and Illinois followed. The crowds sang America.

MAYORS TO BE GUESTS

Mayor Fawcett today sent letters to mayors of every city in Southwestern Washington, inviting them to be Tacoma's guests and to participate in the Preparedness parade July 4.

"The city hopes to make the parade that day the most spectacular and dramatic expression of the new Americanism ever known in the northwest, and I sincerely hope you may be present," said the letter.

FLASHES

DUBUQUE, Ia.—It is possible woman suffrage may win out yet in Iowa as the result of the demands of members of the Men's Suffrage league demanding a recount of votes because of discrepancies discovered in vote returns.

NEW YORK—Close friends of Hughes said today that republican leaders are due for a bumping if they think they are going to handle the candidate as they see fit.

PARIS—The fighting around Verdun has again died down from sheer exhaustion of the combatants.

ROME—One woman was killed and four civilians injured in an Austrian air raid Monday night on Venice.

NEW YORK—Railroad and union officials who have been discussing strike terms believe the session will end today in a deadlock.

EDMONDS, Wn.—Benjamin F. Luce, 93, is about to become a groom. He is to marry Susie Williams, 70, whom he has never seen, but is on her way to the coast from Ohio.

It Is Elsie's Wedding Day



ELSIE FERGUSON

NEW YORK, June 14.—Miss Elsie Ferguson, who is playing with Sir Herbert Tree at the New Amsterdam theater, is to be married today to Mr. Thomas B. Clarke, jr., at the St. Regis hotel.

Their engagement was announced two months ago.

"Are you going to retire from the stage after—well, after next month's happy event?" Miss Ferguson was asked.

"You mean my marriage? Am I going to retire from the stage then? Oh, no, decidedly not," she replied. "I am looking for a play now, preferably a comedy, and I expect to resume my career again in the autumn."

"I said I would not retire after my marriage. I mean immediately—but I shall not remain on the stage too long."

At the wedding Miss Carroll Brown, of Portland, Me., will attend Miss Ferguson and Mr. Frank L. Polk, of this city and Washington, D. C., counsellor of the state department, will be Mr. Clarke's best man.

SUFFERS INTERNAL INJURY!

NEW YORK, June 14.—Roosevelt today suffered a severe pain in his side.

He frequently pressed his hand against his side near his heart while motoring from his home with his son-in-law, Richard Derby.

The colonel said the pain was inconsequential, but he seemed ill.

While going aboard the transport Kilpatrick to meet his son Kermit, 150 soldiers saluted the colonel. He later visited a physician to have his throat sprayed.

Roosevelt's secretary, McGrath, announced that the colonel had strained a ligament while coughing.

Roosevelt will not return home tonight, but will remain in New York to have an X-ray examination made.

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TAKE FRENCH POSITIONS

BERLIN, June 14.—Germans captured French positions west and south of Thiaumont farm. They took 93 prisoners and 15 machine guns.

RUBBER STAMP-AUTO HORN ROLE ASSIGNED DELEGATES

BY CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

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ST. LOUIS, Mo., June 14.—Suppose you were to start out and travel 1,000 miles or, maybe, 2,000, in hot, moist fly-paper weather. Suppose you were to leave your business and happy home and risk your life on an overcrowded railroad and your purse to the Pullman Co. Suppose you were to fight your way at last into a broiling, bursting, brimstone furnace sort of a town, where to get food you had to struggle with alien waiter gentlemen so lately introduced from Skandihoovia, Moldavia and adjacent parts that they didn't know a cocktail from a buckwheat.

Suppose you toiled and panted and sweated and scrambled through all the tortures of all the lost and wailing souls, merely to get a chance to do a certain job, and then found out it had all been done before your arrival.

You would cuss considerably, wouldn't you? And feel cheap and mean?

Not if you were a delegate to this convention, you wouldn't. Apparently, if you were a delegate to this convention, you would undergo all these superfluous tortures and rejoice therein. You would be glad to have other gentlemen standing on your toes, make merry for the elbows that penetrate your ribs, give thanks for noise, dirt, misery and hardships and cheer yourself hoarse at the pleasant thought that you had gone through all this for nothing.

Behold the convention delegate! This is the life.

Old James S. Lee of Sheridan Township, Ia., who has been to every democratic national convention since the one that nominated Horatio Seymour, just after the Black Hawk War, told me today that I would never understand this convention business until I got it into my head that it is a kind of bug.

Real Convention Held Some Time Ago.

"Take it from me," says Lee, "if I couldn't get this democratic yell off my chest and walk myself half-dead looking for food, and get my ribs half stove in around a hotel lobby about once every four years, it's my opinion I'd blow up."

This must be the right dope to explain the thing, because there isn't any other. There is no more reason for holding this national convention than there is for holding a national convention of cassowaries in the land of Timbuctoo. Every stricken thing this convention will do has already been done for it.

The real convention of the democratic party of this year was held long ago. It took place in President Wilson's private room in the White House, where a smooth-shaven gentleman of pleasing appearance assembled himself, dispensed with the opening prayer, and proceeded to the selection of temporary and permanent chairmen. This done, he unanimously nominated and elected the secretary, sergeant-at-arms, doorkeeper, timekeeper, doughkeeper, weighing boss, room foreman and parliamentarian. After this came the roll call for nominations for president and vice president. The nominating speeches were greeted with tremendous applause. The nomination of Woodrow Wilson having been unanimous, amid boundless enthusiasm, the pleasant-faced gentleman said, "I wonder if I have forgotten anything. I think not," and unanimously adjourned sine die and went to bed.

The 1,000 delegates that are now in session here will collect what fun is to be had from railroading in hot weather, scuffling flies, hurling into themselves masses of indigestible luncheon counter food, and between times voting as they are told to confirm the action of the real convention.

Senator Bill Stone arrives one day and brings the president's selections for chaplain, temporary and permanent chairmen, and secretary of the pie board.

Senator Ollie James booms in the next day bearing the president's draft of the platform.

Don't Relish Double Role of Stamp and Horn.

Senator Lewis follows and adds the president's choice for running mate.

Senator Overman shows up with the president's time table, showing when the convention is to meet and when it is to adjourn.

Senator Bankhead is expected next with the president's instructions as to the proper length of a delegate's hair and what he should eat for breakfast. It is understood that on this subject Dr. Wilson takes strong grounds against pork chops and insists upon porridge.

The cost of holding the real democratic convention was \$51, being about six hours of the time of a gentleman who gets \$205 a day for being president. The cost of holding the show convention is \$4,500,000, and is a punk spiel at that.

Still there are gents here that kick about this. They say they aren't keen about coming here just to be a rubber stamp one minute and an automobile horn the next. They say they know things their own selves about foreign relations, keeping out of war, the beauties of the Underwood tariff and the blessings of a democratic administration, and they know them just as well as if they had been to Princeton and worn a cute little hat with a flapping top to it. And they object to the whole business.

Over these will go presently a large, powerful paving roller, carefully directed by the clean-shaven gentleman of pleasant appearance, and they will be heard of no more.

FOR HE IS IT; HE IS THE WHOLE THING; HE IS THE GOODS.

SAVES PENNY; WINS \$10 PRIZE

"A penny saved is a penny earned."

Dorothy Coye, pretty blue-eyed Stadium high school girl, has adopted this slogan and she says today it works out to perfection.

Dorothy has just finished with her own hands a "just too pretty for anything" graduation gown. The gown didn't cost \$5, and it wasn't marked down to \$4.98, either.

It cost just \$4.99, no more, no less.

"I left off one button, that really wasn't needed," says Dorothy.

And the way the slogan worked out was that Miss Dorothy Coye, 18, if you please, ran away with the \$10 prize for the best hand made dress, in competition with many other high school girls who also are excellent makers of gowns.

It's no cinch for a poor insignificant man reporter to describe that dress. But anyway, it's made of white organdie, whatever that is, and is fashioned of such stuff as dreams are made of.

Also Dorothy, with her own high school fingers, put yards and yards of lace on a hand rolled hem, whatever that means.

Now Dorothy, being a high school graduate, is a very dignified sort of a little person, also very particular, and not given at all to exaggeration.

"The pattern for my dress was almost all original, too," she said, careful not to exaggerate.

"That and the lace, I think, are what did it."

She says she always makes most of her dresses, and that she intends to keep on making them in the future.

If she makes them all at the rate of that exactly \$4.99 organdie gown, it is rumored somebody else someday is bound to get a prize.