

U. S. ARMY READY FOR ATTACK PERSHING TIGHTENS HIS LINE

ONE CENT

Lookie, lookie! Page 8!

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The Tacoma Times

25c A MONTH

THE ONLY INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER IN TACOMA

25c A MONTH

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TACOMA, WASH., SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1916.

1c A COPY

NIGHT EDITION

WEATHER

Tacoma: Partly cloudy and occasionally threatening tonight and Sunday, cooler.
Washington: Same.

16 GIRLS TESTIFY AGAINST ORPET MARIAN'S CHUMS DENY THAT SHE WAS MOROSE

SMILING ONE WAS MISSING

By Charles E. Russell
(Copyright, 1916.)

ST. LOUIS, Mo., June 17.—A democratic national convention isn't like a republican national convention, anyway, but the thing I missed most here is My Long-Lost Brother.

There he stood at the door of every candidate's headquarters, always a young man with large, warm manners and a pleasant specialty in smiling.

He had a smile that started with his front teeth and never stopped until it seemed to fall into the underbrush back of his ears, and the curious fact is that he never changed.

Also, he had large, moist palms that he used without discretion, and he fell upon you with an enthusiasm that suggested childhood's happy days.

He didn't merely bid you welcome to the boom factory of his chief, with main strength, like a Division st. puller-in, he dragged you into the presence!

I had never seen this done before at any national convention, and it gave me great delight. Any innovation of any national convention will always have that effect upon you after you have attended six or eight of them.

They didn't have any Long-Lost Brothers at St. Louis, and I am bound to say I think the omission showed lack of consideration for weary visitors. I thought once I had found one—the first time I went up against Gov. Major of Missouri.

As I have mentioned before, this pale-faced and slender youth cherished an interesting impression that he had a boom for the vice presidency, and was manifesting it in the manner of Pike County, from which favored region he hails.

He took me warmly by the hand and told me how well I was looking, but pretty soon he discovered that I was not a delegate, so he, too, drifted away and left me brotherless!

The reason why there was no Long-Lost-Brother stunt is because there isn't any chance for the Real Hand-shaker at his best at a Blue Print convention.

Some conventions put to sea under sealed orders, and some are kindly furnished with general instructions, as for instance, to nominate this man, not to nominate that, and to be careful at all times not to bite the Hand That Feeds You!

But this convention was furnished from Washington at the start with a complete set of blue prints showing what it should do at every moment of every hour of the day and that precluded any chance for contests, doubts, favorite, sons, boomlets, hospitable candidates on the job and the smiling ones with the large, moist palms. Some newspaper men did, for

(Continued on Page Five.)

For All

This Bank is designed for all—the poor and the rich, the old and the young, the men and the women.

In order to make your labor count for something, you will have to save a portion of your earnings.

PUGET SOUND STATE BANK

H. N. Tinker, President

Sam, Point Defiance Bison, Grants Us An Interview; He's Glum

This is Sam, the buffalo, who lives fenced in a grassy lot in Point Defiance park. He was interviewed by a Times reporter.



Shaggy old Sam, the buffalo bull out at Point Defiance park, is ready to order a coffin.

Sam is 17 years old. He is the original bull that the city brought from the Flathead reservation.

The barbed wire fence, the green posts, and the gaping spectators aggravate him.

"I'd like to kick the bucket," he said today to a Times reporter.

His broad head, with its short stubby horns, sank close to the ground.

His eyes rolled up mournfully. "There are only a few hundred of us left," he went on. "We've all been shut up in zoological gardens with the hyenas and the monkeys and bears."

"All Right, But We Ran." "I don't blame any of you humans for my fate. What makes me discouraged is the thought that when I go to the happy hunting grounds some museum carpenter will patch my bones together and stick my bones to a corner with the extinct mammoths and side hill wampuses."

"Then the natural history students will gather around and say, 'My, but the bison were noble beasts.' An 'I'll rattle my bones, and say, 'We were all right, but we ran.'"

Only Wanted the Grass. Ben didn't try to conceal his grief.

"What did you mean, Sam?" asked the reporter who you said, "We were all right but we ran?"

"My forefathers," said Sam, "stood for peace-at-any-price. They were only looking for the long green grass. Everybody knew it."

"You will find out that there were millions of us roaming over the rassy prairies, from the Alleghenies to the Rockies."

"Why, when the Union Pacific railroad went through, we used to block the tracks."

"The Indians and the whites both decided to run us out of the northern hemisphere. They didn't send any word about it first. The old cows in the herd, and many of the wise bulls, argued that it couldn't be done."

"When any trouble threatened, my forefathers used to get around the cows and whimpering calves, and angrily lower their heads for a charge. But that's all they ever did. They didn't fight. They just bluffed. And if the trouble came at them, they turned and ran. They didn't know how to fight. They knew how to do nothing except run."

"Instead of butting the opposition off the prairies, they ran until their heads were shaggy."

"There, in the year of 1815, we few survivors are ready to roll over and let up our legs. In two generations our race has been wiped out."

"I'm glad you're here, Sam. You've been a witness to the entire war."

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MOTHER ALSO IS A WITNESS

WAUKEGAN, Ill., June 17.—The "18 bunch" had their inning in the game for the life or death of Will Orpet today.

The "bunch" now only 16 strong—are school girls, chums of Marian Lambert, and they came into the big courtroom half laughing, half frightened, and took the stand, one after the other, to aid the prosecution of the youth who wrecked the life of their friend.

They had been in court before, but this was their day—the day they were to refute the story of Josephine Davis, now ostracized from the "bunch," who said Marian had cried and threatened suicide on the day of her 18th birthday party, four days before her body was found.

"She Was Dead." Bernice Wells came first to the stand.

"What did Marian say to you when you left the Lambert home the day of the Party?" the prosecutor asked.

"Bernice, I am awfully glad you could come, that's what she said," the witness answered.

"Then she said she would meet me at Eleanor Double's home the next Sunday."

"But she didn't meet you?" asked the prosecutor.

"She was dead," Bernice answered.

Then the state got down to the question it wanted brought out.

"Did you see Marian go with Josephine Davis in any other room on the afternoon of the birthday party?"

"I did not."

"Did you see her crying?"

"No."

Marian Was Crying. Florence Russell came next.

"Did you see anyone crying at the birthday party?" she was asked.

"Yes," said Florence. "Anna Paulson was crying."

"Anyone else?"

"Yes, Marian Lambert and she both were crying together."

"What did Marian and Anna say?"

"Marian said: 'Anna, I'm awfully sorry you did not arrange to stay all night with me. We haven't missed staying together on my birthday for 15 years.'"

One Overtrained; Other Overfed



ian intimately for three years and that Marian always seemed happy.

Contradicting the testimony of Josephine Davis, chum of Marian Lambert, Mrs. Frank Lambert took the stand as a witness against Orpet.

The dead girl's mother declared that Marian had remained happy up to the last moment that she saw her, Feb. 9, the day her dead body was found in the woods.

Marian's chum had testified that the girl had been despondent and had threatened suicide the Sunday before her death.

FLASHES

NEW YORK—The New York Tribune claims Roosevelt will issue a statement early next week endorsing Hughes.

SEATTLE—With her throat slashed and her body and face badly mutilated, the murdered body of Mrs. Blanche R. Coleman was found in the Christie hotel today. John Soudas, a cigar stand proprietor, was arrested on suspicion.

NEW YORK—In addition to the throat trouble, Col. Roosevelt is suffering from an attack of pleurisy.

LONDON—The British destroyer Eden, with a crew of 70, was sunk today in the English channel from a collision with another vessel.

HORNELL, N. Y.—Floods of the Canisteo river drowned four persons and destroyed property valued at \$150,000.

LAREDO, Tex.—P. C. Hanna, one of the two remaining consuls in Mexico, arrived here today with his staff.

GOLD BAR—A lone bandit entered the bank at Sylan, near here, and robbed the cashier of \$3,000, making a successful escape.

COPENHAGEN—Swedish fishermen claim two large German steamships were torpedoed in the Baltic last night.

SEATTLE—Eliert F. Blaine has accepted the chairmanship of the state public service commission, which will be organized next week.

Talk o' the Times

Greetings, commencement is over; there's dust on the prizes, the speeches are spoken, and still the sun rises.

The world didn't end on the graduates' day, and common folk still get their common old way, berating the butcher about his thin steak, and pausing a while for a wedding or wake.

How easy 'twould be for the graduate now to pick up his trowel or harness his plow, to ditch his white collar and hunt for a job along with the rest of the commonplace mob, if only the folks hadn't boasted so much about the commencement, diploma, and such.

They made such a fuss that the poor graduate has come to believe there is gold in his pate.

Sweet graduate, maybe you still can make good. Forget the diploma, and start sawing wood. Don't mention the records you made to a soul, don't tell how you kicked that most difficult goal, and if you're a Phi Beta floater—hush, hark! Don't tell anybody, be still keep it dark! Perhaps if you try you can truly forget, and then you will start up the ladder, I'll bet.

It was a mean trick of fate that made the same man a ball player and gave him the name of Bohne.

If you have a tender skin never shave with the same razor your wife uses for sharpening pencils.

Some friends of Grattan Guerrier, the handsome pipe organ player of the Apollo theater, inform us today that he is setting a new style in men's advanced wear.

It is the use of garters sans socks.

"And that is going a step further than the Broadway girl of whom you have been telling us," postcards the amazed friend of Mr. Guerrier.

Misdirected energy—Taking a joyride on the Tacoma ave. car line.

As for low visibility, we notice it in most shirtwaists, while the skirts are noted for their high visibility.

A minister with a salary of \$733 a year won a New York newspaper's prize for an article on "Thrift." He had a good start over his competitors.

Etiquet suggestion—If you wear half box be sure to wash your knees.

WILD RUMORS FLY

COLUMBUS, N. M., June 17.—Wild rumors excited the border today, but authorities this morning stated that the report that Carranza threatened hostilities if the American troops moved in any direction except toward the border, were unconfirmed.

Rumors were received from Chihuahua City last night that Gen. Trevino, commanding the Carranzista army of the north, had advised Gen. Pershing that any movement of the American troops would be considered a hostile act and a signal to commence warfare.

It was declared that Trevino acted on instructions from Carranza.

These and other rumors were declared by authorities today to be without any foundation.

THREE KILLED

BROWNSVILLE, Tex., June 17.—Three Mexicans are reported to have been killed in a clash with American troops at San Benito, Tex., last night.

Thirty bandits crossed the border.

Two companies of infantry were rushed in automobiles to cut off the retreating bandits heading for the Rio Grande.

FIVE ON BANDIT BAND

SAN ANTONIO, June 17.—An American detachment fired on a band of Mexicans eight miles east of San Benito, Texas, Gen. Parker reported today.

It is not known if any of the bandits were killed. They scattered to the brush immediately and recrossed the line. Travelers claim 200 bandits have crossed the border at Del Rio.

Americans are building a pontoon bridge and have machine guns trained across the river.

PUYALLUP HIGH GRADUATES 47

PUYALLUP, June 17.—Dr. Warner M. Katschner, president of the school board, presented 47 diplomas to graduates of the Puyallup high school, following the exercises, remnants of the class of the last three years were held.

TODAY'S CLEARINGS

Clearings \$ 349,445.39
Sales 56,341.82
Transactions 1,329,140.80

BORDER WILDLY EXCITED

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 17.—Secretary Lansing is considering recalling all of the consuls from the smaller Mexican towns who are still in Mexico. Most of them did not return after attending the border conference.

The war department received private advices today, saying notices had been posted in Chihuahua and Juarez, urging the civilians to supply themselves with arms and ammunition. The department transmitted the advices to the president.

Wilson admitted he was anxious to learn if Trevino was acting on Carranza's orders in sending his note to Pershing. The Mexican embassy has branded the published text of Trevino's message as a fake. The war department belittled it. They doubted if the text printed today is correct.

Bell's message didn't quote Pershing directly. Bell denied to-day all official knowledge of the alleged Carranza threat to attack the Americans.

A tightening of the American lines of communication has been reported and precautions made against a Carranzista attack along the 280 mile front.

The Mexican embassy criticized a "certain army officer" who circulated unfounded reports.

Gen. Funston said today he hadn't received any direct report from Pershing regarding the report that Trevino has issued a veritable ultimatum against further movements of American troops.

Posters distributed throughout San Antonio bear the announcement that "volunteers are wanted for immediate service on the border with the coast artillery company at Laredo."



Jack Bowles' idea of a SOFT SNAP.

50 SCHOOL KIDS TO GIVE SKIN TO CHILD

Fifty school children will give up bits of their skin tomorrow to be grafted on little Leata Sartoris, who nearly lost her life several months ago from burns.

Dr. Nace and Willard will graft the skin at St. Joseph's hospital. They believe this will be the last time the operation will have to be performed.

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