

WEATHER  
Tacoma: Unsettled, probably showers.  
Washington: Probably fair east, same west, warmer extreme east portion.

# The Tacoma Times

25c A MONTH. THE ONLY INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER IN TACOMA. 25c A MONTH.  
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ONE CENT  
Troop B, when it reaches the border, will ride on dyed horses. Article about it on page 3.

## TACOMA GUARDSMEN GO TO ARMY CAMP

# INVASION NOW LIKELY

### SHIPPING STRIKE IS ON AGAIN

At noon today all shipping in Tacoma and along the entire coast was tied up by a second general strike of the longshoremen.  
Orders calling for a walk-out of all members of the union at 12 o'clock were received in Tacoma this morning from the executive board in San Francisco.  
Work was halted immediately on all the docks which signed the agreement with the union June 9, granting the demands for increased wages.  
All vessels, all docks and all stevedoring companies which were involved in the temporary settlement of the previous strike are affected.  
White Returns South.  
Immigration Commissioner White, who acted as U. S. mediator in the temporary settlement of the strike, today is on his way again from Seattle to San Francisco under orders from Washington, D. C., to try once more to patch up the difficulties.  
These new difficulties, all of which have arisen in San Francisco, are:  
(Continued on Page Eight.)

### ROTARIANS NIGHT AT ROSE SHOW

Tonight will be Rotarians' night at the Rose Show.  
The attendance last night, according to Manager F. P. Hickcox, was the largest at any Rose Show yet held in Tacoma.  
"Thanks are due to the Shriners who made last night's show so pleasant with their music," he says.  
"The flowers are as fresh today as if they had just been entered."  
The judges awarded the grand prize for the best nine roses of any variety to Mrs. E. Mincham, 1107 South Ainsworth avenue, for a bunch of pink Maman Cochet's, H. R. Lea of North Oakes street took the prize for the best individual rose with a "Radiance."  
For the best individual "Hugh Dickson" rose, the award went to James A. Hays, 3211 North 81st street. This is the official rose of the Tacoma Rose society.  
Awards made this afternoon were: Best basket of roses, cup winner, Mrs. R. T. Buchanan, 2909 North 29th street; second prize, Mrs. H. G. Fitch, 2408 North Anderson; honorable mention, Mrs. G. P. Howe, 619 North Yakima. Basket of flowers other than roses, cup winner, Mrs. A. S. Hamilton, 515 North Anderson; second prize and honorable mention, Mrs. Herbert Hunt, 3730 North 28th street.  
Judges were Mrs. W. M. Hoffman, Mrs. T. F. Silvers and Mrs. G. M. Gonyea.  
The decorative flowers will be given away at 7:30 tomorrow morning to those who will call for them at that hour, to take to invalids and to the hospitals.

### RESERVATION FOLK TO HOLD SESSION AT FIFE SCHOOL

Residents of all that territory that formerly was the Indian reservation have been invited by Frank C. Ross to attend a meeting tomorrow night at Fife school.  
A large delegation from Dash Point will dine in Tacoma before going out.

This institution bears upon its face the stamp of stability. Conducts a safe, conservative business.  
The name Puget Sound Bank has become a household word throughout all this section.  
H. N. Tinker, Pres.

## I Make An Introduction--

BY THE EDITOR

Well, people, I want you all to meet Miss Mabel Abbott, who has just come to Tacoma to write for The Times. From now on she is to be a regular member of our staff.

Miss Abbott is the foremost woman reporter on the coast, and her work is going to be quite an important feature of this paper.

I wouldn't speak with such certainty about a newcomer were it not for the fact that it has been my good fortune to work with her on another paper in another city.

Miss Abbott has had much interesting newspaper and other experience. She served as private secretary in Seattle, for example, to Jacob Furth, former head of the Stone & Webster interests in the Northwest, and as private secretary in Washington, D. C., to Samuel H. Piles during two years he was a United States senator.

More recently she was a valued member of the Seattle Sun staff, and has written also for the Seattle P.-I. and the Star.

During the last year she has been devoting much of her time to magazine writing, and articles and short stories of her authorship have appeared in the American, Argosy and Munseys.

Not 10 minutes ago, while opening her mail, Miss Abbott asked me if an editor could keep a secret. I promptly told her yes.

Thereupon she let me look at a check. It came in an envelope from an eastern publisher and called for an amount that took my breath away.

I wish I hadn't been so quick with that promise, because I certainly should like to tell you the amount and the signer of that slip of paper. Anyhow, if you read the current magazines you will see one of these days the story for which it was sent.

Miss Abbott is going to be more than a reporter for The Times. She is going to be also an assistant editor whose duty it shall be to see that the woman's viewpoint is given full recognition.

Most newspapers are edited exclusively by men and written almost exclusively by men, and the writers and



MISS MABEL ABBOTT.

editors forget about four-fifths of the time that the women in this world aren't all wrapped up in the mannish things that they, the newspapermen, are wrapped up in.

Well, Miss Abbott is going to keep The Times from falling into that error.

So, folks, it is with a great deal of satisfaction, I present Miss Abbott.

## --and the Lady Acknowledges It

By Mabel Abbott

The editor says it is absolutely necessary to acknowledge an introduction, no matter how embarrassed one may be; so, though my typewriter stutters with confusion, I hasten to do the proper thing.

Being introduced to a large part of a whole city-full of people at once is an ordeal. Yet I am most awfully anxious to know the city.

This is for two reasons. One is practical. It is inconvenient to be unable to find one's way around the block without consulting two policemen and a car conductor.

Yesterday I spent half an hour trying to get from The Times office, corner 9th and Commerce, to the office of Franklin Fogg, the preparedness parade man, at 189 South 10th.

I hurried up and down Commerce street, where 10th ought to be but was not; I faced that impenetrable row of buildings desperately, and at last, unable either to crawl through, climb over or burrow under, I went around and found 10th street hiding on the other side.

The other reason is personal, and perhaps, petty.

The city has dared me. It happened the first day I came. It had been raining, and things did look rather gloomy. The city rose before me, terrace on terrace, to its spirid sky-line, and I stood at the bottom, burdened with a suitcase, a typewriter and an umbrella, and looked up.

The city stared at me coldly, indifferently, out of its myriad window-eyes, and I stared back with passionate interest.

"What," said the city, in a voice made up of the rattle of traffic, the roar of steamboat whistles, the hum of tidefall industry and the chime of bells, "are you doing here?"

"I am a reporter," said I, speaking boldly to cover my nervousness. "I have come to work on The Times, one of your clever newspapers. I am very, very anxious to know you."

"Humph!" snorted the city. "What do you want to know me for?"

"Because," said I, a little nettled, "you interest me professionally. You have a personality, elusive, mysterious, fascinating."

"It is my problem. I want to know your moods, your tastes, our ambitions, your likes and dislikes, your strong

and weak points, so that I may write of you well and truly."

"You!" cried the city, towering above me. "YOU would know ME! Ha, ha! Look at me—stone and cement and steel, organization interlocked with organization, mighty, complex, the growth of decades. Take your little typewriter and go away, before I crush you!"

I trembled and my heart sank. Desperately I fell back on the ultimate argument. "But I must live," I said.

"What is that to me?" said the city harshly.

"Nothing, I'm afraid," I admitted sadly. "But I am not going away. I am going to stay here and report truthfully my little share of your rose shows, your preparedness parades, your meetings, your work, your play, your troubles and triumphs. I am a part of you now, whether you like it or not."

The sun came out for a second just then, and played over grim walls and twinkling windows.

"Oh, well, if you look at it like that," the city conceded, "go ahead and know me if you can!"

And I will swear the city smiled at me.

## 12 AMERICANS DIE IN CARRANZA'S AMBUSH

WASHINGTON, D. C., JUNE 22.—A GENERAL INVASION OF MEXICO APPEARED IMMEDIATELY TODAY.

PRESIDENT WILSON WILL NOT GO BEFORE CONGRESS UNTIL PERSHING'S DETAILED REPORT IS MADE.

THE MEXICAN SITUATION CAME BEFORE CONGRESS THIS MORNING WHEN SENATOR WORKS CALLED UP THE RESOLUTION INTRODUCED FIVE MONTHS AGO DEMANDING INTERVENTION.

EL PASO, June 22.—Twelve Americans, including Capt. Lewis S. Morey, their commander, were killed in the battle at Carrizal yesterday, Mexican Consul Garcia announced today. Seventeen Americans were captured, and the others, retreating, carried away a number of wounded.

The Mexicans lost 14 killed and 30 wounded. It is believed that five troops from the 10th negro cavalry, comprising about 500 men, were lured into ambush at Carrizal, where several thousand Mexicans, concealed, opened fire.

Gen. Funston, at San Antonio, received a message from Gen. Pershing this afternoon declaring he had no report from the American troops engaged in the battle.

He dispatched another squadron of the 10th cavalry to investigate, and said it would report soon. It is believed Troop B, Capt. Boyd, engaged in the fight.

Private reports indicate the men were scouting near Carrizal and discovered the outposts. The Mexican commander ordered the machine guns secreted on the roofs of the houses and hid the men behind the walls.

Another body of troops reinforced the Carranzistas. It is reported the Mexican losses double those of the Americans. A strong chain of Carranzista troops is drawn around Pershing.

The rapid movement of the Mexicans and the evacuation yesterday of the garrison at Juarez caused the belief that the Mexicans intended to attack. Hundreds of refugees crossed the river to El Paso today.

## TROOP B IN CAMP AT LAKE

While a few bystanders looked casually on, troop B left Tacoma at 10:50 today for Cosgrove. The only cheers came from the recruits and troopers.

There was a mother and a father or two, though, who did view these green soldiers, many of them hardly in their teens, with more than usual interest.

These mothers saw past the commonplace routine of camp life at American lake. They saw these boys far past the Mexican border, sweating on an unruly horse in the alkali dust that is unquenchable.

Package From Mother. One of these mothers is Mrs. Rose Leahy, whose son Kenneth calmly emptied the contents of a pop bottle as the troops pulled away.

She appeared at the armory today with a package of "something" for Kenneth.

As she walked about the huge armory, filled with the hustle and bustle of packing, she asked everyone she met, if he had gone. Upon explaining whom she meant her son was found.

"Of course I will hate to see him go, but if he must, he must." This was all she would say.

Dr. A. S. Monsingo hung around his son Herschel, 18, until the last saddle was loaded.

Cook Cusses, Too. The reality of the situation made itself more apparent today. The cook cussed as the troopers buried his bacon under a non-descript pile of shovels, saddles and bags. Three auto trucks carried the equipage.

Capt. Palmer dictated telegrams to orderlies and got snappy to his junior officers. And over in the corner Second Lieut. Cronander sorted rifle shells.

"The troop is practically at war strength now," Capt. Palmer said. "We are keeping a few places open for men who are acquainted with horsemanship. We prefer former cavalrymen."

Lacking in Spirit. "I am far from satisfied with the spirit shown by the men of Tacoma. Still it isn't their fault. They have been educated wrong. There are too many pleasures for the young man of today."

"Why, the spirit of national preservation has even been killed in the schools. It is all right to look at peace safely, but it is necessary to look further than that."

## Resent Note

MEXICO CITY, June 22.—Mexican officials generally resented the tone of the American note, and pointed out what they claimed were fallacies in President Wilson's argument.

They contend the presence of American troops in Mexico is no longer justified.

It is generally believed that Villa is dead, since three months have elapsed since any one has seen him. His small force has been dispersed.

One official said he "warmly challenged the statements that the constitutionalists haven't cooperated with the Americans to prevent border raids. At the beginning of the trouble Obregon asked the plans of the American expedition, so he could co-operate. This information was refused, leaving him at a great disadvantage."

"The fact that one raider was found with an old constitutionalist commission in his pocket is not a proof of Wilson's contention that Carranzistas participated in the raids. It is unjust to blame Mexican authorities for their sporadic acts."

## Under Orders

MEXICO CITY, June 22.—Gen. Pershing's defiance of instructions from Gen. Trevino caused the battle at Carrizal station, Gen. Obregon announced today.

He said the Mexicans fired on the Americans under his orders. The official statement reported the battle occurred Sunday.

The Americans, moving southward, were driven back, and 17 were captured.

Gen. Gomez was killed in the battle.

## 17 Captured

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 22.—Information received here today leads officials to believe that at least 40 Americans were killed in the battle with Carranza troops near the Mexican town of Carrizal.

## Talk o' the Times

Greetings, what we want to know is, if Hughes is so darn popular with the Berlin papers, why he doesn't run for kaiser.

WORK FOR THE VICE PRESIDENT  
He could make the illustrations for the Congressional Record. Or act as animal trainer in the bureau of animal industries. Or keep the Washington monument painted!

That Russian bear must be a wolf-hound.  
Why stop with dyeing troop B's horses? Why not dye the troopers, too?  
Wouldn't Hart Palmer look cute done in a sepia tint?  
J. P. Morgan says Theodore Shonts paid \$250,000 for the privilege of talking to him. We knew it was dangerous to talk to Morgan.

IN MURDER TRIALS  
The time is bound to come when the beautiful actress instead

of telling her life story to the jury will have it shown to slow music as a film.

It's fine to live out to the beach these mornings; the air is so bracing.

Nedra better had wear her winter furs.

WE KNOW A MAN WHO HAS HIS WIFE SO WELL TRAINED HE CAN MAKE HER DO ANYTHING SHE WANTS TO.

OUR GREAT MYSTERY SERIAL  
Stop!  
The word rang out like a shot piercing the night air.

The street was deserted save for the 5,000 people just coming out of 18 moving picture shows.

Stop!  
Again the word smote the air. But nobody stopped—they were too darned anxious to catch the last car home.

ST.—  
(To be continued.)

## THE VALLEY CELEBRATES TODAY

By Mabel Abbott

Puyallup Valley is celebrating today—the good, old-fashioned kind of celebration that begins with packing friend chicken and doughnuts into lunch baskets in the gray dawn, and ends only with complete exhaustion.

From the whole Puyallup valley the picnickers streamed into Puyallup this morning by thousands, in farm wagons, interurban cars and automobiles.

The governor and a galaxy of valley mayors made speeches in the city park, boosting home industry, co-operation and the American flag; the farmers and the business men are battling desperately on the baseball field at the fair grounds as this goes to press, with a frightful casualty list and no hope of a speedy termination of hostilities; and tonight everybody who is able to stand

will dance in the streets.

IT'S A GREAT DAY IN THE PUYALLUP VALLEY.  
Berry Season Opens.  
They are celebrating the opening of the berry season.

Puyallup Valley lives, prospers and has become famous by its berries. The berry business of the Puyallup Growers' association, according to W. H. Paulhamus, its head, amounted last year to \$1,500,000.

Six hundred thousand crates of fresh berries alone went out to all parts of the United States, besides the products of the cannery.

10,000 Move In.  
A liberal estimate of the normal population of the valley would be 20,000.

The arrival of the berry-pickers each year pours into the valley within a space of two or three weeks an additional temporary population of 10,000. This invading horde is quartered in

groups of cabins and tents, where they live like swarming bees, going out daily to fill the fragrant berry fields with the buzz and hum of their gleanings.

The weather this spring, while it has called for apologies to tourists and caused some mortification to those who have advertised the Italian climate of the Northwest to enthusiastically, has caused the Puyallup Valley berry-growers to dream golden dreams of affluence.

Will Ship Well.  
Cool, wet weather and a long growing season, have made the texture of the berries firm, and they will ship well.

More money should come into the valley this year than last, if all signs hold good.

Already the berries are blushing; already the growers are calling for the pickers; already the year's fulfillment is beginning.

No wonder they celebrate.

## Boss Sledge Duns the Town Boss Sledge Has the Last Word Boss Sledge Puts Over the Deals Boss Sledge Is Smitten by Cupid

WHO IS HE?

You'll find out when you start reading "A Tale of Red Roses," George Randolph Chester's great story, which will run in six installments in next week's Times.