

ONE CENT

Anybody but a confirmed grouch can get either a broad grin or a loud guffaw out of Tom Duff's experiences at the beach. Bottom page 7.

The Tacoma Times

25c A MONTH. THE ONLY INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER IN TACOMA. 25c A MONTH. VOL. XIII. NO. 192. TACOMA, WASH., MONDAY, JULY 31, 1916. 1c A COPY

NIGHT EDITION

WEATHER
Tacoma: Partly cloudy.
Washington: Generally fair east, partly cloudy west portion, cooler east portion.

STRIVE TO HOLD GRAND JURY TO TASK

DOCK STRIKE MAY SPREAD TO ATLANTIC COAST

HART, UNTROUBLED BY PROBE REPORT, LIVES PIONEER LIFE

BY MABEL ABBOTT

Was Professor J. K. Hart of the University of Washington dismissed from the faculty because of "lack of harmony in the department," or because he does his own thinking and says what he thinks?

The question was put up to the American Association of University Professors at the hearing last week in Seattle.

The decision, whatever it may be, will neither restore Professor Hart his position if he was wronged, nor put him in jail if he was in the wrong.

"The decision will make little practical difference to me," said Dr. Hart Sunday. "I am doing now what I used to teach. And I like it better."

Dr. Hart sat on the front porch of the little house he built at Seabeck, on Hood's canal, when he left the university last summer. The house is of raw, unpainted lumber.

Dr. Hart is as sunburned and weatherbeaten as a logger. His shirt was comfortably open at the throat.

Seabeck is a queer little place.

It had its great days 40 or 50 years ago, when a big mill made it the center of the logging business for miles around.

Those were days when money was plenty, whisky was easy to get, and men were quick on the trigger.

MR. HOWARD HAS ROW ALL HIS OWN

In the Seabeck cemetery are some significant epitaphs.

"Killed in a dispute," admits one tombstone, dated 1867.

There is a row of graves known locally as "Howard's Row," whose occupants were killed, it is said, in various "disputes" in the saloon of D. K. Howard, who died in Seattle not long ago.

The mill company made the town and the mill company ruled it, and when the mill burned down the town died.

That was 25 or 30 years ago. A few oldtimers have continued to live there, scratching the soil for a living, and keeping alive the memories, and, it is said, the feuds, of the wild old days.

Some of the houses were moved away bodily, others were torn down and used to repair the few that were still occupied; but most of them stood vacant year after year, silencing in the weather, with glassless windows like sightless eyes.

Within the last few years it has become known as a beautiful place for summer campers; and two years ago Lawrence Colman of Seattle and some associates established assembly grounds there, which bring a nomadic population of Chautauqua, Y. M. C. A., church and educational conventions all summer long.

Dr. Hart's house is a mile and a half east of Seabeck, in the Lone Rock school district.

He built much of it with his own hands. The heavy timbers were cut from trees on the place, hauled to the mill by ox team. Dr. Hart carried the stones from the beach for the fireplace.

IMPORTANT BATTLE, SAYS PROF. NEARING

And there, on a rough board table, he has been writing a book—a history of education from a new viewpoint.

The McMillan publishing house has contracted for the book. It is practically finished now.

For four months last winter he taught half a dozen children in the country school, and taught a night school for older people.

And now they are urging him to run for county superintendent of Kitsap county!

The case of Prof. Scott Nearing, who was dropped from the University of Pennsylvania about a year ago, attracted much attention.

People suddenly asked themselves whether it was possible that the universities, in which the young men and women who are going to run this country pretty soon are getting their ideas, are opposed to teachers who do their own thinking and say what they think.

The decision of the American Association of University Professors is practically a vindication of Nearing.

Professor Hart had a letter a short time ago from Nearing.

He said, "I feel that the battle of democracy for the next hundred years is being won or lost in these years we are passing through now."

Card Returns and Confers With Phelps ---Summon 6 Mechanics.

A final, desperate attempt to patch up the split in the grand jury and to get some action in the indictment of striking longshoremen developed Monday.

The first indication of this was when Judge Ernest M. Card, who vanished on a vacation immediately after calling the grand jury, suddenly appeared on the scene and asked for a conference with Deputy Prosecutor Phelps.

Not even Judge Clifford, to whom the grand jury has been bringing its troubles during Card's absence, knew of the judge's arrival until informed by a reporter.

Card had this statement to make:

"I WILL NOT DISCHARGE THE GRAND JURY UNTIL IT HAS FINISHED ITS WORK."

The second indication was the calling of J. B. Meenach as a witness.

Meenach, according to the report, was one of the strikebreakers said to have been shanghaied by longshoremen and taken across the bay to Brown's point when a boatload of strikebreakers attempted to land at the Eureka dock June 2.

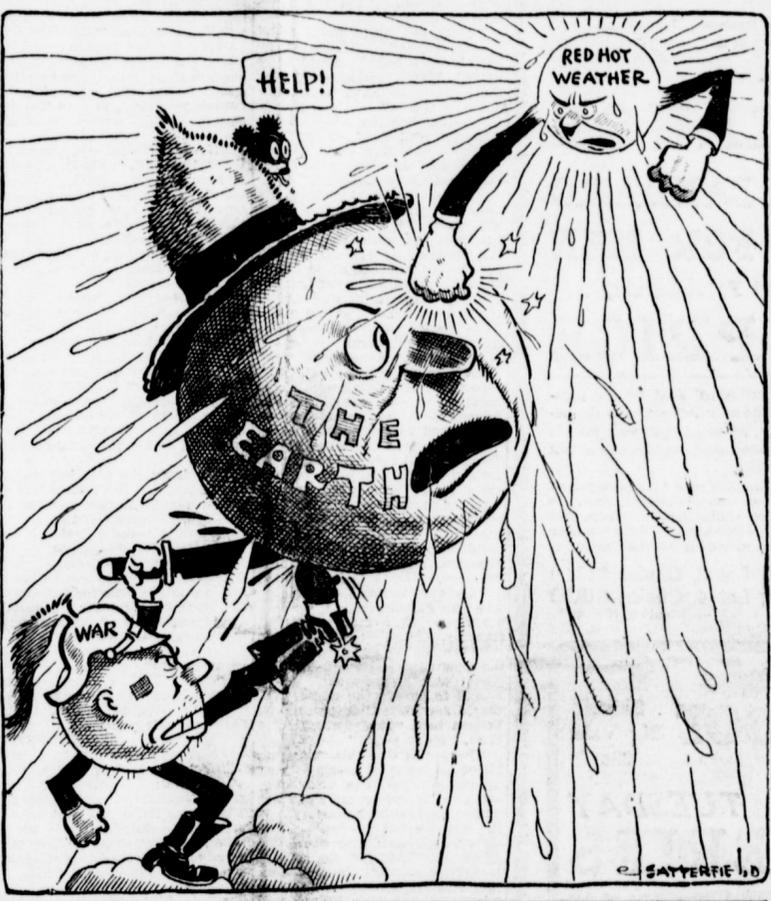
This incident was one of the first such occurrences in the strike.

The third development was the summoning of six new witnesses in the 11th street bridge case. These were John Wood of the Puget Sound Iron & Steel works, Will Hudson, 524 North G, and R. S. Hudson, both employed at the Hoffus Iron works on the tidelands; John Doe Walsted, machinist; R. Huston, 1123 St. Paul ave., and Frank Larson, employe at the N. P. shops.

All of these witnesses were said to have been at the scene of the shooting. Only three of them, Wood Hudson and Walsted, had appeared at noon. They remained only a few minutes in the grand jury room.

Oscar Matthews, driver of the jitney in which young Rangwald Lehnman was riding when shot, was closeted in Prosecutor Phelps' office all morning, and was expected to be called before the investigators this afternoon.

FROM BOTH SIDES!



Now that Judge Card is back on the scene, Judge Clifford has returned to him all the honor and glory of directing the deadlocked grand jury. The jury took an adjournment shortly before noon without reporting any further trouble.

It was said in the prosecuting attorney's office that the deliberations probably will continue until tomorrow at least, though no one could predict just how long the jury might stick together.

Talk o' the Times

Greetings, have you kissed the grand jury good-bye?

Mabel Abbott came to work limping this morning. Said she had a sprained ankle, but couldn't imagine why.

Later she recalled that she had ridden 18 miles in a stage yesterday holding a fat woman in her lap.

So NOW we know how some of those sprained ankles are earned by athletic men friends of ours.

The attention of sporting editors is called to the fact that Matty rimes with Cincinnati.

EVERY WOMAN IS JUDGE AND JURY UNTO HER OWN HUSBAND.

THE PRETTY BOY
Ah, now! Isn't it cute, Timothy?

I don't know whether to tip my hat or throw it a kiss. You'd better not do either.

Harold, there may be one of those women cops around an' pinch you for flirting.

You know, Mike! This is one of those feather nobs, the pretty boy, who's in love with himself.

The kind that can't pass up a gum slot without looking in the mirror to see if his tie is crooked or if his eyebrows are mussed up.

In other words, he's a mirror leach.

He has a stock of different poses that he thinks are lady killers.

He carries a memorandum book stuffed full of frails' names, addresses and telephone numbers.

Oh! he's some dog.

He thinks every girl he meets ought to go daffy over him.

They must be if they do, huh, George?

When some bird smiles at him he's so conceited he imagines it's quite natural, but maybe the girl is doing her best to keep from busting out HAW! HAWING! at it, huh, Clarence?

Why are they just killing off the sharks?

Tacoma May Not Send Delegate to Frisco

Possibility of the longshoremen's strike spreading to the Atlantic seaboard, and positive refusal of all Puget Sound locals to send representatives to Tuesday's strike conference at San Francisco are developments of the longshoremen's strike at the end of the second month.

Tacoma, Seattle and all other Northwest branches of the union have refused to send delegates. Secretary Seltz of the Tacoma local declared Monday that the principal reason this city was not sending a delegate was lack of finances.

A Certain Coolness.
It is intimated, however, that the northern longshoremen are not friendly with the San Francisco local, because of the latter's return to work after asking all other locals to join in a sympathetic strike.

The conference will be between the coast union and the employers, for the purpose of arriving at

\$12 For Reasons

Real money—\$12 of it—will be aid for some 10-word "Reasons Why."
This is your second, and last, chance to earn the coin. All the details are published on page 5.
Be sure to keep them down to 10 words; many of last week's competitors let the answers run too long, and those answers are, consequently, barred from competition.
On page 5.

U. S. Minister Visits Tacoma

Hon. C. S. Hartman, U. S. minister to Ecuador, and his daughter, Miss Lois K. Hartman, reached Tacoma today for a visit with Mrs. Roy D. Pinkerton, Mr. Hartman's daughter.
Mrs. Hartman preceded her husband to the States several months ago and is making her home temporarily at the Maxwell Apartments.
She will accompany Mr. Hartman to Quito this fall when his leave of absence expires.

FLASHES

OTTAWA.—A heavy rain has quenched the destructive forest fires in northern Ontario.

LONDON.—Zep makes second raid of week on east coast.

SAN FRANCISCO.—Prosecutor preparing to ask indictments against Nolan, Mooney and Billings, held in suitcase dynamiting case.

CHICAGO.—The entire middle west Monday welcomed a cool wave.

PEROGRA.—Russian offensive on Stokhod line developed wonderful strength.

AMERICANS DIE IN CLASH ON BORDER WITH BANDIT BAND

EL PASO, July 31.—Mexicans killed two troopers of the Eighth cavalry in a running fight on American soil, near Fort Hancock, today.

The dead men are Private John J. Troomey, troop F, and Customs Inspector Robert Wood. Sergeant Lewis Thompson was wounded.

Five Mexicans were killed. A cavalry patrol surprised the bandits on the way to raid an American ranch. Three troops of cavalry chased the Mexicans to the border.

TODAY'S CLEARINGS
Clearings \$278,586.12
Balances 36,772.74
Transactions 737,576.03

GRACE CHRISTY AND THE EXPERIENCES

was the name of a young woman who wrote feature stories on a Southern daily. of this story writer have been written into a novel by Kate Trimble Sharber.

"AMAZING GRACE"

is the name of it. "Amazing Grace" is this week's novel-a-week.

START TODAY

and read the first installment. The other five will follow, one each day.

LABOR WILL BE SLOW TO FORGIVE HUGHES-MANLY

(This is the second in Manly's series of articles, breaking the silence of Silent Hughes. In these articles Manly, by quoting verbatim from speeches and supreme court decisions of Hughes, lays bare the actuating principles by which the mind of Charles E. Hughes operates.—EDITOR.)

BY EASIL M. MANLY

Whenever labor reads the record of Charles E. Hughes' decisions as a supreme court judge, the thing it will remember first is that he concurred in the decision of the court in the famous Danbury Hatters' case.

The fact that the opinions which he personally delivered upholding the California eight-hour law for women, the Illinois child labor law and the federal hours of service act for railroad employes were very liberal and enlightened, are apt to be forgotten by every labor man. Even the fact that in the Coppage vs. Kansas case he was party to a ringing dissenting opinion UPHOLDING THE RIGHT OF A STATE TO LEGISLATE TO PREVENT DISCRIMINATION AGAINST UNION WORKMEN, will be more than outweighed by the Danbury Hatters' decision.

To those not in actual touch with the labor movement, this attitude will be a surprise. It will doubtless surprise Hughes.

To understand this situation it is necessary to see what the Danbury Hatters' decision means to labor. The Danbury Hatters' decision had a three-fold meaning to labor:

HITS LABOR THREE BODY BLOWS

First, it definitely deprived labor of the boycott, one of its most effective weapons.

Second, it made each individual union man definitely answerable under the Sherman Act for all the activities of his organization.

Third, it showed labor like a flash of lightning the absolute unfairness with which the law was enforced against labor as compared with capital.

In addition, there was a strong sentimental appeal in the fact that in this case the law in its utmost severity was being enforced against a band of old and infirm men, who had grown gray while the 15-year-old case was being prosecuted against them.

The Standard Oil and American Tobacco decisions, in which Hughes also concurred, had been rendered just long enough for their memory still to be fresh, while at the same time their grimly farcical effects in increasing the value of the corporate securities and their own stranglehold on their respective industries could be plainly seen.

Labor remembered that the court in handing down the Standard Oil and American Tobacco decisions had shown its complete familiarity with the criminal careers of those corporations, had roundly denounced their practices, and had dismissed them without any punishment except a fake dissolution.

Labor remembered also that, as shown by the congressional record, the Sherman Act was not intended to apply to labor organizations.

The reason that Hughes' endorsement of labor's right to organize, as expressed in the dissenting opinion in the Coppage vs. Kansas case, carries little weight with the workers is very simple.

DECISION TO RISE LIKE BANQUO'S GHOST

"Of what use," they say, "is an abstract right to organize and to be protected from being discharged for being a member of a trade union, when the employer can fire you for any other reason under the sun on a moment's notice, and when, by the very court that pretends to give us the right to organize, every weapon except that of 'peaceful starvation' under the guise of strike is taken from us? We cannot boycott, we cannot picket, under certain circumstances we cannot even strike under the decisions of the court without coming up against a law administered for the employers by the employers' agents."

To the academic uplifter, Hughes' confirmation of the legislation in behalf of women and children will carry great weight. To labor it will probably infer little; partly because labor is unable to understand how any disinterested man could refuse the needed protection to women and children; but even more because it does not regard these things as fundamental.

"Give us the right to organize and fight for better wages," they say, "and we will protect our own women and children better than the law."

These labor law decisions, judged abstractly, do not mark Hughes as a political progressive. I take it, and especially as in every case they received the unanimous concurrence of the supreme court, which includes many reactionaries.

But, however progressive Hughes may become in his campaign, whenever he meets labor, he may expect to hear of the Danbury Hatters' decision—like Banquo's ghost at the feast.

Another Manly article tomorrow or next day.

has another story—and it isn't a hand, who have accepted the invitation with thanks. Tacoma babies—fat, rosy gurgling babies—lots of them, tell that story.

Babies, Babies, Babies; They're Whole Show

How much will you take for your baby?

If you haven't any, how much would you give for one?

Or, if you don't want any, how much do you think you're missing?

There's a chance to get a first class estimate of how much one of the little cusses is worth, if you don't know already, in the film, "Where Are My Children?" at the Apollo this week.

And if you do know, you'll appreciate your own little boy or girl all the more by reading the film story of the woman who wouldn't have a baby when she could, and who couldn't have a baby when she would.

After all, everybody loves a baby. Nobody can help loving a baby.

The row of men folks and women folks that line the lobby of the Apollo casting, admiring glances at the baby faces, photographed

in The Times baby contest, proves it.

Then there is the motion picture of these same toddling babies, laughing, squalling, playing on the lawn at Wright park, with their fond Tacoma mothers and dads as a background.

It is the headliner of the whole show.

The big tragedy of babies—it is the tragedy told in the film play—is that some of us men and women, boys and girls, carried away by the enchantment of having a good time, don't just think how much we really do love them—until it is too late.

It is the tragedy of the "unwanted children," snuffed out before they have a chance.

When Richard Walton, lover of children, points an accusing finger at his wife and asks "Where are my children?" he puts it straight up to every man and woman.

But then, the Apollo this week