

Perhaps you've heard of the general who saw a Scotch soldier acting queerly. "Who are you?" asked the general. The Scot turned and smiled: "Fine! Hoo's yerse!"

The Tacoma Times

TACOMA Public Library

WEATHER
Tacoma: Fair tonight and Thursday.
Washington: Same.

25c A MONTH.

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1c A COPY

Britain Resounds With Story That KITCHENER IS LIVING!

JURY IS IN AGIN, OUT AGIN

When the grand jury had returned two indictments and four "no true bills" today, having apparently completed its investigation of the strike disturbances, it was believed it would be immediately dismissed. But after a long conference with Judge Card behind closed doors, the investigators were once more sent back to deliberate further and to hear the reading of testimony taken by the prosecuting attorney's office.

The latest batch of documents issued from the grand jury room bear on the July 16 fight at the east end of the 11th street bridge in which young Leinman was killed.

Two Strikers Indicted.
The indicted men are Frank Roscheck and Ben Knudsen, strikers who were held for a time in connection with the Sperry mills rioting, released and later re-arrested.

No true bills were brought in for George Dalgetty, C. Carlson, Victor Atola and W. C. Speaks.

Both Roscheck and Knudsen had been exonerated by the grand jury in the Sperry mill case. The new indictment against Knudsen came as a complete surprise, even in the sheriff's office, where it was stated that he was not near the scene when young Leinman was shot to death.

New Witnesses Found.
After the shooting Roscheck and Knudsen were arrested at longshoremen's headquarters, where Leinman's father claimed to be able to identify Knudsen as the man who killed his son.

The four men exonerated today were also freed by the grand jury in the Sperry mill case.

What motive there is for keeping the grand jury together longer could not be learned. It was suggested that county officials are seeking to get indictments on murder charges.

A new witness secured yesterday by Prosecutor Phelps is said to have given the jurymen the evidence to work upon.

WILSON STICKS TO SUFFRAGE STAND

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 2.—President Wilson today refused to follow Hughes' lead in favoring a federal amendment for woman suffrage. He still holds it is a question for the states to decide.

TWO MORE BODIES
JERSEY CITY — Two more bodies were found Wednesday in the bay near the scene of the ammunition explosion Sunday morning.

Fairy Was Second

She was the second daughter of five born to the minister in "Prudence of the Parsonage" (next novel-a-week in The Times.)

Prudence was first. She was a little fairy, a gay little thing. It was a mistake to name her Prudence.

So when the second came, she was named Fairy. That was mistake No. 2. Fairy was serious. She wanted to be a college professor. Imagine any one called "Professor Fairy."

Exercising His Right of Search!



Mabel Abbott Has to Risk Neck by Proxy, With Pete As the Goat

By Mabel Abbott
It was one of the most exciting experiences of my life—the ride I didn't take. It was Tuesday afternoon. I was to occupy the mechanical's seat beside one of the fa-

mous automobile racers who are in Tacoma at present, for a practice whirl around the Speedway. With the races only four days away, men and machines are tuned up to concert pitch, we in the office heard, and there ought to be a story in it.

Talk o' the Times

Greetings, have you a little bet up on the Deutschland's arrival at Bremen?

With Satterfield, we remark, "Jawn loves his battleships, but oh U-boat!"

Correspondent asks what kind of bird lays the most eggs. Ladybirds, say we.

Some people regard auction bridge as an adorable sport, some think it in-doorable, others endurable.

Infantile paralysis laughs at eugenics.

IT'S AS RISKY TO PRAISE A WOMAN'S HUSBAND TO HER FACE AS IT IS TO CRITICIZE HIM.

What have become of the old-fashioned sun spots that were going to make 1916 a summerless year?

Isn't it too bad that the Panama canal wasn't routed from the mouth of the Rio Grande across to the Gulf of California?

WHEN THEY CALL GENERAL PROTOLOPOPOFF ON THE PHONE IT SOUNDS LIKE A MACHINE GUN IN FULL CRY.

With a tennis tournament on, auto races coming up, the Deutschland sailing, the grand jury in session, the Young Men's Republican club preparing to en-

ertain Candidate Hughes, Ford going down and Old Town about to engage in a tug of war with the Yacht club for possession of one slag breakwater, we promise to have plenty of sport for the time being.

KNUTTY KNOWLEDGE
Hats off! Did you ever stop to think (wrestlers and congressmen are exempted from this question) of what use a pig's tail is to him? It looks like a pretzel minus the salt.

Mr. Peters and I stood dejected, watching Wilbur De Alene, in a little car that looked like a white cocoon on wheels, but which won one of the biggest races at the Chicago meet, whirl around and around the great track with a noise like the rending of a giant fabric.

To console me, they began telling me of the terrors I was escaping; how the drivers themselves collapse after the strain of a long race, and how the accident that every racer has if he stays in the game long enough, came to one while he had his own daughter in his car on a practice run, and the girl was taken out of the wreck dead.

"Tell you what we can do," spoke one of the defeated ambassadors, struck by an idea. "De Alene can take Peters around,

EVERYTHING WAS ALL FIXED—EXCEPT FRED WAGNER. THAT WAS THE FATAL EXCEPTION.

Fred Wagner of New York is president of the American Automobile association. And it seems that the A. A. A. does not believe in women's rights—at least, not in women's rights to assume the risk of a practice spin.

Reporter E. A. Peters of The Times and I rode out to the Speedway in Walter Baldwin's car. And the first thing we saw, as we trundled up to the official enclosure, was a large sign: "No women allowed! A. A. A."

For the next half hour, officials, press agents and friends labored with the inflexible "Mr. Wagner, representing to him that I was not a mere excitement-seeker, but a plain, hard-working reporter in the pursuit of my calling; and that I was over 21 and entitled to risk my own neck if I wanted to."

"No," said Wagner. "The rules absolutely forbid any woman to go on the Speedway. Any driver who would take one, even outside of official practice hours, would risk the loss of his racing card."

AND THAT SETTLED IT.
Mr. Peters and I stood dejected, watching Wilbur De Alene, in a little car that looked like a white cocoon on wheels, but which won one of the biggest races at the Chicago meet, whirl around and around the great track with a noise like the rending of a giant fabric.

They were in the back stretch before I could get to the top of the press stand. Round the curve they came, and past the stand like a cyclone. The two heads, goggled and grim, looked like the heads of some queer flying monsters. Was it possible that one of these was "Pete"? He was already strange to me, with the remoteness of one who sits side by side with Death.

"DROVE OUT FROM UNDER IT," COMMENTED THE MAN BESIDE ME, GRIMLY. They hardly slowed for the curve at all this time, and as the

DIVER IS NEARING THE SEA

NORFOLK, Va., Aug. 2.—The German merchant submarine Deutschland was nearing Cape Charles, where it plans to pass out for sea, at noon today. She was making about 16 knots. Crowds line the waterfront here awaiting a glimpse. Capt. Koenig, who embarked on his hazardous voyage late yesterday, the anniversary of Germany's declaration of war against Russia, professes entire confidence in his ability to reach home. It is believed here the Deutschland will probably not enter Hampton Roads until night. No Virginia pilot has been sought. This has convinced marine men the Deutschland intends to remain in Chesapeake bay all day.

Some others believe she might shoot past the capes without fouling, because of the thick weather. A heavy haze conceals the boat's whereabouts at a distance of more than two miles. The American battleship North Carolina has moved inside the cape on account of the fog.

The allied blockaders are hidden behind the mist. The Appam's prize crew, at Newport News, behaved strangely last night. They kept the vessel brilliantly lighted. Marine men are puzzled. They believe they may have been signalling to the submarine.

"Goodbye, Pete, old boy," growled the press agent, solemnly. I looked at "Pete" enviously. It must be lovely to be considered competent to decide what risks one shall take in the course of one's work.

He was already being led away to sign a release, and DeAlene was slowing down to a stop before the grandstand. Someone fitted "Pete" with goggles; someone else put a cap on his head; someone else gave him a friendly boost into the little white car.

DeAlene took his place, a muscular, laughing young fellow, with the nervous motions of the racer. They call him the daredevil of the track. His Deussenberg car is said to be capable of 112 miles an hour. Something turned a somersault in my brain.

We at the office like "Pete." We don't stop to think about it, as a rule; but we have got used to the annoying neatness of his desk, and to the grin with which he hammers out his city hall stories, and it suddenly flashed across me that we would miss these things if—If DeAlene should have his accident while "Pete" was in the car.

The cocoon purred, snorted, snarled, and leaped. They were off.

They were in the back stretch before I could get to the top of the press stand. Round the curve they came, and past the stand like a cyclone. The two heads, goggled and grim, looked like the heads of some queer flying monsters.

Was it possible that one of these was "Pete"? He was already strange to me, with the remoteness of one who sits side by side with Death.

"The saying of the good English bishop when he saw the murderer on his way to the gallows, [flashed into my mind. "But for the grace of God, there goes Mabel Abbott,"]

"He's stepping on a low," said a man beside me, in a low tone. Roar, rattle, crash; they passed the stand again.

"Pete's" cap was gone. "DROVE OUT FROM UNDER IT," COMMENTED THE MAN BESIDE ME, GRIMLY. They hardly slowed for the curve at all this time, and as the

'Death' Report Said in London to be Merely Hoax Designed to Fool Enemies--Commons Discusses Rumors.

LONDON PAPER'S VEILED HINT THAT KITCHENER LIVES!
Following is the only hint that Lord Kitchener is alive that the British censors have so far overlooked or allowed to be published. It appears in the London Daily Chronicle of July 7, 1916: "On the motion for the adjournment of the house of commons last night Sir R. Cooper called attention to the loss of the Hampshire and urged that there should be a court martial on the loss of the vessel. "There were very disquieting rumors going round, and real anxiety as to whether a proper inquiry had been held. "There was no direct evidence that Lord Kitchener was dead. "Why was it arrangements were made for memorial service in St. Paul's within a few hours of the loss of the Hampshire being published? "One of the most disquieting features was that the same evening typewritten letters were sent to all supposed widows of the officers and men."

(This article was written on shipboard by a correspondent who has just reached New York, having left London to escape the British mail and cable censors.)

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NEW YORK, Aug. 2.—Is Lord Kitchener alive?
Was the story of his tragic death a gigantic hoax intended to deceive Germany?

Is Kitchener's hand at this moment secretly directing the tremendous simultaneous pressure being directed against the Teutonic alliance by the Russians in Poland and the Caucasus, and the French and British in France? Rumors of the most sensational sort are running the length and breadth of England to the effect that **KITCHENER IS ALIVE!**

The question was actually raised in the house of commons July 6 by Sir R. Cooper, and a bare paragraph crept into a single London paper on this incident. **BUT NO REPORT OF IT WAS PERMITTED BY THE CABLE CENSOR TO GET TO THE OUTSIDE WORLD!**

Several Occurrences Need Explaining
Financial Secretary Macnamara replied to the Cooper question, saying that an inquiry was held immediately after the news of the Hampshire sinking, with Lord Kitchener aboard, was received, in order that the survivors could be got together. No further inquiry would be held, he said, as it would "serve no useful purpose."

With that, absolute silence was shut down on the suggestion that there was no proof that Kitchener was dead.

Just why the admiralty was so certain within a few hours of the Hampshire's reported loss that Kitchener was among the dead—
Just why the usually slow-moving department should send death notices promptly to the relatives of the officers and men—
Just why a great memorial service in St. Paul's cathedral was arranged IMMEDIATELY—

—Are points that will require some ingenious explaining to convince the skeptical in England that Kitchener really was drowned.

Would Help British In Three Ways
Picture the amazement that would cover the Germans and the added vim of the allied attack should Kitchener suddenly emerge, at the crucial hour, to direct the entente powers toward victory.

There is little doubt, too, that after the first shock of the news of Kitchener's death the British people went about the war with added determination; the loss was an inspiration.

It is considered possible that Kitchener himself suggested his prearranged "demise" with the triple object in view—first, to shock and inspire the British public into greater efforts; second, to visit the allied nations incognito; and third, to clinch the chances of victory by his dramatic reappearance, as from the dead, at the crucial moment when Germany is expected to weaken!

Senator Miles Poindexter will open his campaign for the nomination for United States senator in Wenatchee Aug. 10 and will reach Tacoma about two weeks later.

Burns Poe has been requested to take charge of the senator's campaign in Pierce county, and will immediately begin organizing.

"It will necessitate my resigning the presidency of the Hughes-Fairbanks club," said Mr. Poe today, "because I do not want any to say that I am using that organization for the benefit of any candidate other than the head of the ticket."

It was a great ride—the ride I didn't take. But I am going to sit the militant feminists on to the A. A. A. They need converting.

Poe Will Handle Poindexter Fight

field Poindexter should not have any trouble in being re-elected. Many of the standstillers, who have never forgiven Poindexter, have told me that they will vote for Bryan.

"Humphrey is too bitter a pill to swallow. If he is elected senator, it would be but a short time before Tacoma would see the headquarters of the United States marshal, the tea inspector and the internal revenue office moved to Seattle."

TODAY'S CLEARINGS

Clearings \$ 235,000.00
Balances 25,000.00
Transactions 1,445,000.00