

ONE CENT

The Tacoma Times

NIGHT EDITION

War is only a sort of dramatic representation, a sort of dramatic symbol, of a thousand forms of duty. I fancy that it is just as hard to do your duty when men are sneering at you as when they are shooting at you.—Woodrow Wilson.

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WEATHER
Tacoma: Fair tonight, Friday and Saturday, probably fair Sunday, continued warm.
Washington: Same.

FIND GIRL ROBINSON CRUSOE!

UNIVERSITY GRADUATE LIVES LIFE OF A NYMPH

COSTUME MADE OF OLD SAIL

OAK HILL, Ind., Aug. 3.—Here on the shore of Lake Michigan, in the foothills of high sand dunes, in a wilderness of marshes, miles beyond echo of human voices, has been found "Diana of the Dunes," Alice Gray, University of Chicago graduate, who, since last October has spoken less than a dozen times to human creatures!

Diana of mythology was known to the Romans as the chaste goddess—Diana the huntress. She hated men and went into the wilderness to live in virgin purity.

This "Diana" in the flesh was found huddled from the world by two miles of almost impenetrable sand drifts and boggy marshes.

Hair Bobbed Like Boy's

It was dawn when a girl reporter came upon her retreat. The hut was empty, but a bed of green boughs, and two sinister revolvers on the foot of the bed was assurance she had found the hermit's hiding place.

A strong, lithe, clear-eyed, smiling young woman, bare legged as a nymph, hair cut boy fashion, face sunken to a deep brown, sprang through the pine scrubs.

A single garment was her only attire. She brushed through the pines, surprise and terror flashing in her eyes.

"I am sorry they call me the 'hermit' and the 'mystery woman,'" she said. "We are all mysteries to somebody or other. I must remain a mystery to the public for a time. I came here to the wilderness to seek—well, TO SEEK MYSELF."

Lived First in Cave

"I found a cave here in the hills, spread my blanket, slept under the stars, and communed with myself. I BEGAN TO LIVE. I have had ten glorious months. I have no worries about work, about the daily grind of living and doing. I AM FREE."

Her name is Alice Gray. She graduated from University of Chicago in 1903; held a secretaryship in a large publishing house, and it was predicted she would follow a literary career.

One day a red Mexican blanket that adorned her college den, a few clothes, and her pay envelope with "just a few dollars in it" were tossed into a grip.

Lives on 10 Cents a Day

To the dunes she came. There was no human habitation in sight. Only the birds gave her welcome. In a dugout she spread her blanket.

"The dugout was too cold," she says, "and I found this hut."

"Everything I have here, this chair, this cap I wear, these tins, are driftwood, drifted in from the lake—I too, am driftwood."

"I got sail's cloth from fisherman and made this thing I wear. I got rid of everything that looked like the city."

"Fishermen who live way up the beach sometimes bring some extra food from town, and I buy it from them. Farmer boys sell me eggs. I HAVE REDUCED THE COST OF LIVING TO ALMOST NOTHING—10 CENTS A DAY AT MOST."

"Some day I suppose I'll want to go back. But the city can never give me what the wilderness has given me—peace of mind, and the strength of mind to live alone."

UNCLE SAM'S \$25,000,000 WATCH DOGS



Mabel Abbott and Cynthia Grey Say Real Woman Is Encyclopedia, Umpire, Confessor, Cookbook

By Mabel Abbott

Two or three weeks ago I was jolting along a lonely road near the Kitsap county line.

The stage driver seemed lost in reverie. I supposed his mind was busy with the condition of the road or the price of gasoline.

Suddenly he spoke. Say! Is Cynthia Grey a real woman?"

I am looking at Cynthia Grey as I write this.

She is sitting at her typewriter, with a pile of mail beside her. She is wearing a white blouse and a dark-blue silk skirt.

If she were to tell some of the things she knows, there would be social earthquakes in several cities.

But she never does.—And yet she is a "real woman!" Cynthia's daily mail is a cross-section of life. Like life, it is mostly problems.

And like life, the problems are mixed, big and little all jumbled together.

The letter that Cynthia is studying, while I watch her, may be a request for a recipe for fruit-cake, or it may be the despairing cry of a deserted wife.

It may be an inquiry about the naturalization laws, or the best way to make a party dress, or it may be a story of sin and suffering, or an offer of help from someone who has been touched by some such story.

Questions come to her from all over the United States, and from Alaska, Canada and Mexico. She has even had letters from England.

Those from unexpected places usually begin, "A friend of mine who use to live in Tacoma told me about you."

She has many sources of information from which to answer

all these questions. She is personally known to the court, school and police authorities, is in touch with the city offices, the public library, and with experts in many lines. She has a set of encyclopedias on a shelf above her head, and a file of indexed folders of clippings at her side.

—But she is answering the letter on top of the pile as she would answer the letter of a friend, out of her own head and heart.

That is the way she answers a great many letters. For many of them are written just because the writers have caught the human note in Cynthia's column and want a word of advice or sympathy or understanding. Cynthia is the response to a great human need.

—Once a thief sent her the jewelry he had stolen from a Tacoma home.

It would be pleasant to be able to record that he sent it because Cynthia had touched his conscience; but the fact appears to be that he sent it to prove that it was not worth the value placed on it by the owners in their report to the police.

—One peculiarity about the questions that come to Cynthia is their way of running in streaks.

Some of these streaks are easily explained, like the more than 200 letters asking how to make rose beads, or the many requests for the rules of the Colville land drawing. But when it's finding homes for babies, or asking advice as to whether to run away from home, the reason is not so plain.

She has learned, however, if she gets two letters in rapid succession on a given subject, to look up all the information she can, because she will need it.

Cynthia is not superstitious, she says, but that is the way it always goes. Once she had three babies on her hands at one time.

Cynthia is not old, but she has a large fund of common sense, and a wide tolerance, and a sense of humor.

So the sad and terrible stories that are told her sometimes do not shake her faith in human nature.

She says she hears quite as many fine and encouraging stories, and that often the most interesting things in her column are the discussions called out by the questions she cannot answer herself.

"Are you a real woman, Cynthia?" I asked, as she lays aside the answered letter and takes up another.

Cynthia looks up in mild surprise, suspecting a joke. "I hope so," she says. "Why?"

"Oh, somebody asked me," I say. "And I thought myself you were a sort of combination encyclopedia, umpire, cookbook and confessor."

Cynthia laughs, and then looks thoughtful. "I think that's what being a real woman means," she says.

60 DAYS IN JAIL FOR W. S. NORMAN

SPOKANE, Aug. 3.—William S. Norman, president of the Norman Hotels, Ltd., which owns the Tacoma hotel of Tacoma, was yesterday fined \$750 and costs and sentenced to 60 days in jail for permitting the illegal sale of liquor in the Hotel Spokane, and soliciting orders for liquor at the hotel.

Caught With The Goods!

BY THE EDITOR

It is a shame that Jesse Jones, state senator, found it necessary to hang up this forenoon when we were right in the midst of an interesting telephone conversation on politics.

I was asking him about the letter which George Lee, Seattle candidate for governor, now says he wrote to Jones on Jan. 16, 1915.

The partisan G. O. P. press of the state printed it Wednesday in connection with an attack by Lee on The Tacoma Times and the other Northwest Scripps papers.

George Lee has written many remarkable letters—almost anybody that has heard about them will have to concede that—but none is more noteworthy than the one to "My Dear Jesse" that I was asking said Jesse about.

In this Jan. 16 (?) epistle Lee advised Jones that he believed senate bill No. 46 to be highly dangerous and urged Jones to vote against it.

Nothing truer ever was written in a letter. Senate bill No. 46 was dangerous, deadly dangerous. It would have given perpetual franchises to all existing public utility corporations and have practically delivered over the state into their hands.

It later developed that a slick Stone & Webster attorney wrote the bill.

Well then, here is Lee now producing a letter in which he appears as having been on Jan. 16, 1915, an OPPONENT of that colossal attempt at looting a commonwealth.

The partisan G. O. P. press, whose candidate Lee is, publishes it with great gusto.

BUT—(here is why I called up Jones) by consulting the files of these very same papers I discovered this morning that Mr. Lee either is mixed in his dates, or else that he is the champion political wealthervane of the world.

FOR on Jan. 18, 1915, two days after he now says he sent Jones his letter of good advice, LEE APPEARED BEFORE THE JOINT LEGISLATIVE PUBLIC UTILITIES COMMITTEE AT OLYMPIA AS AN OPEN AND AVOWED LOBBYIST FOR (NOT AGAINST) THIS SAME SENATE BILL NO. 46!

No. 46! I hadn't know it from memory, from the testimony of newspaper reporters and from others who

heard him and from the files of my own paper, I would have ample proof of it from the files of the very papers that now are supporting him.

The Tacoma Ledger of Jan. 19, 1915, for instance, tells at length about Lee's appearance before the committee.

The Tacoma News of the same date says "George A. Lee, formerly a member of the public service commission, gave strong arguments in favor of the measure."

And again:

"Mr. Lee said the measure would spell development and commercial prosperity."

These accounts are verified by the Seattle P.-I., which on the same day says Lee "supported the bill."

The Seattle P.-I. of Feb. 5, 1915, tells of a public debate in Seattle in which Lee argued on the side of the bill.

Lee was supported in his arguments before the legislative committee by Pratt, the Boston head of the T. R. & P. Co.; James B. Howe and Norwood Brockett, Seattle attorneys for Stone & Webster.

I asked Jones if he remembered Lee's remarkable letter. He said he did.

I called his attention to the fact that Lee must have suffered some revolutionary change of heart between those two January days if the date given on the letter was correctly printed.

Jones said he didn't know anything about that, and why didn't I send a reporter to see him personally.

"Can he see the original copy of the letter if I do?" I asked him.

Great was my disappointment when the uncordial Mr. Jones remarked negatively.

His letter files he keeps at his home, he explained; not at his office.

However, he was sure the letter was authentic.

It is a shame he found it necessary to hang up just then. I wanted so much to learn why it was that he disregarded his friend Lee's able advice.

For, further investigation showed me, disregard it Jones did, by voting for senate bill 300, the slightly less odorous substitute that was produced from the T. R. & P. pigeonholes when malicious No. 46 had to be abandoned.

AND LEE'S LETTER HAD BEEN SO PUBLIC SPIRITED AND KINDLY AND PERSUASIVE, TOO.

CASEMENT PAYS

LONDON, Aug. 3.—Sir Roger Casement was hanged at 9 o'clock this morning.

"I die for my country!" These were his last words, spoken while he fearlessly awaited the drop.

Only a few officials witnessed the hanging.

He wore his own clothes instead of prison garb. He himself helped the executioner adjust the noose and pinion his limbs.

Once he exclaimed, "Lord, have mercy on my soul!"

The coroner's inquest gave a verdict of "death by hanging."

Prison Governor Davis testified that death was instantaneous.

A hempen rope was used, despite Casement's plea for a silken cord.

Petitions for clemency were received by the government yesterday, but the foreign office says no request for a reprieve had been received from the state department at Washington.

Lord Robert Cecil, parliamentary under-secretary of foreign affairs and minister of war trade, gave out a statement explaining the government's refusal to grant clemency to Casement.

"There is no ground, public or private, so far as we know," he said, "which can be quoted in mitigation of Casement's crime, and I do not think any government doing its duty could interfere with the sentence which has been passed on him."

Sentence was executed in the Pentonville jail. Sir Roger was pronounced dead in nine minutes.

GIRL WHO FIXED TRAP FOR GILLIES TO CLAIM REWARD

OLYMPIA, Aug. 3.—Miss Quinn Trott, state house stenographer who received the telegram from J. P. Gillies, which led to his arrest, will claim the reward of \$250, her attorneys say.

SUMMER BRINGS BOOZE DEMAND

More permits to import liquor into Tacoma were issued in July than in any month since the dry law took effect.

TODAY'S CLEARINGS

Clearings	\$324,155.81
Balances	65,039.79
Transactions	888,664.94

Talk o' the Times

Greetings, have you saved a vote for Bill Humphrey for senator? Drag those printers, anyhow, we meant to say veto.

(Oh, very well, but the editor emits adjectives that are not to be found in the dictionary—playing golf.—Printer.)

Just what did one of our evening contemporaries mean by the remark that "Mr. Blank was a member of the Union and Tacoma Golf & Country club, which had no children"?

A wholesaler says there is a scarcity of fish. This is easily accounted for—if all the stories told us by our friends returning from vacations are true.

"Granger" says we are wrong, that there is a use for a pig's tail; namely, so it can be bobbed and thus help furnish identification.

Lots of soldier boys would like to swap their corned beef for corned beef.

The nearer some men get to the top the more they straddle.

Congressmen are getting anxious to get home so eager are they to get back.

BOOKS ARE MAN'S BEST FRIENDS; WHEN THEY BORE HIM HE CAN SHUT THEM UP WITHOUT GIVING OFFENSE.

WHISKERS

Whiskers have a 35-year lease occupying the space three inches above the eyebrows and one inch above the ears.

When the lease expires—often times before it expires—they move down under the ears and nose leaving the top of the dome looking like a field after harvest, and later on resembling a deserted dance floor.

Anyone with whiskers is on the road to becoming a millionaire because, with a healthy crop of timothy adorning the semicircle he becomes an unconscious economist.

Face towels, soap, razors, collars, ties and sometimes shirts are then all passed.

Some can use 'em for shoe strings.