

Claim Agents May Be Hard-Headed---But They Claim to Have Heart

Being a claim agent must be a disillusionizing business. Here are a few of the queer claims that claim agents now in session at the Tacoma hotel have had to face.

T. G. Aston, president of the association, and claim agent for the Washington Water Power Co. of Spokane, a \$25,000,000 corporation, was confronted with a claim by a banker in that city for a hat that blew out of a car window and was run over by the car on the opposite track.

J. F. Handlon, of the United Railways, San Francisco, was asked for damages by a man who had caught cold while standing on a corner waiting for a car.

Another San Franciscan claimed damages for having his pocket picked while on a car. Here's Winner W. H. Moore, San Diego Elec. Ry., saw his queerest case was when he was served with a complaint because the fire chief's automobile, after making a loop around a street car without touch-

ing it, ran across a sidewalk and struck a man. But President Aston thinks he holds the record, for the time he had 18 dresses, "everything from an afternoon reception gown to a street suit," piled up in his office and had to send them all to a cleaner, as the result of someone's having spilled kalsomine on the car steps.

"We found," said Mr. Aston, "that the conductor had swept the steps with a broom, but had neglected to clean the vertical boards between the steps. And the thing I shall never be able to understand is, how the women who climbed those steps managed to get kalsomine on the backs and collars of their dresses."

"Not Cold Blooded." "Just the same," added Mr. Aston, who is short, plump and cheerful, "don't get the idea that a claim agent is a cold-blooded, hard-hearted, sour-faced individual who goes around trying to get people down on their claims."

"We have families of our own, and sympathies like those of other men. And when there is a chance to help somebody, nobody connected with the case is more tickled about it than the claim agent. My company made a settlement not long ago with a woman whose husband had been killed by an electric shock. She had three children, the youngest only two years old. The company agreed to pay her \$75 a month until the youngest is 21 years old. She could not have recovered more than \$10,000 in court. That's the kind of thing that makes a claim agent feel good all over."

ONE CENT
'WHY MAIDS LEAVE HOME.'
Another installment on that interesting subject appears today, page 3.

The Tacoma Times

25c A MONTH. THE ONLY INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER IN TACOMA. 25c A MONTH.
VOL. XIII, NO. 202. TACOMA, WASH., FRIDAY, AUGUST 11, 1916. 1c A COPY

NIGHT EDITION
WEATHER
Tacoma: Fair tonight and Saturday, cooler Saturday.
Washington: Same.

N. G. W. ON BORDER DEAD BROKE WILSON WILL COME TO COAST

THE BIG SQUEEZE



2 MONTHS BEHIND IN THEIR PAY

HEADQUARTERS WASHINGTON NATIONAL GUARD, Calexico, Cal., Aug. 11.—Washington militiamen are learning poverty. Many today agree with Sherman's definition of war. Military camps are "dead broke," their pay entangled in red tape. Uncle Sam now owes his soldiers for two months' work, and financial straits are producing queer results. Some troopers invested their last few dollars in tobacco, and now a nickel cigar will buy a dime's worth of any commodity. Col. William Inglis, commander of the 2nd Washington Infantry, has written the war department protesting at the lack of funds. Fifty members of company F are scheduled to be released to return to school when the University of Washington opens. The other soldiers call members of this company "school boys," and "master minds."

TRIP SET FOR LATE IN SEPT.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 11.—Between Sept. 15 and Oct. 1 President Wilson plans to start a transcontinental campaign tour, including probably many of the cities of the Hughes itinerary. He will go as far as San Francisco, it was learned today after Senator Phelan had called at the White House to arrange several of the speaking engagements.

WOMEN ON WARPATH

COLORADO SPRINGS, Aug. 11.—The Woman's Party conference today is fighting over the proposition of endorsing Hughes. A majority of the delegates favor resolutions denouncing Wilson, but a large faction wants the conference to declare for Hughes. Others assert such an act might antagonize the socialist and prohibition parties. These urge that the Woman's Party remain non-partisan.

Strike May Come Yet

NEW YORK, Aug. 11.—The federal mediation board has deferred action on the demands of the railroad trainmen until 10 a. m. Saturday. Representatives of the trainmen reluctantly agreed to the delay. Several conferences were held this morning. President Stone of the engineers' brotherhood declared the mediators must act quickly. He declared today that the trainmen are becoming restless. "We must have immediate action," he said. "The controversy with the employers has dragged for so long that the men are impatient."

SWAT DAVIS

That Is, Jimmy---Don't Confuse Him With Walter S.

There are Davises and Davises. For instance, in Pierce county politics, there is Jimmie Davis, slick lower-house legislator, and then again there is Walter S. Davis, senator from the 27th district. Jimmie Davis, so far as our memory runneth, voted diametrically against the best interests of the average Pierce county citizen every time he opened his mouth in response to a roll call last session. He peeped an "aye" for every one of the vicious bills which an aroused state immediately referred at the close of the legislature's work. He was part and parcel of the narrow - between-the-eyes, shifty, reactionary machine that dominated the 1914-15 session. Walter S., in the upper house, meanwhile was making one of the few good records established by members of that Pierce county delegation. HE VOTED RIGHT. He worked faithfully for the needs of this county—keeping always the interests of the whole state in mind, too. He is an intelligent man. His point of view is right. He conceives it to be the legislator's duty really to represent the whole public that elected him, instead of the franchise-corporation, booze, machine gang that too many of our legislators represent. The Times suggests that you take due notice of the Davises. Both are up for re-election. There is one of them you'll wish to SWAT next month. And one you'll wish to reguerdon.*

*Look it up in the dictionary; we had to.

Greetings, Have You Noticed the New Lift in Central's Voice?

By Mabel Abbott
Have you noticed that nice, new little lift in Central's voice when she repeats the telephone number you have given her? And have you noticed that you just naturally say "Yes," or "That's right?" And have you noticed, further, that if you don't, you hear the number repeated again, with a little extra pull on the lift, until you do? "There's a reason." It's a new order of the telephone company. This morning I sat at the desk of Miss Cora J. Nelson, chief operator of the Sunset Telephone Co., in the geographical and storm center of the big switchboard room in the telephone building at 11th and E. "I'll connect you with the switchboard," said Miss Nelson, "and you can listen and see how the new order works." I took up the receiver and listened, with some trepidation. "Chief operator," you know, is the person whom you demand in an exasperated tone when you get cross at Central. I WISHED I HAD EQUIPPED MYSELF WITH A SHOCK-ABSORBER. You don't know how interesting you sound, as your collective voice—the voice of a whole city—comes drifting in to the telephone switchboard. You ask for the same thing—a simple combination of figures, with variations—but you ask for it with so many personalities and histories and philosophies vibrating through your vocal chords. "Main six-three-oh-oh-four,"

you commanded, briskly. From somewhere in the long line of busy backs before me, Central's response came over the wire to my desk, with the latest style rising inflection. "Main six-three-oh-oh-four?" And "yes, please," you answered, probably without knowing that you did so. I felt relieved. The operator knew she had heard the number right, you knew she had heard it right, she knew you knew it, you knew she knew it, she knew you knew she knew it, etc., etc. There was no danger of any complaint on that call. But you, that is, you people of Tacoma, were going right on telephoning. "Hello! Central! Hock-blum-blum-blum!" you demanded, rapidly. "Proctor one-one-nine-one-seven?" Inquired the operator, meticulously divining your intention. "Umph!" you replied in a satisfied grunt. That call was safe, too. Next instant you spoke in soft feminine tones, that trailed off into ladylike obscurity: "Madison one-um-uh-1-1-1." Central had to give it up. "What number, please," she asked anxiously. "Madison one-nine-nine-five-five?" you responded crisply, with accented intervals between the figures. "Madison one-nine-nine-five-five?" repeated the voice from the switchboard, slanting persuasively upward. "Yes!" you retorted in a tone that implied you were glad she had got it at last. I breathed again. I think I had a narrow escape from having to act as court of appeals.

"Hello! Hello! Main three-four-five-six-one!" was your next order, delivered all in one chunk. "Main three-four-five-six-one?" echoed the operator. Dead silence. "Main three-four-five-six-one?" she intimated, her tone curling up at the end like a toboggan. "Yes," you replied wearily. I surrendered the desk to Miss Nelson with reluctance. It had been an interesting experience. "The order," she explained, "is intended to prevent mistakes from misunderstanding of numbers. It is working very well. "But if you write a story about it, please, please, don't call us 'Hello Girls!' We are not. It is the public who says 'Hello,' not we." And come to think of it, that's so. Just notice, next time you take down your receiver, who it is that says "hello"—the telephone operator, or you!

Alas! Skirts Going Down

NEW YORK, Aug. 11.—The worth reports are true. They were confirmed today by news from Paris brought personally by Mrs. Belle Armstrong. Skirts will be worn longer—in length. Some of them, Mrs. Armstrong says, will sweep the ground.

TODAY'S CLEARINGS
Clearings \$360,904.64
Balances 104,649.23
Transactions 947,607.65

'Tis Terribly Tenacious, Too, This Timesitis

HAVE YOU THE TIMES HABIT?
Does it make you nervous when you know there is a Times edition out and there isn't a boy real handy to serve you with one? Do you get a little mentally to see the day's news, editorial, cartoons and features? Does your day seem incomplete until you have read the snappy eight pages through? If you have the Times habit and if you have experienced the symptoms mentioned, you belong to a mighty large and an exceedingly rapidly expanding circle in Southwest Washington. The truth is that most everybody reads The Times these days. Pretty soon, at the present rate of increase, everybody will be reading it. There are several good reasons for this. The Times is well written. Whether you agree with everything it says or not, you can't help enjoying the way it tells the story. It is clever, it is intelligent, it has common sense. IT IS HUMAN. It has a heart. It has a sense of humor. It is fair. It is fearless. EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR IT BRINGS YOU SOMETHING THAT YOU WOULDN'T LIKE TO HAVE MISSED AND SOMETHING THAT YOU CANNOT FIND ELSEWHERE. Those are a few reasons why so many persons are acquiring The Times habit.

TURKEY REFUSES
WASHINGTON, D. C.—Turkey refused, Friday, to grant the request of the United States that a neutral committee be allowed to do relief work in Syria where thousands of native Christians are said to be starving. The Turkish government says crops are good and relief not needed.

Talk o' the Times

Greetings, have you seen the Bremen? Why, we thought you might have been cruising about the Sound and run across her. She's at all the other ports, so probably she's hereabouts, too. Now the girl who's writing those Venus articles says shoes are highly important to every girl who wants to be a Venus. And we'd always been led to believe that Venus didn't use shoes and other duds. Nobody has thought to fancy that the hot weather was caused by the presidential campaign. IT'S EASIER TO IMAGINE THAT THE WORLD OWES YOU A LIVING THAN IT IS TO PROVE YOUR CLAIM.

BREAD FAMINE FEARED

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 11.—The National Association of Master Bakers today petitioned congress to impose an embargo on the exportation of wheat. The bakers declared that unless congress acts bread prices will soon advance beyond the reach of the average consumer. At the federal trade commission offices it was announced that Vice-Chairman Hurley went to Chicago last night to investigate the proposed increases in bread prices. The bakers' petition says: "The advance in price of wheat of 50 per cent in 30 days is largely due to the European war. It certainly is wise to conserve such wheat supplies as we have. If the proper authorities afford no relief, the cost of bread will inevitably increase considerably. "In the name of 40,000,000 users of bakers' bread, we ask that an embargo be thrown around the present supply to prevent a further price advance." Congress has referred the petitions to committees. The department of justice and the federal trade commission this afternoon announced themselves ready to meet any manipulation of wheat or flour. Federal Trade Commissioner Davies said: "If we find evidence of unfair methods or price boosting, we'll get busy."

HOUSEWIVES STIRRED
NEW YORK, Aug. 11.—The National Housewives' league has instructed its representatives in every state to investigate local

conditions and arouse sentiment against bread price increases. Mrs. Julian Heath, president of the league, said today: "Bread is the food of rich and poor alike. Any increase will cause hardship we will not permit without protest. We are rushing our campaign preparedness, and if the bakers persist they will hear from us."

UP IN S. F., 20 CENTS
SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 11.—Local millers today announced an increase of 20 cents a barrel in the price of flour, as the result of the government crop report. The best family grades are going at \$8.20 a barrel. A 50-pound sack now costs 16 cents more than it did Saturday. Millers predicted further advances.

JUMPS 40 CENTS HERE
The price of flour jumped 40 cents a barrel in Tacoma Wednesday, but no new increases were announced today. Best grades are retailing at \$8.40 a barrel. Tacoma millers are predicting a steady increase in prices here.

SEKS FOR FIRST TIME
SAN FRANCISCO—An operation in a local hospital brought sight Friday to Mrs. Mary O'Farrell, who has been blind since infancy. She saw her son, who is 35 years old, for the first time.