

TACOMA BUMPED BY FIRE-BOAT "JOKER"

ONE CENT

The Tacoma Times

NIGHT EDITION

'Twas a chilly day for Will E. when the mercury went down.

WEATHER
Tacoma: Probably fair tonight and Sunday, not so warm.
Washington: Same.

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DEADLOCKED; AWAIT STRIKE

Both Sides Are All Ready For Order

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 26.—The climax in the railroad strike situation seems imminent. The strike question may be decided before night.

The president of the greatest American railways argued for hours preparing counter proposals. They will present the opposition to Wilson whenever it is completed.

Wilson postponed meeting the brotherhoods until after receiving the railroads' final declaration. He conferred with Secretary Lane today.

The trainmen's representatives met for one hour. Afterward many of them paid their hotel bills and prepared to leave Washington.

They determined to refuse the railroads' proposal.

They believe negotiations are near an end.

The session of the trainmen adjourned shortly after noon. They carefully considered arbitration, but took no action.

"We are ready," was the statement coming from both camps.

The railroad managers promised to keep sufficient trains running to prevent a milk and food famine. The employees admitted that a few men might continue working.

They asserted that most of the railroads will be absolutely helpless.

The trainmen blamed the railroad heads for the situation.

They declared that the big executives will be responsible for starvation and ruin as the result of the strike.

Railroad managers are all ready, preparing emergency schedules.

They intend an embargo on war munitions, dry goods and non-perishables.

They will carry only food.

One railroad executive declared that all brotherhood members are not intending to walk out.

One great railroad system wrote 1000 letters to be mailed to employees an hour after the strike starts. It will give the railroads' side and ask for "co-operation" to prevent a national calamity.

DANGEROUS FIRES SURROUND TACOMA

Timber fires on all sides of Tacoma throw a heavy pall of smoke over the city Saturday. Steamship navigation on Puget Sound was handicapped by the fog-like haze, and many passenger boats traveled under slow bell, to avoid accidents.

Reports indicated that the entire city is surrounded by fires in timber and brush. Up to noon Saturday no serious damage had been reported.

Although it gained threatening proportions Friday afternoon, the mile-square forest fire between Lemons beach and Regents park was prevented from spreading to ranches and settlements. Only heroic work by settlers and deputy fire wardens saved the homes.

The Lemons beach fire was still burning threateningly at noon Saturday, but was reported to be under fair control. Fire fighters are still working.

The blaze approached within 10 feet of a 40-acre tract of valuable timber owned by John Reif, on the Steilacoom car line, but was finally beaten back.

Armed With Sacks.

Other threatening fires were reported Saturday at Eatonville, and near the Nisqually power plant at LaGrande.

Sparks from a brush fire at Fern Hill set fire to the home of John Kiesling, 84th and South B streets, Saturday morning, and damaged the place to the extent of \$100. Volunteer fire fighters extinguished the blaze.

Firemen in all the outlying districts are equipped with loads of wet sacks for use in preventing any of the dangerous fires from entering the city limits.

Small Girl Is An Auto Victim

Mabel Thoren, 3, daughter of Henry M. Thoren, 2409 South 45th street, was seriously injured Friday evening when an automobile driven by James G. Norris, chief clerk in the master mechanic's office of the Milwaukee railroad, ran her down.

The accident occurred at 54th and Wapato streets. The child suffered a broken leg, internal injuries and severe bruises.

It is a question whether a man like Judge Hughes, with his "judicial temperament," is the kind of timber for the executive head of this nation. Training and environment has insulated him from contact with the great common people.

In 1908 I voted for a judge whom Roosevelt recommended as highly as he has this one, and I "blush with shame" at the thought yet. While Utah and Vermont alone were willing to take a second chance on a judge for president, I am not. The "judicial temperament," even with the Colonel's recommendation, don't appeal to me this time.

NATION-WIDE TRAFFIC FOUND

NEW YORK, Aug. 26.—New York will require 1200 white slaves for the year 1917, and thousands more will be wanted for other cities of the country, according to estimates made by officials conducting a white slave investigation here!

Yushe Botwin, called the "King of the White Slavers," has confessed, the officials say, that he has been a procurer of girls for 27 years and that 1000 girls are sold each year in New York alone. He did not estimate how many thousands are sold in other cities.

How these thousands of slaves are procured and who procures them has been brought out in the investigation. The same methods will be used to secure the thousands wanted for 1917 if the agents are able to operate as they have in the past.

They will be procured by men

who make the procuring of girls their business. They will come from the small cities, country districts, respectable families and from among the girls coming into the United States from other countries.

Traffic in white slaves has been found to extend throughout the United States from New York to San Francisco, by devious routes through Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Chicago, New Orleans and Denver.

Agents engaged in the traffic lay in wait for foreign girls who arrive in New York, friendless and alone. Many are procured.

Other agents, according to revelations made in the investigation, operate in small cities, and country districts where girls are induced to leave homes, schools and factories on promise of easy life in big cities, then turned over to resort keepers.

THE TEST



PROGRESSIVE GIVES REASONS WHY WILSON MUST BE RE-ELECTED

By Fred J. Chamberlain.

Editor's Note: Mr. Chamberlain is known throughout Pierce county as a tireless fighter for progressive principles, for the right of the workmen and farmers of the nation. He is a member of the progressive state central committee, deputy master of the Washington grange and chairman of the joint legislative committee of the Direct Legislation league, Federation of Labor, Farmers' union and State grange. You will want to read what he has to say about President Wilson.

The genuine Progressive is not a mere political chattel to be bargained off. He has high ideals and insists upon thinking and acting for himself. No national committee of pie-counter Progressives can sell him a "pig in a poke." He wants to see "the man that's behind the man that's behind the gun."

In all of Judge Hughes' speeches so far, he tends to the destructive and not the constructive. A campaign of vituperation and glittering generalities went out of style 20 years ago, just as the "judicial temperament" is always looking for a precedent back towards the dark ages, perhaps we should allow for that.

Judge Hughes' speeches do not have the true ring of a Progressive and after reading them one wonders if he ever read the 1912 platform.

If he has not voted since 1910 we presume he is not familiar

MRS. VANDERBILT UNDER SHELL FIRE

PARIS, Aug. 26.—American ambulance officers said today that Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, wanting to see a battle, went to Pont-a-Mousson.

The Germans shelled the place during the night. Mrs. Vanderbilt fled down-stairs in her night gown, with her

THIS OLD BOY KNEW HOW TO FAN 'EM, TOO!

BY MABEL ABBOTT

He sat in the grandstand at Athletic park Friday afternoon, one lank leg hooked over the other, his shoulders in their gray cotton shirt a little bent, and his head a little tremulous.

He was watching the field where Tacoma was beating Spokane for a change.

The players were young men, in the full glory of their strength. The ball left the pitcher's hand like a bullet; the crack of it on the waiting bat was like a pistol shot; and the runners leaped and strode like race-horses.

The old man's stiff hands gripped each other, and his eyes blazed under the brim of his soft felt hat.

His lips moved constantly, and those near him could hear what he was saying.

"Oh my, oh my, oh my, that was a beauty! Look out there! It's a little mite over the foul line! Now's your chance again—that was nice! That was awful nice!"

"ENEMY" LANDING IN U. S.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 26.—A great naval "battle" has been raging off New York harbor for eight hours, in naval war game.

The defending fleet under Admiral Helms engaged the "enemy" fleet under Admiral Mayo off Stockland lightship, and opened fire with 12-inch guns.

The defending fleet "sank" the battleships Texas and Nevada and the destroyers Wadsworth and Cooper.

The "enemy" fleet "sank" the scout cruiser Birmingham and the destroyers Fanning, Drayton and Balch.

The enemy fleet theoretically destroyed the defenders.

"Invading" troops are landing on Long Island.

The theoretically sunken ships entered Atlantic ports. Large bodies of theoretically wounded were rushed to naval hospitals. The wards of both fleets were filled.

Thirty of the enemy transports waited behind the invading fleet until the defenders were defeated. Destroyers, submarines and auxiliaries of both sides skirmished constantly, while the rival admirals maneuvered endeavoring to bring the greatest number of big guns into position.

CONS CUT BARS

JEFFERSON CITY, Mo., Aug. 26.—Four dangerous convicts cut the bars and tunneled through several walls, including a 6-foot brick wall, and escaped from the penitentiary here during a violent thunder storm today.

Talk o' the Times

Greetings, do you hear all the noise now that Congressman Will E. Humphrey comes back from Washington, D. C.?

Noise like a frog pond.

Weather Man Cover forecasts "cloudy and chilly" for Mileage Grabbing Will from now on.

Chilberg's statement reminds us of that saying:

"DUST TO JUST AND ASHES TO ASHES." (Poor Will!)

"Whipoorwill!"

Anyway the ruins ought to make a good filler for the frog pond.

IT IS EASIER FOR A MAN TO BE THE ARCHITECT OF HIS OWN FORTUNE THAN TO BE THE BUILDER.

A POLITICIAN.

A politician is a fellow who's tired of working.

Politicians spend \$5000 for political jobs that pay \$2000 a year. Do they work after they get their jobs? Do women tell

BIG SUM WASTED TO CITY

Tacoma has been "stung" to the extent of \$200 a month by the contract signed between former Commissioner of Safety A. U. Mills and the Foss Boat company last year for a "municipal fire boat."

Commissioner Pettit today declared that the city was hooked on a five-year contract, by which it must pay \$2,400 a year for rental of the "fire boat," but that the taxpayers were not getting a cent of value for their money.

A serious omission in the contract, which permits the boat to be used for any other purpose, so long as it is within the government boundaries of the harbor, is the cause of the city's loss.

The fire boat is nothing more than a large launch with a high power turbine engine installed in it. There is no doubt that the engine and pump are splendid pieces of machinery, and that the boat would be an effective means of saving waterfront property from damage, if it were on hand at all times to answer alarms.

Handle Private Business.

"But the boat is used every day to turn Seattle steamer about in the city channel, and it is almost constantly handling private business of the Foss company," said Pettit today.

"Frequently it tows logs far up the Puyallup river. If an alarm of fire were turned in during any of these occasions, it would be from 10 minutes to an hour before the boat could be even notified of the alarm."

"I have carefully investigated the contract that Mills drew up last year, and it is full of holes. The owners of the boat do not have to keep the craft tied up, ready to answer alarms at a moment's notice.

There is nothing in the contract to demand it. We cannot prevent them from using the boat for any purpose that they want to.

"If I can find any legal excuse for it, I intend to cancel that contract. The city is paying \$200 a month rental and getting in return no assurance that the boat will be on hand to extinguish fires."

Pettit and Fire Chief Carlson made preparations Saturday to install fire hydrants and water mains along the east side of the city channel, behind the Fransioli, John B. Stevens and International Fisheries warehouses and the new ship-building plant.

At present there is no water in this neighborhood, and in case of fire the department would either have to draw salt water from the harbor, at a great inconvenience, or lay hose for more than 1,000 feet.

"I have found several other places in the city's manufacturing district where the city has made no provisions to furnish adequate fire protection," said the commissioner.

FLASHES

NEW YORK—Patrick Calhoun, former millionaire and street car magnate in San Francisco, is practically penniless, it was learned today when the court was asked to appoint a receiver for his property.

DENVER—Hughes completed his first campaign lap with three speeches and will leave Sunday for Estes park, where he will rest.

DAWSON, Y. T.—Thomas W. O'Brien, known as the "Klondike King," and one-time owner of claim No. 1, on Eldorado, died here Wednesday night.

THE TEST

He never knew they laughed, however. His eyes were fixed on the strong, supple figures in the field; and above the nervous, staccato yelps of "Slam the old pill! Hit 'er on the pick! Attaboy! Attaboy!" his voice rose like the roar of an old lion.

"Git ready, now! Git ready! He's got to put it over! Why don't ye do like ye done before, knock 'er clean over the right field fence!"

And then he subsided, smiling happily and murmuring to himself with shaking lips.

He is a familiar figure in the grandstand. Rain or shine, if there is a game, he is there. Those around him soon recognize that he knows the game as few know it.

But they do not know why. He is J. T. Freeman, of 3601 South 12th street, and he used to pitch for the Southern league, in North Carolina, nearly half a century ago.

An Old Ball Player.

He told me about it yesterday. "Yes'm," he said, "I'm an old ball player. I was in the Confederate army the four years of the war, but I begun playin' ball the very year the war ended. Later on, I played professional ball for seven years; used to pitch for the league. That was in Asheville, North Carolina.

"I ain't played a game since I been in this country, 28 years—except once. That was a game down to Puyallup.

"The Lime Kilns was winnin', and the other side needed a pitcher, an' they made me go in, an' the first thing I did I knocked the catcher clean out. I'd told him to wear a mask, too, because I used to send an awful swift ball; but he didn't do it.

"I sent the swiftest ball of any many I ever knew. I've seen Christy Mathewson send 'em like mine, but there ain't many can do it.

"I'm 76 years old. Yes'm, an' I go to the races every year, an' I've had a standin' offer of \$100 up for two years, that I can out-run any man of my age. I used to be an awful good runner.

Never Misses a Game.

"No'm, I never miss a game. The park men all know me an' they don't charge me anything. I like to watch the playin'. They pitch just the same as they used to when I was pitchin'."

The old player looked down at the field. The young players were stalking off.

Their faces streamed with sweat; and they walked as if arrogantly conscious of their own strength.

He smiled with trembling lips. "Yes, I like to watch 'em," he said. "I can't play now, but the game ain't chargin'."

PUGET SOUND BANK

The poor man's dime is as much to him as the rich man's dollar.

It is our pleasure to assist the former in his struggle to gain the dollar.

