

THE SEATTLE STAR

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THE PORTION OF LABOR

Lots of editors are growing hilarious over the fact, reported through the census, that the average American workingman's family has an income for the year of \$38.65 in excess of the average expenditure.

It is difficult to see any real cause for hilarity. Is it at all remarkable or extraordinary that a workingman in this country should make more money than it costs him to live?

It is gratifying, of course, to know that the men who carry on the country's industries and make possible its finances get at least a little more than the slaves of the south got before the war; but is a surplus of \$38.65 anything to grow hilarious over?

Of course in the aggregate these figures look big. Six hundred million is the aggregate surplus of wage earners and salaried people receiving less than \$1,200 a year. In a bunch it looks big, but no wage earner looks at in a bunch. All the individual wage earner sees is his own \$38.65, and that does not look monumental as the sole saving of a long year.

True, \$600,000,000 is a lot of money—for some things. But when we remember that one man is known to have more than that as his own private possession, it does not look to be so big an amount to divide among 10,000,000 families as their only material safeguard against future want.

And this reserve strength is obtained only from the accumulative petty savings of the multitude. It is a fund made up through strictest self-denial and privation in 10,000,000 homes.

Yet it is these petty savings that render possible and profitable the vast combinations of capital which now dominate the financial and industrial world.

The immense enterprises, the almost fabulous private fortunes, all come out of the sweat and self-denial of labor, and it is precious little that labor can hold on to and call its own.

The average income of wage earners receiving less than \$1,200 a year is given in a census table just published at \$37.19. The average yearly expenditure among the same class is shown to be \$75.54.

The margin is not one to get hilarious over. Compared with the dividends paid in many stock companies, it ought to make every American cheek flush with shame.

Is Money Your Best Friend?

The big fellow with the big diamond and the bull neck made the assertion, "Money is your best friend." "O, I don't know," answered the plain man. "Isn't that putting it a little strongly? Money may be your best friend, but how do you know it's mine?" "Money's everybody's best friend," went on the big fellow.

"Ah, now I disagree with you," answered the other. "It's pretty cold out to-day, isn't it? Well, you remember that fifteen-below dose we got last winter. All right, I see you do. Well, my wife telephoned me on the coldest day that the coal wouldn't last till night. You know how hard it was to get coal last winter. So, I told her to take the cash and go over to the people she'd been taking ice from all summer, and have them send us over some. It was only two blocks away, but they absolutely wouldn't let us have any. Said it was too cold to send a team out, and they didn't have a man handy who could wheel over a barrowful. So, I telephoned a friend of mine, who has a coal yard way over on the south side of the tracks, more than three miles away. My friend sent the coal that afternoon. It wasn't too cold for his men nor team."

"Another thing," went on the plain man. "If you've got the money in your pocket, you're liable to spend it. But, if you've got a friend, you can't spend his friendship. Money doesn't sit up with the sick, and it never healed an aching heart. Money's a good thing to have; it's a necessary thing, I'll admit. But life insurance doesn't bring back the friend you have lost. Money's a good friend. But, it is not the best of friends."

"Now, stop and think! Then, tell me, 'Is Money Your Best Friend?'"

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THE TRIFLE

BY F. ANSTLEY

REPRINTED 1903 BY THE SEATTLE STAR

with me about this miserable business.

"I don't know what else you can expect," replied the lady, rather tartly. "He can't help feeling as we all must do after what you said just now—that, for you, this would never have happened."

"If you mean it was all through my attending that sale," said Horace, "you might remember that I only went there at the professor's request. You know that, Sylvia."

"Yes, Horace," said Sylvia, "but papa never asked you to buy a hideous brass bottle with a nasty genius in it. And any one with ordinary common sense would have kept it properly corked."

"What, you against me, too, Sylvia?" cried Horace, cut to the quick.

"No, Horace, never against you! I didn't mean to say what I did, only it is such a relief to put the blame on somebody. I know—I know you are a good fellow, but so long as poor dear papa remains as he is, we can never be anything to one another. You must see that, Horace."

"Yes, I see that," he said. "But, trust me, Sylvia, he shall not remain as he is. I swear he shall not! In another day or two, at the outside, you will see him his own self, once more. And then—Oh, darling, darling! you won't let anything or anybody separate us?"

"I would not," she said. "But, when you have held her in his arms, she kept him at a distance. 'When papa is himself again,' she said, 'I shall know better what to say. I can't promise anything now, Horace.'"

Horace recognized that no appeal would draw a more definite answer from her just then, so he took his leave, with the feeling that, after all, matters must improve before very long, and in the meantime he must bear the suspense with resignation.

He got through dinner at 4:45 as he could in his own room, for he did not like to go to the club, lest the Jimnee should suddenly return during his absence.

"If he wants me he'd be quite equal to coming on to the club after me," he reflected, for he has about as much sense of the fitness of things as Mary's lamb. He shouldn't care about seeing him suddenly bursting through the door of the smoking room—nor would the committee."

He sat up late, in the hope that Pakrash would appear, but the Jimnee made no sign, and Horace began to get uneasy.

It was maddening to think of the way he had been treated in the past hour after hour in the usual form of the relief that never came.

Backed by speculations such as these, Ventimore lay awake till well into the small hours, when he dropped off into troubled dreams that, wild as they were, could not be so grotesquely fantastic than the realities to which they were the alternative.

CHAPTER XIII. Not even his morning tub could brace Ventimore's spirits to their usual cheerfulness.

He felt a positive loathing for his office, to which he had gone with such high hopes and enthusiasm of late.

Nor could he by any decency present himself again at Ventimore's house, in the situation still remained unchanged, as it did not until he had seen Pakrash.

When would the Jimnee return, or—horrible suspicion—did he never intend to return at all?

"Pakrash," he groaned aloud, "you can't really mean to leave me in such a regular device of a hole as this?"

"At thy service!" said a well-known voice behind him, and he turned to see the Jimnee standing smiling on the hearth rug.

"Oh, there you are!" he said, irritably. "Where on earth have you been all this time?"

"Nowhere on earth," was the bland reply, "but in the regions of the air, seeking to promote thy welfare."

"You say you have been as brilliantly successful up there as you have been down here," retorted Horace.

"If an more than 'repaired,' answered the Jimnee, "by such assurances of thy gratitude."

"I'm not grateful," said Horace, fuming. "I'm devilish annoyed."

"Well, had it been written," replied the Jimnee.

"Be disregarding of thin affairs, and commit them to the course of Fate."

For often a thing that enrages thee may eventually be to thee pleasing. "I don't see the remotest chance

was admitted reluctantly. "Well, never mind. Whatever you've done, you've expiated it by this time." (Continued.)

CHURCHES

First Presbyterian—Rev. M. A. Matthews, pastor. Morning subject, "Every Day Conscience in the Domestic World," evening, "The Sanity of Temper, Tongue and Trust."

Society for Universal Religion—Alfred W. Martin, minister. Meetings in Eiks' hall at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Evening subject, "The Life of Herbert Spencer and His Legacy."

West Green Lake Baptist—W. O. Hardin, pastor, preaching, 11 a. m. subject, "Jonah's Flight"; 7:30 p. m. subject, "The Great Temptation."

Westminster Presbyterian Church—Rev. J. M. Wilson, pastor, 11 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Topics: "The Mercies of God," and "What is Truth?"

Church of Our Lady, Good Help—Third avenue and Washington street. Sunday, low masses at 8 a. m. and 9 a. m.; high mass 10:30 a. m. Sunday-school, 9 a. m.; vespers, 7:30 p. m. Week days, mass 7 a. m.

Sacred Heart Church—Rev. Geo. A. Hill, At 6 a. m. and 8 p. m., low mass; 7:30 p. m., vespers, sermon and benediction.

Church of the Immaculate Conception—Rev. A. Sweers. At 7:30 and 8:30 a. m., low mass; 10:30 a. m., high mass and sermon; 7:30 p. m., roary and benediction.

Special Meetings. Seattle Spiritual Association, Pythian hall, First and Pike—Children's lyceum, 1 p. m.; lectures by Rev. Lole P. Prior at 2:49 and 7:49 p. m. Public invited.

The Theosophical Society, Seattle Lodge, meets at 1113 Third avenue, Wednesday, 7:30 p. m., for study, Sunday, 7:30 p. m., lecture, subject, "The Gospel of Buddha," by Thomas A. Barnes.

Y. M. C. A.—Meeting for men at 1415 First avenue. Address by Rev. Robert Cairns, "He Paid the Fare."

Queen City Theosophical Society in America, Sunday evening at 8 o'clock, at Pioneer block, A. O. U. W. hall. Subject: "The Theater of Life by E. O. Schwagerl."

Seattle Spiritual Association—Sunday, 1 p. m., Children's Christmas jubilee; 2:30 p. m., address by Rev. Lole P. Prior, subject, "The Radius of Bethlehem's Star"; 7:30 p. m., musical and literary program of Children's Progressive Lyceum; Christmas tree; closing with brief address by Mrs. Prior.

Dividend No. 3 The Receiver of the International Bank and Trust Company of America, Seattle Branch, is paying to depositors an additional dividend of 10 per cent at the Washington Trust Co., corner of Madison street and First avenue.

Extra special mince pies, 25c, at New German Bakery, First and Madison.

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That was the veriest trifle," said Pakrash, though he was obviously pleased by this tribute to his talent. "This would be a different affair altogether."

"But child's play to you," insinuated Horace. "Come, you know very well you can do it if you only choose."

"It may be as thou sayest. But I do not choose." "Then, considering the obligations you admit yourself you are under to me, I have a right to know the reason—the real reason—why you refuse."

"My claim is not without justice," answered the Jimnee, after a pause, "nor can I decline to gratify thee. That's right!" cried Horace. "I knew you'd see it in the proper light when it was once put to you. Now bear any more time, but restore that unfortunate man at once, as you've promised."

"Not so," said the Jimnee. "I promised thee a reason for my refusal, and that thou shalt have. Know, then, O my son, that this indiscreet one had, by some vile and unhalloved arts, divined the hidden meaning of what was written upon the seal of the bottle wherein I was confined, and was preparing to reveal the same unto all men."

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