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STAR DUST

To Youngers Bend
BY JOHN M. OSKISON.

Milk Production
Aid Stimulates
Silk Production

REPUBLICAN PHILANTHROPY

The G. O. P. is not overlooking any bets in the state of Washington as the campaign goes on apace.
No, it might even be said that those in the high places are "jumping sideways" in their mad hunt for things to "jolly up" the voters.

We don't mean to insinuate that the democrats are asleep to any large extent, but the republicans, being in the limelight of authority, their acts have a sort of official stamp on them that does not characterize the efforts of the democrats.

For instance, the state board of equalization down at Olympia a day or so ago had the bold-faced audacity to "soak" the railroads.
Think of it, actually dared to raise the assessment on the kind-hearted monopolies which furnish republican officials with the bread and meat of life.

Some may think, of course, that the good men who form the board of equalization did it because they honestly thought the railroads were not being taxed enough.
We, however, opine not. There has been a lot of complaint by the taxpayers in various parts of the state to the effect that they are bearing the brunt of the taxpaying burden, and the republicans, with their ears ever to the ground for the rumbling noises of political discontent, heard a mighty roar, and through their mental horoscope saw "a great light," as it were, so they have tossed a sop to the disgruntled voters whose loyalty is wavering.

We shall expect to hear it cried from the housetops, and from the rear end of Pullman cars running over the very railroads that have been thusly "soaked" that the republicans have shown their in-born hatred of all corporations by making the railroads pay their just share of the taxes.

So much for the state board of equalization and its part in the present campaign.
Perhaps our readers may have noticed the call for another meeting of the Washington Good Roads association, which is to be held up at Bellingham next week. On the face of it, it doesn't look like anything but the nicest sort of philanthropy and public spirit. Mebbe so, mebbe so, but we again opine not.

It smacks a whole lot more of the doings of politicians. Just about sixty days before there is an election pulled off in the Evergreen state the good roads association sits up and remembers that it hasn't met since the last election, and it hears that the good republicans here and there are a little bit sore about one thing and another. The "good readers" sit down and have their stenographers pound out some letters to the farmers and other people who have routes concealed on their persons and tell them that by and by Washington is going to have some good roads, and that the republican party is going to build 'em. So the republican secretary of agriculture sends the government demonstration train over the Great Northern road (republican), and the "good readers" (all republicans) sit in solemn session and tell the "natives" that the republican party is going to make the highways of Washington as easy to travel as the street of Paradise (by and by).

That makes a hit with the "natives," and on election day they search themselves and when they find their little vote they cast it for the G. O. P.
So much for the "good readers" and their philanthropy.

There is a republican secretary of the navy down in Washington, and there are a lot of voters over at Bremerton, and a good many of them want work. The laws of the nation, however, say that no "extras" shall be put on for "emergency" work at navy yards (or words to that effect) within sixty days prior to an election. But what's the odds, the party needs votes now and the men may or may not need work.

"Well, anyway," as Mr. Dooley says, the secretary of the navy has just ordered that 150 additional men be given work over at Bremerton. On the face of it, it looks as philanthropic as the "good readers'" annual meetings.

But we opine that it is a big fat political "hunch," about 100 per cent pure and three feet to the yard.
There are probably a lot of other philanthropic kites flying around in the air with political tails tied to 'em, but enough for the present.
Meantime, watch the philanthropically inclined democrats. They are also in the kite flying business just now.

Why not make Frank Paul a present of the whole bond issue. It would save the city the trouble of fighting his case in court.

PHOTOGRAPHERS MEET IN TACOMA
(Special to The Star)
TACOMA, Sept. 21.—Originators of the world-famous expression "Look pleasant, please," gathered in Tacoma today from Washington, Idaho, Montana and British Columbia, for the purpose of attending the fourth annual convention of the Photographers' association of the Pacific Northwest, which convened in the auditorium of the new Masonic temple at 9 o'clock this morning.

The negative makers will be the guests of Tacoma four whole days, and on Saturday they will be allowed to get "a focus" on the beauty spots of the city as the visitors will be entertained in elaborate style, and the program assures them that "there will be something doing" all the time.

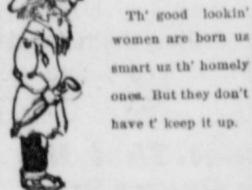
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Dressmakers in convention in New York have decided that women's belts this season must be dippy. As for the women, it doesn't matter whether they are or not.

Nat Goodwin is said to have lost \$2,500 in a game on his way over from England. Nat's press agent never has to make up any stories about him.

And to think that the 30-year-old skirts and \$1.18 wheat should come along at the same time.

A WORD FROM JOSH WISE.



Th' good lookin' women are born us smart us th' homely ones. But they don't have t' keep it up.

Members of a Wilkesbarre, Pa. church will abstain from meat, butter and pastries for one week and raise a mortgage with the money they save. Why not eat the mortgage?

ANOTHER GUITAR PLAYER.
Orlando Hansen went to Salt Lake Sunday to learn the barbering trade and to take a course in musical instruction.—Richfield, Utah, Reeper.

"I often thought when I was a boy that I would like to be a traveling salesman," remarked Mr. Late-stayer.
"Indeed," she said pleasantly.
"Yes, but when I grew older I realized what a strenuous time I would have had on the road."
"I don't suppose you would have enjoyed being on the go so much," she observed.

MORE WOE!
The men who at the lawn mower loudly cursed.
Have now much greater troubles on the way.
For while they cut the grass but once a week
The furnace calls for action every day.



Dan B. Amstutz is utilizing the rocking chair nowadays; a youngster is entertaining him.—Kidron correspondence Orville Courier.

In addition to having had boilers the Russian cruiser Lena seems to have lost part of her name.

WHY IS A HEN?
"No doubt," remarked the anthracite lump as it was thrown out of the wagon. "I am now a has bin."
(The S. D. M. knows there's a joke somewhere in the above, but you will find it.)

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We feel confident we can save you money, anyhow it will cost you nothing to investigate.
D. S. JOHNSTON CO

can't exactly find it. It's not the S. D. M.'s joke. In justice to Krazy Krank, it's not Krazy's either.—S. D. M.]

"Do you object to smoking?" asked the reporter.
"No, I don't," replied the well-advertised actress, "but promise me, if I smoke one with you, that you won't mention it in your article."

"Old fashioned sort of a fellow," said man Grimley.
"Who so?"
"He says he doesn't expect his boy to learn much at college, but that he will at least learn to be a gentleman."

COULDN'T REMEMBER.
The Absent Minded Trippi—I wonder why my wife tied that snake around my wrist!



"I have finished an examination of the books," said the expert, "and I am sorry to say I find your cashier \$10,000 short."

"I am indeed surprised," remarked the president.
"I'm not," said the vice president. "Look how he has been living for the last six months."

"That's why I'm surprised," explained the president. "I didn't think a man who lived so high could be so short."

NEW INSPECTOR IS WANTED

The board of health is considering the advisability of getting permission from the council to appoint a school inspector in order to more completely protect the health of the students. It is planned to have such a man devote all his time to school work. Under the present system the members of the board do all such inspection, but they do not think it is adequate. It will depend upon the generosity of the council as to whether the additional man can be secured for the purpose.

John White and Eugene Brodie are held at the city jail on a charge of robbery. The police say they entered room 12 of the Aloha house in the restricted district and stole \$100.

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(Continued from Yesterday.)
One handi guarded the driver, one stood at either end of the line and two went down the row transferring everything of value from pockets to a wide-mouthed bag. The express box, and the mail bag yielded their contents, and the robbers found themselves \$2,000 richer.

The robbery completed, the two lead horses were cut out of the stage team and the bandits rode away into the night. The stage reached San Antonio in the early morning, hours late. A sheriff's posse was sent out to take up the trail, 18 hours old when it was found. This time the trail led north—the sheriff's posse followed it until it was discovered that the men had separated into two pairs and the fifth had taken up a fresh companion. A reward of \$500 each for the criminals was offered, and the Texas official returned to forget the matter in his immediate work.

It was to "Youngers Bend," in the Indian territory, at the southern end of the Cherokee Nation, that the bandits turned, a long, hard run that should land them in the shelter of the Canadian river canebreaks at the ranch of Old Tom Starr. Starr was a Cherokee Indian, a man of giant stature, cool, cautious, with a large appetite for crime. He had established his reputation as a terror among his people and his house had become a refuge for the Missouri outlaws. His ranch was a great bend of the Canadian river, between Briartown and Eufaula, shut in on the north by rugged, flinty mountains, impenetrable except to horsemen, and surrounded for five miles by rank canebreaks that closed round like billows of prairie grass. Here the old man lived, defying the law and rejoicing in the occasional visits of the Youngers and their friends.

So deeply was this border chief impressed by the daring of these visitors that he gave to his retreat the name of "Youngers Bend."

On the ride north the Younger boys were together. Miller rode with McCoy, and Jim Reed took up a companion named Morris, who said that he was a fugitive from Texas officers. He won Reed's confidence and proved to be a diverting companion.

Some days after the band separated, Reed and Morris rode up to a farmhouse for dinner and, at Morris' suggestion, their guns were left on their saddles. During the meal Morris made an excuse to leave the table. He went to his room, took his Winchester and returned in time to meet Reed's defiant curse with a shot. At the first fire Reed grabbed the edges of the table and raised it in front of himself as a shield, scattering the dishes in a smashing wreck. Morris shot again, splintering the table top, and the bullet took effect in Reed's body. Reloading the table, the wounded man fell back, searching his pockets for a pistol to kill his assassin. Morris shouted to the farmer as he saw Reed fumble at his pocket: "Kill him, he's a murderer! He's a murderer—there is a reward for him, dead or alive. I'm an officer!"

And the farmer, coming forward, disarmed the dying man, helping to finish Morris' ghastly work.

The tale of Reed's death reached the ears of the old man, and Youngers Bend, Morris had learned of the redoubtable on the Canadian river. A posse would be gathered and sent up there—they might be upon them at the moment, for it was rumor that brought the story to the ears of the old man, and he could outride rumor. Old Tom Starr was called to a council.

Youngers Bend was impregnable, said Starr. It's evil reputation protected it from invasion. In the years that had passed since he cut away the canebreaks to plant his cornfield no man had penetrated to that log stronghold without his knowledge and consent. A few men had come in who never went out—these had not been able to explain their presence to the satisfaction of Starr.

Given as the old man spoke a Texas sheriff with a posse of 10 men, who had followed him the 300 miles across the Indian country, were riding on the trail through the canebreaks. Five miles from the log house they had waited until the stars came out and the warm, early June air had given way to the cooler breezes of the timber. Then they took up the march, going forward, single file, silent as dead men. Over a trail that was nowhere broad, and often scarcely defined, they picked their way slowly. At the corner of Starr's field, a quarter of a mile from the cabin, the sheriff gave his final word of instruction. The house was to be surrounded, swiftly, silently. With a cordon drawn close about them, with a brilliant moonlit sky to show them if they ran, the Texas officer was confident of their capture. A hundred yards farther the horses were led, tied to the rail fence. The 10 crept forward, springing into two lines to surround the house.

The moonlight showed the big log cabin, set equidistant among a group of log outbuildings, the long, black shadow of a cottonwood cutting a sharp track across the bright clippings of the morning woods. A faint flicker of light showed from a window at one end, a note of angry red in the quiet yellow radiance of the moon. As the men came closer, dodging from tree-trunks to wood piles and chabot piles, a faint flicker of light in the house disappeared.

The council inside ended abruptly. The sensitive ear of the old Indian had caught the gentle rustlings as the pursuers shifted closer in. Starr had commanded the extinguishment of the lamp with a gesture, and as the thin, sharp-cut features of a tall man were revealed for an instant sweeping down toward the light, the Texas sheriff came up to rap imperiously at the thick front door.

"Starr!" called the sheriff, "oh

Starr! come and open this door." At this command a lithe, tall figure rushed through the darkness of the room as if to break out upon the unfortunate officer. But the old Indian caught the man roughly by the shoulder, whispering a word of command in his ear. The word was whispered from one to the other, until the message was understood.

Grouped at the back door, across which the shadow of the tall cottonwood cut, the four outlaws waited with the old Indian, wondering at his action.

"Now, follow me," Starr whispered, pulling back the door, "to the little smoke house." He sped across the 20 feet of shadowed space to a low squat outbuilding, the sagging door of which gave way to a touch. "Catch hold of me, no!" he commanded, lifting the outlaw's hands to his shoulder and instructing the others to follow in the same way. Then he raised the cover to what was ostensibly a milk cellar, and plunged into the tomb-like darkness. Two steps farther, and another door came open. "Give the word," commanded the leader, plunging forward through a damp passage. On and on they followed, backs bent, and aching with the strain of the cramped posture.

Then they could stand up. Starr had brought them up with a warning of silence. They stood listening for 10 minutes before the Indian, leaving them, swung open a door and let in a broad streak of moonlight.

"Now, you are all right!" Starr spoke out unrestrained, then laughed. In all the years that he had kept open house to these Missouri freebooters he had not revealed his cave in the hills and the secret of the passage way. Now he had discovered it to them, with the theatrical effect that he loved. Lighting a candle, the old man showed them the furnishings of the place—straw and blankets, food and a great pile of wood for cooking. Opening into the main room was a narrower room, where the men promised the outlaws' horses should be brought and stabled.

Back again at his cabin, the old Indian protested, with a gleam in his eye, that he had never heard of the Younger boys, and that he could not guess why 10 men should come to surround his poor house. But the 10 men stayed, for they had seen the face of one man they wanted, and had heard something of that quick rush of escape. They stayed to guard the trail out through the canebreaks and to shadow Old Tom Starr. One night the keeper of Youngers Bend drew the guard from the trail and hustled the men in the cave away. They rode back to Missouri and to their old life there.

One by one the Younger gang was captured or killed—Tom McDaniels was shot at Pine Hill, Ky. in 1875; a year later Bruce Younger and Hobbs Kerry were taken at Granby, a little zinc town in southwestern Missouri; Charley Pitt was caught in Kansas early in 1876. Then, in the autumn of 1875, came the famous raid in Minnesota, the attempt to rob the Northfield bank, the killing of Bill Chadwell, Clell Miller and Fritz, the pursuit and capture of the three Younger brothers, Coleman, Bob and Jim. The time for laughing at the law passed—rewards mounted to extravagant figures and public sympathy gave way to a better feeling for law and order.

Over Youngers Bend for some years fell a new and strange quiet. Tom Starr missed his former guests, and he was growing too old to form other connections that pleased him. The cave in the flinty mountains, just beyond the cabin, that had always been well stocked and defended, became littered with leaves and choked with chance blown rubbish, echoing only to the growl of a stray coyote or the flutter of a bat's wings. The law had claimed its due; justice was a force mightier than wrong, and its workings were inexorable. For a time a strong man could make his own law and break it as he listed, but the day of reckoning would arrive—that was as certain as death. Old Tom Starr fell into a half-blind dotage, and Youngers Bend had a new history.

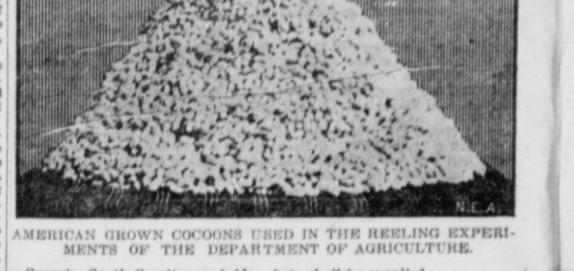
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AMERICAN GROWN COCOONS USED IN THE REELING EXPERIMENTS OF THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.



Georgia, South Carolina and Alabama are showing renewed interest in silk culture. Most of the requests sent in to the agricultural department at Washington for silk worm eggs, said one of the employees recently, have come from these states. It is also said there that best specimens of cocoons have been received from the farm of the late Rear Admiral Beardsley, at Beaufort, S. C. With a view to stimulating the silk industry, congress at its last session appropriated \$10,000 to be expended in the distribution of mulberry trees upon which the silk worm feeds, silk worm eggs and the purchase of silk cocoons.

The department purchased 100 ounces of silk worm eggs. There are more than 40,000 eggs to each ounce. The supply on hand has been exhausted.

It is proposed by the government to gradually increase the facilities of raising silk in this country until it can be made profitable to those who engage in it. The principal labor at present lies in the feeding of the worms. This labor can be performed by persons too old to labor in the fields and by young children. The compensation derived from cocoons at the rate of \$1 a pound is very small in view of the fact that it takes a large quantity to make up a pound. The raw silk thus produced, while excellent in quality, has not been large in quantity, and, of course, the expense of production has been prohibitive from a commercial point of view.

It is the object of the department in thus purchasing domestic cocoons to create what might be termed an artificial market for a time in order to interest individuals throughout the country in learning the art of silk raising, to stimulate efforts in the production of the best possible cocoons, and to keep alive the interest, so far as possible, until the time comes when more natural markets should be supplied.

Not only is the department distributing silk worm eggs, but it is also distributing thousands of mulberry tree cuttings. One of the first steps in the cultivation of silk worms is to provide the proper nourishment. Mulberry bushes or scrub are found growing in all parts of Alabama, and in many other parts of the Southland. The trees in existence, however, have not been pruned or cultivated according to European methods and cannot be used to the best advantage.

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