

THE SEATTLE STAR

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THEY SUPPRESSED THE NEWS BECAUSE—?

Last Saturday every daily newspaper in Seattle, except The Star, suppressed the news that the wife of Rev. H. C. Robinson, rector of St. John's Episcopal church, in West Seattle, had been arrested in company with Y. Sacamoto, a Japanese, in a south-side lodging house. Every one of the papers knew all about the arrest. Friends of the clergyman's wife went to each office, and by using social prestige and "pull," succeeded in keeping out of print news that would have been printed quickly concerning 99 persons out of a hundred. Yet probably this week or next, the local newspapers that claim to "print all of the news" will roast some poor devil, or even some reputable citizen, whose wife happens to get into trouble. Apparently, it all depends upon "who is who."

THE ROYAL YACHT THAT WENT TO THE JUNK PILE

Crossing a ravine along the course of the Hackensack Golf club in New Jersey is a bridge which was once part of the royal yacht Hildegarde, the property of King Edward VII when he was Prince of Wales.

Down on the Hackensack river lies the old Hildegarde herself, or what is left of her. She was the queen of the waters in her day. She cost \$50,000. Her hull was of Chinese teak and her furnishings and decorations were gorgeous. Famous men and women lounged along her decks and royalty occupied her staterooms.

But her day was brief. The prince built himself finer boats. She was sold first for \$35,000, then for \$21,000. One man put compound engines into her and tried to make her a business proposition. But he couldn't do it. She had been built for a pleasure craft. Then she was sold for \$17,000, and at last for \$7,000. Now they are going to break her up.

The savage on his island has little thought of what the future means. He puts an iron ring in his lip, catches a few fish, snares a few birds, finds him a companion, lives, dies and is forgotten. Many of us do pretty much the same thing. We wear little hats or big hats, according to the fashion; we make a few dollars, work a little, dance a little, read a little, choose a wife or husband, live, die and are also forgotten. It is not the fault of the savage that life holds nothing more for him. It is our fault if we do not see how much more it holds for us.

They built the Hildegarde for a pleasure boat. She was never intended to serve any fine purpose. She was only to lounge in and take things easy and forget about tomorrow. So they were never able to make her really useful. She never helped the world on. If she had been built to carry coal, she might still be worth something instead of being only an expensive hulk that nobody wants any more.

We can live for a good time. We can build all sorts of frivolous and useless things into our lives. We can go all the way from the doctor at first to the undertaker at last and never contribute anything to thought or progress or humanity. But we will be growing less valuable every day. We will be worth less every year. Nobody will be able to make use of us, because we have not built ourselves with usefulness in view. And we will come finally to the place where we will lie at the bank of the river, old, worn-out, good-for-nothing hulks.

DIAMONDS VS. BRAINS

It isn't often that plain, democratic Americans find much that is worth while in the doings of the "Smart Set," but a little incident occurred at Mrs. Anthony Drexel's recent ball in London which is worth noting.

The affair was elaborate. The women dressed in splendor. Mrs. Potter Palmer shone with seven chains of diamonds reaching to her waist, and a tiara of six diamond stars. One costume was called "simple" because its ornaments were only a great half-pink rose, a tiny diamond set like a dewdrop upon each half-open petal. But the star of the occasion was not Mrs. Palmer with her diamond chains, nor the young lady with the pink diamond roses, nor Miss Beatrice Mills, who was fairly covered with precious stones, nor any of the resplendent women. The central figure was Miss Colgate, daughter of Cora, Lady Stratford, and she was the plainest girl in the room.

But she had wit—that is, she had brains, and people forgot all about the beauties to gather around this homely girl who outshone them all by her personality. "You are awfully funny!" cried Princess Beatrice. "I need to be something," flashed Miss Colgate, "for I'm deuced ugly."

Here's something worth while. Miss Colgate wasn't pretty. Almost any woman in the house was far more beautiful. She could never hope to rival them in grace and physical charm. She knew people would never be attracted to her by her face or eyes or mouth or figure. In her place many girls would have moped and worried and fretted, or tried to draw attention from their plainness by regal costumes or ropes of jewels. But this girl was too sensible for that. She knew that after all what attracted people was not clothes or jewels or even beauty, but brains. She had brains. And she made use of what she had. Sensible girls are not downcast because someone else is prettier than they are. They just plunge in and by force of personality make themselves attractive. Husbands that are worth while demand more than pink, well-rounded cheeks, and diamonds do not often dazzle and beguile real men.

THE HOUSE OF QUALITY

THERE ARE THREE GREAT PIANOS THAT HAVE SPREAD THE GLORY OF AMERICAN ART TO EVERY CORNER OF THE GLOBE that are owned, one or more, by every great pianist; that are essential to the materialization of every pianist's exquisite mood; that prefer true musical culture to every one who has either taste or perception; that are the chief charm of more than 125,000 homes. These three are the Steinway Grand, the Steinway Vertegrand, and the Steinway Upright. No other piano can be justly compared with these Steinway Pianos. Their distinct leadership—an ever-widening gap—is attested not only by aesthetic use, but by trade conditions, the constant but ineffective endeavor to imitate the Steinway methods of manufacture.

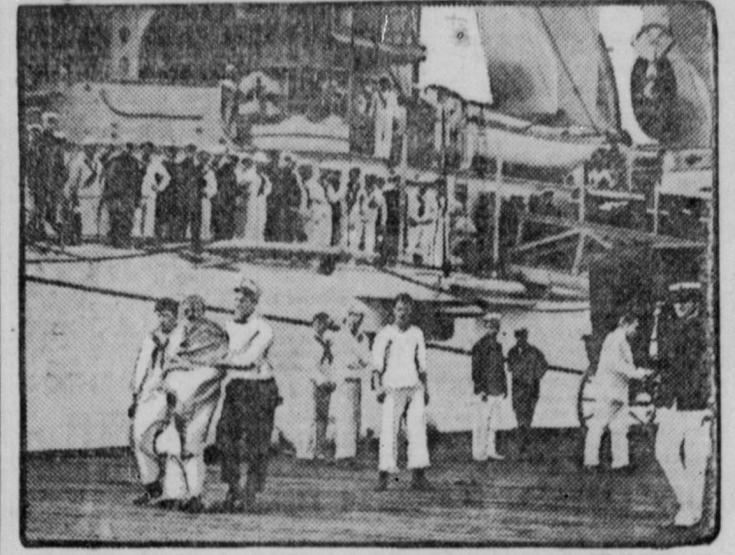


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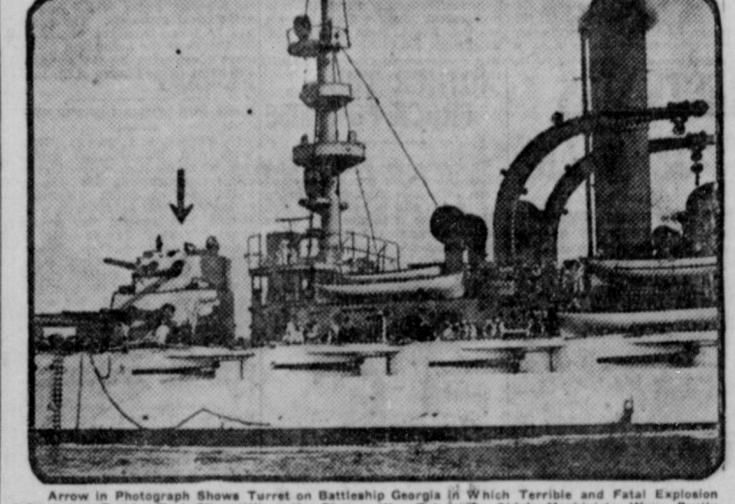
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DEATH STALKS WITH PEACE AMONG THE GUNS ON UNCLE SAM'S GREAT BATTLESHIPS



Striking Photograph Taken at Charlestown Navy Yard, Showing the Removal of Injured From the Battleship Georgia, in the Turret of Which the Latest Fatal Explosion of Smokeless Powder Occurred. Despite Fearful Burns, Many of the Injured Sailors Refused to be Taken Out on Stretchers.



Arrow in Photograph Shows Turret on Battleship Georgia in Which Terrible and Fatal Explosion of Smokeless Powder Occurred. When the Picture Was Taken the Ship's Machinists Were Busily Engaged in Repairing the Damages.

WASHINGTON, July 22.—Naval officers are plainly worried over the menace to human life that seems to hang like a heavy cloud over even the crack ships of the navy. The most carefully thought-out safeguards seem to be futile, as accident after accident and mishap after mishap have followed every precaution. The terrible explosion aboard the new battleship Georgia, killing 11 men and seriously wounding 14 more, is only one of a series of unexpected and seemingly unavoidable disasters. The accident on the Georgia was caused by a flare back. Two months ago a short circuit of electricity exploded three sections of a charge in a turret of the new battleship Kearsarge. Seven officers and men were killed. Just a year before that, the muzzle of an 8-inch gun aboard the battleship Iowa blew off, the gun being unequal to the pressure. This time there were no casualties. Again, in April, 1904, 2,000 pounds of powder exploded in the after turret of the battleship Missouri, on account of a "flare-back." Thirty-two deaths followed. In February, 1904, the muzzles of two 8-inch guns on the battleship Iowa blew off, on account of too great pressure. No deaths. In April, 1903, the muzzle of a 12-inch gun of the same ship crashed through the deck and killed five men. Cause, abnormal action of smokeless powder. In January of the same year, nine men were killed on the battleship Massachusetts by the premature explosion of a charge in an open breech. So that naval officers are wondering, what next? Dr. Lee Baker, dentist, 206 Ellet building, Phone, Main 6256.

THE DOVEYDOVES OUT WITH BABY

By F. W. Schaefer. "Well, well, well, what a fine baby you have here!" The greeting was by old Mr. Nabob, who came upon the Doveydoes as they had baby out. Since any opinion by Mr. Nabob counted for a great deal with Mr. Doveydoe, he swelled up noticeably. Any opinion favorable to baby being exactly to Mrs. Doveydoe's taste, she also felt kindly toward Mr. Nabob. "Well, well, well, if she isn't the picture of her mother—and her father," continued Mr. Nabob warming up to the sacred duty of "making over" the baby. Baby crowed and made a noise like she felt really complimented. This encouraged Mr. Nabob to lift her out of the cart and hold her in his arms. Baby was delighted. Her little head twisted this way and that to survey the world from her perch. She was as full of life as a kitten. Mr. Nabob clucked to her and let her play with his watch fob. He discussed with the Doveydoes sagely the care and education of infants, and had to listen to several stories of the genius and intelligence of this particular one. In the meantime baby had got one, and was tucked back in her go-cart. Oriental Billiard and Pool Parlors, 1415 Third Ave., have 4 new tables and the only 5x19 pool table in Seattle. A place for gentlemen.

Vacation Enjoyment

Depends not a little on whether or not your clothes are the cool, breezy, comfortable "vacation" kind. Of such togs, both for Men and Women, we've a very large and meritorious showing, and can fit you out for holiday times at little expense and with lasting satisfaction to you. Right Styles—Right Quality—Right Prices—these are our boosters. You're welcome indeed to open an account with us for anything selected—pay a little down and a little each week or month. One-Fourth Off on All Women's Summer Suits. For full information call on J. O. McMullen, C. P. A., SEATTLE, WASH. A. TUNLING, G. A., SEATTLE, WASH. Write at once for attractive descriptive booklets and full information. Northern Pacific Railway A. D. CHARLTON, Ass't Gen'l Passenger Agent Portland, Ore.

INTERNATIONAL BOND & REALTY CO., 237 Pioneer Bldg. Main 1166, 5th & 4th.

STAR DUST BY JOSH

A Word From Josh Wise. mean the barber shop or Cohen's ladies' and gents' toggery?—Puck. Papa (enraged)—Well, Constantia, daughter, I've never in all my life seen as soft, green, unsophisticated, spoony an idiot as young Puddington. Mama (emphatically)—I have! Philadelphia Inquirer. "My! My!" exclaimed the good old soul, "these colleges are just breeding regular criminals." "What's the matter now?" asked her husband. "Here's a report in this paper about a Harvard man beating all his rivals with the hammer."—Philadelphia Press. Office Boy—There's a man down stairs wants to see you. "Who?" "He's already been; he's a nature realit." Many a girl has spoiled a good husband by marrying him. The King's Jester. "If you have laughs to shed, prepare to shed them now," said the jolly jester running up to the king, who was strolling along the edge of the moat. "Well, sirrah, what is it?" his excellency said, sternly. "Why, all the prisoners in the donjon keep have broken out, tee-hee!" "Zounds," howled the king, paling. "Escaped?" "No," twittered the fool, "they have the moates, ha, ha, ha!" But the king had a hard time seeing it, even though the jester flattership Nebraska at navy yard.

MINING STOCKS. H. M. Herrin & Company, Bankers and Brokers, 510 First Avenue. Buy and sell all Stocks and Securities. Daily quotations by special wire on Goldfield and all Nevada Stocks carried on margin and money advanced.

THE QUAKER DRUG CO. We Commenced Selling Handbags and Purses. This morning, and the indications are that in spite of the heavy stock we will run out before the week is over. Hundreds of the very best styles from noted makers are here, but you know first comers usually take the best.

Pike Street Specials. Please note that the following are on sale at the Pike Street Store only. No telephone orders filled. No deliveries at these prices. Hoff's Malt Extract, per dozen bottles ..... \$2.75 Malt Nutrine—a malt extract—dozen bottles ..... \$1.98 Father John's Medicine, 50c size ..... 43c Johnson's "6055"—an incomparable remedy for rheumatism, \$1.50 size ..... \$1.25 Laroux Rheumatic Remedy—Dissolves and eliminates uric acid from the system; regular size ..... \$1.75 Jap Rose Soap—Special, per cake ..... 6c Bronson's Cascara Pills—A gentle laxative; regular 25c per bottle; special, five for \$1.00 Sims' Arnicin Oil Liniment, per bottle ..... 45c

Quaker Drug Co. 1013-15 TWO STORES Pike and First Av. Westlake.

HOW A MAN PROPOSES. He: I spik id from my heart out, Rosie; I vout haf you for better der same as vorse, hand in hand down der footpath of life. She: Ach du lieber, Owgoost; you haf guessed id!

As an instance of Lord Wolesley's dislike of bad language in the service, a story may be told of a swift conversion which he one day effected, says P. T. O. The commander, G—, of an Irish garrison, was a man whose reputation for "finesse" language was great. At an inspection at which Wolesley was present G— gave the bugler the order to sound the "charge." To G—'s consternation the man blew himself "retreat." Then G— broad himself for the usual volley. Suddenly, however, he caught Wolesley's eye upon him and he stopped short. The oaths that were upon his lips died away unspoken, yet say something he must. For a moment he gazed blankly around; then turning quickly to the unhappy bugler, he roared out to the intense amusement of Lord Wolesley and his staff, "You naughty, naughty trumpeter."

OUTBURSTS OF EVERETT TRUE. PAINLESS! YOU LYING VIVISECTOR! I'LL REFRISK YOUR MIND A BIT ON THE SUBJECT OF PAIN!!!

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"NO FINER JOURNEY IN ALL THE WORLD" See Yellowstone Park during the Summer of 1907. There's no more delightful outing anywhere. First-class hotels, splendid coaching journey of 143 miles, good trout fishing, fine mountain scenery, the most mysterious of nature's wonders seen everywhere and every day.

NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAY A. D. CHARLTON, Ass't Gen'l Passenger Agent Portland, Ore.

Nervous New Yorker (in frontier town)—Do you have many shooting accidents here on the Fourth of July? Native—Oh, no; this ain't New York. If you get shot it won't be no accident.—Judge. "Ah, my friend," said the man who was fond of moralizing, "it is true that we can really accomplish nothing until the crooked has been made straight." "Of course," interrupted the man in loud clothes, "you expect cork screws."—Philadelphia Press. Miss Yern—Of course, you've read that new love story of the Crabbie (book reviewer)—Yes, I had to. Very realistic, wasn't it? Miss Yern—Nonsense! The dialogue between the lovers was positively silly. Chabbe—Well?—Philadelphia Press. "How is it that you go to the prohibition meetings?" "It gives me a wonderful thrill!"—Translated for Transatlantic Tales from Mezzendorfer Blatter.

FRISCO RIOTS (By United Press.) SAN FRANCISCO, July 22.—Rioting in the Mission at district over street car troubles prevailed last night and many were injured. Non-union trainmen were repeatedly assaulted and the police were kept hurrying to the scenes to quell disorder. A banquet for 1,000 of its members at the hall Friday evening, July 21, and their annual picnic will be given at Wildwood next Sunday. It is believed that the oldest charity fund, apart from hospitals, which is still maintained in the royal maternity charity, with headquarters in London, which was founded in 1757 and has just celebrated its third jubilee. Its finances were reported satisfactory except for its debts.—Springfield Republican.

BUILDING PLANNED FOR BY EAGLES According to Frank Dowd, secretary of the Seattle Eagles, a meeting is to be held this week for the purpose of taking definite steps toward erecting a modern five-story brick building for lodge purposes on the site of the present Eagle hall at Seventh and Pine st., to cost \$75,000. Aerie No. 1 of the order will hold a banquet for 1,000 of its members at the hall Friday evening, July 21, and their annual picnic will be given at Wildwood next Sunday.

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