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RESTAURANTS NEED ATTENTION

Health Commissioner Crichton has made a good start in his new office. He has cleaned up many places and many things which needed cleaning up.

But there are still opportunities.

It would be a good idea to pay careful attention to Seattle restaurants. The majority of them need it. The methods of handling food, dishes, etc., in the kitchens could be vastly improved, with resultant advantage to the public health.

Under present conditions there is probably more danger of the dissemination of disease germs through restaurants, as ordinarily conducted, than through any other medium.

Partly washed knives, forks and spoons are more effective instruments for carrying the germs of consumption and other infectious diseases than all the flies in Christendom. They are far more dangerous than tide-flat shanties, or even houses where scarlet fever or smallpox has developed.

There is no quicker or more certain method of transmitting diseases than from mouth to mouth. Knives, forks and spoons will transmit them.

Restaurants are necessarily patronized by all kinds of people, both sick and well, and those who are diseased become a menace to all others unless the most painstaking methods are followed in the washing and scalding of utensils.

Why, then, should the city exercise so great care over other things, such as the protection from contamination of milk which comes into our homes, and neglect the equally important matter of compelling restaurants to observe sanitary precautions?

Fully half of the people of this city patronize restaurants. Thousands use them daily, and many others occasionally. They are a necessary factor in the life of a city, and ought to be made uniformly clean and safe.

Under present conditions, however, it is fair to say that not one out of five of the restaurants in Seattle do properly wash either knives, forks, spoons or table dishes. It is a common experience for patrons of these places to find food still clinging to forks or plates when brought back from the dishwashers. Of course, this isn't a pleasant subject to discuss, but it can hardly be avoided if a reform is to be brought about.

It is seldom that any effective method of scalding table utensils is followed in the restaurants. Most of the proprietors seem to think it sufficient if they wash the cutlery or dishes in hasty fashion.

It must be admitted that there are some restaurants in Seattle which do pay proper attention to these matters, but they are few and far between.

It costs money to employ the necessary force to efficiently wash the dishes in a large restaurant. It also requires constant supervision, for the Ancient Order of Dishwashers is composed of a class of persons who are notoriously negligent, unless watched.

The restaurant proprietors themselves ought to take active steps in this matter, but if they don't Dr. Crichton should officially persuade them. Incidentally, it will help business in the restaurants. It would probably surprise the managers of these institutions if they really knew how many persons don't patronize their places just because they know of existing conditions.

WHAT ABRAHAM DON'T KNOW

Dan Abraham, county commissioner, will confer a benefit upon the public by writing a book, entitled, "What I Don't Know About Road Building and the Other Duties of a County Commissioner."

Then the public will know better how to head off Abraham with a court injunction when he attempts to build more highways across his section of King county, or to do anything else except to draw his salary and be harmless.

Abraham is a fair sample of the sort of commissioners who have for so long misdirected the affairs of King county.

His latest effort in road building was examined yesterday by the editor of The Star, in company with Samuel Hill, president of the Washington Good Roads association, and a party of county officials. The investigators went over the completed road at the risk of demolishing an automobile and breaking everybody's necks.

Commissioner Abraham's "road" is a stretch of highway near Renton which is intended to connect Seattle with Tacoma—a trunk road, so to speak. The taxpayers of King county, together with the state, furnish the money for this roadway. The aforesaid taxpayers give up approximately \$40,000 as their part of the Abraham job. So they are deeply interested, even if they aren't ranchers or don't travel by gasoline coach to Tacoma.

This road is really a burlesque affair. The contractor whom Abraham allowed to get in on the work wanted approximately \$8,000 per mile for his "work." Not so many, many months ago he reported the task finished and wanted his money. Abraham and the rest of the bunch of commissioners would have paid the cash promptly had not an interloper, in the person of State Highway Commissioner Snow, appeared on the right-of-way and looked the "road" over with critical eye. He raised a howl. The state, he said, would never pay its share for such an atrocity as Abraham's latest job. Nobody without a flying machine could get over it.

Of course this stopped the smoothness of things. The cash wasn't transferred to the expectant contractor, and, despite the frantic protestations of Father Abraham, preliminary steps were taken to have much of the work done over.

The word "preliminary" is used advisedly. Actual steps to make the new road passable for vehicles have not yet been undertaken and the summer is half over. Even with haste it is now hardly possible that the road can be opened for travel by next winter.

So far as known Abraham has never dared to attempt to

travel over his newly "completed" road, for which he wanted the contractor paid. Mr. Abraham values his life more than he does the taxpayers' dollars.

The inspection yesterday disclosed impassable portions of the road. Great "sinks" had developed, no ditches to carry off hillside water had been constructed, and old corduroy planks showed up in places, the ends of half-rotten timbers projecting up through the finished surface of this magnificent thoroughfare!

At several points the editor of The Star walked carefully over the debris, not caring to take chances in the auto. So did all the others in the inspection party.

There was no "crown" whatever to the road. It was an up and down hillside trail fit for a mountain goat in dry weather.

The whole subject, however, is a fomite of wrath. Abraham's road won't bear adequate discussion. And Abraham has been paid a salary by the county for building it!

A little further along the committee of inquiry discovered a county bridge built where no bridge was needed. It was built through a swamp, so as to cut off a short bend in the old road. Just why it was necessary to cut out this particular bend and leave in scores of others, nobody could understand. The bridge cost a large sum of the taxpayers' money. It served no useful purpose. There was the old road bend still in use by wagons. Few apparently ever used the bridge.

Next the investigators found a stretch of Abraham's work of a new sort. An established roadway, which formerly had ditches along the side of it to carry off the water, had just been "improved." This had been effected by bringing up hundreds of wagonloads of river sand from some far-away place and completely filling up both ditches for half a mile! So generous were the contractors on this job, who hauled the sand at so much per load, that they heaped RIDGES of the material where the ditches had been, actually forming embankments and transforming the road into a CANAL, for the next big rain storm to flood!

Such an idiotic piece of work was never seen before.

But words utterly fail to handle this subject. If the people could only see for themselves just how the money of the county is being squandered on the alleged country roads about Seattle there would be an eruption of wrath that would make things extremely interesting for the commissioners.

If ever a board of public officials deserved IMPEACHMENT the present board deserves it.

It is estimated that during the last ten years the taxpayers of King county have expended over THREE MILLIONS OF DOLLARS on county roads, and today they haven't ten miles of decent roadway to show for the money!

Two of the commissioners go out of office this year. Efficient men, who know how to build roads and do things properly, should be installed into their jobs.

It is time to begin looking around for these new men.

A great quantity of sunshine has been going to waste up above the clouds during the present summer. If some inventor will only find a way of opening up sunshine chutes through these overhanging fog banks he will confer a lasting obligation upon a shivering people.

INQUISITIVE EDWIN

By F. W. Schaefer

"Maw, where's paw?" "Where is he, Edwin?" "Yep; where is he at?" "He has gone to the conventina." "What's a conventina?" "It where a lot of men get together and vote for a slate." "Did paw take my slate?" "No. As usual, this will be some one else's slate." "What's a slate?" "Ob, a lot of names." "Any pictures?" "No; the pictures will be on the campaign buttons." "I guess paw will be glad to get the buttons, won't he?" "Why, Edwin?" "Cause he says he never has any on his shirt since you joined the Ladies' Sewing Circle." "I wish you would go and play, Edwin. I am trying to read 'The Lives of Our Standard Bearer, or From the Lighthouse to Obscurity, in sixteen volumes and an alphabetical index.'"

YEASTHOP'S FABLES

(Translated from the Original Choctaw.)

BY F. W. SCHAEFER.



THE DOG AND THE SHADOW.

A dog coming to a stream with a large chunk of flesh in his mouth stopped to wash the sawdust off, since he had annexed it in a butcher shop without waiting for it to be dusted off by Herman, the gentlemanly clerk, who was busy at the time explaining to a bride that chuck steaks don't come from woodchucks. Looking into the water he—signifying the dog—saw his own shadow, and took it for a water spaniel with a piece of meat double his own in size. "Ah," said the dog to himself, "look who's here!" Promptly laying his burden on the bank, he returned to the water, intending to grab off the other piece of meat from the submarine nut. In the meantime the other had also laid aside his provisions, discovering which the dog called bitterly at having to content himself with what he had. This shows us, dear children, that we never know when we are well off, for this dog would have dropped his meat in the water had not the author decided differently.

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STAR DUST

BY JOSH

A Word From Josh Wise. "A beautiful face 'bout brains back of 't's like a mere flower—which gets there 'bout any brains either."

That Depends. "Do you believe in autohypnotism?" "Yes, if you own one of the blamed things."

Lines Inspired by a batch of Scenery. Pretty flowers, ye who robs? Gaudily the many lands Of the habitable globe, Shake hands!

At the Nickelodeon. "One of the Kids: Papa, here's a nickel-in-the-slot picture machine. Lemme see it."

They Killed Him. "Smithson—Poor chap! I understand that he was clubbed to death."

For the Meek Man. "I buy all of John's shirts," said the tall, firm-jawed woman, "and I don't allow him to wear loud colors, show me some subdued shirts."

Beware likewise of the sheep in wolf's clothing. His overconfidence may give you an uncomfortable place among the in-bads.—Puck.

The Man and the Time. "I wonder why Janie Green decided to marry young Anathrother?" "Well, nobody else had asked her and it was almost June."

For Internal Use. "A fly in the ointment isn't so bad."

Couldn't Understand. Farmer Hardapple—"Ma, Molly is back from college."

At the Nickelodeon. "One of the Kids: Papa, here's a nickel-in-the-slot picture machine. Lemme see it."

Another thing the signor had learned besides the fickle tremors of the very high wire. It was this—that Madamoiselle was love and beauty, and that love and beauty were better than even the huzzas of the gaping ones on the benches.

Now when Rankin's world-renowned band, at the head of the procession, pealed away into "The Signor," it was the signor who said lightly to the painted madamoiselle: "Gee, whizz, but this is a lonesome town!"

"Well, I should smile," said madamoiselle.

But she did not smile—oh, no, Madamoiselle sighed instead, a smiled so moving withal that the signor by her side glowed with the thought of how she must love him.

The signor jested yet further: "The bats have got the church yonder. Ain't it a jay old church?" "Dear old place!" murmured madamoiselle of the sawdust ring.

And at this the lively signor wondered still more.

"You sprang from just such a bird center as this, didn't you, girly?" he asked, in his delicate way.

"Just such a place," answered madamoiselle. "Just such a beautiful, dear place." She was very silent after that.

"Oh!" shouted the walker of wires in a moment. "Look at Rip Van Winkle!"

Madamoiselle looked, with faint

blond hair rolled over against the breast of Deacon Buckner of Cornton.

"Mandy!" frowned Deacon Buckner. "Oh, Mandy! Mandy! Mandy!" The green rose to a wall and then to a shout. "Yer mother will be mighty glad, little Mandy girl!"

The glittering red and yellow canopy of the Forty Marvelous Shows wound on down Main st., around the courthouse and back to the grounds. And a signor from Morrisville, Miss., bemoaned his luck in words of the wisest circus patter.

But a withered dame crooned happily about a big range at the humble home of the Buckners of Cornton, while she made supper and drank for the very tired madamoiselle, who had found a place to rest.

OPEN TO VISITORS EVERY DAY. The whole Atlantic fleet will be at the navy yard a few days more. See the battleship Rhode Island in the dry dock. Boats leave pier 3, foot of Yesler way, ten times daily. Round trip fare, 50 cents.

SAW COUPLE OF APPREHENSIVE YOUNG EARTH-BEINGS ENTER CONVEYANCE AS ENGINEER SET VEHICLE IN MOTION, UNREASONING MOB MADE VICIOUS ATTACK—THREW FINE, WHITE GRAINS AND NO-GOOD FOOTWEAR, AND RENT THE ETHER WITH BLOOD-CURDLING THROAT NOISES.



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WILL SHE WIN GAY PAREE, TOO?



MAY DE SOUSA.

(Seattle Star Exclusive Service.) PARIS, June 17.—Having conquered London, Berlin and other European cities with her matchless voice, face and figure, Miss May de Sousa, the American girl, is now preparing to capture Paris audiences. She began her career in vaudeville, at the Chicago opera house.

MADAMOISELLE FINDS REST

BY STUART B. STONE.

Madamoiselle Cosette Villefranche, contortionist extraordinary and equestrienne unparalleled with the Forty Most Famous World's Combined Shows, made ready for the grand educational pageant of nations with unusual care. It was at Cornton and the artists and performers of the Forty Marvelous Shows rarely tolled long at the make-up in pastoral towns, such as Cornton. The pumpkin-vine circuit was too slow.

But Madamoiselle Cosette laid on the rouge and the pencilling and manipulated her bleached blonde hair to such an extent that nature was hidden away entirely and there was naught for the rabble but art.

Madamoiselle Cosette's place in the free parade was just after the noble Roman senators from Campbell Center, Kans, and she rode alongside Signor Giovanni Perucio, the wizard of the Supra-Giddy Wire. Signor Perucio, in his youth, had handled sugar barrels in the Mississippi county seat town, and the soul-baring ambition of his early manhood had brought him an Italian name and the dizzy elevation of the high wire at a trying.

Another thing the signor had learned besides the fickle tremors of the very high wire. It was this—that Madamoiselle was love and beauty, and that love and beauty were better than even the huzzas of the gaping ones on the benches.

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