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**BOULLON'S WASTED ENERGIES**

While Seattle's population is being packed away in street cars every morning and every night, after the fashion of canning sardines, Seattle's superintendent of public utilities, Mr. A. V. Bouillon, is spending all of his time and energies in an effort to prevent the telephone companies from placing pay stations in drug stores, a privilege that the courts have already determined they are entitled to.

Also Mr. Bouillon is determined that the Seattle, Renton and Southern railroad shall grant transfers unto the lines of the Seattle Electric Co., a worthy determination, but one which should not so occupy him as to blind him to the wants of the greater number of Seattle's citizens, people who neither ride on the Renton street car line nor worry about pay telephone stations in drug stores.

If Mr. Bouillon really desires to earn the gratitude of the entire community he should cease his worry about the telephones, devote only a portion of his time to the Renton car line transfer matter, and learn something of conditions as they exist upon the lines of the Seattle Electric Co.

There is not a car line in the city of Seattle upon which there are sufficient cars to handle the traffic. Every morning and every night men and women are crowded into cars in a most disgraceful manner. They are "crowded up to the front," jammed in at the rear and allowed to hang over at the entrance. And in this mass women are compelled to stand and submit to the crowding and crushing.

In many cases, for instance, people desiring to take a Green Lake car cannot do so during the rush hours of the evening if they seek to board it at any point north of Second and Pike. By the time the car reaches that point, passengers are oozing out from the platform entrance. The same condition exists on First av. during these evening hours. In many cases it is absolutely impossible to board a Queen Anne or Kinnear Park car at First av. and Pike st.

These conditions could be remedied by Superintendent Bouillon. A complaint from him and a recommendation to the city council that the Seattle Electric Co. be compelled to add to its rolling stock, would undoubtedly have the desired effect. And this, notwithstanding the fact that the council is practically owned by the Seattle Electric Co. Public opinion would be so strong in its support of the superintendent of public utilities that the council would be compelled to act.

The Star had hopes, when Mr. Bouillon became Mayor Miller's superintendent of public utilities, that some of these real evils would be remedied. Up to date, however, there has been made apparent no inclination to go into this lack of street car facilities. Instead, Mr. Bouillon is devoting his time to matters not of vital importance to the community. In doing so he has succeeded in gaining a great deal of publicity for himself, but in doing very little good for the community.

We could worry along for a while with pay telephone stations in the drug stores if we could be assured of comfortable transportation to and from our work.

A Pennsylvania man is talking of building a scenic railroad to the crater of Mount Rainier and adding to the attractiveness of the summit by building an hotel. It's a good idea, but it must be hurried along. Otherwise the airships may cut in on this business and spoil it for the railroad man.

Father Prefontaine will hereafter be known as Monsignor Prefontaine. For those who have lived with the monsignor in Seattle since 1859, it will be difficult to address the pioneer churchman by the new title.

A Green Lake man went berry picking yesterday and came home with a black bear. These Green Lake jungles certainly offer an assortment of sport. From raspberries to black bear is quite a stretch.

Six thousand more people came into Seattle during July than departed. At least that's what the transportation men say. Some of them, however, may have walked out.

They are naming their babies after William Howard Taft. Why not just call them William and thereby choose a sure winner?

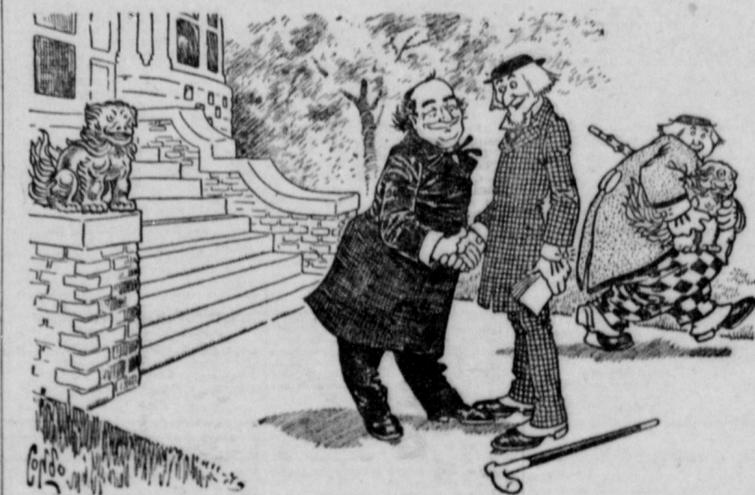
**H. L. KLEIN**  
 The Best Shoe Repairing in the City While You Wait.  
 217 JAMES ST.

**One-Half Price Sale of Clothing**  
 Now on at the Crown Clothing Co.  
 1121 FIRST AVENUE  
 Watch for Friday's ad.

**STEAMER YOSEMITE**  
**Grand Matinee Excursion**  
 AROUND BAINBRIDGE ISLAND, SATURDAY AFTERNOON, AUG. 1, 1908.  
 Leaves Pier 6, foot of University st., at 2 p. m. Three hours on Puget Sound.  
**FARE 25c ROUND TRIP.**  
**Sunday, August 2d**  
 EXCURSION TO OLYMPIA UNDER AUSPICES of American Yeomen Royal Homestead No. 425.  
 Leaves Pier 6, foot of University st., at 9:45. Three hours ashore at Olympia.  
 Music and dancing free. Come one, come all, and enjoy a day of pleasure.  
**FARE 50c ROUND TRIP.**  
 Refreshments Served on Boat.  
 Tickets on sale at Bartlett's Owl Drug Co., 506 Second av.; Water Front Meat Market, foot of Madison st.; Fruit Stand, Pier 6; Office on Dock and by members of Yeomen.

**OSGAR AND ADOLF INTERROGATE WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN**

Dose Pernicious Interfiewers Sorely Try Der Peerless Leater's Batience, But Are Glat to Pronounce Id "Not Guilty."



"HE TOLD US WE WASS WELCOME TO FAIRVIEW AD ANY DI ME, SO ADOLF DID HISS BEST TO TAKE ID, BUT GOT O NLY AVAY MIT VON DER KOREAN LIONS."

As Told in a Speckial Despooth From Osgar To F. W. SCHAEFER.

LINCOLN, Aug. 1, Nepraska.—On der vay to der farm ad Fairview ould I took Adolf by der hand and deplored him mit tears in my face, please, please, not to crab dias interfiew mit William Chenings Bryan. Adolf bromised me he vouit.

William Chenings knew we wass coming, but remained to broteget his proberity. Mr. Bryan hass sole condrol ofer hiss facial muscels, vich las vunderful for von who does nod resemblance a clam; dere wass no drace of hiss choy visual as he peeped ould of der batt room vindow and recognitoned us.

Hospitally he called us nod to stant on ceremony. So we stoot on hiss flower bets instead. Dias prught him ould sooner as we obsected.

Mr. Bryan describes himself as follows: Lartch, massife forehead slanting backvarts in search of hiss hair. Features, human. Hiss map las devot of alfalfa, although id las blentful on hiss farm. He dresses quietly, becaus we listened vich he wass dressing. Really, he puts on ferry liddle style, oxeceb on hiss house, vich is comlosed almost oxeclusively of argitecture.

"We haf came," said I, "to see how a tirt term candidoot for a von term brotredendy liffs der simle life wile nod on der Pooch-pool-talkavay zircuit."

"There is liddle to tell," reblied Mr. Bryan. "In the morning I watch my hands harvest; in the afternoon I watch my harvest hands."

"Don'd you haf any annoyances to relief der monotony?"

"Not many," he rechoined, mit a absent look vich wass strangely brosent. Visits like yours are rare. Out here in the country there are few recreations, but thanks to the R. F. D., we get our weekly paper and thus keep in touch with what is going on in the world. Indeed, we would find life very uninteresting without The Commoner."

Den he led us avay to look ad der life stock. "Are you fond of poultry?" he asked us.

"Sure," spoke up Adolf. "We often chase der duck. Tee-hee!"

I cast a reproless glance ad Adolf. Radder vouit I haf cast a brick ad him.

"Do you belief in free silver yet?" I hastefully kvestioned Mr. Bryan, to show my tagfulness.

"To answer you in your own manner," he said smilingly, "I have stated my position on that already."

"Do you mind id dot you wass gombelled to make von more of dose exhaustless cambaings again?"

"Not at all," chirped Mr. Bryan, sobbing mit laughter. "I consider that an encore."

"Excuse me," gurgled Adolf, "I tot id wass a relapse."

Dese mortified vorts closed der interfiew like a rusty chack knife. Chentleman dot he las, Mr. Bryan, noddising our profusion, brotendret nod to see us. Gracefully leading us toward der Interurban to show us der hantsomeness of der hutch ad a distance, he tolt us we wass welcome to Fairview ad any dime. So Adolf dit hiss best to take id, but got only avay mit von der Korean lions.

**FUN FACT FICTION**  
**MOST ANYTHING**  
**FOLLY FAME FANCY**

Save a little every day!  
 Don't stay in the water too long!  
 Helsinki is the capital of Finland.  
 There are 40,000 Chinese in the Philippines.  
 Isn't it queer how we consider everybody else prejudiced?  
 Year's wheat crop will be 660,812,000 bushels, a heavy increase over last year.  
 Lurid means "gray" or "gloomy," instead of bright or brilliant, as many presume.  
 Dan Patch, the world's champion pacer, will attempt to lower his record of 1:55 at Detroit, Sept. 12.  
 "Has your auto the latest improvements?"  
 "Yes; it even has an automatic victim register."  
 Why didn't America send Bryan to the Olympic games to compete with the endurance runners?  
 By an act of the English parlia-

ment, Oct. 23, 4904 B. C., was declared the natal day of the earth. As Adam was created on the fifth day after, he must have been born Oct. 28, 4904 B. C.  
 "Now, what shall we name the baby?" inquired the professor's wife.  
 "Why, this species has been named," answered the professor, in astonishment. "This is a primate mammal, homo sapiens."—Pioneer Press.  
 James R. Randall wrote "Maryland, My Maryland."  
 The man wrapped up in his work doesn't mind the cold.  
 Blessed is the watermelon that is thoroughly iced to bring out the flavor.  
 There were 40,441,752 pairs of

gloves made in the U. S. last year. Large importations, too.

England is especially strong in croquet, marbles, quoits, flycasting, ping-pong, roller skating, jumping the rope and diablo.

"Fret not thyself because of evil doers, for they shall soon be cut down like the grass, and wither as the green herb."—Psalm xxxvii:1-2.

If Roosevelt can get \$1 a word for stories of African life, here's a chance for him to cash with his version of the Brownville affair.

"Pop" Anson led the National league in hitting in 1879, 1887 and 1888. He was among the three highest in 1879, 1880, 1881, 1882, 1886, 1887, 1888 and 1889. His lowest average was .329, and highest .421.

Aunty (showing little Willie the country sights)—Those tall plants on the edge of the marsh are bur-rushes.

Willie—And ave those little plants the catrushes?

A Philosopher's Thought: If pretty women use beautifiers, what show have ugly woman got if they use them?

**ALBERT HANSEN**  
 Diamond, Watch, Jewelry, First and Cherry, Optical Department.

**Call Tomorrow**  
 And be relieved of that dead-alive feeling. There is no charge.  
**ARNOLD VIBRATION CO.,**  
 339-40 Arcade Annex.

**A Little Down and a Little at a Time**  
 Open an account with us—our splendid, easy-to-pay system is the most convenient way to dress well without emptying the purse.  
 Open till 10 o'clock tonight.  
**Eastern Outfitting Company**  
 Inc.  
 1332-34 Second Av. Union St.  
 "Seattle's Reliable Credit House."

WHAT "Gus Brown" SAYS  
**Original Showing of Brown Suits for Fall 1908**  
 Remarkable Shirt Display—All new patterns; no pick-overs, left-overs, back-number styles. The \$1.50 and \$2.00 kind—  
**SPECIAL \$1.20**  
 Every Summer Suit left in stock, just 1/2 former price.  
 Every Straw Hat, 1/2.  
 \$3.00 and \$3.50 Felt Hats, \$1.90.  
 Every Shoe reduced.  
 The Busiest and Best Bargain Store in Town.  
**Gus Brown**  
 ALWAYS RIGHT  
 Second and Yesler "Where the Cars Stop"  
 Yes; half price still prevails on all Summer Suits.



**Ghirardelli's Cocoa**  
 is a food drink for young and old that pleases the palate—strengthens the body—builds up the nerves—quickens the mind. It instills qualities in young and old which produce perfect contentment and perfect health and allows one to give  
**A Smile All the While**  
 Ghirardelli's Cocoa is a standard combination of the cocoa bean. It is made with painstaking care and after 50 years of manufacture stands to-day a perfect product.  
**30 cups of a delicious drink 25c**  
 COOPER S F

**STAR DUST**  
 BY JOSH

**A Word From Josh Wise.**  
 received another application for membership.  
**Alternative Choices.**  
 "You never call anybody a liar, colonel?"  
 "No," said the gentleman of the old school, "I'd rather be polite than be president."—Washington Herald.  
 Mother—Just run upstairs, Tommy, and fetch baby's nightgown.  
 Tommy—Don't want to.  
 Mother—Oh, well, if you're going to be unkind to your new little sister, she'll put on her wings and fly back to heaven.  
 Tommy—Then let her put on her wings and fetch her nightgown.  
**Wisdom.**  
 If you know what the nightingale says to the rose,  
 If you've guessed at the rose's reply;  
 If you know what the breeze has to say as it blows  
 Through the trees, ere he passes them by;  
 If you've fathomed the speech of the steamboat that flows,  
 And the lore of the katydid's cry—  
 If you know what the wild waves are telling the beach,  
 What the thunder proclaims to the night;  
 If you've studied the lesson the sunshine can teach,  
 And the moon's mystic tale of delight;  
 If you've learned what the swallows cry out, each to each,  
 As they wheel in bewildering flight—  
 If you've heard fell enchantresses whisper the hope  
 Of power and pleasure and self—  
 Well, you've grabbed off a lot of this poetic dope  
 I could never get wise to, myself!  
 —Cleveland Leader.

**THE FATAL LETTER**

BY B. B.  
 It was the third evening he was working overtime. Bending over the ledger, he thought of Jennie. She lived in a suburb two hours' ride from the city, so that it was impossible for him to see her after such late working hours. "I must write to her then," he thought, "tired she may think I am getting tired of her—that was the way I lost Mildred."  
 And the image of the girl he had loved and lost rose before him. He was far from loving her now, but she was one of those girls who remain in the mind long after they have lost their place in the heart. He yielded to bitter-sweet memories until the clock, striking, reminded him that the office was not the place to dwell on his vanished love. He wrote the letter and went back to his books, not without thinking, however, what Jennie was doing at that hour.  
 He worked hard all next day and late into the night, and finished all the extra work. In appreciation of it he was given a half-holiday the following afternoon. He did not think of lunch, but headed straight for a car to go to Jennie. The short ride seemed to him like a trip across the continent. When the car stopped at his destination he gave the conductor his last cigar for joy.  
 But when he entered the house his joy changed to sadness.  
 "Jennie," her mother told him, "is in her room, unwell."  
 "Unwell? What ails her?"  
 "Worry, I think," answered the

**Don't Kick Yourself**  
 Jones bought his Victor months ago on the easy-payment plan. Smith only got his yesterday and paid cash. Today he remarked to Jones: "What a fool I was to lose those months of music and fun! Say, Jones, please kick me."  
 Come and hear the  
**VICTOR**  
 and ask about our easy-payment plan.  
**Sherman, Clay & Co.**  
 1406 Second Av.

**PIANOS TALKING MACHINES AND RECORDS**  
**JOHN C. WALLING CO.**  
 211 SECOND AVE., SEATTLE.

mother. "By the same delivery she received your letter that she read another letter that made her weep the moment she began to read it. She has not—" Here Jennie came in.  
 She was pale and her smile was feeble. She extended her hand with a melancholy grace, and a missed the wanted grasp.  
 "Jennie, dear," he began the moment they were alone, "what are



news was it that made you weep and be so ill?"  
 "Do you know of it already?" she asked coldly.  
 "Yes," he answered, "my mother told me about it."  
 "Well," and that with subdued emotion, "since you know the much, know it all. I am lashed that you are false to me! These phrases you so often rebuke me are either echoes or else my hearsals. Your heart thinks me another!"  
 The blow staggered him. "Do nie! How can you believe and things? And had that dog for a man would not write such a new courage enough to sign his name. Let me see the letter, let me see who it is! I will make that prove it at the point of a revolver if need be!"  
 "Here is the letter, and I am quite sure you will find the writing familiar, and that of a friend."  
 "You gave me the wrong letter, Jennie; this is my letter."  
 "Read it, I say!"  
 "What do you mean?"  
 "Read it, I say!"  
 He obeyed—and the first he took his breath away.  
 "My own sweet Mildred," it read.

Dr. McGregor, Dentist, residence practice, 603 American Bank Bldg.

**Patent Attorneys**  
 MASON, FENWICK & LAWRENCE  
 Established 1881  
 Highest references. Guide book of advice free. Seattle office—  
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