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PARISH COMPETENT ASSESSOR

Not all the occupants of the county offices are members of the "graft ring," marked by the taxpayers of the county for defeat.

Only two of the county offices, in addition to the county commissioners, are necessary to the graft ring; the offices of sheriff and auditor. Controlling these offices, the ring can do as it pleases.

County Assessor Thomas A. Parish is not included in the graft ring and is not being opposed by The Star in his candidacy for renomination. Whatever his political affiliations may be, he has proved himself to be an efficient assessor. So efficient has he proven, that protests against his activity have been frequent from heavy business interests.

Apparently Assessor Parish has no consideration for wealth excepting the amount of taxes it ought to produce, and he has gone on that plan in making his assessments. He has raised the assessed valuation of the coal and timber lands of the county greatly, regardless of the protests of the greatest corporations doing business here; he has taxed the franchises of public service corporations, hitherto immune, but has not made targets of the corporations, for the Second ave. merchant and all the rank and file, to say nothing of the breweries, have been accorded the same treatment, with the result that everyone will come nearer paying his just share of the taxes this year than ever before.

A fearless and honest assessor is an asset with which no county should voluntarily part. Mr. Parish has proven himself to be that kind of official.

SEATTLE'S POLICE DEPARTMENT

If we may be pardoned for dropping for a moment into slang, we desire to express the conviction that Seattle's police department is "shot all to pieces."

After the splendid administration of police affairs given us by Charles W. Wappenstein under Former Mayor William Hickman Moore, it is unfortunate that we should, in so short a time, drop back to conditions as they existed prior thereto.

Seattle's police department today is hopeless and helpless. The town is overrun with confidence men and criminals of all sorts, and women are rapidly leaving the restricted district to install themselves in the hotels and rooming houses of upper First av.

Chief Ward has demonstrated his unfitness for the office. He seems to have lost control of the department and appears to be making no effort to prevent the steady northward flow of the denizens of the underworld.

If he would make his administration a success, Mayor Miller should see to it that before 1929 Seattle has an efficient police department. And if this is to be done, there is no time to be lost.

GARBAGE REPEAL BILL VETO

Mayor Miller is acting rightly in vetoing the bill passed by the "council ring" repealing the Murphy garbage collection ordinance.

That full and thorough investigation was made by the mayor before acting in this matter is the very best proof of the selfishness of the motives of the councilmen who voted for the repeal bill, and who seem bent upon preventing the installation of any kind of a municipal garbage collection system.

Councilmen Murphy and Revelle and the men who have stood by them in this garbage fight are fortunate in having as a court of last resort a chief executive who, in this particular at least, seems determined to protect the interests of the community.

In withdrawing his candidacy in favor of George W. Vanderveer to escape the danger of an unfit man gaining the republican nomination for prosecuting attorney, Frank B. Sayre has set a good example for some of the candidates for other offices to follow. The defeat of Rutherford and Beckingham is being made infinitely more difficult than it should be by the multiplicity of candidates in the field. If more of Frank B. Sayre's magnanimous spirit is shown, there will be much more likelihood of the defeat of the graft ring in the primary on September 8.

Talk about breaking records! That highwayman who held up 127 tourists in Yellowstone Park yesterday has certainly set a mark that promises long to be the envy of all good highwaymen. The one dark spot in this remarkable record was made when the candy was taken from the women. That was real mean.

At last, Senator Ankeny has answered—with a general denial of the charges of corruption made against him. But it will take more than a general denial to convince the people of the state that the charges are not true.

Keep your eye on "Bob" Hodge.

Here's a Coal Tip
 We have a large quantity of dry and well screened coal in stock that we want to get rid of as rapidly as possible. It is equal to the best and superior to many brands, remarkably free from stone, slack, rubbish or dirt, and possessing great burning and heating properties. You can save money by buying this coal now, because it will cost you much more later on.

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DIANA'S DIARY
 BY F. W. SCHAEFER.

THREAD



"IT'S A CLUCK. IT'S STALE. IT'S BEEN DONE TO DEATH," MOURNED MR. BASTINGTHREAD, AS THE CROWDS PASSED BY UNHEEDING.

The \$349 imported sheath gown is now on display in Bastingthread's window. It is on a blonde dummy with openwork stockings showing through the slash.

"Do we hope to sell it?" I asked Mr. Duffer, our usher.

"Heavens, no!" he said. "It's just to attract attention. Nobody's crazy enough to buy it. There's no place for it in this country, except on the stage."

As I mentioned, other stores had been ahead of us. The show in Bastingthread's window didn't stop the tide of travel in the city streets worth a cent. "It's a cluck. It's stale. It's been done to death," mourned Mr. Bastingthread, as the crowds passed by unheeding.

I could only sympathize with the proprietor, but sympathy doesn't butter any bad bargains. (Continued.)

SOME LAUGHS SOME THOUGHTS MOST ANYTHING

Some Poetry And a Few Light Extras

"Thou shalt not kill."—Ex. xx:13.
 Theatre scenery is not as pretty as it's painted.
 Real name of Robt. Mantell, the actor, is Robt. Hudson.
 Fact worth remembering: No messenger boy ever won the Marathon race.
 It is estimated 99 per cent of drownings are due to fear and lack of cool-headedness.
 Jas. Russell, a Boston fan, has seen every opening-day game in that city for 37 years.
 Why does Johnny giggle less, and stifle all his grins?
 I'll tell you, since you'd never guess—
 Next month his school begins.
 Farmer Hayrick—Roosevelt wants to brighten our lives.
 Farmer Conrath—He might keep the city folks from asking so many fool questions.—New York Sun.
 From standing grain in field to well-baked biscuits in 22 minutes was world's record made in converting raw material into manufactured product at Waitsburg, Wash., recently.
 "Now, are you really a good cook?" asked the mistress of her newly engaged help.
 "Yes, ma'am, I can cook, and cook well, and I'll satisfy you if you'll kindly not try to help me."—Harper's Weekly.
 Upon reaching his home in Italy, Dorondo, the Marathon runner, declared if he had a dish of macaroni and a bottle of wine before the start, he would have beaten Hayes by a quarter of an hour.

A smart Irishman was leaning against a post when a funeral procession passed.
 "Who's dead?" someone asked.
 "I don't know," answered the Irishman, "but I presume it's the gentleman in the coffin."
 Let no guilty man escape.—U. S. Grant.
 A bull pup is ugly, but he can whip all the pretty dogs.
 Rudolph Ueholz, the Boer pugilist, claims to have made \$5,000 this year.
 The cotton crop of the United States equals the sum of all other cotton crops raised elsewhere.
 Solution of carbonate of potash, administered in feed two or three times a day, will relieve horses of rheumatism.
 Besse—Were Clara and Mr. Smith sitting very close to each other?
 Ethel—Well, Clara had her hat off.—Harper's Weekly.
 Number of picture post cards mailed in Germany last year was 1,294,000,000; Great Britain 800,000,000; United States 799,000,000, and Japan 665,000,000.
 I was angry with my friend; I told my wrath, my wrath did end. I was angry with my foe; I told it not, my wrath did grow.
 —William Blake.
 First United States coins struck contained portrait of Martha Washington. Gen. Washington was provoked, and requested figure removed. Mrs. Washington's features were altered and cap placed on her head. This was original of present Liberty head.

WARE THE FORTUNE TELLER
 BY JESSIE M. PARLON

"Lady, there is a dark-haired woman about to cross your path—has your husband any dark-haired lady friends?"

The girl, and usually greasy, fortune teller plants this suspicion in the jealous woman's mind, and, having started enough trouble to bring her back again, pockets her fee and smiles.

She knows human nature and she's an expert on feminine foibles. By this knowledge she gains her living.

There are hundreds of young girls who squander their hard-earned wages or the liberal allowance made by doting fathers on the "saw." For these I can only recommend a nice, wide shingle wielded by an experienced hand.

By virtue of their more intense emotional nature and their need of love women fall easy victims to the fortune telling game.

The woman whose suspicious nature drives her to consult Mrs. Vaahli, revealer of the future at 50 cents a throw, does not deserve much sympathy. She gets what she pays for—a good excuse for further suspicions.

But there is a tragic side to this fake mysticism. Servant girls, scrub women and hosts of poor people seek the advice of these human cattle fairs before investing their small savings, silly girls unable to judge for themselves marry or reject men at the word of command. And all on random advice that the next door neighbor could have given just as well.

Mingling with romantic 16 and suspicious middle age in the fortune teller's dingy parlor are unmarried women verging on the early forties. You can read the pitiful story of hopes deferred and matrimonial ambitions blighted in the tiny lines about their eyes and the silver hairs just beginning to show in their carefully arranged tresses.

On these women the fortune teller waxes fat and prosperous. She traffics in their love of life, and, having exhausted her own fertility inventing fairy tales, she passes them on to a sister in the "profession," who dopes out a new version of a "light man" returning from "foreign parts" with bustling bags of bullion to marry the sweetheart he kissed goodby under the peach tree in the orchard.

Always and forever there is the same specious tale of a man—a marriage—money—a letter—a journey, all "coming soon."

A sure cure for anyone afflicted with a curiosity concerning the future is to send them on a tour of the fortune telling shops.

After 10 or 12 "fortunes" as like each other as two twin peas the dullest person begins to get wise. It makes no difference whether "Madam" reads your palm, throws the cards, peers into a crystal, or

waits with you I feel that dying would be a relief."

WILLING TO DIVIDE.
 Police Magistrate—"I'll give you \$10 and costs."
 Prisoner—"I ain't no hog, your honor. Gimme the \$10 and you may keep the costs."

SWIPEY'S TROUBLES.
 Hungry Harvey—"I ain't seen Swipey since he stole that pair uv shoes more'n a month ago."
 Hoving Robert—"No wonder. Dey pinched him."

PERHAPS.
 Oh, perhaps you think the city doesn't have a welcome sound when one comes back from the country, very rested up and browned?
 And perhaps you think the subway and the trolley and the "L" Don't appeal to one who's been away from old New York a spell.

Oh, perhaps you think that and the music and the lights Don't look great to one who's gone to bed at 7:30 nights, And the bustle and the tumult and the highway's melody—
 Oh, perhaps you think that doesn't make an awful hit with me.

Haply, maybe, peradventure, it may chance, and eke perhaps You opine that one is sorry when one has to leave the yaps—
 Oh, perhaps you think one wishes they might travel back tonight, And perhaps, O gentle reader, you have guessed exactly right.

STAR DUST
 BY JOSH

A Word From Josh Wise.



Ain't it funny how th' people are more afraid uv th' truth th'n th' lies told about 'em?

A MODERN WANT.
 "You are a poor young man!" "I am."
 "Then what you want is a thrifty, economical wife."
 "Not at all. What I want is a rich liberal wife."

NOTHING IN IT.
 "Care will kill a cat." Huh! There's another ridiculous proverb."
 "Why?"
 "Why, I've taken all manner of care, but I can't kill our cat. She always comes back."

ANOTHER HAS-BEEN.
 I used to be a man of nerve, But I must make confession That on the day I married I lost my self-possession.

A WELCOME RELIEF.
 Said He—"I sometimes feel as if I could die waiting."
 Said She—"And every time I

WARE THE FORTUNE TELLER

goes into a trance, you hear the same old "patter" that every fortune teller and "medium" learns before she inserts an "ad" in the Sunday papers.

She may fall down on the number of children or the exact date of your first husband's death because those things can't be learned by rote, but the real basis of your "fortune" is kept in stock and dealt out to each and all alike.

"What's that on your face, Ethel?"
 "Oh, that's some of Lizzie's work. It's a thumbnail sketch."

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OUTBURST OF EVERETT TRUE

SO YOU'VE LET ANOTHER AGENT BLEED YOU, MR. TRUE! WHAT IS IT THIS TIME? AN, A BOTTLE OF "BEAUTIFIER"? WELL, WELL, YOU'RE THE LIMIT!! WHAT DO THE DIRECTIONS CALL FOR, INTERNAL OR EXTERNAL USE?



THE DIRECTIONS CALL FOR EXTERNAL APPLICATIONS, AND HERE'S WHERE YOU GET A TREATMENT!!!!

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- Rose Water, two ounces 5c
- Glycerine, two ounces 5c
- Caster Oil, two ounces 5c
- Petroleum Jelly, two ounces 5c
- Citric Acid, per lb. 50c
- Rubifol, special 17c
- Sulphur, per lb. 5c
- Powdered Borax, per lb. 10c
- PURE WILLOW CHARCOAL—Powdered very fine; full lb. 18c
- CHARCOAL TABLETS—Pure and unswetened; full lb. 45c
- MOTH BALLS—Per lb. 5c
- OXALIC ACID—Per half-pound 10c
- VAN ALLEN'S EFFERVESCENT CITRATE OF MAGNESIA—Full 1-lb. bottles regular \$1.00; special 69c
- Sassafras Bark, per lb. 25c
- Whiting, per lb. 5c
- Tartaric Acid, per lb. 40c
- Paraffine Wax, two pounds 25c
- Lime Water, a pint for 10c
- Eagle Condensed Milk, per can 15c

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