

THE SEATTLE STAR

BY STAR PUBLISHING CO. 1307-1309 Seventh Ave. EVERY AFTERNOON EXCEPT SUNDAY. Entered at the Postoffice at Seattle, Washington, as second-class matter.

THE NATIONAL RAINY DAY

The conservation congress which assembles this week in Seattle, under the auspices of the Washington Forestry association, will arouse but little general enthusiasm, for the subject, vitally important as it is, is still too far removed from present consciousness. It is instinct with that saving and looking into the future which is foreign to the American temperament and mode of thought, which spends its substance today, blindly confident that there is plenty for tomorrow.

As a nation we are so young, and our resources have been so vast, that we have grown to believe that all things we have are inexhaustible. To make this the worse, we are nationally careless and reckless, and not a little selfish. We build laboriously for ourselves and our children as individuals, but we have no racial consciousness or conscience. For the future race that must follow us we have no time to think, and if we do think, it is in an abstracted, disinterested way that leads to the conclusion that those who come later will have to take care of themselves as we are doing. Behind us, especially in the West, there is no frugal ancestry, who took only what they needed and left us all they could. We found the country, we developed it, and it is ours to do with as we please.

We have seen Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota stripped of their vast forests in a few years, and before our eyes today the same is being done by fire and ax in our own state, and the protests that arise are few and feeble. The announcement that campers, careless with their fires, caused the destruction of ten millions of dollars' worth of timber in the United States in one year is a statistically interesting fact that arouses no resentment in the soul. If this harrowing waste could be stopped by a hundred thousand men getting up a half-hour earlier every day for a week, it would probably require organized agitation and a considerable expenditure of funds to bring it about. The destruction of forests, the erosion of soils and the various forms of elemental waste do not appeal to us as any of our business. We instinctively feel that there should be a "somebody" looking after these things, but further than this our interest makes no headway.

That a day of repentance is coming is a Cassandra-like prophecy. It creates no fear or apprehension. We all feel that the good old earth that has taken care of us for so long will not desert us in an emergency.

Most things great had a small, inauspicious beginning, and there is the consolation of experience which predicts that the conservation congress, small as it may seem in comparison to its task today, will grow so that tomorrow its sessions will arouse the interest of a big prizefight or a pennant-deciding baseball game.

CHINA, THE IMMOVABLE

Glibly we prattle of the awakening of China, as we hopefully compute the force of our civilization and its revivifying effects on this dry-rot land. For years our missionaries have given their toilsome lives, and commerce has struggled to bring to the quick that appalling inert mass of humanity, never willing to accept the dictum of Kipling that east is east and west is west.

The inroad of the 20th century civilization into the 30th century barbarism was accurately measured in all its petty futility by the dual tragedy enacted in the darkened chambers of the Forbidden city palace. Here a feeble, imbecilic man, a puppet ruler, lay dying, and nearby a woman, the equal, if not the peer, of Catherine or Borgia, in devilish cold-blooded political ingenuity. Around the death beds, a rod's distance from the sufferers, clustered the palace entourage, forehead to the floor, scrupulously exhibiting every demeaning mark of submission and adoration, but not one hand to smooth the pillow of the dying or to cool the lips fevered by the last halting breaths. To approach the sacred bodies of the emperor and the dowager would have been sacrilege. The pain-racked victims of slow poison would have resented it with their last ounce of strength and cursed with their last breath the one who dared to minister to them in extremis.

What can we of the Occident do against this? What possible leverage can we get on intelligences that conceive and exist in these archaic forms? There was no burlesque about this death bed. It was all real, pitiable and wonderfully real, exactly in accord with the cold Confucian philosophy that squeezed all the humanity out of life thousands of years ago. These nobles of the empire kotowed with mathematical precision, as the souls of their rulers slipped away, but without one spark of sympathy or sorrow in their hearts. The jade monstrosities' calm contemplation was not more indifferent and unemotional than this abject, fawning throng that went through its reflex mummeries.

There are some three or four hundred millions of these iced beings in a territory as vast as the United States, and every year sees a few more never-despairing men and women sailing from our shores to grapple with them in their inborn ignorance or wisdom, for the white man's God. Such courage would seem to be irresistible did not that great yellow mass appear so immovable.

Mr. Russell, whose prospective salary jumped from \$2,500 to \$6,000 a year overnight, is well qualified to give information concerning the manners, habits and habitat of prosperity.

The only observable result of the supreme court decision taking Sand Island from the state of Washington was a natural curiosity to learn where the island is keeping itself.

Oyster Bay is already resigned to geographical oblivion and all ambitious politicians are discarding the tennis racket in favor of the brassie and cleft.

With customary conservatism, the republican national committee is taking no chances by publishing the campaign contributions until after the inauguration.

Affairs have reached that stage where the identity, names and addresses of those "higher-ups" are eagerly demanded by the reading public.

In addition to his other endowments and emoluments Theodore P. Shonts is now the proud granddad of a bouncing duclette.

Assassin Haas' suicide has saved the California supreme court the knotty problem in finding the flaw in the indictment.

The government has brought suit against the sugar trust for 3 1/2 million and will probably collect a chocolate eclaire.

For the "never-give-up" and the "try-try-again" honors, Albert T. Patrick of Sing Sing goes to the head of the class.

Haas' photograph certainly doesn't entitle him to be classed among the intellectual giants of the age.

Nowhere is the uncertainty of life more certain than the pin-nacle of the Manchu dynasty.

Permeious garrulity is the reichstag's diagnosis of what ails the land.

WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS—By F. R. Leet



DIANA'S DIARY

Miss Dillpickles Discovers That Some People Who "Put on Agony" Have Most of the Agony in Their "Breadbaskets." BY FRED SCHAEFER.



"BEING A GUARDIAN ANGEL FOR MORTIMER, JR., IS TOO MUCH LIKE THE REAL THING."

Say, this Smeariton bunch has got the funniest way of rolling in luxury I EVER saw. They roll in it like they was afraid it would rub off on them. Old man Smeariton, Mrs. Smeariton, Mortimer Smeariton, Jr. me and the domestic live in a "sweet" in the Ormulu Apartments, rent \$75 a month, UP. The Smearitons have mahogany furniture and wear plenty of glad rags and go in society and keep an auto and put on LUGS generally, but they don't FEED so you can notice it. "Jewel," the dog, is the only good liver in the bunch, the SECRET of this being that he has a garbage can route that he's very devoted to when I take him and Mortimer, Jr., out of a morning. When it comes to the groaning festal board, the board groans because it's ASHAMED of itself. The eats are served in courses, but the whole menu lumped isn't equal to one bowl of corned beef and cabbage the way ma slaps it up at home. They SAY Smeariton drags down \$150 per week from his business, but evidently it just reaches for the GAY GLITTER, and doesn't leave enough to flag the provision market. Being a guardian angel for Mortimer, Jr., is

STAR DUST

BY JOSH

A WORD FROM JOSH WISE.



"Wealth has its uses—it gives us a smeth'n ter talk about when others have it."

Nothing Doing.

"I suppose," said the poor but otherwise honorable young man, cautiously feeling his way, "that you wouldn't be satisfied with love in a cottage?" "Why not?" queried the fair maid. "I'm sure I'd rather marry the right man with an income of only \$10,000 a year than a millionaire I didn't love."

"The Exceptions." "A woman," observed the home-grown philosopher, "can keep a secret as well as a man can—with the possible exception of two kinds."

"And what are they?" queried the innocent bystander. "Those that are not worth keeping and those that are too good to keep," explained the philosophy dispenser.

"Knew the Sex." It was evidently her first trip to the hair goods department of the great emporium and she was noticeably embarrassed. "I—er—wish to look at some—er—false hair," she stammered. "Very well, miss," rejoined the diplomatic salesman. "What shade does your friend wish?"

"Preparing for Winter." "Yes," said old Grapitt, "I'm always willing to help the unfortunate. Here's two cents—now don't spend it for drink."

"Shure I won't," answered the un-laundered hobo. "I'll blow de most uv it fer a suit uv silk underwear an' a ticket 't Florida."

"Different Now." Enpeck—"You don't act like you did before we were married." Mrs. Enpeck—"Why don't I?" Enpeck—"I don't know why you don't—but you don't. When I first proposed you said 'Yes.' Now every time I propose anything you say 'No.'"

"Juvenile Philosophy." "Young man," said a father to his precocious son and heir, aged

7, "here's where I pay you that whippin' I owe you." "That ain't fair, dad," protested the youngster. "You never pay anybody else that you owe, and I don't see why you should make a preferred creditor of me."

"Pertinent Inquiry." "At last," said the poet who had ceased to commingle with the struggling push, "I am now in a position where I can rest on my laurels."

"Do you think," queried the privileged friend, "that you will be comfortable standing on your head?"

"Those 'Stepping Stones.'" Poorman—"I understand you are a millionaire. Would you mind telling me about your stepping stones to success?"

"Richley—"I inherited them." Poorman—"Beg pardon?" Richley—"I inherited my wise old father's rocks, see?"

"Cut Rates." Young Doctor—"You don't mean to tell me that old Sawbones charged you \$25 for amputating your big toe?"

"The Victim—"That's what he did." Young Doctor—"Next time you send for me, I'll cut off both legs for \$10."

"If I Were a—"



"BOX OFFICE MAN." I wouldn't be so new. (The young ones I've in mind) I would not give the folks who buy. They know I'm "bugs" instead of "ty." I'd sort of be resigned. Such actions to eschew.

"Matter of Duty." Shopper—"What makes these goods so expensive?" Clerk—"The duty, ma'am." Shopper—"Oh, then they are imported." Clerk—"No, they are domestic goods. But the proprietor thinks it his duty to increase his bank balance."

INQUISITIVE EDWIN

By F. W. Schaefer

"Oh, maw." "What now, Edwin?" "What makes you talk so funny, maw?" "I hab a bad code." "Why don't you have a good cold once for a change?" "Dere ared any good codes." "I guess there ain't much difference between a bad cold and a good whippin' in dere, maw?" "Oh, hush. I wonder how I contracted did code." "Is it shrunk much, maw?" "Shrunk did you say, Edwin?" "Yes. You said you contracted the cold." "Maybe it stood still while you were running after it, maw." "No, indeed; one dud nod nud slder codes."

"But why don't you do something for the cold, maw?" "Oh, deah me, Ibe taked ebbidig for id." "Including the cold, eh, maw?" "Hush, I dell you." "Where is your cold?" "Id my head." "That makes you cool-headed, doesn't it?" "Shud uh." "If you'd put your head in the refrigerator, maw, we wouldn't need any ice, would we?" "Edwid, dode day dat." "And if you did, your cold would be in the chest, wouldn't it?" "Chide, you agrabade me." "Never mind, maw, even if you have a cold in the head your face wouldn't cool soup."

"Maw" let that go for a compliment until Edwin added that the soup was already cold, anyhow, and then she warmed him up to a degree that insured him from catching cold even if he sat on a chilly doorstep.

eat it with. Is THIS the way the rich live? I take back something. There is another fleshy one in the Smeariton family besides "Jewel," the pug. It's Maggie, the domestic. HOW does she do it? (To Be Continued.)

Two Big Specials

At Baillargeon's

Long Black Coats

At About Half Price

Dressy, newest style Long Coats, of fine black covert, satin and broadcloth; plain, strapped, braid trimmed, etc.; Coats you'll really be proud to own such good ones, and they're going away under regular price.

Imported Fancy Linens

At About Half Price

Madera, Wallachian, Battenberg, Irish Crochet, etc. All sizes; round or square, or scarfs. See these on the third floor.

Special Value Beading and Corset Cover Embroidery

Corset Cover Embroidery, 50c a yard—50 pieces of fine cambric embroideries, in new designs, with excellent edge. Regular 75c grades.

French Beading, 5c a yard—25 pieces of fine Swiss and Nainsook Beading, in qualities that sell regularly at 8c and 10c a yard.

Tomorrow Men's Collars \$1.10 a Dozen

55c for a half-dozen—New 4-Ply Collars, that were made especially for us; these come in all the new and staple shapes and should wear as well as those you've been paying \$1.50 a dozen for. See them in our window—\$1.10 a dozen. Sizes are perfect, and here's a chance to save. Splendid Room-Size Rugs, \$10.00, \$12.50 and \$12.75 each.

J. A. BAILLARGEON & CO. Second and Spring Street

Cloaks Suits Furs Waists Millinery Men's Clothing Men's Furnishings Children's Clothing

ON EASY PAYMENTS
—a little down and a little at a time

EASTERN OUTFITTING CO., INC.
1332-34 Second Ave. 209 Union St.
"Seattle's Reliable Credit House"

\$27,050.00

The Cost of One Performance by Twelve VICTOR Artists

This is the sum paid the following artists for one performance, according to statistics gathered by the "Musical Courier." The individual amounts were as follows:

Melba	\$4,500.00
Tetrazzini	3,500.00
Caruso	3,500.00
Semblich	2,200.00
Eames	2,200.00
Calve	2,000.00
Schumann-Heink	2,000.00
Gademski	2,000.00
Plancon	1,700.00
Falgar	1,250.00
Dalmorea	1,200.00
Ancona	1,000.00

You can hear all of these wonderful artists, not once, but hundreds of times—for a sum ridiculously small in comparison with the above, by adding a few records to your collection. These artists sing exclusively for the Victor. Come in and hear them demonstrated in our Victor Department.

Sherman, Clay & Co.

EXCLUSIVE VICTOR DEALERS.
1406 Second Av.

BUY TIMPAHUTE GOLD MINE STOCK AT 25 CENTS. It is rapidly arriving, and will make big money for prospect buyers.

KAVANAGH CO., Inc., Mine Operators.
704-5-6-7-8 JOHNSTON BLDG.

DOWNING, HOPKINS & RYER, Inc.
BROKERS
Stocks, Bonds, etc. in Private Wires
1000 Broadway, New York City
Orders Executed for Investment or on Margin

LOW RATES TO CALIFORNIA
on your household goods (any quantity) through our service to Los Angeles, San Francisco and Oakland. Minimum \$10.00.
INSURANCE, MOVING & STORAGE CO.
Cor. Third St. and Washington St.
Phone 1000; Bldg. 71.

RHEUMATISM
Rheumatism is now treated at 2000 Arcade Bldg., 1st St. at 10th. Write for our free literature.
Anchors Vibrator Co. Main 1804.

Dr. Geo. D. Burr
osteopathy, Practice and All Natural Methods.
When you are thoroughly convinced with other treatment try mine. It will cost you nothing to talk over your case.
SUITE 450 ARCADE BLDG.

The genuine Fels-Naptha will do your work right. Imitations won't.

People call Fels-Naptha a laundry soap; and so do we—for want of a better term. It is more than a laundry soap. Nothing else is just like it; no words exactly describe it, except Fels-Naptha.

Fels-Naptha does more than any laundry soap; it does almost as much as a laundry soap and a washing machine (human or mechanical) put together.

This is how Fels-Naptha works: You wet the white clothes, rub the soap on them, put them in the tub, just cover them with lukewarm or cold water, and leave them for thirty minutes. In this half hour, Fels-Naptha completes its work. It atomizes the dirt—that is, it dissolves the dirt into minute particles—and loosens it from the fabric. Then a little rubbing and a thorough rinsing separate the dirt from the clothes and the wash is ready for the line.

There's no boiling, no steam—no hot water at all. Nor any hard-rubbing. The wash is done in half the time with half the work; it is cleaner, whiter and the clothes last longer.

Insist on getting the soap in the red and green wrapper.

There are imitations of Fels-Naptha soap. Be careful.

Anty Drudge's Cure for Wash-Day Aches.
Mrs. Hardwork—"Of all the things I've tried for that wash-day pain in my back Dr. Flimflam's Dollardope is the best."
Anty Drudge—"Dollardope indeed! If you used a cake of Fels-Naptha and lukewarm water, instead of scalding your hands and breaking your back over the washtub—you'd never have a pain. Your washing would be done in less than half the time."