

THE SEATTLE STAR

BY STAR PUBLISHING CO. 1307-1309 Seventh Ave. EVERY AFTERNOON EXCEPT SUNDAY.

GET READY TO PAY

"Party regularity." Isn't it wonderful how long and how well that silly appeal to prejudice has lasted? Your party puts up a scalawag and the other side puts up a good man, and the party leaders say to you: "We can't say much for our man, but you must stick to your party."

"Gentlemen, the jig is up." With index finger leveled at Sereno Payne, republican floor leader, Champ Clark announced this to be the result of the vote in which the democrats and insurgents checked the "regular" program.

"No matter," said Clark, "what may happen now. No matter if you are able to dragoon enough members later to carry your point, one thing is decided—the jig is up with the house machine."

It is true Cannon was re-elected. It is true the old rules were re-adopted. It is true the amendments do not touch the root of the evil. It is true the speaker still has power to pack committees. It is true the speaker and the rules committee still have power to seal the fate of legislation.

And this is why "the jig is up." The strength of Cannon, and the Cannon organization, has been in "party regularity." The argument for the existence of the Cannon organization was "the responsibility of the party in power."

But to maintain the Cannon organization Cannon was forced to lay aside this hoary fraud and to make a public exhibition of the secret alliance which exists, and long has existed, with a section of the democratic party.

It is a fact that "party regularity," so far as it applies to the practical everyday operations of the house of representatives, is merely one of the marked cards with which Cannon and other system representatives play the game and trick the people. Under the surface, and in its real workings, the house does not divide itself into republican and democratic membership.

All that is needed is a real division of the house to disclose the emptiness of the party name, and the weakness of the party tie.

The rules issue forced a real division of the house. What happened?

Why! Pat McCarren, redolent of Standard Oil and democratic boss of Brooklyn, delivered Fitzgerald to Cannon; Charlie Murphy, boss of Tammany, delivered Conroy and Fornes, Goldfogle and Goulden, Harrison and Riordan; from Georgia came the democratic votes of Brantley, Griggs, Howard, Lee, Lindsay, Livingston and Broussard of Louisiana, who came from a land dominated in politics by the sugar trust.

Mark you well! The republicans were pocketed by means of the caucus and the cry of party regularity, and then the cohorts of McCarren, Tammany and Havemeyer make up the full measure.

But Cannon must pay. The house must pay. In the last analysis the public must pay. And when the public pays a political debt like this, it pays cash.

The new tariff law won't hurt Standard Oil. It won't hurt the Sugar trust.

There will be no dollar a barrel tax on beer, nor will Tammany's other friends among the liquor dealers, distillers and brewers be hard hit.

So the public will pay the trusts for Cannon's victory and the victory of "party regularity" when it fills its lamps and sweetens its coffee.

Canada has offered two battle-ships and Australia follows suit, but there is still a painful silence in that section of the empire occupied by the Murphys.

The organization of a holding company by the Stone & Webster people is to eliminate a number of inconveniences, among which will not be the trusty straps.

By the time he gets through dodging stilettes and picking poison out of his bicuspid, getting massaged by a lion won't even be bully to Mr. Roosevelt.

While killing fake employment agents will doubtless have a deterrent tendency, the after-effects are a little too unpleasant to make the practice popular.

Mr. Harriman modestly admits that he could run all the railroads in the United States much better, with one hand tied behind his back.

Both Tainted. "You are in the employ of that millionaire up on the hill, aren't you?" snapped the sharp-faced woman who ran the butter and egg shop.

Also Because Central is a Woman. A bill making it a crime to swear over the telephone has passed the Texas legislature. But why is profanity over the telephone any worse than profanity anywhere else?

When Print Heralds. Irritable temper and general discomfort result. We positively cure this condition with our specially ground glasses. Schuchard Optical Co., Eye Specialists, 1207 Second Av., Seattle.

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3-4-1 THREE FOR ONE FOR YOU

STEAM SHOVEL MAN AND HIS MACHINE ARE INTERESTING

A. J. REESE AND HIS MONSTER DIG THEIR WAY INTO HILL IN SEATTLE.

By BARNEY DODDS. This is the man who, with the aid of several leviathan pieces of work of 1,750 Italian every week day. His name is A. J. Reese, and he is the chief engineer of the monster steam shovel now eating its way into the heart of Denny Hill.

It is the man who handles that monster spade as handily as an ordinary man would use a toy shovel, and with lightning-like rapidity, too. He throws 30 cubic yards of dirt into the waiting train of cars in exactly 130 seconds, and then lights his pipe and waits for the next string to come puffing up. It would take an ordinary laboring man, with the eagle eye of the boss on him at that, exactly one week to shovel the same amount of earth.

To the unthinking mind of the idly-watching crowd that is always to be found laconically looking on, the monster represents nothing much more than an ordinary box car with a big steel crane on one end and a bigger mouth hanging down from a chain.

It is a Busy Place. But the moment you clamber up, about all of the space not taken up by the machinery is one little seat for Reese. The rest is all whirling chains, whizzing fly wheels and rattling piston rods.

There is no use trying to talk while the beast is feeding the flat cars, so, after an entrance had been gained, the reporter waited for the end of the carriage before beginning. "No, I don't want to buy any books today," Reese began when he saw the camera. "I just bought an encyclopedia last week, and I'm full up."

"Oh, I just came to take your picture, I'm on the Star. You look like an automobile driver up there, Mr. Reese."

"Hm—hm; I'm driving something that costs four times as much as an automobile, and it's a whole lot more delicate. Say, I can put that big shovel down within an inch of any place you want, and on the fly, too."

Could Run a Marathon. "And what's more, I can drive this old cart around the streets of Seattle just like an automobile. It may cut up the pavement a little bit, but I'll get there with it. We run it on tracks so that we can handle it more easily, but on brick pavement we could run a Marathon."

"Don't you ever get your lovers mixed?" I asked. "There are so many different intricate parts of machinery around that I should think you would become confused."

"Well, I've been in the contracting business for 25 years, and I've kind of grown up with the steam shovel. They haven't always had such powerful machines as this. I can easily remember when the first one came out; everyone thought it was simply great. But it was unwieldy and wouldn't dig clean, so that a gang of men always had to follow behind and pick up the 'loavins.' These big fellows have only been out a short time and they dig almost as clean as an old woman and with her trowel."

Calls Her Maud. "I call her Maud, because she's a awful klock, but she looks as peaceful as a common 'empty on the siding.' Everything about the monster demanded careful attention, even though grease did run riot on every single bit of chain or wheel. All of the visible parts, not subject to friction, shone like polished guns on one of Uncle Sam's 'men-o-war,' and every intricate rod or cog played in exact harmony with the cranks and cables, to the untrained mind, seemed utterly incomprehensible."

"She's a dandy, eh, lad? There's nothing can touch her in Seattle," I agreed.

A NEW VEHICLE. "Is Mr. Bromley in?" asked the caller. "He is not, sorry," Pat answered, politely. "Sure, he won't be in till a'clock, or maybe after."

"Where's he gone?" "He went to ride in his interior, sort."

"His what?" "Tis a tony name for a motor car, I'm thinking. Half an hour ago Mister Bromley says to me, 'Pat, say, be I in exploring Mather Dohbs here some time this afternoon, but I reckon he won't be after getting here yet a while, so I'll go to town in the interim.' An' with that he drove off in his car."—Illustrated Bits.

MR. SKYGACK, FROM MARS He Visits the Earth as a Special Correspondent and Makes Wireless Observations in His Notebook.

LATELY HAVE NOTICED INCLINATION OF MALE EARTH-BEINGS TO INDULGE IN DEBATES, THE IMPORT OF WHICH IS OF PARAMOUNT IMPORTANCE—HAVE BEEN GROUP AFTER GROUP IN JURNALS OF HEATED VERBAGE, SOMETIMES ENDING IN RAPID SPECTACULAR PHYSICAL ENCOUNTERS AS A MEANS OF PROVING ARGUMENT.

HOT AIR!! MORE OF YE! KNOW NOTHIN' ABOUT IT!!

AW, THEY NEVER WON A PENNANT, AND THEY NEVER WILL!!

JUST KEEP YOUR CASES ON 'EM THIS SEASON!!—cut

YES, BUT SAY!—BACK IN '08 WHEN WE...

DOWN THE FIRE ESCAPE HE CLIMBED, AS FAST AS HIS HEAVY WEIGHT WOULD ALLOW HIM.

was Albert Liebler! An sloopment was being consummated before his very eyes. In a rage he tore across the roof after the fire escape. It escape. Down the fire escape he climbed, as fast as his heavy weight would allow him. He did not for a moment stop to think that he was playing the part of the man who had let them know it was time to get busy.

Again he turned back and glanced at the actors. He rubbed his eyes. The girl was his niece and the man

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When Ridges arrived at the bottom, however, he was too late. The couple had disappeared, and so had the camera, and the men who were taking the picture. He looked around dazedly. Then, rushing from the building, he saw, came his actors and picture men.

"They grabbed us and looked us up," the actors and men cried. Ridges gasped. "Liebler has the film of the picture man, he'll copyright it and—"

"Yes, and he has your niece, too," piped up the voice of the actress who was to have played the girl. "Ridges looked around the group rather sheepishly. "I didn't think he had it in him," he muttered, grinning shamefacedly. "He deserves to have my niece!"

\$1—VANCOUVER, B. C.—\$1 "Princess Royal," from Pier "A," 10 p. m., except Tuesday; incomparably the best on the route. Phones 209.

What a Prominent Young Lady of Queen Anne Ave., Seattle, Says About Doyle's Medicines. "I have been doctoring for years. My mother spent a small fortune paying doctors bills, but she caught so bad my breath was offensive. I was ashamed to go in company. Had liver, stomach and kidney trouble. Had poor appetite—nothing I ate seemed to agree with me, only when I was taking a hindoo. I commenced using Doyle's Cathartic Cures and in a few days I felt better. My breath is now as sweet as a flower. I weigh 125 pounds. I feel as if I take a dose of Tonic in a few minutes an all right."



A. J. REESE.

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STAR DUST

One Deduction. "I see by literary note somewhere," says the man with the discouraged eyebrows, "that one of the Indiana school of novelists gets his best ideas while shaving."

"Is that so?" says the man with the violent red hair. "Most of them must wear full beards."—Judge.

Pen's Wings. "He is always trying to scare up a little money," said the man who had failed to succeed in scaring it pretty badly, too. He rarely catches any."—Kansas City Times.

Auspicious Omen. Knicker—Mr. Taft took the oath of office in the senate chamber. Booker—The beginning of an indoor administration.

"Tommy, will your dog bite?" "No, he ain't old enough. But he kin grow an wrinkle up his nose pretty good."

What She Prayed For. A Capital Hill girl, who is an epileptic, went to church the other morning. On her way home she met a young man friend. "How do you do?" said the young man. "Where have you been?" "To the church," she replied. "Did you pray for warmer weather?" he asked in a jesting way. "I really prayed for it," she asked. "Yes."

Advice of a Novelist. A girl who was fond of scribbling stories once asked a well-known novelist how she could succeed, and the novelist answered: "Oh, when you've written something, just imagine somebody else did it—somebody else to do it without mercy. Then set it to and write it out again; indeed, write it again and again, always repeating the ruthless criticism part of the program."

Georgia Economy. "Oh, yes," "What's 'em?" "It's such a fine spring day I know that must be a rattlesnake or two a-sleepin' in places. Run out like a good gal an' kill one, an' git a rattler for the baby."—Atlanta Constitution.

A Treasure. At the dinner of the Cab Drivers Benevolent association Mr. Squire Hancock told a story of a young lady who tendered the fare of a shilling at the end of a journey. "No, you ain't," said the driver. "Are you married?" "No. Why do you ask?" "Because," was the rejoinder, "when you do marry, wherever gets you will have a treasure. You make me look good, but I ain't an' gal I know."—Tit-Bits.

Woman's Wit. Wife—For mercy's sake, if you must smoke, smoke cigars, and not that horrid pipe. Husband—I smoke a pipe for the sake of economy. "Do you smoke a pipe in your office?" "No, I smoke cigars there, and tell the firm it's for the sake of economy. They'll soon raise your salary."—New York Weekly.

Not Taddy Enthusiastic. "How's collections at your church, Bruder Shien?" "Well, we ain't neber had to stop in the middle of a collection to go an' empty a box."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Explained. "That chap must be a reformer." "Why?" "He's so bitter against the 'Salome' case."

"Oh, he's in the clothing business."—Pittsburgh Post.

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Comes in Apricot, Wistaria, Lavender, Greens, Grays, Linen, Champagne, Light Blue, Old Blue, Royal Blue, etc.

An Easter Suit for the Boy

This new department of ours gives you opportunity to select a Suit that's worth your buying—and yet is very moderately priced. Bring the boy in.

Just a Hint at Linen Values

Our Easter Sale is now in progress—there are scores of specials besides those here mentioned.

- Table Sets—A two-yard Pattern Cloth, with one dozen Napkins to match—a good, heavy Scotch Damask, strictly all linen. Special \$4.25
- A 2 1/2-yard Cloth, with dozen Napkins \$4.75
- Dollies—6, 9, 12 and 18-inch sizes, in scalloped linen, each 15¢, 20¢, 25¢ and 35¢
- Napkins—19x19-inch size, in a pure linen Scotch Damask; special, a dozen \$1.50
- 20x20-inch size . . . \$2.00 | 22x22-inch size . . . \$2.50

Small Rugs Rightly Priced

- 27x54-inch Colonial Wiltons 95¢
- 27x54 Axminsters \$2.75
- 36x72 Axminsters \$2.50
- 27x54 Royal Wiltons \$5.00
- 36x63 Royal Wiltons \$7.50

Complete Lines of Window Shades, From 35¢ Up

McCall Patterns

J. A. Baillargeon & Co. Second and Spring St.

New Showing of Princess Skirts

A number of distinctly handsome models, in fine Voiles, Serges, Panamas and Satines, effectively trimmed with satin, satin buttons or self-straps and buttons—

\$12.50 and Up (Cash or Credit)

New Peter Thompson and Sailor Suits

Just arrived—in a full range of Misses' and Young Ladies' sizes—in Serge and Wash Materials—two and three-piece effect; colors—Cadet, Tan, Navy, White. The Wash Suits range from \$9.75 to \$11.50; the Serges, \$15.00 to \$25.00, cash or credit.

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