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THE STAR EDITORIAL AND MAGAZINE PAGE

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THE JUDGE AND THE GARBAGE

Let us take off our hat to the health department of St. Paul, Minn.

Let us put our hat on, and then take it right off again to Police Judge Hanft, of St. Paul, Minn.

And this is why. When Mayor Lawlor, the other day, observed through a spasm of at least four of his five senses, that the city garbage wagons were being paraded, reeking, uncovered, through the streets, he complained.

The health department "resented dictation," and the uncovered wagons continued to reek in the streets.

To make a test, the mayor had a driver arrested and brought into police court.

The health department hired a lawyer, who argued that the city ordinance directing that garbage wagons be kept carefully and closely covered was enacted at a time private contractors collected garbage, and therefore it could not apply to garbage collected by the board of health.

Wherefore let us bob the bonnet to the board of health. May it and its cutes lawyer and its open, robust wagons be ever bunched in the memories of a grateful people.

And the judge said he would TAKE THE MATTER UNDER ADVICE! He would decide it in one week.

Wherefore let us life the lid to that active, not to say impulsive, judicial intellect which can determine in less than eight days whether flies, smells, germs and drippings from a publicly owned vehicle are good for the public health and altogether desirable.

Minneapolis must be biting her nails with jealousy at this superb exhibition of garbage public service and judicial acumen.

JOHN MASON FINDS MUCH TO HIS LIKING IN THE GAMBLER

MAN WHO PLAYS THE PART ADMIRES THE CHARACTERISTICS OF GAMBLER.

BY D. C. HAMPTON.

An honest gambler, convicted of the dishonesty of gambling by the belief that he has hypnotic and telepathic powers, and who is thus turned into the deus ex machina of the whole story, is the net result of Augustus Thomas' "The Witches' Hour," as played by John Mason at the Alhambra theatre.



JOHN MASON.

And John Mason believes that there are honest gamblers. But to gather the results of the wondrous study that Mr. Mason has made of the part of the gambler, Jack Brookfield, as acted by act and scene by scene, he changes from the cynical gambler of the opening to the great-hearted man of close observation.

"The kinds and characters of gamblers," said John Mason last night, "are many and various, but the one portrayed in 'The Witches' Hour' is more or less the conventional type of the so-called honest gambler.

"It is Jack Brookfield's boast that every one who has ever entered his gambling rooms has had a straight deal, though he speaks of those who, ruined by gaming, have gone out to their own destruction with the utmost callousness, and

these combined forces, and to the superstition latent in all gamblers that he is possessed with supernatural powers, whereby he can read and fleece his fellow-men.

"That he has this power he is convinced by a judge of the supreme court, who, himself a connoisseur in art, visits Brookfield's rooms to see a certain picture, and that he has abused it to the undoing of his fellows is one of the strong factors in the changing of his career.

"The whole character is a magnificent picture of the traits of the successful gambler," said Mr. Mason. "High courage, unflinching nerve, a total and utter indifference to all the ordinary feelings which are supposed to govern the actions of men, magnificent generosity, complete absence of a desire for revenge or any petty spite, and, above all, a great superstition—these are the characteristics written into the character which I try to portray."

And to a nice Mr. Mason shows them in turn to his audience.

There is one point stronger even than his finished acting which carries his audience with him throughout the play, and that is the singular degree of sympathy which exists between them and him from the moment the curtain rises. In his power to arouse this sympathy lies Mr. Mason's chief strength.

continues to win his 'clients' money.

"Still, beneath it all, the man is governed by two all-absorbing passions—the one his hopeless love for a woman who has married another, and the other a deep affection for a young girl, his niece.

"And in the end his gambling instincts and cynicism give way to

OUTBURSTS OF EVERETT TRUE



YOU WANT THE WHOLE SIDEWALK, DON'T YOU? WELL, YOU'VE GOT IT NOW, YOU BRAINLESS WOP!



IN LITTLE OLD NEW YORK

BY NORMAN.

NEW YORK, Aug. 12.—"There is no accounting for tastes, as the old lady said when she kissed the cow." I never saw a lady kiss a cow, but I witnessed a similar sight the other evening, at the American roof. Consul, the man-monkey, had finished his act, and his trainer was carrying him out of the theatre. To do so he had to pass for a short distance through the aisle back of the boxes on the left.

The boxes were full of people, and a couple of men reached out to shake hands with him, as he passed by. The monkey, who has very good manners, at once extended his paw, and the trainer stopped while he shook hands with the men.

There was a tall young girl in a box, good looking and of the ultra-Broadway type, if that expression may properly be used to describe ladies of her class.

"Smack" for the Monkey.

As the trainer was about to pass on with the monkey, she laid a detaining hand on his arm, leaned forward, and extended her puckered-up lips to Consul. He knows all about kissing, as the man and woman who handle him in his act have taught him the art, and occasionally kiss him on the stage. So he stuck his protruding mouth up to the girl, and she kissed him.

It was dark there in the boxes, and the audience was watching what was going forward on the stage, so that only a few people close by saw the performance. Otherwise it would doubtless have created quite a demonstration, and

that would have pleased the girl, if not the monkey.

Gotham the Rowdies' Home.

New York is infested with several hundred, or thousand, of the most aggravating rowdies on the face of the earth—the kind of young men whom our English cousins term "Hooligans." A favorite playground for these youth of warped mentality is the Broadway subway trains returning on Sunday afternoon from the public ball grounds that stretch from Dyckman street up to Van Cortlandt park and beyond.

Their most common and harmless pursuits are swearing, spitting and throwing things. Once in a while they pull off a particularly pleasing stunt by unscrewing the incandescent lights and throwing them at the feet of women passengers, who naturally shriek and jump at the explosions.

Still another game is to grab the signal cord away from the con and signal the motorman to go ahead while passengers are still getting into and out of the cars. Of course this might cause the deaths of several persons, but that would be just a part of the fun.

Sad Situation.

"There's a button gone—there's another—I haven't got a clean collar to my name! I don't know what to do."

"Why, get married!" "For heaven's sake, I am married!"—Mogendorfer Blatter.

Precautionary Forgetfulness.

"She's very forgetful." "In what way?" "She never brings any money to a bridge party."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

STAR DUST



Josh Wise says:

"Evidently a brain storm doesn't shatter a vacuum."

Great results usually arise from great dangers.—Herodotus.

"How did the automobile corps get also?" "Not so wide a road as the machine turned turtle and one started off crab fashion." "Humph!" they cried, to be assigned to the marine corps.—Baltimore American.

"How did you cure your boy of playing truant?" "By the laying on of hands."—New York Evening Telegram.

Grief is apt to imagine to itself evils more than double the reality.—Philemon.

Walter—The gent in the other room says there's a chicken in the hands. "Take him by the knife and fork, then!"—Comic Cuts.

It is safer for a servant to do what he is ordered.—Menander.

"You are all the world to me," said the man who had been twice divorced. "Yes," replied the pretty grass widow, "and if I married you it wouldn't be long before you would be looking around for new worlds to conquer."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A man who does not sleep has a double reward.—Homer.

"What's the trouble now?" demanded the weary janitor. "More heat!" "No," said the tenant of the latest "skyscraper." "But I want those clouds pushed away from my windows."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

True honor leaves no room for hesitation or doubt.—Plutarch.

"Hater hard cold you've got there, old man; taking anything for it?" "Do, I've dot. You see, it bleases the baby so much to hear he sneeze."—Life.

The Widow's Message.

"Yes, ma'am," said the medium to a young widow. "I can prove to you that the man whom you have loved is near to us."

"How am I to know?" "You have but to say 'Come!' and immediately you will see. One of those chairs move that are standing against the wall."

The lady made an effort to control her excitement, and said: "Come!"

Suddenly six chairs began to dance a wild tarantella. The lady blushed, paid and went.—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Contrary Sex.

"Funny about women, isn't it?" "What do you mean?" "Why, my wife is wide awake over a dream of a hat."—Baltimore Sun.

"MOVE" "O" "S"

PROF. NOAH LOTT'S DEFINITIONS



DEATH STROKE—One that it is hard to hand a mosquito. PARENTS—A couple of people you liked to live with before you had money. MEAL—A feed with which you get something to eat. BANQUET—A feed with which you get with something to drink. FREE LUNCH—A feed which you get with something to drink. RESPECT—An ancient quality

which has now been eradicated from children.

MERCHANT—One who advertises.

SHOPKEEPER—One who does not.

COAT OF TAN—Garment cut only by barbers.

COWBOY—Adult cigaret smoker in a wild west show.

WALL ST.—A district restricted to constructors.

SECOND-HAND BOOKSELLER—One who won't buy any.

"I understand your father is enormously wealthy," the young man said casually. "The proud beauty drew herself to her full height (above her natural height) as she replied: 'Oh, well, we got a piece of ice that last until the ice man comes again.'—Buffalo Express.

Mrs. Gottschalk—When the count proposed to your daughter weren't you in contact?"

Mrs. Gadder—I can't quite remember the name of the place—those towns in Europe have such funny names, don't you know.—Boston Record.

THE ARTLESS ANSWER



OH WHAT IS SO RARE AS A DAY IN JUNE?

RAW OYSTERS

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

The more a man can fool a woman the more it's because she wants to be fooled, though she can see through it all.

If a man wears a necktie that matches a girl's ribbon it convinces her how delightfully he makes love.

A girl takes it for granted that if she was married she couldn't help being a little vain about it.

When a woman's garter comes undone it's a sign she is taking a burr out of her skirt.

It's next to impossible for most people to realize that when a rich man is hungry he can like steak and fried potatoes just the way they do.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Paint heart never won brunette lady, either.

The flight of time isn't any swifter in fly time.

A near-thoughtless man is one who thinks only of himself.

Variety is the spice of life—especially in the matter of kisses.

Learn to say no when you mean no—unless you are a woman.

Every time a man sees a pretty girl he imagines he's in love.

The man who knows it all never tires of trying to put others wise.

Like His Pa. Visitor (inspecting new baby)—"Hi Jove, just like his father. Lack of anything, and no, crying and nothing, and, yes, prematurely bald, hi Jove!"—Ally Sloper.

DAILY STAR'S MOVING PICTURES



Do you believe in fairies? This moving picture of The Star shows a fairy from real life, photographed as the little elf was dancing around in the woods, where all fairies live, you know. She is dressed just like the story books tell us all fairies are dressed, and wears flowers that fairies live so well. She can run, dance on her toes and do lots of other things many children would like to do. Wouldn't you like to be a fairy?

Advertisement for Eastern Outfitting Co., Inc. featuring 'Your Vacation Outfit' and 'Clearance of Women's Summer Apparel' for \$20. Includes address: 1332-34 Second Av., 209 Union St.

Advertisement for J.A. Baillargeon & Co. featuring 'Tomorrow Is Remnant Day' and 'One-Half Regular Prices'. Lists various clothing items and prices.

Advertisement for World Tailors featuring 'Great 3-Day Special' and 'UP-TO-DATE SUITINGS MADE TO ORDER'. Includes address: 1113 First Avenue.

Advertisement for Children's Eye Troubles, mentioning W. R. Tyman, M. D., Oculist and Aurist.

Advertisement for Bekins Fireproof Storage, located at 344 Arcade Building.