



**CHUCK CONNORS WRITES ON SUFFERGEES AND HULLYGEES.**

of jail with a wishbone. And the big moniker. Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont and Lillie Doveaux Blake and Harriet Stanton Blatch and all that push. What would happen to Mamie O'Reilly or Mag the Truck if they went throwing their feet for votes? A pinch and 30 on the island. And too good for them, too.

**Hands Bunch to Skirts.**  
What do them skirts want with a vote? What would they do with it? Say, they wouldn't get wise to vote if it was done up in a powder rag and slammed them in the map. I'd like to get some of them Suffergees down here on the Bowery making a play to edge in on election day. Oh, Maggie, stop yer kid-din'.

I suppose, Clarence, you'd cheese on the pipe, duck your kelly and try to look as if you was shaved. What? Ain't they got the same rights as a man? Sure, Clarence, they has, and skuttles more. And that's where they're bughouse on this vote gag. The more rights they cops that they ain't got when the less rights they'll have when the show's over. For what they has will be taken away from them.

When a skirt butts into a bloke's game, she's got to stand for a bloke's ways. And, say, a bloke's ways is too much to the strong arm for a skirt. Ain't it true?

**Wallop on the Jaw.**  
You wouldn't wallop a skirt on the jaw, would you? Nix on that. But there'd be times in a crowded election when some guy would be taking a crack at somebody's nut. And in the hurry of the occasion you might see too much red to notice whether the nut had on a bloke's kelly or one of them three-deckers loaded to the guard rails with garden truck.

You can't do nothing right unless you're trained for it. We blokes has been trained for voting ever since Geo. Washington crossed the Alps or something. You can't tell a skirt nothing she don't know right now. That's the why because she don't know nothing except what she knows. She's gaited for certain ways of pulling her own stuff and she won't get wise to no other. Ever since rattlers (moaning street cars) was put on the market she's been hopping off them backward. And all the bumps she's got between the heels of her kicks and her hairpins hasn't jarred any wise into her noodle. And she wants to show us guys how to vote and don't know enough to get off a rattler.

Nix, cull, don't wear out your young life rooting for the Suffergees. They don't need you anyway. There ain't enough of them to fill in for a chowder party when you size up the big bunch that still believes in making a noise like a baby carriage and rolling on her own way.

(Today, in the second of his letters, worded in his own quaint style of conversing, Chuck Connors of the Bowery discusses the "votes for women" movement. These letters are written especially for The Star.—Editor.)

**BY CHUCK CONNORS.**  
The Famous Bowery Boy and Author of Slang.

Hey, hey, can that junk. You give me a crimp in the kitchen that I feel after it's gone. You're with them Suffergees, are you? Well, I'll be—say, get your weight off your feet and sit down. Bring your pants to an anchor. Good-night for yours. Oh, I don't know it all, eh? No, and you don't know your face is on backward.

**Flossy Ones Gabbing.**  
I see that some of the flossy ones have been gabbing politics at Newport, and, Clarence, I'm hep they're busy all right. They're busy as a one-armed paperhanger with the itch, and when the whistle blows they'll have copped out about as decent a day's work. They ain't got the right dope. It's a laugh. A totle in a night shirt gown and a bushel basket bonnet, weighing a hundred pounds, going around with a lead pipe or a beer spigot wrapped in a stocking, and trying to sandbag a buy for votes. Can you beat it? They've got as much chance as you'd have to break out

**WHEN STEARNS AWOKE**

**BY FRANK H. WILLIAMS**  
Otto Stearns was known to his associates as an impassioned, very self-contained orchestra director. Stearns was a wonderful musician, everyone said, although no one had known him to give any particular evidence of his powers. He conducted the orchestra at matinees and other times when the first director felt unable or unwilling to assume the task.

Weimer, a close friend of Stearns, was wont to declare that at heart the latter was fiery and impassioned—that he would be the grandest director the world had ever seen if something would only happen to awaken him. No one else, however, held this belief.

On a particularly hot, sultry afternoon, the orchestra was giving one of the last concerts of the season. It was an unusually important concert, as representatives of a city which intended to engage the band for a series of performances were in attendance. Stearns was conducting the musicians, owing to the fact that the first conductor was ill. He was unusually lifeless, even for himself, and Weimer, in an intermission, snorted. In disgust:

"Wake up! Wake up!" he whispered, fiercely, to his friend. "Can't you see those fellows are getting disgusted with the playing? Wake up, man!"

Stearns shook his head wearily and turned back to his stand and covertly glanced at a letter. Weimer saw this action and it clinched his idea that some girl was the cause of Stearns' lethargy. Suddenly an idea flashed into Weimer's head. He hastily left his seat and walked off the stage. In a moment or so he returned, a confident smile on his face.

"Watch Stearns during this next piece," Weimer whispered to the man next to him in the orchestra.

The following number was a wonderfully fiery selection, but the orchestra, depressed by Stearns' dull direction, dragged along wearily. Then, something remarkable happened. Weimer, who was closely watching Stearns, saw the latter's head up with a new gesture. His body look on a more virile, energetic pose. New life seemed to flow into him. He became animated, alert, awake—and with power and confidence fairly drew from the wondering musicians the passionate notes of the score. Stearns had become another man. All that he formerly lacked, he now had, and Weimer, as he played manfully, observed Stearns with the glowing eye of a victor.

The number came to a magnificent, crashing close, that started thunders of applause from the mos-



FAIRLY DREW FROM THE WONDERFUL MUSICIANS THE PASSIONATE NOTES OF THE SCORE.

she has regretted that action. The letter Stearns looked at this afternoon was her old one. I put two and two together and had her show herself at a door where Stearns could see her. He used to be a great director, but when the girl turned him down, he broke up. Then, when he saw her again, he made the music talk to her—to win her back. See, they are together—it is all right."

**SAYS SHIP SUBSIDY IS BOOM FOR SHIPPING**

Arthur M. Stevenson, ex-senator from Colorado, who has just completed a tour of the Orient, declared in Seattle today that a ship subsidy is absolutely necessary.

"After studying conditions," he said, "I am now more than ever convinced that some definite step should be taken to further American marine interests so they can share in the commerce of the Orient. I am satisfied that if the true situation were more thoroughly known a ship subsidy bill could be passed by congress."

Mr. Stevenson returned from the Orient yesterday.

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In its new location, 503 Union Street, displays, Friday and Saturday of this week and Tuesday of next week, the most extensive line of fashionable fabrics for women's wear ever brought to Seattle. You are urgently invited to visit this store and see this splendid array of popular materials, selected by our Mr. Krueger while in New York recently.

**T**HE goods which will be on display Friday, Saturday and Tuesday are of the quality for which other fashionable ladies' tailors in Seattle usually ask from \$50 to \$100, and which we regularly sell for from \$40 to \$70. Never, however, in our two years' experience in Seattle have we been able to procure such a beautiful and varied selection. We call special attention to the Bedford Cords, Zibelines, Fancy Mixtures and Wide-Wale Diagonals, in all the rich, brilliant hues, including the popular blue lead and deep shades of amethyst.

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We will take orders for seventy-five of these strictly man-tailored, made to measure, \$40 to \$75 Suits, as you select, for—

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**P**OSITIVELY only seventy-five suits will be made at this price, and only Friday, Saturday and Tuesday to place your order. We have twenty-eight exclusive patterns which will be sold at this special price. Your early selection is therefore advisable.

**W**E employ only thoroughly experienced men tailors. Our cutter is but recently from New York, and is fully conversant with latest New York styles. We absolutely guarantee every Suit we make to be entirely satisfactory in fit, style and workmanship. Our linings are guaranteed for two seasons, and our haircloth fronts retain their shape until the garment is cast aside.

**T**HE SHOP OF SWELLDOM makes more Ladies' Tailored Suits to order than all Seattle tailors combined. Thorough organization and the purchasing of materials direct from manufacturers have made it possible for us to make prices with which other ladies' tailors never can compete.

Why pay from \$25 to \$50 for ready-mades and from \$3 to \$9 for alterations, when you can have a strictly man-tailored suit made to measure, with an absolute guarantee of satisfaction, at our Grand Opening Sale for \$30?

Ladies for whom we have made Suits before are especially invited to attend our Grand Opening to see and study the new creations for fall.

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