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THE SEATTLE STAR EDITORIAL AND MAGAZINE PAGE

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GATEMEN SCANDAL

That there was any extensive and well organized plan for stealing a percentage of the gate receipts at the exposition is a supposition too improbable to find lodgment except in the mind of some yellow journalist, more anxious for sensations and large type than for truth and accuracy.

In the first place, it would have been a physical impossibility to steal any large sum without the practice becoming generally known and the possibility of the practice being kept a secret diminishes with every person that is aware of it.

The crowning absurdity of the scandal is the "pot" that was to be divided after the close of the exposition. If there is any honor among thieves, thieves are not aware of it.

There is little doubt but that there was some petty stealing at the exposition gates. It would have been remarkable had it been otherwise.

The cause of this whole exaggerated scandal was the tactical blunder on the part of the management in branding the innocent and guilty alike and placing the stigma on every gate-man.

The exposition management should single out the guilty gate-men and make publicly known the names of the men against whom no dishonesty was proven.

It is to be hoped that the Seattle Electric Co. will not be at all backward now in asking for anything in the way of franchises its little heart may desire.

After all, what is a pole funder or an aviator alongside of a husky German person who can make four hits in a post-season game?

Banker Morse and Banker Walsh certainly ought to stimulate the financial tone of their respective penitentiaries.

By this time Mr. Hearst is undoubtedly aware that there is many a vote between the nomination and the office.

The Gulf of Mexico frequently seems to lack that self-restraint that one admires in a near-by neighbor.

Common politeness, if not a sense of official duty, should suggest to the mayor that he answer his letters.

There are reasons to suspect that even a gate-man will turn when trod upon in large numbers.

HOLLAND'S POET PHILANTHROPIST TO START NOVEL COLONY IN AMERICA



DR. FREDERICK VAN EEDEN.

WILMINGTON, N. C., Oct. 12.—On the ruins of his \$100,000 fortune, spent in helping the poor of Holland, Dr. Frederick Van Eeden will rear a mighty colony scheme 20 miles north of here.

A 1,000-acre tract of rich farm land has been purchased for \$100,000, and sturdy Dutch families are preparing to settle there.

Dr. Van Eeden is the most prominent scientist in Holland. His recent social experiments attracted

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR

A way to live a long life is not to have a very good time doing it. A lot of trouble in this world comes of men interfering in other people's troubles to settle them.

The reason hardly any men in the world can save money is bachelors don't have to and married men can't.

People who are married act as if it was against the law for either one of them ever to admit that the other was right about anything.

Making love to a girl so she feels you mean it is being able to say the same thing over several times just as if it was a new inspiration.

A woman's idea of law is a placard notice in a railroad station telling you what gate to go through; and of rules one of those cranky men in court who wants to annoy her by making her carry out her father's will.—New York Press.

JUST PLAIN MR. AND MRS. BRYAN, HOME FOLKS, ARE NOW VISITING SEATTLE

Marion Lowe Finds a Pretty Example of Real American Life, of Real Love and Happy Family.

BY MARION LOWE.

"I am glad to meet you," a warm hand-clasp and "Good morning," the length of my interview with Mrs. William J. Bryan, but there was a "wireless" message for the men and women of Seattle.

That's the story of a happy husband and a happy wife. It was Mr. and Mrs. Bryan, of Lincoln, Neb., who were at the Washington Hotel Tuesday morning, not "the Honorable and Mrs. William J. Bryan," nor the public man and public woman. Just a happy man and wife, that's all.

"We're not in politics, you know," Mr. Bryan had told me, "and we thought it wasn't necessary for Mrs. Bryan to assume the responsibility of interviews on this trip, but you may meet her if you like."

And with a little rap at her door, such as he might give at the door of her own room at home, Mr. Bryan walked in and smiled at the wife of his home. Mrs. Bryan looked at him inquiringly for an instant, with an expression that said: "William, I told you that I would not see any newspaper people."

Every husband knows the look. And back of the first shadow of reproach in the wife's eyes was the appeal of the woman who is looking into the eyes of the man she knows is standing between her and the knocks of the world, so far as his broad shoulders can keep them off.

Like a wise and devoted husband, Mr. Bryan kept on smiling and said: "This is a representative of The Star. I have told her that you were not giving out interviews, but that she might meet you, if she liked."

And it was Mrs. Bryan—the home Mrs. Bryan, the wife and mother, who extended her hand in cordial greeting.

What was there in that moment's meeting for the men and women of Seattle? The most sacred thing on earth, the love of a husband and wife, a moment's idealization of the vow, "Till death do us part." No matter what William J. Bryan may have said in his address at the exposition grounds on "The Average Man," great though that may have been, it was less eloquent than the wordless message of wife and husband, love and home that was expressed in the early morning interview.

"Love is the greatest thing in the world," said Henry Drummond, and it is this heart-warming message that goes out to the people of this city from Mrs. Bryan, who is first and above everything else a wife and mother.

So far from being a public woman is Mrs. Bryan and so entirely private and personal is this trip with her husband, that she had no program for the day. She was simply here with her husband. They learned, however, Tuesday morning, that plans had been made for them by ladies of the city, and both Mr. and Mrs. Bryan accepted gracefully the arrangements for their entertainment.



MRS. WILLIAM J. BRYAN.

A reception will be held in the Washington building this evening at 9:30 o'clock. Mrs. Bryan will be received by a committee of the following: Mrs. J. E. Childberg, Mrs. John F. Miller, Mrs. R. A. Hillinger, Mrs. E. F. Blaine, Mrs. William Piggott, Mrs. James A. Dummett, Mrs. Sam H. Piles, Mrs. C. G. Heifner, Mrs. Clark Davis, Mrs. Josiah Collins, Mrs. W. E. Humphrey, Mrs. G. A. C. Rochester and Mrs. John Y. Terry. Mrs. Battle is at the head of the committee.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

A tug is the only thing that has its bows behind.

A bee hasn't much to say, but he usually carries his point.

Mirrors, unlike some people, never force their reflections upon us.

If you look for pineapples on a pine tree your search will be fruitless.

The sun sets only in the west, but an old hen is willing to set anywhere.

A worthless man always seems to have more friends than a worthless woman.

A woman never knows what a man thinks of her, although she thinks she does.—Chicago News.

THE FIRST SPAT



"How did they come to quarrel right after the marriage ceremony?" "Why, it seems that he couldn't keep step with her while walking down the church aisle."

VOX POPULI!



THE 1909 PUMPKIN IS CONDEMNED TO PIE.

STAR DUST

JOSH WISE SAYS:



"It wasn't till after I'd quit reading school books that I learned every bear's name and Brin."

Mistress—You know, Melinda, we're all very fond of you. I hope you like your room and are content with your wages. I'm thinking of giving you my silk petticoat. Cook—Poh de lawd, Miss Howard! How many folks has you been done gone an' asked for dinner?—Puck.

He who deals honestly with himself rarely gets into serious trouble.—Florida Times-Union.

"Brown is the latest man on record." "How so?" "When his wife asks him to water the flower bed in the back garden he throws a bucket of water on his Newfoundland dog, and then makes him stand in the middle of the flower bed and shake himself."—Kansas City Journal.

All our sweetest hours fly fastest.—Virgil.

Prisoner—Yes! I am in prison for robbery at a summer hotel. Visitor—Were you proprietor or head waiter?—Detroit News.

As a man grows older he gradually gives up the unattainable and takes what he can get.—Dallas News.

"You're rich enough to own an automobile, why don't you buy one?" "No," said the old man; "a hurricane comes cheaper, an' seems more natural-like. An' a earthquake's 'bout due in this settlement. I'll just wait for that!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Hospitality grows best where it is most needed.—Hugh Miller.

It's just like a woman to forgive a man who doesn't deserve it.—Chicago News.

INTIMATE CORRESPONDENCE

BY RATH

Is Taft Making a Hit on His Trip Through the West? These and Impressions of Some of Our Western Cities, Including Seattle, Are Interestingly Discussed by Rath, the Star's Washington Man.

San Francisco, Cal., Oct. 7.

Dear Dad: How is Taft taking? Yes, I know that is the first question on your tongue. Well, I'll tell you. I have a friend with the party, a newspaper man, and I looked him up at Portland and I'll tell you what he said.

"Enthusiasm!" said he. "No, of course there isn't much enthusiasm. To tell the honest truth, about the only time we get a holler from the crowd is when Taft mentions Roosevelt. And, of course, that is discouraging."

"But," I said, "the papers have had a lot to say about cheering throngs and all that."

"Of course," he answered wearily. "I sent stuff out like that myself. But what can you do? You can't go along as a member of a party like this and then spend your time knocking it. If you are going to tell disagreeable things it's better to go a day behind like Alfred Henry Lewis."

"Where was the president had the best reception?" "Well, I think in the West. It certainly was a frost in the East. And the Winona speech on tariff fell very soggy. They have warmed up a little when he talked reclamation and conservation. But, on the whole, the thing has dragged."

"How does it compare with a Roosevelt trip?" "Oh, Lord," my friend exclaimed. "There is no comparison at all. But, then, you know, Roosevelt was not the average president."

At Sacramento I saw it for myself. I was about 20 feet away as President Taft left his special train and was escorted to his decorated automobile to be taken to the capitol building. The crowd gave a faint scattering cheer when he first emerged from his car. One. That was all. There was not a sound when he moved off. It was what our theatrical friends would call "a very heavy frost." I later heard, as you doubtless did, of the

deal he got on the public square, where the people were so noisy and inattentive that he had to cut short his speech. The crowd was really guilty of great discourtesy.

I was amused at a story told by a woman on the train. She was in the crowd that greeted Taft at the stock show at Seattle. According to her story a man—a committee-man—came out with a megaphone before the president arrived, and addressed the crowd as follows: "Ladies and gentlemen! Please get ready for some good hearty cheers. The president has hardly had a cheer since he arrived. Think of the reputation of our town. He'll be here in a minute. Now get ready and let's see if we can't have a decent demonstration."

The lady from Seattle sniffed with scorn. "Now, what do you know about that?" she inquired. "Right! The people to be enthusiastic! Not for me!"

"How did you like Seattle?" I asked my Taft party friend. "It reminds me of Chicago. It is Chicago on a smaller scale—Chicago with its hustle, push and noise—Chicago with its dirt and crudities and wealth—Chicago with its polyglot of people—its rudeness and good nature, its covetousness and bigness; its vacant lots and stunning structures; its shacks and palaces and modest homes. It is like Chicago in its weather and its people and its spirit—a spirit of give and get and forget the means; of genuine enterprise and much chicanery; of hard work and of speculation; of loyalty, of boasting, of real enthusiasm and of the empty claptrap of a side show shouter—it is all like Chicago done in miniature; yes, the 'unearned increment' and the 'open door' of opportunity beckon on all sides."

"It's a place to come if you want to sit in at the gambling game of life. But if you lose don't look for sympathy."

Pretty good description, don't you think? RATH.

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One-Piece Dresses. Fast express shipments this week of these popular garments, designed for street and house wear, bring our stock to splendid assortments again. Styles after the "Moyen age," as well as those with regular "waist lines," made in all the desirable weaves, such as chiffon broadcloth, Venetian, Prunella, wide wales, Panama and voiles; colors are medium and dark, in soft half-tones, always becoming. Many are trimmed with soutache or English embroidery; some are strictly tailored, and combinations in new moires are much in evidence. Range of prices is so wide that we can suit every purse. Priced at— \$18.75, \$22.50, \$25.00, \$27.50, \$33.75, and to \$48.75

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