

ABRAMS WILL DEMAND INVESTIGATION

WORK FOR TWO WEEKS IF GOMPERS GOES TO JAIL

Workman From Maine to Seattle Will Strike When Labor Leaders Are Sent to Prison, if Plan Started in Philadelphia Is Carried Out.

A two weeks' strike of all union and non-union men in the United States, bringing every industry in the country to a standstill, will be attempted if the Gompers, Morrison and...

The movement was started in Philadelphia yesterday. A committee of the central body in that city is developing...

News was brought to Seattle by a United Press dispatch this morning, and local unionists immediately began action.

At yesterday's meeting of the Philadelphia central body, resolution, originating the idea, was introduced by H. C. Cigar Makers' Union, and was adopted. Copies of the resolution were forwarded to the annual convention of...

It is planned to inaugurate the walk-out the day Gompers and his colleagues begin serving their sentence, if their appeal is refused. The strike will include not only the United States, Canada as well, if possible.

PIPE NEARLY GONE FOR 400 ENTOMBED ILLINOIS MINERS

Earling, of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul railroad, neither of whom has slept since Saturday morning, stood at the mouth of the shaft today.

Taylor presented a pathetic figure. The tears rolled down his cheeks as he said: "I believe the mine inspectors would have found this was the safest mine ever built."

"I don't believe this could have happened in any other way than through the accidental ignition of some hay in the stables."

"The men in the stables must have lost their heads and failed to shut off the stables from the rest of the mine."

"I don't think that the men need to have lost their lives. Some of the best men that ever lived have died here through someone's carelessness."

"Some of the best men that ever lived have died here through someone's carelessness. Several train loads of food and medicines already have been sent down."

(Continued on Page Seven.)

HODGE WILL ASK GRAND JURY PROBE

Sheriff to Take Fight Commissioners Have Waged on Him Before Inquisitorial Body.

The grand jury called by Judge Mitchell Gilliam on Saturday last, to meet on November 22, will be asked to take official cognizance of the relationship existing between the sheriff's office on one side, the prosecuting attorney and the county commissioners on the other.

The initiative in this matter will be taken by Sheriff Robert T. Hodge. It is probable that the sheriff will send to the court, or to the grand jury, a communication in which he will ask for a thorough investigation of the conditions in his office, and of all matters in controversy between him and other county officials.

Wants Jury Probe. "I want the jury to go into the matter of the feeding of federal prisoners and of the disposition of the profits thereon," said Sheriff Hodge this morning. "I am anxious to have the public informed as to whether or not my office has been properly conducted. I am perfectly willing to abide by the findings of the jury. If I have been wrong, I want to know it, and I am willing that the public should know it."

It is likely that the grand jury will appoint a special prosecutor to handle this phase of the grand jury investigation, inasmuch as Prosecuting Attorney Vanderveer is a party to the complaint to be made by Sheriff Hodge, and as such cannot properly act.

Said Hodge Was Right. One of the points on which the sheriff will lay particular stress is the feeding of the federal prisoners. He will point out that at the beginning of his term, in open meeting, attended by the sheriff, the county commissioners and the prosecuting attorney, Mr. Vanderveer stated that the money received by the sheriff for the board of the federal prisoners belonged to the sheriff, to do with as he pleased, to put in his own pocket if he so desired.

Later, when Sheriff Hodge used this money for the payment of the salaries of the county jail matrons, the prosecuting attorney advised the county commissioners to bring suit against the sheriff for its recovery.

The sheriff will set forth to the grand jury other incidents of a like nature to prove that the present attitude of the county commissioners and prosecuting attorney is detrimental to the best interests of the taxpayers of the county, and as a reason why the grand jury should determine once and for all the question at issue.

That there will be a grand jury sitting on the date fixed by the King county bench was positively asserted this morning by Judge Gilliam. A Sunday publication yesterday made considerable stir with the assertion that the call of the jury was illegal, inasmuch as it was not in all ways according to law. Judge Gilliam dismissed the statements of this publication this morning, in this terse fashion: "I didn't call a grand jury half-cooked. I looked up this thing before I took the step."

Drunk every day of his life for the past 10 years. This was the admission of Joseph Johnson to Police Judge Gordon this morning. Johnson, old, decrepit and trembling, stood before the court charged with drunkenness, and in a voice made husky by the fiery stuff that burned out his throat, begged for a chance to leave Seattle. He got it.

"I'm drinking myself to death, judge; but death seems slow in coming. I haven't drawn a sober breath for 10 years, except when I have been in jail. My daily allowance of whiskey is a half a quart. I'd be glad to die drunk, but I'm afraid to die sober."

The old man's story brought quiet to the court room. Every ear was strained as he continued: "I have been arrested hundreds of times all over the country. I have long since forgotten the details. Mostly the police have taken pity on me and let me go. I am beyond help or hope. I will drink and be drunk until I die."

"You may go," said Judge Gordon, and the old man, who has swallowed 1,500 quarts of whiskey, and who lives to tell of it, stumbled out of the court room to try to drink himself to death.

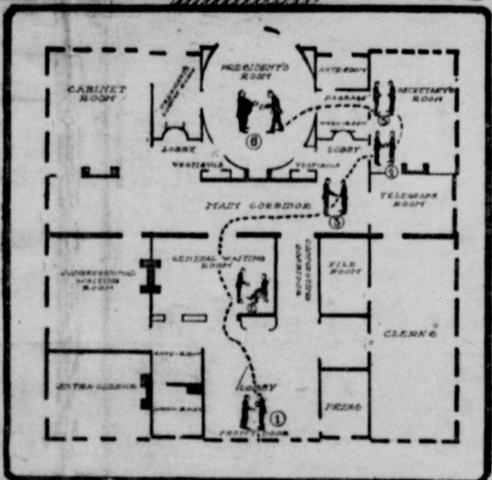
TEDDY'S PLAYGROUND TAFT'S WORKSHOP

D'YE WANT TO SEE BILL AT THE WHITE HOUSE?



PRESIDENT TAFT'S NEW \$80,000 OFFICE.

Well, here's how! (1) Doorkeeper opens door, looks you over. (2) Attendant shows you a chair. (3) Your card is sent to Secretary Carpenter. (4) You see Carpenter. (5) President gets your card. (6) "Hello, Bill!"



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WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 15.—Visitors to see the president since he returned from his swing around the country notice a remarkable change in the executive offices. Workmen have been busy since he left. The result is Taft's new workshop, right on the ground where Roosevelt's famous tennis court used to be.

The workshop is in the form of an addition to the offices Roosevelt had built at a cost of \$50,000. Experienced builders have said since that the whole job could have been done for \$9,000, but that doesn't matter. After Roosevelt moved in, he began to feel cramped for more room, but he didn't complain. Besides, there was that tennis court.

The first thing Taft did when he became president last March was to approve the plans for the enlarged offices. They have been built under the direction of Col. Spencer Cosby,

expert army engineer and architect. "The brick barn" some used to call it. "The wart" was its nickname from others. But the improved office structure is as convenient as it could be made—for the president.

But if Senator Sorghum or Congressman Cornflake want to introduce Citizen Haltassel to President Taft, it's going to be a hard job. The way the new office is built, visitors will have to pass through a labyrinth as crooked as the recent course of the steamship Oleander down the Mississippi river.

All of which will help Taft work, and work hard. That is why he ordered \$50,000 spent to make his workshop bigger. So when you pack your carpetbag and tell your friends you are off to Washington to see Taft, remember that there is a new workshop to enter and a lot of red tape to go through before you see him.

DO WOMEN MARRY FOR LOVE?—TAFT AND THESE WOMEN DOUBT IT

President Thinks That Many Marry for Homes and Support.

Why do women marry? The question was put to a number of Seattle women the past week, as the result of a statement made by President Taft recently. Some had "no opinion whatever." Others refused to discuss the question. Not one of them came back with the breathless answer, "For love."

Some of them got around to that conclusion by a circuitous philosophy, but not one—not one, mind you—flashed back with instant fire, "For love."

SHOULD NOT WORK; SHOULD HAVE HOMES

"What would a woman marry for if not for a home and support?" asks Miss Alice Lord, secretary and business agent of the Waitresses' Union. "Woman was created to preside over a home. I despise public work for women. If it were not for helping working girls I would never go out of my home for any kind of public work. I hate it. Women ought not to work. Let men work. Of course I don't mean that a woman should not do any kind of work. She ought to be brought up to know how to do housework and manage a home. She ought to be educated so she can be a companion for her husband and know how to bring up her children. But she ought not to work outside of the home to earn her living. Every man ought to be able to earn enough to provide for the females of his family. Most working girls marry for a home and support. So many of them have to work so hard they can't keep women from marrying. The Goulds and the Vanderbilts and other wealthy women marry as many times as anybody, but of course they don't marry for support. Woman was created for a home and children. Of course she marries for a home. Why else should she?"



MISS ALICE LORD.

ALMOST EDUCATED BEYOND MARRIAGE

"Educated women do not marry for homes," says Miss Isabella Austin, dean of the women at the University of Washington.

"Among the uneducated classes I think it is true that mothers often urge their daughters to marry for support. In such families there are girls who must go out to earn their living and they look upon marriage as an escape from earning a livelihood."

"Among my own friends, the educated women I know, women either have not married at all or when married, they did not marry for financial advantage."

"I think there are fewer marriages among educated women. I know a great number of educated girls who have remained single from choice. That sounds like an argument against a college education, but it is really an argument for the ideal marriage."

"These women have had opportunities to marry, but the educated woman does not marry for the sake of being married. She requires more of the man she marries, and he must be her intellectual equal. Moreover, when the educated woman marries, she stays married. There are fewer divorces among college marriages than in marriages among any other class of people."

"The smart thing for the president to do, instead of bringing his daughter up to depend upon her father's provision for her, is to put her in training for some useful work and she will be able to settle the marriage question for herself."

MARRY FOR HOMES AND COMPANIONS

"I'll show you my husband and then you'll know why I married," said Mrs. James Anderson, wife of one of the wealthiest men of the city and herself president of the Queen City Political Equality club. "The girls all envy me," she said with a roguish smile at her co-workers in the club. "I think business and professional women marry for homes and companionship, but not for support. They can support themselves and like it. But every woman wants a home, don't you think so?"

Three Questions Suggested by Statement Made by the President.

Taft's views suggested three questions: Why do women marry—for homes and support? If all women were financially independent, would there be fewer marriages? Does a profession or business deter a woman from marriage? These questions were put to Seattle women.

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COMMISSIONER WILL ASK GRAND JURY PROBE OF COUNTY HOSPITAL

Reporter Dunn's Account of Terrible Conditions at Georgetown Institution Stirs County Officials to Action—Women's Federated Clubs Join in Demand for Full Investigation of Conditions—Dr. Corson Makes Excuses and Defends His Management.

"We are going to have a grand jury. I will file a request with the prosecuting attorney that the management of the County Hospital be investigated."

"I told Dr. Corson that I did not like the way that the tubercular tents were built out over the river."—Statement of Dan Abrams, chairman of the board of county commissioners.

"I stand ready to have the grand jury investigate the County Hospital. That place is costing us a lot of money. We don't aim to run a hotel there, and it is as good as any institution in America. I don't believe one word you wrote."—Statement of A. L. Rutherford, county commissioner.

"No public institution is perfect. Our hospital will compare with any in the country."

"I will welcome an investigation of the institution by the grand jury."—Statement of Supt. Willis H. Corson, of the County Hospital.

At a meeting of the executive board of the Seattle Federation of Women's Clubs, the following sentiment prevailed: "As so much is being said in severe criticism of the management of affairs at the County Hospital, it seems to us the part of wisdom, as well as justice to all parties concerned, that the conditions and methods obtaining in said institution be thoroughly and impartially investigated. Therefore, be it Resolved, That we ask the grand jury called for November 22 to take up this matter at the earliest possible date."

The above resolutions were passed at a recent meeting of the executive board of the Seattle Federation of Women's Clubs and may be taken as a fair expression of the sentiment of the women of Seattle toward the expose of the inhuman treatment accorded to inmates at the County Hospital, as published in The Star.

The above federation embraces 19 clubs and has an extended membership.

BY ARTHUR W. L. DUNN. Keen surprise was shown by County Commissioners Dan Abrams and A. L. Rutherford when I asked them what they thought of the way patients were being treated at the King County hospital.

"I don't want to talk to you," said Abrams in the corridor hallway, and disappeared into his office. I followed him in.

"Mr. Abrams," I said, "I am speaking on behalf of the taxpayers of this county, the men who put you in office. They want to know about this hospital business which you are responsible for. They want to know what you are going to do about it."

Rutherford Speaks. Rutherford, who was in the office, spoke up now. "I don't like the way you went about this business," he said. "If you had come to us first we could have arranged it so that you could have spent two or three days there."

"Fine," I said. "You would have dropped Dr. Corson a note that a grand jury would be investigating the hospital business."

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SONG THAT WENT HOME

BY T. J. DILLON. The one little touch of sentiment which makes the whole world kin was revealed in a little five-cent moving picture theatre on Second av. last night. It was a song, a song about "Mother," a lonesome mother's yearning for a word from her roving boy.

The song came after the moving pictures. They were good, bad and indifferent, the same pictures that, with variations, are seen in a score of places every night. The "theatre" was an illly ventilated storeroom, packed with the heterogeneous audience that seeks relaxation on Sunday night. There were men and women there, rough and gentle, but for the most part giving no evidence of being sentimental. They laughed or scoffed at the moving pictures, as they sat in that vitiated atmosphere, with thoughts far away from their mothers.

Finally the picture show was over and it was time to leave. To hurry the audience out that another might come in, a young man is employed to sing. In a blue plush box, garbed in evening clothes, he began his "chaser," the song designed to empty the house. He was not a wonderful singer, probably not even a good one; the song was not written by a genius, and the music was obviously a melange of musical thefts. Everything looked rather cheap and tawdry when the song began.

But as it went along a hush fell over the little audience, departures were delayed, and soon there was not even heard the drawing of a breath, as the audience hung on every word. The song pictured the heart-aching mother back somewhere, dreaming over her little boy, now a wandering, careless man. And as the singer in a trembling tenor urged these wandering boys to write home to the old folks—to write home tonight—then eyes began to glisten, shame and remorse to take their places on the tense faces staring up at the singing figure in the spotlight. The Seattle audience, probably every one of them born and reared in the East, took each quavering syllable to heart. No diva ever scored a more complete triumph than did this unknown singer in this cheap little theatre last night; no preacher ever stirred the human heart to nobler emotion; no poet ever called a clearer picture to memory than did this chaser of small ballads.

When the song ended, music ceased and spotlight went out there was not a sound for a full minute. And then came the applause, long and hearty. And who knows how many mothers in the sere days of old age, sitting alone and almost forgotten, will get a new lease of joy in the shape of a letter, that had its inspiration in a garish little Seattle playhouse last night? "Cheap sentiment?" Yes, it only cost a nickel, but it will be worth millions to the mothers.

COME ON DOWN TO THE SHOW... The Star's guest at one of our rattling matinees at the Grand Theatre.