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THE SEATTLE STAR EDITORIAL AND MAGAZINE PAGE

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Poor San Francisco

San Francisco is beginning to celebrate. The celebration is beginning quietly, unostentatiously—sort of feeling its way before it opens full blast with red fire and the proper stage settings.

The celebration is in honor of the defeat of Francis J. Heney, famous graft prosecutor, who was beaten in his fight for the job of district attorney.

There are two classes of celebrators:

ONE OF THEM.

The other night Patrick Calhoun, president of the United Railroads—the man whom Heney has been trying to convict of bribery—was banqueted at the Fairmont hotel. It was a "sumptuous affair." The society columns tell us the tables were banked with immense white chrysanthemums, the dinner was served on a gold service reserved for rare occasions, the orchestra was led by a famous musician, the chef was noted on both sides of the continent, there were high-priced entertainers and high-flown oratory.

The dinner concluded with Calhoun's response to a toast in his honor. He paid a high tribute to the people of San Francisco and (don't laugh, it's too serious) to the spirit of American democracy.

So much for one class of the celebrators.

THE OTHER.

"Down the line" in San Francisco they are beginning to talk about good times, now that Heney and the "reform interests" are out of the way. "The line" in San Francisco never, as a matter of fact, has known anything but good times. What they mean to say is "even better times."

There are some slight restrictions, it is true. They are more honored in the breach than in the observance, but still they are restrictions. They are beginning to talk about doing away with them. Keepers of certain popular "high-toned" drinking resorts are complaining of a law that prevents music after 1 a. m. French restaurant proprietors are replacing tarnished fittings with new gilt. The unspeakable Barbary Coast starts its nightly debauch a little earlier.

"The town is waking up," remark the inhabitants of "the line." "It's going to be a good town."

So much for the other class.

When Francis J. Heney heard the people's verdict of "Stop the graft prosecutions," he simply remarked: "Poor San Francisco!"

City Hall Site

Mayor Miller's suggestion that the people of Seattle be given an opportunity to choose from two or three sites for a new city hall is an excellent one.

There is a vast amount of opposition to the site proposed on Yesler way, part of which was occupied by the old city hall, and there will be considerably more opposition to the proposal to purchase the lot lying east of this site, and which, in the opinion of people who should know, is very likely to be found useless for building purposes because of the railroad tunnel directly underneath. As a matter of fact, the suggestion that the city acquire this lot appears much in the light of an absurdity.

The Star believes Seattle's new city hall should be north of Madison, and in no event further east than Fourth av. In a very few years Union st. and Fourth av. is just about going to be the center of Seattle's business activity, not only in a commercial sense, but also in regard to office buildings.

If a new city hall is built at Third and Yesler, in ten years from now we will be crying for a new building further north.

Education at the rate of \$500 a lesson is certain, sooner or later, to demonstrate to the freezumb butchers the expensive error of their ways.

There are still several members of the Rainier club who have not been mentioned to succeed Senator Piles, including the senator himself.

Pretty stenographers and joy riders in excess are enough to disturb the entente cordiale of any home.

If President Zelaya isn't careful he will be slapped, and perhaps it won't be on the wrist, either.

Nobody has ever accused Secretary Ballinger of a crime; he merely has an unfortunate habit of stirring the suspicions of nervous citizens.

Perhaps the County hospital will make plain to the grand jury the improvements made since The Star expose began—and perhaps not.

Nicaragua quite evidently belongs to the class which has plenty of grit, but very little judgment.

Anyhow, Mrs. Stetson has the privilege of believing that it never happened.

STAR DUST

Josh Wise says:



"Nobody minds having a strap in the pay car."

That Hoboken man who deserted his wife because he had to button his shoes probably dreaded the time when she would add a dress that buttons down the back.

If Secretary Ballinger were to hale all the laurels he has won in the Alaskan coal land controversy, the resultant bundle would be about the size of a toothpick.

Record for laying concrete on the Gatun dam was made on a Sunday. Probably hustled to keep the dam from being holed.

Teacher—You should be ashamed of yourself. Why, at your age Geo. Washington was a surveyor.

A woman, dirty and disheveled, went into a public dispensary with her right arm bruised and bleeding.

As the surgeon applied the necessary remedies, he asked: "Dog bite you?" "No, sorr," the patient replied; "another loidy."—Ladies' Home Journal.

New York is enjoying another grand opera war. To many people this is the only thing enjoyable about grand opera.

Nebraskans gave Mr. Aldrich a fine pair of cowboy "chaps." Gentle hint, no doubt, that the west will buck.

It's neck and neck between football and the Maine hunting season, with football gaining rapidly for the corpse medal.

See where a waiter in Delmonico's amassed a fortune of \$500,000 through tips. The writer can hold up his right hand and take oath that he had no part in building up this extravagant bank roll.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

All men who stand upright do not act accordingly.

Anyhow, the ventilation of an air castle is perfect.

All men are born helpless, and some never outgrow "chaps."

Poverty prevents a lot of people from getting the gout.

Women take religion almost as seriously as men take politics.

Trying to keep out of debt is about as hard as being in it.

Look under the thumb of any married woman and you will find a man.

THE STORY OF THE THIRD DEGREE

In the two preceding chapters of Charles Kleins' great play, "The Third Degree," novelized by the dramatist and printed for the first time in this star, we are told of the suicide of Underwood, a dissolute clerk in his apartments, Howard Jeffries, at odds with his family because he married a saloonkeeper's daughter, was in the room at the time, and is charged by the police with murder.

In a dramatic scene Howard Jeffries is put through the "third degree," and, succumbing to the pressure, confesses. But a woman, the police learn, holds the key to the crime. This is Mrs. Jeffries, Sr., Howard's stepmother, who visited Underwood in the room in an effort to dissuade him, just before his death.

The police know that some woman visited Underwood, and believe that it is Annie, Howard's wife, and that the crime was the result of jealousy.

Third Chapter.

BY CHARLES KLEIN.

"Well, Mr. Brewster, spring your bomb. But I tell you now I've made up my mind."

It was Police Captain Clinton who spoke as he, Annie, the old Mr. Jeffries, Dr. Bernstein, an old friend of the family, and Policeman Maloney gathered, by Brewster's request, in the lawyer's library. Brewster smiled back at the captain.

"I've made up my mind, too, so we start even," he said.

"Well, you're a great constitutional lawyer, Mr. Brewster, but I don't believe criminal law is in your line."

Brewster—Well, I don't think it's constitutional to take a man's mind away from him and substitute your own, Captain Clinton.

"Captain Clinton—What do you mean?"

Brewster—I mean that, instead of bringing out of this man his own true thoughts of innocence, you have forced into his consciousness your own false thoughts of his guilt.

Brewster submits his views of the case, points out to Clinton the means he has taken of poisoning the public mind against young Jeffries through the publicity the affair has been given in the press, and shows how Annie has been placed under the ban of suspicion.

"Well," observes the captain, "it's up to you to prove I'm wrong."

This the lawyer proceeds to do. He takes a bundle of papers from the table, and going through the case, cites where false confessions have been obtained from parties under arrest who have been submitted to the third degree. As this evidence is produced Clinton cringes a little, and admits that mistakes will sometimes happen, and when Brewster asks him if he showed young Jeffries a pistol while trying to gain his confession, he hesitates a moment.

Captain Clinton—Yes, I think I did. Didn't I, Maloney?

Brewster—Your word is sufficient, captain. Did you hold it up?

Captain Clinton—Yes, I think I did.

Brewster then goes on to show how, after seven hours' cross-questioning, young Jeffries' mind was in so dazed a condition that, when the shining barrel of the revolver was shown him, everything became a blank, and the thoughts extracted from him were not his own, but the ideas that were instilled into



"I OBJECT," SAYS THE LAWYER, "SHE IS MY CLIENT." Photograph taken from the Harris production of "The Third Degree," showing Annie (Margaret Drew), starting to hand letter to Captain Clinton (Paul Everton), when Attorney Brewster (Alfred Moore), objects.

his brain from the mind of Captain Clinton. Dr. Bernstein affirms Brewster's opinions.

"The visual captivation of Howard Jeffries' attention makes the whole case complete and clear to the physician," continued the lawyer.

"Visual captivation is good!" laughs Clinton. "What do you think of it, Maloney?" he asks, turning to the policeman. Maloney laughs, but grows sober when Brewster informs the captain that the crime of hypnotic suggestion is a greater one against society than any the state punishes or pays him to prevent.

"Well, I've heard quite enough," said the captain angrily. "Where is the woman you were going to produce?"

Dr. Bernstein, Jeffries, Sr., and Maloney leave, and Annie becomes the center of the stage.

But Annie is alone and seems reluctant to speak. The captain laughs and even Brewster is worried. A conflict is evidently going on in her mind.

Brewster (turning to Annie)—Do you want me to lose all faith in you?

Annie—No, Mr. Brewster.

Brewster—Then tell me why you conceal this woman's name.

"I don't want to expose her," she pleads, and just then Mrs. Jeffries, Sr. enters. "Let me talk to her alone a few minutes," Annie asks, and the men step out.

Mrs. Jeffries is in the throes of despair. She has been to say good-bye to her mother, and is almost beside herself thinking of the disgrace and grief it will bring her husband when he learns of her part in the horrible affair and reads of "a suicide's" last letter to the woman he loved.

FROM DIANA'S DIARY

Miss Dillpickles Undertakes a Great Work as Censor at Taffeta & Balbriggan's Great Department Store.

BY FRED SCHAEFER.



"I WON'T STAND FOR ANY MOTHERING FROM A PIN-FEATHERED SNIFF LIKE YOU," CACKLED MISS CONIFER.

G-O-A-T spells goat. That's me. They were waiting for nuth when I showed up this morning. Every saleslady in Taffeta & Balbriggan's had read my censorship rules, and was waiting for the fair author with the idea of saying things to her.

I found myself about as comfortable as an English premier locked in an omnibus with a bevy of brawny suffragets.

They all talked at once, but I could gather what they were saying, because their sentiments were strangely similar. Remarks like "the nervover!" "thelallover!" "sheeznotouchamuch!" and "ainshoethelmit!" I was able to catch right off the bat, but what I muffed I didn't want, anyhow.

Finally the individuals with the most staying power made themselves heard. "I won't stand for any mothering from a pin-feathered

sniff like you!" cackled Miss Conifer, "I've been with T. & B.'s since before you were born!" And that wasn't no idle dream. Also, Agnes Bangle screams, "If you think you can have me fired, I double dare you. Why, I owe this store \$189.74, and they've got to keep me to work it out."

Oh, it was one cheerful moment. I ran away to sob out my troubles to Mr. Taffeta, but he was out of town. Mr. Balbriggan refused to mix in. He said he wasn't the mutiny expert of the firm, and besides he didn't carry enough life insurance to risk it. "Lay low and wait till Taffeta gets back," he advised, with trembling lip.

(Continued.)

ON THE QUIET.

He—Would your mother object to me kissing you.

She—She wouldn't hear of it—Comic Cuts.

When Mrs. Jeffries hears that she will probably be arrested she gives way to a paroxysm of grief. Annie tries to comfort her as best she can. Mrs. Jeffries hands her the letter from Underwood, which reads:

"Dear Mrs. Jeffries—This is the last time I shall ever burden you with my presence or bore you with my letters. You have forbidden me to see you again, you have sentenced me to a living death, but as I prefer death, shall not be partial—but full and complete oblivion, I take this means of letting you know that unless you revoke your cruel sentence I will make an end of it all. I shall be found dead tomorrow morning, and you will know what is the real cause. Your devoted slave, "ROBERT UNDERWOOD."

"This is great for Howard," says Annie.

Mrs. Jeffries—Howard must be cleared, of course, and I must face it alone.

Annie—Yes, you'll be alone, all right. Mr. Jeffries will do about as much for you as he did for his son—just watch him.

"I can never go to prison," Mrs. Jeffries cries. "I will go to Europe—let me have the letter. I will mail it back." But Annie keeps it.

In the midst of this Capt. Clinton appears with a sneer on his face.

"I'm tired of all this," he says. "I know all I want to know. You knew Underwood before you knew young Jeffries," pointing directly at Annie as he speaks. "It was Underwood who introduced you to your husband. It was Underwood who aroused your husband's jeal-

ousy. You went to his rooms that night. Your husband followed you there and the shooting took place. False confession, eh? Hypnotism, eh?" he laughs aloud.

"Well, I guess it's international law for yours after this, Mr. Brewster," he adds to Brewster.

There is a cry from Mrs. Jeffries. "Annie, the truth must come out sooner or later. Give Capt. Clinton the letter."

But Brewster steps in. "Excuse me, she is my client," he interrupts, "I will take care of this," and taking the letter he reads, partly aloud, partly to himself.

Clinton gleams only enough to know it is addressed to Mrs. Jeffries and that it is from Underwood.

"You must come to headquarters with me," he snarls to Annie.

Just then Brewster makes the discovery that the letter is addressed to Mrs. Jeffries, Sr., not to Annie. He detains the two women a minute. "Are you going to let her go on the witness stand and commit perjury?" he demands of Mrs. Jeffries.

"No, no!" she answers, but Annie's face lights up.

"I hadn't thought of that," she says, "but if it can be done, why not? It's a good idea—I'm glad you suggested it. Everybody says I'm the woman who called on Robert Underwood that night—well, that's all right, let them think so. What difference does it make as long as Howard goes free?"

"I wouldn't keep Capt. Clinton waiting for the world," adds Annie a moment later, rushing from the room, leaving Brewster and Mrs. Jeffries dazed and thoughtful.

(End Third Chapter.)

MY THANKSGIVING WHAT SHALL I DO TO MAKE IT A REAL THANKSGIVING?

Several days ago The Star asked its readers this question. The answers have been coming in fast. The Star promised prizes for the best answers as follows: Five dollars for the best answer and five prizes of a dollar each to the next five best. What are YOU going to do? Send your answer to the Thanksgiving Editor of The Star—at once.

HERE'S A SICK MAN SPEAKING

I am a patient in the City hospital and have been for the past five months, suffering with paralysis. I cannot make this special day different from any other since entering this institution. Every day the doctors visit me, with cheery words and hopes for my early recovery. The nurses, from the matron down to the latest on probation, study my and every other patient's need. My Thanksgiving is not for the extra good things provided on that special day, but for the benefits I am receiving every day. For me every day is a Thanksgiving day.

EDWARD DE BEERE.

THANKS FOR LOVE AND HOME

If one should walk into a thousand churches on Thanksgiving morning he would find the same service going on in all of them. The "solemn music" and the preacher thanking God for the blessings of peace, when half the world are at each other's throats; thanks for the prosperity of our land, when thousands are starving. Not these the thanks that swell to heaven and make the angels glad, but the song of joy that wells from the mother's heart because some wayward son or daughter has come, through her prayers, to realize that home is the sweetest place on earth. The wife and children of the reformed drunkard, whose home, once a place of want and misery, is now an abode of peace and plenty. The song of joy and thanksgiving that goes up from that home is grander than the chanting of the Te Deum or the eloquence of a cardinal. I thank God for the blessings that have been mine, and for the trials and disappointments that have come to me, knowing that they are but blessings in disguise, and that all things work together for good.

JAMES WILSON.

"GALLERY" PUT OUT OF DIVORCE COURT



CHICAGO.—City life has developed what is known as divorce court gallery gods. They are people who have adopted the career of being spectators in divorce cases, finding the trials of real domestic troubles more entertaining and absorbing than the mock tragedy and comedy of the theatre.

has become such a comfortable, cozy coterie that frequently trials have been interrupted by its laughter and applause, and its heated discussion of points in the various cases.

Judge Pettit has just struck a fell blow at the gallery by firing three "regulars" out of his court room. They were known to attaches only as "Bismarck," "The Deacon" and "The Count." The trio held an indignation meeting outside, and resolved to boycott the divorce court in favor of a moving picture theatre, if they find the price.

Very Familiar.

Miss R.—So you took Jack up on Mt. Vesuvius? Was he awed by the noise and the clouds of smoke?

Mr. S.—Not at all. He said it made him homesick.

Miss R.—Homestock?

Mr. S.—Yes, it reminded him so much of housecleaning days.

JUNIOR SUITS

Two and Three-Piece Suits, in shoe top lengths, qualities at \$22.50, \$25.00, \$27.50, \$28.50, marked for tomorrow's selling at—

\$18.75

You will find this the most attractive offering of young girls' ready-to-wear garments, in ages 11, 13, 15 and 17 years, the sizes hard to fit. We have assembled a splendid assortment, correct in style and finish and made from excellent cloths. Three-Piece Suits are also shown in models with detachable jumper waists, round neck waists, with plaits on shoulder. Skirts with plaits stitched over the hips and forming plaiting below. Jackets semi-fitting, with notched velvet collar, fancy pockets and cuffs; horn button fastenings. Priced tomorrow at \$18.75

One lot of smaller sizes, in ages 9, 10 and 11 years; values \$13.75, \$15.00, \$19.75. Priced at \$7.50

Junior and Misses' Dresses priced at \$18.75

Formerly \$22.50

Cream Serge Sorority Dresses priced at \$18.75

Formerly \$22.50

Reduced Prices on Girls' English Piccadilly Coats, in Sizes 6 to 14 Years

\$1.75—For qualities formerly \$6.50, \$6.75, \$7.00 and \$7.50. \$7.50—For qualities formerly \$8.50, \$9.00 and \$10.00.

Boys' Department

Serviceable Clothes at a large saving. The prices we are making on Boys' Clothing and Furnishings appeal to every parent. We handle only qualities from the most representative makers. Lines that are absolutely dependable.

Boys' Suits in ages 6-17 years, all colors and patterns \$3.50 and \$3.75

Boys' Suits in ages \$4.17; formerly \$6.50. At \$4.50

Boys' Suits in ages 4-17, new patterns, all colors \$5.00, \$5.75, \$6.50 to \$12.50

Two special numbers in Children's Russian Blouse Suits, 2½ to 6 years, and Sailor Blouse Suits, 5 to 10 years; plain or mixed colors, at \$3.75 to \$5.75

Overcoats, 2½ to 17 years, all weights \$4.50 to \$10.00

Separate Pants, superior wool fabrics, at .90¢ to \$1.75

Wool Coat Sweaters, popular colors, at \$1.25, \$1.75, \$2.25 and \$3.00

Boys' Hats, in new coronet shapes \$1.25 and \$1.75

Boys' Caps, superior stock, large variety 50¢

Everything in Shirts, Blouses, Neckwear, Collars, Suspenders, Belts, etc., etc.

Children's Hosiery

Infants' Fine Cashmere Hosiery, all colors and sizes, per pair 25¢

Misses' Fine Lisle or Silk-Lisle Hose, black, tan and colors, per pair 25¢

Boys' and Girls' Medium-Heavy "Strong School" Hose; black cotton; triple knees, heels and toes; all sizes 25¢

Boys' and Girls' Fall Stockings, pure wool feet; legs of wool and cotton mixed; (black only, sizes 2 to 16 years) 25¢, 30¢ and 35¢

Misses' Very Fine English Cashmere Ribbed Stockings, black— 35¢, 40¢, 45¢, 50¢ (Sizes in ages 2 to 16.)

Boys' Heavy English Wool Stockings, heavy double knee, soles and toes; ages 6 to 16 years— 35¢, 40¢, 45¢, 50¢

An Extra Special Cotton Ribbed Black Stocking, long elastic legs; sizes 6 to 10-inch foot. VERY SPECIAL, ALL SIZES .. 15¢

The Balance of the Remnants From Yesterday's Great Sale at Half Price.

JABAILLARGEON & CO

SECOND AVE. & SPRING ST.

Announcement

Saturday, November the 20th, at 3 P. M., the Cafe

Heretofore Known as

SCHELLE'S GROTTO

Will Reopen as the

CERRY GROTTO

Under the Management of

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Excellent programme of music afterwards and evenings for entertainment of patrons. The public is cordially invited.

Cherry Street and First Avenue