

THIS IS THE STORY OF A HERO WHO DOESN'T KNOW IT---WANTS NEW JOB

Just Did the Best He Could, as a Matter of Course.

Three members of the crew of the Matterhorn, which turned turtle off the coast of the Columbia river last morning, arrived in Seattle yesterday afternoon. Three were lost with the ship and four found other employment. The 11 survivors of this strange disaster all thank Einar Johannessen for saving their lives.

BY T. J. DILLON.

Einar Johannessen, able seaman, of the Matterhorn, sunk at sea, is in Seattle today, ready to sign any and ship to any corner of the world.

It was a Terrible Fight. The story of Johannessen's exploit has been told—how, when the ship and mate were forced to the bottom of their little shell boat, Johannessen took over, and hour after hour with wind and wave, while rain and snow beat down upon him, he held the bones and feet of his men until they almost burst his heart.

At 3 o'clock Tuesday morning the Matterhorn was wrecked. At 1 o'clock Wednesday morning the survivors were rescued. The men who were saved they owe their lives to someone and it might as well be he as anyone else.



EINAR JOHANNESSEN The Hero of the Matterhorn Disaster.

good luck at being alive against all his bad luck, and considers himself the winner.

His Second Wreck. This is Johannessen's second long chance game with death at sea. Once before, off Port Elizabeth, South Africa, his vessel went down, but he managed to be one of the survivors. Maybe he was a hero there, too, but not according to his version. He just did the best he could, the same "best" that he did when the Matterhorn turned turtle, leaving him the one strong man fit to fight the fight.

Five feet nine inches tall, with a chest like a flour barrel, tanned like a bear, square of jaw, pale blue, placidly smiling eyes, and a nondescript collection of clothing. That's a quick sketch of Johannessen. Twice cast up by the sea, he's ready to tempt fate again, merely as a matter of wages. He is no gambler with life; he expects sooner or later to die at sea. Thus the end came to his father off the coast of Norway, and his father's father before him. Johannessen has followed the sea since the viking days, and few of them died in their native lands.

So Einar Johannessen will go back to the sea as soon as his feet are well. The winds may bring him back to Seattle again, but he will come unheralded, just as a sailor before the mast. But when his time comes for starting on the long last cruise, whether he go down in a canvass shroud with a shot, or amid the wild dirge of tempest, Einar Johannessen will have the satisfaction of knowing that he lived and died a man, every inch of him.

SHERIFF WILL ACT FOR JURY

Ten local grocers appeared before the grand jury this afternoon to give information concerning the existence of a grocers' combine in Seattle, which it is alleged exists and controls prices in an unlawful manner.

Special agents of Prosecutor Vanderveer will no longer be allowed to use the grand jury to take out the dead.

The jury decided that the proper person to serve subpoenas and write of all kinds was Sheriff Hodges. Acting upon this opinion the jury yesterday turned over to Sheriff Hodges a number of subpoenas for service. The work of serving them was delegated to Deputy Sheriffs Zimmerman and Rogers.

CHURCH BREAKS INTO THE RIPLINGER CASE

Vanderveer's Agent Makes Accusations Against Vanderveer Which Court Refuses to Believe.

"I'll make considerable money by being on the December jury. It's all fixed for me to get on the Riplinger jury. I'll make money enough on the jury. That is why I do not want a job as detective in the prosecuting attorney's office."

This statement Vanderveer's agent, L. K. Church, swore Frank P. Brewer made to him three weeks ago. Brewer was called to the jury box this morning to be examined as to his fitness to sit as a trial juror in the John Riplinger case.

Church testified that Prosecutor Vanderveer delegated him to hire Brewer at a salary of \$100 a month. Church asserted that when he told Brewer he had a job for him in Vanderveer's office, Brewer said he did not want the job. It was then that Brewer made the statement already related. Vanderveer at once challenged Brewer for cause. He asserted that it was strange that the defense was anxious to have Brewer on the jury, considering that he had been a sheriff and a chief of police.

CHURCH BREAKS INTO THE RIPLINGER CASE

Vanderveer's Agent Makes Accusations Against Vanderveer Which Court Refuses to Believe.

"I'll make considerable money by being on the December jury. It's all fixed for me to get on the Riplinger jury. I'll make money enough on the jury. That is why I do not want a job as detective in the prosecuting attorney's office."

This statement Vanderveer's agent, L. K. Church, swore Frank P. Brewer made to him three weeks ago. Brewer was called to the jury box this morning to be examined as to his fitness to sit as a trial juror in the John Riplinger case.

Brewer had just seated himself when Church rushed into the court room. He whispered into Vanderveer's ear. The prosecutor asked the court to be excused a moment. Church and Vanderveer went into the corridor.

Offered Him Work. Vanderveer, upon his return to the court room, asked Judge Yakey to excuse all of the jury with the exception of Frank P. Brewer. Church then took the witness stand and swore that three weeks ago Brewer, who was an intimate friend of his, asked him to get him work as a detective in the prosecuting attorney's office.

Church testified that Prosecutor Vanderveer delegated him to hire Brewer at a salary of \$100 a month. Church asserted that when he told Brewer he had a job for him in Vanderveer's office, Brewer said he did not want the job.

It was then that Brewer made the statement already related. Vanderveer at once challenged Brewer for cause. He asserted that it was strange that the defense was anxious to have Brewer on the jury, considering that he had been a sheriff and a chief of police.

Brewer told the court that the reason he refused to work for the prosecuting attorney's office was that he did not want to mix in the "dog-eat-dog" row that commenced before the grand jury after he first asked Church to get him a job. He denied that he ever made any statement as to any financial advantage to be derived from his jury service.

Church is Puzzled. Church upon cross-examination could not explain how it was that although he held daily conferences with Vanderveer he had failed to tell his employer of the conversation with Brewer until this morning. He could give no reason for his three weeks' silence. Judge Yakey expostulated Brewer completely but held that it was best for all concerned that he should not sit on the jury after Brewer's accusation.

Brewer is one of the best known peace officers in Washington. He was sheriff of Whatcom county and also chief of police of the city of Whatcom, now known as Bellingham. It was the posse headed by Brewer that had the first battle on Washington soil with the desperado Harry Tracy. Brewer's chief deputy was killed at his side in the Tracy fight. Brewer has lived in Seattle in recent years.

HOLDS TONGUE DOES EDNA TO FOIL THE COPS



EDNA MAY NELSON After Her Week in Jail.

Edna May Nelson, county jail, is "The Woman Who Can Hold Her Tongue."

For over a week this enigmatic young woman has waged a battle of wits with the police, and today the police know as little about her, her name, antecedents, place of origin and intentions as they did when she was first taken to the city jail.

Young, of prepossessing appearance, with every indication of education and culture, she hides her true good naturedly in the county jail, while detectives from the prosecuting attorney's office, department stores, hotels and the city police department lay traps for her. They have spread their bird lime in a thousand sly ways, but always in vain; they have tried their crude psychology, fear, greed, hope, and she continues to smile and discuss literature. And in the labyrinth of literature the sleuths are blundering and lost.

Uses Nom de Plume. The police have sought information about her from magazines. Magazines have no record of an Edna May Nelson. When the police tell her so, she blandly replies that she wrote under a nom de plume. Further questioning receives the lady-like but determined reply that she does not care to have her pen name known at present.

She apparently has no friends in Seattle. Nobody knows her home, or if they do, the police are ignorant of the connection. She is not a woman given to exchanging confidences. Women detectives have been put in the same quarters with her as prisoner for the purpose of learning her story, but all they learned was her appreciation of a Conan Doyle, Monsieur LeCoeq, Poe and Old King Brady.

Has One Explanation. Her explanation of her rather impractical method of securing hats and dress goods is that she was seeking local color for a novel. This is her one declaration to which she clings persistently. Nothing can shake her from the conviction that she is a novelist, and that she is piling up literary treasures of experiences that she will some day dispose of for fame and riches.

Of course all this is a baffling mystery to the police. Those of them who do not look upon novel writing as a crime akin to larceny, believe that it rightly comes under the vagrancy statutes. In the first place they cannot understand why she wants to write, and second, can't quite grasp the abstract proposition of "local color."

So Edna May Nelson has them guessing, and all because she has the unusual gift of holding her tongue.

THOUSANDS IN TOILS OF THE LOAN SHARKS

Interest at the Rate of 180 Per Cent Per Annum Is Collected From Working Men Here.

The salary loan shark is one of the worst enemies the poor of Seattle, as of all cities, have today. With cunningly written documents which he persuades his clients into signing, the loan agent gets hold of the weak and unfortunate, holding them in a viselike grip, clenching tighter and tighter day by day.

Many people in Seattle know what these loan sharks are—know by bitter experience. But there are others who do not. It is for these—the unsuspecting—that The Star has sent its reporters out to gather evidence against these people, to explain their methods, to cry out a word of warning.

The article below will be the first of a series on the loan sharks, their system and methods.

Ten thousand wage earners, men and women, young and old, are working day in and day out in all kinds of employment in an almost helpless effort to free themselves from the clutch of Seattle's score of loan sharks. In a moment of temporary need they borrowed money upon their salary. Now the salary is week by week becoming more and more the property of the loan sharks.

There is no escape but to pay. And with wages just sufficient for current expenses, and interest of 180 per cent per year piling up beside the principal, the borrowers' hope of freedom is not encouraging.

Employers are helpless to stop the loan vampires feeding upon their help. Every step yet taken to break up the practice has immediately been turned into an engine of persecution by the loan agents. The amazing extent of the salary loan offices' business and the persevering ingenuity practiced by these modern Shylocks in wringing money from their victims are too well known to every large employer of labor in Seattle.

A man with no friends in the community is suddenly compelled by sickness in his family to raise \$10. He has had steady work, but a salary not proportionate to the increase in the price of necessities has left him without any surplus. He reads the seductive advertisement of a salary loan company. He goes to its office in a down town business block—they all have offices in business blocks.

He asks for a loan of \$10. He is told that the company loans \$10 for four months in return for the payment of \$16, in installments of \$4 per month. The prospective victim is deceived by the apparent ease of paying but four dollars a month. He does not stop to figure that the interest he is paying is 180 per cent a year. The proposition is put up to him in such a manner as to keep him from thinking of the fact.

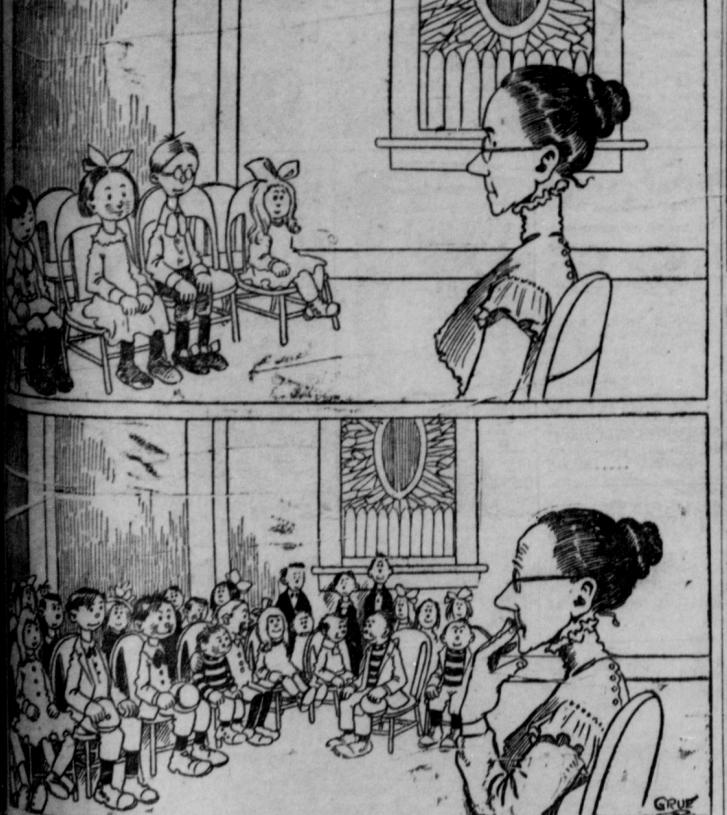
They Look Him Up. He does not, however, get the \$10 at once. He must write out an application blank. Upon this blank he states among other things the name of his employer, the length of his employment, the nature of it and his wage. He is asked to call the next day. In the interval the loan office's "runners," as its victims call them, investigate whether the statements on the application are true. His place of employment is visited and inquiries made of other employees.

If the man has told the truth on his application and the office considers from its investigations that he is a good risk or rather no risk at all—he gets the \$10. There is no risk in the salary loan business. Wage earners keep one position until another is obtained. If a change is made a tracer locates the borrower.

Our specimen case having been found satisfactory upon investigation, is asked to sign his name three times. He is told that his signing the papers is just a mere formality. This is the formality consists in the signing of a promissory note, an assignment of wages and a power of attorney. He then gets his \$10. For three months he pays \$4 monthly. The fourth month his household expenses eat up every cent of his money.

(Continued on Page Seven.)

THE AVERAGE SUNDAY SCHOOL MOST OF THE YEAR



AND THE SAME TWO SUNDAYS BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

HEROIC RESCUERS RISK LIVES TO SAVE PAPIER MACHE "CORPSES" FROM FIRE

CHICAGO, Dec. 7.—When a company of firemen entered a smoke-filled factory on the West Side today, three of them came out trembling. "They're lying dead in heaps, boys. For heaven's sake call the ambulances." A general call for ambulances brought half a dozen clanging down the street. The flames had spread. A crowd had gathered. Policeman Sullivan decided to be a hero. He walked in to take out the dead. A dozen volunteers followed. Five minutes later the rescue corps walked out, grinned sheepishly, and vanished into the crowd. They had found a dozen wax and papier mache trunks, arms, heads and legs. The factory was owned by the J. H. Drake Co., manufacturers of surgical supplies.

GIRL OF NINE IS MOTHER OF FOUR BECAUSE OF THE LAW'S FAILURE

BY MARION LOWE.

"Mamma isn't at home, but come in, I'm keeping house."

Little yellow haired Myrtle Soderberg thus greeted me when I knocked at the door of the house at 6053 Sixth av. N. E. late yesterday afternoon, and I stepped in.

And I stepped into the home of Mrs. William Soderberg. It was once the home of William Soderberg, but he preferred going to jail to working to maintain that home, preferred a pinochle game in a county jail cell to getting out and doing a man's work, to providing for and maintaining the wife he had taken into himself, and the children she had borne him. I had been told to find out if this was another evidence of the inadequacy of the law. I found a story of a woman who is doing both a man's and a woman's work, the story of a little 9-year-old girl who is assuming all the cares of a housewife and mother, while the real mother, the woman, goes out and bravely struggles under her double burden.

tered, and there live the wife and babies of William Soderberg.

That little house of a home is spotlessly clean, and every yellow haired youngster is bright faced and lovable. William Soderberg's wife and children never "drove him to drink." But to the story.

The Little Mother and Her Charge. Sitting on a cot without any mattress, bundled up in coats and clothes to keep it warm, was the Soderberg baby, Hilda, 18 months old, who had just waked from her nap, and was rubbing her blue eyes. "Mamma won't be home till 11 or 12 o'clock tonight," chattered the little housewife. "She's helping another woman do janitor work today. She told us kids to go to bed at half past eight and leave the door unlocked or her."

Myrtle, the "little mother" who is only 9, took up the baby, carried it on her hip to a rocking chair and sat down to soothe the baby. "No, she isn't heavy; I carry her all the time. There, she wants to go to sleep again. Hand me a coat, Robert, to keep her warm," and she rocked back and forth, her own small toes barely reaching the floor. Robert is 5, so noisy, I have a time

keeping him still. There comes my other boy," and the 9-year-old housewife smiled out the window at Harold, running home from school.

"There are five of us children. Violet is 11, I'm 9, Harold is 7, Robert 5 and Hilda is 18 months old; she's pretty near 19, though. Violet and Harold are at school today, and I'm taking care of the little ones. Mamma cooked things last night, and I just warmed 'em up today.

"It gets kinda cold in here. You see, it's all open up there around the roof, and mamma's afraid for us to keep a very big fire when she's away. Violet was keeping house the other day while Mamma was away at work, and the fire got low. She poured some oil in the stove, and the flames flashed clear up to the ceiling. You can see where it smoked the boards."

"Don't make so much noise, Robert. These kids do make such a racket sometimes."

Shows a Mother's Care. "Where do we sleep? You see, that's a folding bed back there. Mamma and Violet and Harold and Robert and I sleep in that and the baby sleeps on the cot. Sometimes

More Shopping 15 Days Before Christmas



THE PICKPOCKET

There is no risk in the salary loan business. Wage earners keep one position until another is obtained. If a change is made a tracer locates the borrower.

Our specimen case having been found satisfactory upon investigation, is asked to sign his name three times. He is told that his signing the papers is just a mere formality. This is the formality consists in the signing of a promissory note, an assignment of wages and a power of attorney.

He then gets his \$10. For three months he pays \$4 monthly. The fourth month his household expenses eat up every cent of his money.

(Continued on Page Seven.)