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An Insurgent Electorate

That not overly ingenious arrangement for packing the state republican convention to the end that corporation bent men be elected to the state supreme bench gives signs of coming to pieces. The King county republican central committee, being endowed with ears, is now apprehensively hearkening to the denunciatory voice of the people. Senatorial aspirants, keenly sensitive to public opinion for the moment, think not well of the plan; in fact, gave orders that it be abandoned. Committee and candidates are suddenly and unaccountably aware of their own blundering impudence and would make immediate amends.

Last week this newspaper told how the King county republican central committee, in furthering the schemes of the "interests," had decided that it would nominate the delegates to this state convention to nominate supreme court justices; how these same delegates, in their friendliness to corporations, would frame the state republican platform, and having gone thus far, calmly proceed to read certain insurgent republicans out of the party.

Immediately protest arose from the voters in the North End, a protest indicative of much. Briefly, the committee was told that it might name such delegates as it wished, but that any such delegate would be politically dead thereafter forever; that every thus nominated candidate for the supreme bench would be defeated, and that any endorsed candidate for the United States senate would have abundant cause to resent such endorsement.

Clearly here was an unforeseen contingency. The people, betrayed by the state legislature, refused to submit apathetically to the nullification of the direct primary law. According to all precedent, the people should have grumbled a little, then grown interested in the prize fight, and have allowed Mr. Wilson and the republican county central committee to look after their political welfare, supreme court justices, United States senators and the rest. But they emphatically did not.

Insurgency, therefore, is not confined to congress; is not, as Mr. Wilson would have us believe, on the wane. Quite the contrary, the ordinary, insignificant, not-to-be-considered voter is on the insurgent, declares himself in no unmistakable terms, makes promises of retribution, and standpat committee and standpat candidates make haste to take heed.

It is going to be a difficult task for the King county republican central committee to make new arrangements. To call a county convention after deciding not to, will require not a little humiliating finesse, a painful admission of being caught with the goods. But, in the philosophizing words of the chorus girl, "it must be did," that's the end of it.

Wherein one may plainly see the scope and potency of insurgency.

The news that Hamilton flew from New York to Philadelphia will recall to several Seattle people that they never got their money back.

The aeroplane has come to stay. An innocent bystander has been all muzzed up by one.

A Pacific steamer reports running into a sea of lobsters, but the log omits all mention of the flock of chorus girls.

Another disadvantage of being the dismembered figure in a trunk mystery is the publication of your love letters.

JUSTICE MOODY GETTING WELL, BUT WON'T HEAR THE STANDARD OIL CASE

BOSTON, June 13.—Justice William H. Moody of the United States supreme court is in a fair way to recover. His physicians say that he will be able to return to the bench when the supreme court opens next fall. The justice himself says he never felt better in his life. He says further that he will not take any part in the hearing of the Standard Oil case in any event.

In view of the fact that Justice Moody, when attorney general, instituted the first suits brought against the Standard Oil company, he does not consider that it would be just for him to participate in the hearing that is to lead up to the final judgment in the federal suit against that corporation. This information comes from an intimate associate of Justice Moody, and is authoritative.

Thus the famous anti-trust case will not be decided by a full bench, after all. Counting the new justice, Governor Hughes, there will be but eight judges on the supreme bench when the big case comes up again. Justice Moody is in Corey Hill hospital, taking treatment for rheumatism. At times he suffers intense pain in his right leg, but otherwise he is in perfect health. His physicians say that his recovery is assured, but that it may be several months before he is entirely well.



JUSTICE WILLIAM H. MOODY

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

The average woman would rather be the wife of any kind of a man than of none at all.

Everybody has conceits; a few succeed in concealing it.

The way to get a woman to be polite to another is for her to hate her.

You are entitled to feel you are reasonably sane when you don't think nearly everybody else is crazy.

Good resolutions would improve with age if they ever lasted that long.

Next to wanting to flirt with a man there's nothing can make a girl do it quicker than for somebody to want her not to.—Chicago News.

Pointed Paragraphs.

The eagle is a noble bird, but the old hen contributes more to the welfare of the human race.

Sometimes it's difficult to draw the line between a kleptomaniac and a souvenir collector.

The reason men don't understand women is because no woman ever tries to make herself plain.

Happiness may be relative, but the relatives of a man's wife are not necessary to his happiness.

Pity is skin to love, and if a young man has an obese bank balance it isn't difficult to find a girl to pity him.

There's no reason why a woman shouldn't take boarders if she wants to, but she shouldn't try to board a moving train.—New York Press.

SUPERFLUOUS INFORMATION



Dependent One—Drat it, I feel like killing myself. The Comforter—Tut, tut, cheer up. Why, I feel like killing myself often—but I really never do it.

"Why Did Four Beautiful Women Marry Me?"

That's the Question That's Up to Nat Goodwin, Comedy Idol, and There is Talk About Another Divorce and Wife No. 5.

First Chorus Girl: What's the best way to achieve a career, Flossie? Second Chorus Girl: Well, there are two roads to success for a chorus girl. The first is the low, tiresome road of hard work; the second is to marry Nat Goodwin.

It was a chilly day in Reno. A slimy, slithering, shimmering sheet drooled down right into the main street of the little frontier town.

Along the slippery thoroughfare an observing resident might have seen the muffled figure of our hero, his neatly gloved right hand tucked into the breast of his Sunday raincoat, as he strode the street with a commanding stride.

He thought he was prancing on the boards. "Hist," said he, as he loomed into the sight of a stunning beauty. "Hist—then hist some more. I was always a good hister. But no—" as he cast a parting glance at the retreating figure of the beautiful maid. "—no. And no some more. Never again. NEVER AGAIN!"

It was Nat Goodwin, miner, actor, the billion-dollar comedy idol. He had just left the divorce court, where that institution, in the record-breaking time of 11 minutes, had ground once upon his axle and released him from his third love. Once more our "Nat" was free, and once more he vowed to remain free. And Maxine Elliott-McDermott-Goodwin was also free.

The scene shifts. The sun beats down upon the dusty highways of Boston. Once more our own Nat leads to the altar his fourth blushing bride, none other than Edna Goodrich, whose name had been associated with his on the play-bills—and otherwise.

That was Nov. 8, 1908. And now—ere two short years



Nat Goodwin and Edna Goodrich, wife No. 4.

have elapsed—Edna Goodrich-Goodwin, one of the most beautiful women the American stage ever saw, is living separate from

Nat Goodwin in Paris, and another trip to Reno will be the sequel—say her friends. The grounds this time will be—let's see, what will they be?—oh, yes, happy thought—temperamental incompatibility.

"Why did four beautiful women marry me?" asked Nat, when he contemplated his book dealing with his matrimonial woes last spring. "Why did these four beautiful women marry me?" he repeated in an impassioned voice, and paused to allow the weight of his words to soak in.

Who will be the gnat? Why did they marry him? This is what Nat had to say in the first rough draft of his book:

"1. Eliza Weatherby, the English actress, married me for love. She was an angel. She was one of the most beautiful women I ever knew, and one of the most self-sacrificing wives that ever blessed man with her devotion and love. We were married in 1887. She died about ten years later.

"2. Nella Barker Pease I married in 1888. She married me for to get out of society and to get into the Bohemian atmosphere of the stage. She was a society woman and a silly fool.

"3. Maxine Elliott, the actress, married me in 1898. She was a woman with the ambition of a Cleopatra, who used me as a ladder to reach her goal.

"4. Edna Goodrich—well, why did you marry me, Edna?" he asked, addressing her. "Just for your own dear self, Nat, and yes, because you do not bore me with your talk, dearie. For whenever you speak to me you say something," she replied with a caress.

And so it was arranged that Edna Goodrich-Goodwin, with her own hand, should write the FINAL chapter of her husband's book. "Why Four Beautiful Women Married Me?"

But the scene shifts some more, and the dispatches from Paris say she won't do anything of the kind. She may write ONE chapter of the book, but—well, who will write the really, truly, FINAL chapter of that book?

Who is to become Mrs. Goodwin No. 5? There is some conjecture, and a little gossip, but no one seems to know the answer.

However, the scene may shift some more, and—

Once again it will be a chilly day in Reno, but Cupid, crushed to earth, shall rise again.

IS GALLANT RECORD OF TWENTY-FIFTH REGIMENT TO GO FOR NAUGHT?

General Edwin S. Gill, now editor of the Rainier Valley Record, but who has a military record covering a number of years, ending with the adjutant generalship of Arizona, in his paper of recent date says: "Even now it is not too late for an exhibition of a little cool judgment and common sense in dealing with the question of the negro troops at Fort Lawton. What would have been the result had the woman been attacked by a white soldier? Why, every one knows that every effort would have been made to discover the man guilty of the assault and no one would have thought of declaring that all the soldiers should be removed. Nor should they be at this time. All this hue and cry is merely an outburst of race prejudice that is a disgrace to the people of Seattle.

Its Gallant Record.

"How about the gallant services rendered by the Twenty-fifth infantry in the dozens of Indian cam-

paigns in which it was engaged from 1867 to the last Sioux uprising in 1891? Are the men of the regiment to have no credit for their gallant work at El Caney and Santiago? Every man at all familiar with the Cuban campaign knows that the Rough Riders would have been wiped out but for the noble support given them by the negro troops of the Ninth cavalry and the Twenty-fifth infantry.

"Colonel Andrew Hart, one of the best old Indian fighters of the army, who commanded the Twenty-fifth infantry when they were ordered to the Philippines in 1899, said he had the best fighting regiment in the army, and his men proved the assertion later in the Philippine campaign. No troops sent over there came back with a higher record of efficiency and bravery than the Twenty-fifth.

"Is all this brilliant record to count for naught because a few have run mad with race prejudice?

Let us be fair and judge the negro soldier as a man—not as a black man. Give him the same opportunity that we would give to the white soldier. If one of his number violates the law, hunt out the guilty one and punish him and not raise a hue and cry against the entire regiment, just because they happen to be 'niggers'.

They Invite Retaliation.

"When people in a public meeting begin to talk about shooting all negro soldiers seen on the streets in the vicinity of the fort, they invite retaliation after the Brownsville way. Seattle wants none of that; the members of the regiment want none of that. They only want a fair deal; they only want to be treated as men, on their merits; as men who love their country and are ready at any time to give their life for it, even if that life is encased in a black skin.

"It is time to disregard hysteria and let common sense rule."

"Mother-in-Law" Joke Isn't So Funny to Japanese Wife



Young Japanese Wife and Her Domineering Mother-in-Law.

The mother-in-law problem is not merely a comic supplement joke with the Japanese. It is a stern reality but the conditions are somewhat reversed from what they are with us.

It is the wife that feels the presence of the mother-in-law in Japan. The wife is the servant of her husband's mother and the mother never even volunteers to "do the dishes."

"The two Chinese characters representing 'husband' in the Japanese language mean 'heavenly person.' Accordingly, his wife is expected to honor him as a thing from heaven. She does this by attending carefully to the duties of the household so as to leave her husband free to carry on the business of life. The true wife will sacrifice fortune and even life for the sake of her lord," says Jiro Shimoda, describing domestic customs among the Japanese, in the current number of the Japan Magazine, published at Tokio.

Continuing, he says: "One of our Japanese servants has said that though a wife were complete in all accomplishments of the modern world, she would not be a perfect



wife if she did not know how to shampoo the head of her husband's father or mother. To married women of the west the idea may come as a shock, but in all respectable circles of Japanese society it is taken as a matter of course. In fact, any violation of it would be a legitimate cause for divorce; for a true husband would rather see his wife show veneration for his parents than for himself.

"The Japanese woman is loved as a wife, and honored as a mother. Thus though her duties are arduous, her life on the whole is happy and contented.

"Though the Japanese woman is required to be gentle above all things, and to keep that spirit alive in her home, she is not a creature without courage or bravery. In old Japan, when a daughter was married, she brought as part of her dowry a dagger, and prepared to defend her husband even on the highway if he needed it.

"There are many stories of heroic women in Japan that recall the women of Sparta,

But domestic duty must remain her chief responsibility. As the Japanese are a race attaching great importance to cleanliness, the wife must see that the house is daily attended to and kept scrupulously in order; and that not a speck of dust is allowed to collect anywhere within the dwelling.

"In accordance with the Japanese habit of devotion there is in every home a little altar-shelf where the spirits of the ancestors receive daily homage. Before the ancestral tablets as well as before the favorite gods of the family gifts of rice must be laid and prayers offered before the shrine. The wife must attend to these religious duties though all others fail.

"Since the restoration some of these old ideas have become modified somewhat, but the main principles of the civilization remain. Today the intellectual and social atmosphere of the world is attracting the women of Japan to an unusual degree. This change has been effected chiefly through Occidental philosophy and literature; and the ideas of some few of our women are becoming so westernized that they are beginning to discuss the independence of woman, and advocating the Occidental custom of having the newly married couple live in separate houses from the parents. Not only gifts of rice for existence has led many women to seek employment in factories and offices and thus to abandon home life altogether. Industrialism thus found to have an important effect upon the future of domestic life in Japan."

In the Good Old Times.

A Northerner sitting on the veranda of a Southern home was enraptured by the beauty of the night. "How wonderfully beautiful the moonlight falling on the water," he exclaimed. "It is, indeed," replied his dignified but unscrupulous Southern hostess; "but, ah, you should have seen it before the war."—Everybody's Magazine.

A Man of Few Words.

Mr. Jones, who is a man of few words, went into a music store to buy some music for his wife.

"Mikado libretto," he said to the clerk.

"The clerk started. 'What's that?' he asked.

"Mikado libretto," said Jones again.

"Me no spik de Italian," said the clerk.—Lippincott's.

STAR DUST



Josh Wise SAYS:

"When a new neighbor moves in, this is always the first remark she passes to you over the fence: 'I declare, I never saw a place left as dirty as this!'"

"I thought you'd got a job?" "I have; putting on the dots in a domino factory."

"Then why aren't you working?" "They're making double blanks today."

Japan has a national debt of \$932,000,000, and an annual income, or revenue, of \$246,000,000.

"Well, doctor, boy or girl?" "My dear sir, you are the father of triplets."

"Are you sure you haven't missed any in your hurried count?" Lang, the new White Sox pitcher, helped to win three minor league pennants, but doesn't look so good in fast company.

"My beau," said Elsie, "is going to be an admiral."

"Indeed," replied the visitor. "A cadet at present, I suppose?" "Oh, he hasn't got that far yet, but he's had an anchor tattooed on his arm."

Italy has an annual average of 2,606 murder trials and an average of 2,805 convictions.

The Western Union Telegraph company made a profit last year of \$7,347,106.89.

A pleasant evening to George V., new king of England, is to sit by the fire with a book while Queen Mary sits by his side with her knitting. He cares little for sports, the opera, or elaborate entertainments.

The cost of sending a cable message from New York to London is about 25 cents a word.

"You are charged with larceny. Are you guilty or not guilty?" "Not guilty, judge. I thought I was, but I have been talking to my lawyer and he's convinced me that I ain't."

What is that which is lengthened by being cut at both ends?—A ditch.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE



SENATOR BAILEY.

Not since Senator Joe Bailey of Texas was caught with his fingers in the Standard Oil can has he aroused the commotion he did the other evening when he got under a high silk hat and went over to a Jersey dinner party.

When Bailey first appeared in the house of representatives he wore a wide brimmed soft hat, a frock coat of clerical cut, and a white cambric tie. Later on the cambric tie gave way to a four-in-hand, the frock suit to a black sack of up-to-date pattern, and the sombrero to a derby, which now is succeeded by the "stovepipe topper."

There was a time when Texans would have been immeasurably shocked by seeing the eagle eyes of the defender of the constitution peeping out from under a silk hat, but that time has gone by. They are more concerned in that famous, not to say worn, query, "Where did he get it?" And a silk hat makes them all the more suspicious that he has "got it."

Compared with some of the senatorial money bags, he is a regular pittance in Texas, and down there they can't see how he got it, unless he did get too near that Standard Oil can. At any rate, until he gets a good coat of whitewash Bailey's silk hat won't cause anything like the Texas cyclone it would have aroused a few years ago.

Hands Up!

"It's just 12 o'clock," said the timid man, tremblingly, when he had consulted his watch at the request of the polite highwayman.

"Thank you," was the polite highwayman's acknowledgement. "And now, sir," he begged, "will you be so kind as to place your hands in the same position as those on your watch, so that I will be enabled to go through your pockets with as little trouble as possible?"—Chicago News.

Sitting in Judgment.

Knicker—It is difficult to sit in judgment.

Bocker—Yes; when you find a person qualified to throw the first stone, he generally can't throw straight.—Judge.

His Choice.

Doctor—Now, McTavish, it's like this: you've either to stop the whisky or lose your eyesight—and you must choose.

McTavish—Ay, weel, doctor, I'm an auld man noo, an' I was thinkin' I've seen about everything worth seein'.—London Tatler.

Advertisement for Pabst Extract, featuring a bottle and the text: "Can't you sleep at night? Is your system in such a wrecked condition that you can't take advantage of nature's greatest medicine?"

Advertisement for Yellowstone Park Excursion, featuring the text: "The Geysers! The Geysers! The Geysers! Yellowstone Park Excursion. Via the Oregon & Washington Railroad, Oregon Railroad & Navigation Co., Oregon Short Line & Southern Pacific."

Advertisement for Special Side Trips, featuring the text: "Special Side Trips SMALL EXPENSE. The chance of a lifetime to make a grand five days' tour of the greatest scenic spot in America. Write or inquire of Local Agent for Yellowstone Park Pamphlet giving all details."

Advertisement for Eastern Outfitting Co., Inc., featuring a woman in a dress and the text: "TODAY'S STYLES TODAY. When You Need New Apparel You Must Have It. Unless you are possessed of an unlimited income, the buying usually works some kind of a hardship, great saving or sacrifice of pleasure."

Advertisement for Ohio Cut Rate Dentists, featuring a list of dental services and prices: "Ohio Cut Rate Dentists. 307 1/2 Pike St. Over Owl Drug Co. We Stand Back of Our Work for 12 Years. Painless Dental Work, Cut Rate Prices."

Advertisement for H. L. Klein, The Shoemaker, featuring the text: "H. L. Klein THE SHOEMAKER. If you can't get boots or shoes to fit you, get them made to measure at 217 JAMES STREET. ST. CITY OF EVERETT or TELEGRAPH. Three rooms, water, gas and electricity at 7 a. m. to 11 p. m. and 11 p. m. to 7 a. m. Sunday. Leave Seattle at 7:30 a. m. 9:15 a. m., 11:15 a. m., 1:15 p. m., 3:15 p. m., 5:15 p. m., and 7:15 p. m. Steamer leaves from Colman and Steamer and schedule subject to change without notice. Phone—MEALS SERVED."