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THE STAR EDITORIAL AND MAGAZINE PAGE

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The Beast and the Ballots

Denver held a municipal election the other day, and when the ballots had been counted it was found that the people had decided:

- For municipal ownership of the city water plant.
For the initiative and referendum.
For the recall.
For the citizens' ticket, as against the two machine tickets.
Against certain "fake" amendments introduced to puzzle the voters.
Against the renewal of the water company's franchise.
Against local prohibition.

This was perhaps the most significant municipal election ever held in America. It was a finish fight between Privilege and the People. On the side of Privilege were arrayed all the Powers that Prey—the democratic machine, the republican machine, the public service corporations, even the city administration. On the other side were Judge Ben Lindsey and his co-workers, the League for Honest Elections—and, as the tally shows, THE PEOPLE.

No stone was left unturned in the endeavor to defeat the popular will. Money was spent lavishly with a view to corrupting the electorate. Men and women were hired to "boost" the water franchise on the streets and on street cars.

Women were hired to canvass the city, and then authorized to offer men \$5 down and \$5 more if the franchise carried, to act as their "assistants" on election day—with nothing to do.

The democratic mayor called the recall measure a vicious instrument and denounced direct legislation as pernicious. The republican boss did the same thing.

Corporation newspapers said that the election of the citizens' ticket would be a popular indorsement of the charges made by Judge Lindsey in his book, "The Beast and the Jungle."

There were two issues before the people—a real one and a fake one.

The real one was whether or not the water company should be given a new franchise.

The fake one was the saloon question.

When the people showed signs of studying and understanding the franchise business, the water company started the liquor issue to divert their attention and divide their forces. This is the usual method of franchise seekers.

The water company and its allies spent close to \$400,000 on the election.

The people spent something like \$1,500. They had no general organization—no poll workers. Yet they won.

This sweeping victory is a triumph for the cause of good government. Its prime significance lies in the fact that it was a victory won in the capital of Colorado, in a machine-ridden city in a state in which bipartisan corruption has been rampant for these many years.

It is evidence that the rank and file of the American people is sound at heart; that no community is so corrupt that its people will not vote for good government when the issue is put squarely before them.

Denver folks have at last been enabled to see clearly the "Beast" long so cunningly veiled. Once having seen the enemy for just what it is, they have lost no time in bruising its bipartisan head.

It is especially encouraging that the people of Denver decided to settle the water question at one election and the liquor question at another.

If the cloak of "moral issues" no longer hides graft and grab, it's as big an advance for good morals as it is a setback for grafters.

Surely the Roosevelt wish for silence isn't because he can't think of anything more to say.

The ice man, the coal man and the plumber all stand in awe of the Western av. commission man.



"I see in der paper, Adolf, dot anodder passentcher drain left der rails." "Well, why nod? Id hass to leafe der rails for der negst draht to use."

STORIES ABOUT TOWN

A Seattle attorney dictated a letter to a client into a graphophone for his stenographer to transcribe. When he had finished dictating, he added a word of instruction: "Plain paper will be good enough for this fellow."

His stenographer, a miss with one week's experience, transcribed the letter faithfully, instructions and all. He signed the letter without noticing the postscript. The next day's mail brought the letter back inclosed with another one that fairly scorched the paper.

A stenographer with one week's experience is now looking for a job.

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR

Nearly all women are sincere; they just won't practice it. All babies are so smart it's a mystery where so many brains go before they grow up.

If a man has a good reputation people want to have a constant cat and dog fight about it. The time we can have faith in disagreeable treatment is when we are doing somebody else with it.

Children are very forbearing not to be bigger tyrants over the family than they are when it's so easy.

Fables of Convention

IV. THE GIRL WHO WORE NO RAT.

This is a brief fable about a girl who wouldn't wear a rat.

She wouldn't wear a rat because she thought they made a girl look horrid. It wasn't because she couldn't afford one. O mercy no! On the floor of the wagon shed at home there was enough waste hair and Irish moss from old buggy cushions to make a hundred rats. She could have had innumerable rats if she had so desired. Her not wearing a rat was a matter of principle.

She came down from the country and got a job in a department store at \$1.50 a week. She thought that good pay for a start. Presently she thought differently. She rented a 6x8 room for \$1.50, leaving two dollars for her meals and her clothing, and such washing as couldn't possibly be pasted on the mirror. No room here to tell how she divided this sum. Figure it out yourself.

She didn't get along very well. Other girls, who were drawing but little more pay than she, dressed vastly better than she could afford to dress, and often ate 30-cent table d'hote dinners. Even those who were not living at home could be resplendent on four or five dollars a week. Some times the men about the store, floorwalkers and the like, would take such girls out to dinner.

She wondered about these things. She asked Susie about it. Susie only drew five dollars, yet she had a new coat.

Susie laughed in her throaty contralto. "Get wise," she said. Then she leaned over and advised, confidentially: "Do up your hair different, kid. Get some style to you."

The girl from the country pondered this cryptic advice, and when, after a while, its meaning dawned upon her, she was a little shocked and she blushed the merest ghost of a blush. She was too tired and dispirited to be much shocked and too hungry and bloodless to blush much.

But she vowed she would get no rat, and next day she defiantly

coiled her braids a little tighter than usual. "Let 'em laugh," she said. "I don't care! I hate 'em, anyway!" When the holiday rush was over, the manager, seeing that she gave no evidence of blossoming into anything more attractive than the dowdy country girl she was at first, nay, had even lost the pretty color that had won a place for her then, marked her as one of the first to go. She was discharged at the end of the second week in January.

She didn't have money enough to take her home. Besides, she would have been ashamed to go home beaten, even if she had had the money. She paid her room rent,



and with \$1.50 to go on, sought for work.

That's all. The folks at home never heard from her again. Nobody knew what became of her. There was a girl, to be sure, who looked like her amazingly—

But this girl wore a rat and a whole battery of puffs. She couldn't possibly have been the girl who wouldn't wear a rat.

"—Eun" Short for "them," accusative of "they." For "they" see note under tomorrow's "Fable of Convention."

Two-Minute Vaudeville

SLAP: Did you ever see my educated dog? THUD: You got an educated dog? What does he know? SLAP: That dog knows as much as I do. THUD: Oh, I thought you said he was educated. What can he do? SLAP: What can he do? He can do arithmetic. He can subtract two porkchops from one market basket and leave six green onions; and he keeps adding fleas as fast as they multiply. THUD: Anything else that dog can do? SLAP: Yes; he's a hero. He pulled a child out of a pond and dragged it in front of an express train and then stopped in at a newspaper office to have his picture put in the home edition on the way to notify the coroner. THUD: That's a valuable dog. Anybody ever try to steal him? SLAP: Several times—but luckily the thieves overlooked him after taking his collar off. THUD: Where is he now? SLAP: I forgot to tell you—one night we sent him to the grocery for a can of gasoline and a box of matches, and he dropped the change and scratched a match on the can of gasoline to look for it. Everybody said he was the brightest dog they ever saw while the fire lasted.

King County Politics

The plan to force the employes in the county treasurer's office to actively campaign for McConaughy for treasurer and Carrigan for commissioner, under penalty of discharge for inactivity, has fallen through. Some two weeks ago Matt Gormley, the present incumbent, notified his employes that discharge awaited any man in the office found backward in pushing the political interests of McConaughy and Carrigan.

Some ten of the most valuable employes in the office refused absolutely to support either of Gormley's men for county office. Gormley was told that the protesting ones would not work in any treasurer's office run as McConaughy ran it when he was in office six years ago. Carrigan also came in for a castigation at the hands of the employes who are familiar with the latter's record. Saturday Gormley informed his employes that he would release them from all obligation to support either McConaughy or Carrigan, but requested that the men go down the line for John L. Wilson. Gormley has a promise from Wilson that he will be appointed adjutant general of the national guard in January, and he is anxious to show Wilson that he is working.

Hiram Lampman, formerly bailiff in the municipal court, has announced his candidacy for constable from the Seattle precinct. Lampman has been a prominent republican worker for years, and has been assured a large support.

Ed Cudihoe will not be a democratic candidate for sheriff at the primaries this fall. He has told his friends that he would not run against Hodge, as he believes that Hodge is entitled to a second term upon his record.

James M. Gephart has announced that he will make the race for the democratic nomination for congress from the First district. With Charles G. Heifner already in the race, this means that there will be a contest for the democratic nomination.

The Bolso club, the political branch of the Spanish war veterans, has indorsed the candidacy of John F. Murphy for prosecuting attorney.

Disgusted with the political methods of the Wilson organization, republicans are daily endeavoring to support Miles Poindexter in an effort to put an end to the bossism that is again attempting to rehabilitate itself, despite the direct primary law.

Pilloried by public opinion for having originated and initiated the scheme to take the selection of the delegates to the republican state convention out of the hands of the voters, John L. Wilson has again changed front, and announced that the scheme might as well be carried out. Wilson takes the position that, as he will be punished at the polls for having fathered the scheme, he might as well go through with it and get what he can out of it.

Next Friday evening the King County Democratic club will hold a smoker in its new headquarters, Evergreen hall, in the Silver building, at First av. and Cherry st.

The Progressive Republican league has sent letters to all the announced candidates for the legislature asking whether the candidate will bind himself to vote for the republican choice for United States senator, as expressed by the voters at the primary. A few of the candidates have turned the letters over to the John L. Wilson senatorial organization to write their answers.

J. T. Armstrong, former councilman from the 13th ward, has been busy the last few days looking over the ground, with the intention of entering the fight for the nomination for county assessor. Armstrong has not made any definite announcement of his intention to make the race.

D. K. Sickles, the county clerk, will probably have no opposition for renomination. No person has shown any intention of making a contest against Sickles.

HIS DISABILITY

Recruiting Sergeant—Young man, why don't you enlist? Zeko Leary—Can't; I'm too listless.

STAR DUST



"Jeff Horschlock won't use a safety razor because he hates to throw the blades away. A man like that'll save his high school diploma."

"Jennie, you mustn't play in the front yard on Sunday."

"Yes, ma, but isn't it Sunday in the back yard, too?"

There are 1,309,697 members of the Masonic fraternity in the United States.

"There, it's raining," said Mrs. Makechiff, "and we can't have our picnic today. Let's soak our sandwiches in lemonade and eat them on the floor. We can get plenty of red ants in the kitchen."

Elephants live to be 400 years old. "I wouldn't believe Jones under oath. He lies in his teeth."

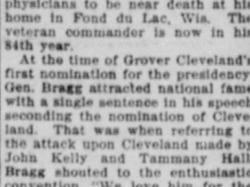
"Yes, but he can't help it. His teeth are false."

Germany leads all other European countries in the production of pig iron and steel.

It is understood that President Little of the International Union of Former Managers for Jack Johnson, plans a boycott on the big fight.

"Piker is certainly a stupid man." "How's that?" "Haven't you heard? He was accepted as a juror in a murder trial without any question."

IN THE PUBLIC EYE



GEN. E. S. BRAGG. Gen. Edward S. Bragg, commander of the famous "Iron Brigade" during the civil war, is said by his physicians to be near death at his home in Fond du Lac, Wis. The veteran commander is now in his 84th year.

At the time of Grover Cleveland's first nomination for the presidency, Gen. Bragg attracted national fame with a single sentence in his speech seconding the nomination of Cleveland. That was when referring to the attack upon Cleveland made by John Kelly and Tammany Hall, Bragg shouted to the enthusiastic convention, "We love him for the enemies he has made."

In 1900 Bragg joined the republican party because of his antipathy to free silver, and stamped the country for McKinley and Roosevelt.

The Patient Man. Mr. Henpeck had hesitated a long while about doing this bold thing, but he felt that now was the time or never. "Dear," he said in a very timid voice, "I wish you wouldn't call me 'Leo' any more."

"Why not?" demanded his wife explosively. "Leo is your given name."

"I know, my dear, but it makes my friends laugh when you call me that. I was thinking you might call me 'Job' just for a pet name."

Catholic Standard and Times.

NED MERTON THE THIRD READER BOY. BY FRED SCHAEFER. A novel and diverting drama has been presented in our village. In one scene Eliza crosses the river on cakes of ice, attended by a noise like bloodhounds. The moral of this, it seems to me, is not to annoy the dumb brutes.

He Answered Right. "So," said Tommy's father, "you took dinner at Willie Stout's house today. I hope when it came to extra helpings you had manners enough to say 'No.'"

"Yes, sir," replied Tommy. "I said 'No' several times." "Ah! you did?"

"Yes, sir. Mrs. Stout kept askin' me if I had enough."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Not So Hard. "It was rather hard to lose your daughter, eh?" remarked the guest, after the wedding. "Oh, no," replied the bride's father. "It did seem hard at one time, but Mary finally landed this fellow just as we were losing all hope."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Reply in Kind. College Student—Roses are red, violets are blue. Send me \$10 and I'll think of you. Loving Father—Some roses are red, others are pink. Inclosed find \$10, I don't think.—Independent.

In 1950. "Did he object to his wife's getting into prison?" "No; he only said it wasn't the jail where his mother used to go."—Harper's Bazaar.

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