Member of United Press. Published Daily by The Star Publishing Co.

THE STAR EDITORIAL AND MAGAZINE PAGE

By Mail, out of city—1 year, $3; 6 months, $1.50; 1 month, 25c. Entered at Seattle, Wash., Postoffice, as second-class matter.

Honest Men Can't Win Unless Honest Men Vote

VOTE.

Do your duty as a citizen in tomorrow's primary election.

Your vote is needed if Washington is to be a self governed state. If there ever was a time when the vote of every honest citizen was needed in a Washington political contest that time will be tomorrow.

VOTE.

Every crooked political interest engaged in bleeding Washington is exerting its influence for the success of Judge Burke and the standpat congressional candidates. Scores, yes, hundreds of hired political workers will be at work tomorrow getting out the purchasable vote, the dishonest vote, the indifferent vote and the deluded vote. If money and crooked political methods can win an election in Washington it will win tomorrow's election for the standpatters.

VOTE.

If the industrious workingman stays at home the political crook and the loafer will have a double influence at the polls. If the honest man stays at home the crook with money to hire workers and the unspeakable degenerate who sells his vote will, in effect, cast two ballots for the candidates of the crooked interests. If the home-loving citizens of Washington stay at home the home-destroying agencies of graft and greed will win this election.

VOTE.

There is a conspiracy in great business circles, a conspiracy which controls congress and the United States senate, to betray the interests of this state and this nation. The tools and the hirelings and the supporters of this conspiracy are in every community. They are sleeplessly alert and vigilant. The men and the interests in this conspiracy are asking the indorsement of the people of Washington for their tools and creatures, the supporters of Aldrich and Cannon.

VOTE.

The eyes of the nation tomorrow will be on the state of Washington. The reports of tomorrow's primary election will be either a humiliating admission of a subservient people or their defiance of selfishness, avarice, cunning and unscrupulousness. The story of tomorrow's primary election will carry comfort to the vampires of big business, or it will inspire courage in the hearts of the industrious and the patriotic.

VOTE.

Only a big vote from the farms and the workshops will batter down the intrenchments of the bosses, the political hirelings, the powerful political machine financed from Wall street. If it is profitable for special interests to hire workers and buy voters to win an election which will enable them to pillage the people, then it is profitable for the people who would otherwise be pillaged, to turn out voluntarily and veto those schemes of pillage.

VOTE.

The women of Washington can play an important part in tomorrow's primary election. Asking for the ballot for themselves, they can, in many instances, exercise the power of the franchise tomorrow. For every wife and every mother and every sister who sends a husband or a son or a brother to the polls who would not otherwise go, will add that much precaution against stealing tomorrow's election. Every woman who helps to send to the polls a voter who will vote for insurgent candidates is doing that much to reduce the burdensome cost of living, to put a stop to theft and robbery, to make her home better and her life easier, and to open wider opportunities for her children and their children.

VOTE.

Humphrey, the Political Sneak

Humphrey is a political sneak, a soft shoe artist; he is the most dangerous type of a politician, as well as the most contemptible. Cannon and Aldrich are frank and open. The people know what they stand for. With all their crookedness they have the merit of being manly enough to come out in the open and work in daylight.

But not so with Will E. Humphrey. He tiptoes around in the dark, smirking and smiling, using every disguise that comes to hand. He hasn't the courage of the rat, who will fight when cornered; he whimpers and whines, trying lies and evasions until honest contempt becomes contemptuous pity.

His Uriah Heep 'umble tries to get the votes of the common people are enough to nauseate. In the capital he is arrogant, conceited and domineering to Andrew Furuseth of the Seamen's Union; in Seattle he will cringe and crawl before any man who can show a union card. Once in congress, his pitiable vanity swells him out toad-like; when he is a candidate he wriggles about in reptillian abasement. He will fawn and lick boots for votes and kick and spit when he gets them.

He is a political abomination.

OBSERVATIONS

AND Michigan retires Senator Burrows after 33 years in congress! Julius Caesar!

o o o

TODAY is the last day that every candidate has a lead-pipe cinch on the nomination.

o o o

FARMERS bucked up $200,000,000 to the harvester trust the past five years, with Ballinger's friend, Perkins, helping.

o o o

COL. ROOSEVELT enjoyed every moment of his Western trip. The enjoyment was not unanimous, however.

o o o

UNDER Japan's rule, Korea's emperor will be called The Whang. Lenient rule. Japan might have made it The Whanged.

o o o

SO many innocent bystanders are being shot in street rows in Dallas that they're thinking of disarming even the editors.

o o o

THE officials of the Humboldt steamship are now of the opinion that all is not gold that comes in a carefully sealed box.

o o o

JUDGING by the noise made over Teddy's mention of Taft, the two gentlemen had never been formerly introduced to each other.

o o o

FAIRBANKS' ex-vice says there's too much hysteria abroad in the land. But there isn't enough buttermilk to go 'round, Charley.

o o o

ST. PAUL fired a presidential salute for Teddy, after Taft had left. Saved its powder ti llit could see the white of Teddy's teeth.

o o o

AS usual, the auto which ran down the little newsboy "wasn't running over three miles an hour." The slow auto is the dangerous one.

o o o

CLAD in red tights, a lady balloonist dropped into Rockefeller's yard at Cleveland. But the private watchmen got her outside before he saw her.

o o o

SO FAR Judge Burke hasn't seen fit to make use of the endorsement he received at the hands of the Japanese Business Men's Association.

o o o

PORTLAND, ORE., man's got up a perpetual motion machine. Ran 11 days and would be running yet if it hadn't broken down. Resembles old Joe Cannon some.

o o o

FORTIFY that Canal? Well, Mr. John Bull, we should say so. We'll build it, run it and fortify it to the queen's taste, and don't you forget it! Sick 'em, Teddy!

o o o

VERMONT goes republican by the smallest majority in ten years. Rain kept republicans in and brought democrats out to the polls. Usual republican majority was rained under, as it were.

PAID ADVERTISEMENT. Paid by A. B. Hunt.

John T. Mulligan

Candidate for Prosecuting Attorney, Republican Primaries, September 13th.

MR. MULLIGAN'S PLEDGES TO YOU.

I will prosecute and destroy the criminal produce trust, and all criminal combinations raising the price of food stuffs.

I will prosecute every criminal connected with the "tenderloin" district, including the proprietors and inmates thereof.

I will enforce all bail bonds forfeited during my term of office.

I will wipe out the usurious "loan shark."

I will take a firm and open stand against vice and crime of every kind.

I will pledge you a clean administration, a vigorous enforcement of the law, and a square deal to every man, without fear or favor.

Mr. Mulligan's candidacy has been endorsed by fifty of the strongest law enforcement and civic societies. The largest endorsement ever given a candidate for public office in King county. Mr. Mulligan is the only candidate who has any chance of defeating the ring.

CONCENTRATE YOUR VOTE ON MR. MULLIGAN.

Business Bringers. Star classified ads. Buy or sell real estate, etc.

STAR DUST

A WORD FROM JOSH WISE:

"Sid Ciderpress kin wear high collars now sence he's cut a notch in 'em fer his Adam's apple."

"Do you believe the wicked are punished in the hereafter?"

"I hope so. I've noticed that the good usually get it in the neck here."

Maggie Mitchell, the great actress of half a century ago, is still living at her home in Elberon, N. J. She is 77.

"I told Mrs. De Style that she looked like Mrs. D. Mile, and Mrs. D. Mile that she looked like Mrs. De Style."

"Well?"

"They met last week, and neither has spoken to me since."

Ever notice that when a man gets fat his hair usually gets thin?

The trouble with people who can only talk on one subject is that they always do.

Clarice—No, I wouldn't try to convince George that you are dead in love with him. Maybe that is the kind of a dead one that won't appeal to him.

FUNNY FOIBLES OF FASHION

"Eh, what's all that hilarity in the next room?"

"The girls are laughing at some of the freak styles in an old Godey's Ladies' Book.

In the Editor's Mail

Short letters from Star readers will be printed in this column when they are of sufficient general interest. You may write about anything or anybody so long as personal malice is not your motive.

Seattle, Sept. 10, 1910.

Editor of The Star—It sometimes happens that a man may pass muster very satisfactorily in the ordinary walks of life and yet be utterly unfit for higher spheres into which it would seem that he could naturally rise in the course of events. The virtues of Judge Burke in his past life, I assume, for I have read them—have had but little chance to read much else in the daily papers for the last few weeks. I am reasonably familiar with his portrait, taken at a moment when he was wearing his most statesmanlike air, and am gratified by observing that he has his hand in his own pocket, which I take as an earnest of his intention to satisfy all reasonable claims that may be made upon him. But I hardly feel sure of his becoming a good representative of this state.

Last year I heard the judge deliver an address in the Auditorium at the exposition grounds on Chinese day. He informed us with much appropriate gesture that on one occasion (after the Boxer rebellion I think) the other great powers of the world were about to divide China piece-meal, when the United States stepped in and cried, "Hands off!" and they withdrew; snarling, it is true, but they withdrew. Now, I do not remember exactly what did happen, but the judge evidently wished us to believe that the United States, in a very belligerent manner, dictated terms to the rest of the powers interested in the matter, which were, as I recollect, France, Germany, Great Britain and Japan, a proceeding which seems to be in the last degree unlikely.

The point is this: Is it likely that a politician of this obsolete type, who panders to the taste of a certain class by telling them that the United States has only to breathe hard and look stern to cause alarm among the other nations, would be a good representative for this or any state?

Years ago, of course, this sort of thing found favor among people even who are now sufficiently enlightened to feel ashamed of it. But I believe we are, happily, over all that nonsense—at least we hear much less of it—and I was genuinely surprised to hear such a sentiment on the occasion referred to.

I might have regarded it as a mere bit of bombast, thrown out for the occasion, but for a confirmation that appeared in a Seattle paper a few days ago. It was in the form of a letter from a gentleman signing himself Krueger, and lauding Judge Burke to the skies for having shaken hands with him during the late Boer war and sympathized with his country in their struggle for freedom.

Everyone knows now that the freedom those estimable people were struggling for was the freedom to tax the larger part of the residents of their country without allowing them representation and the opportunity was afforded the judge to express an alteration in his sentiments, but I cannot find that he did so. Surely this type of jingo politician is not the material out of which to make United States senators. Yours truly,

VACUUS VIATOR.

Editor The Star: There's a lot of rot, mere rot, being handed out to the effect that Judge Burke is the very dear friend of the laboring class.

We can readily understand why bankers, capitalists and all manner of men connected with the "interests" should be friendly to Judge Burke's candidacy, for he is a good wire puller, a good diplomat, and bullheaded enough to take a gun, if need be, and shoot at white men—these very same American workingmen whom he so dearly loves—if they are arrayed against Mongolians. Yes, you bet.

We are not left in doubt as to just what he would do, or as to whom he would fight for. There are still living in Seattle a few men who know what he DID DO when the working people of Seatle were trying to rid the town of Chinks.

He then showed unmistakably where he stood. Has he ever repudiated or repented of the action he then took? Has he? If he has, we have never heard of it. Did he not say he had a gun, AND USED IT?

Patrick Henry said: "I have no way of judging of the future but by the past, and judging by the past I ask, gentlemen, what means this martial array?" If Burke was then, or has at any time since been lined up with the interests of the American laborer, what has he ever done to prove it?

BILLY PATTERSON,
202 Denny way.

NO COSTUMES, NO CHEERS, NO AUDIENCE, NO BEERS, NO KISSES, EVEN, BUT JUST WORK, AT REHEARSALS

BY MARION LOWE.

Folks who went to the Seattle theatre yesterday saw the new Baker stock company present the play "Old Heidelburg." They probably enjoyed it. It is a pretty play. But none of them got as much fun seeing yesterday's performance as I did the day before seeing the rehearsal.

For the rehearsal is seeing the play being made. It's opening the watch case and seeing the wheels go round. It's a look behind the stage. Here's what happened:

"The prince, the prince, he comes."

The pretty college inn lady, who is in love with the prince, had her prettiest smile ready. A bunch of supers were ready to shout the welcome. But the prince came not. He was outside on the sidewalk smoking a cigaret.

"Oh, Lord, I wish they'd stay around here," groaned Stage Director Dills, "I can't be calling everybody. Here, you over at the door, tell that prince we're waiting for him."

Then the prince came in. No trappings of royalty, no sword, no cocked hat, no plumes. Worst of all, no applause. The prince walked in in his business suit, with his typewritten manuscript in hand.

The prince was the idol of Heidelburg, and when he fell in love with the prettiest girl in the college town, all Heidelburg wished him well. But when this prince entered, there was nary one cheer. Not a soul in the audience to sigh or smile.

For it was make believe, without audience or scenery or costumes. Director Dills and the company called it work. They had been at it all week from 9 in the morning till 5 at night. Then another couple of hours, beginning at 8 o'clock after dinner.

But wait, here's "Katie" jumping over the garden wall (a row of chairs) and into the prince's arms.

"Kiss," said Dills.

They didn't. That was all there was to it. Dills' saying so.

"They don't have to kiss during the rehearsals," explained Ernest Shipman, the manager.

"Don't break the door," cried one of the players while everybody on the stage rushed to two chairs, backs together. Those chairs were a door.

"I have to look as if I enjoyed it," said Miss Clifton, who rides off the stage triumphantly on the shoulders of two Heidelberg students, "but one of those fellows is taller than the other and his shoulder digs into my side."

A rabble of students flocked around an empty chair and made sport of an imaginary old man snoring there. The man who takes the part in the play was out on some other business. So the stage director snored for him.

But do you know, the really surprising thing about the rehearsals is the apparent reality of it to the players? They gathered imaginary flowers, drank from beerless steins, and kissed kissless lips with as much feeling as if a first night audience were going wild over a beautiful stage setting and gorgeous costumes.

WILLIAM DILLS,
Stage Director Baker Stock Company, in Costume.

If you think it's any snap to be the stage director of a stock company, ask Director Dills. "When we take up a new play," he says, "I draw a plat representing the stage and have chess men for the actors. I use the white chess for the women and black for the men. I have pegs on these chessmen so I can stick 'em in holes in the board and they won't fall over. Then I begin picking them for their parts. Before I assign parts to the company I have the whole thing planned out on my miniature stage. Then I have to make my cues for the orchestra, plan the lighting effects, and when everything else is done I sometimes have to take a part. Oh, it's a busy job."

I guess it is.

Time's Changes.

Winkler (who has just returned to town after 15 years of absence)—The ravages of time certainly make some wonderful and surprising changes.

Bowlers—To what are you referring?

Winkler—Most particularly to Miss Johnson. When I went away her hair was black and glossy and her skin was like alabaster, but when I met her this afternoon I was startled to note that the ravages of time had made her a straw-haired, rosy-cheeked blonde.

Neighborly Talk.

Mrs. Critson—Mrs. Buller's second husband looks more enterprising than her first one did.

Mrs. Scallin—Yes, and he is more enterprising; her first husband married her when she hadn't a cent, while the second one waited till her first husband had made a fortune and left it to her.

"Pa, what is a favorite?"

"Any horse that wins when you haven't any money on him."

THEN IT HAPPENED

(Our Daily Discontinued Story.)

Carney was a freight conductor. On a balmy night Carney had instructions to pick up an empty tank car at Hogwallow.

He found the car, and just to see if it were empty, he removed the cover and took a peek into it with his lantern.

Carney was a popular fellow. That's why the whole division walked behind the hearse to the cemetery.

(The End.)

STROLLER'S COLUMN

On the deck of a Lake Washington boat two lifeboats left barely room for passengers to pass between them. To escape the wind a woman placed her chair squarely between the boats, completely blocking the passage.

"That's just like a woman," railed a man. "You might go 10 years and you would never see a man do a thing like that. A man would have sense enough to know that that aisle was a place to walk through, and he would never obstruct it."

"Yes," replied his woman companion, "and you might go 100 years and you would never see a woman puffing a cigar whose disagreeable smoke blew back into the faces of people behind her, as that man is doing, and nearly every other man on this boat is doing. Tobacco smoke makes me sick, and I have moved every place on this deck and I can't get away from it.

"The woman in the aisle has just moved her chair, with an apology. Not a man has apologized for his cigar, nor ever asked whether it was offensive. A woman would have the sensibility to feel that the air was a place to breathe in, and she would never obstruct its clear passage to the lungs of others."

"The moving picture representation of an Indian attack upon the cabin of a New England settler was thrilling until you noticed that the settler was knocking over the redskins with quick firing from his repeating rifle, and then you wondered what was the matter with history," said a theatre-goer.

"There was another thriller in which a child was knocked down by an auto. A physician appeared and he felt of the child's pulse without taking off his glove. He was a wonder. He inclined his head to listen to the heart beats, but in his hurry put his ear on the right side. Then he shook his head in sorrow that he could not hear any heart beats, and the child must be dead. The scene shifted, and there was a snow storm, while in the background could be seen hardwood trees with green leaves a-plenty."

"Why is it that the butcher always sends me more meat than I order—never by any chance less?" complained a young housekeeper to her husband.

"Let me give him an order," said he, and stepping to the telephone he called up the market.

"Send me two pounds of porterhouse," he ordered, "and say, if you can't cut two pounds, make it a pound and a half."

He got two pounds by the next delivery.

MAJESTIC THEATRE FREE

Watch the classified columns of The Star.

Somewhere there are two free tickets advertised. They will be given to the persons whose names are mentioned in the ad. These names were picked from the directory. They may be your own. There is always a good show at the Majestic. Read The Star classified ads and "Get the Habit."

Proof Positive

That London is selling out may be found by reading all our advertisements. A typical bargain is Dent's Kid Gloves for women at **98c** for $1.75 values

EXTRA SPECIALS FOR TUESDAY'S SELLING

Mended Gloves, but so neat you cannot tell where; some of nearly every size were sold up to $2.00. While they last Tuesday, a pair... **50c**

German Silver-Headed Hat Pin; strong pin; worth 25c. Tuesday **1c**

Embroidery Collars in several patterns; dandy, dainty goods; worth 18c. Tuesday **10c**

35c Gingham Aprons; plain and with frill; made from strong washable gingham. Special Tuesday.. **17c**

Pearl Buttons; all sizes; one dozen on card; regular 5c value. Tuesday, cut to **1c**

200-Yard Spool Sewing Silk; all colors; just as good as any, better than most; worth 10c a spool. London's price **3c**

Ladies' Hand Bags, with fancy metal; bags well made, with strap handles. Special Tuesday and till gone.. **49c**

Ladies' Solid Leather Bags; leather ends, riveted leather frame, nicely trimmed. Extra special Tuesday.. **98c**

Dent's Kid Gloves for ladies; two-clasp; nearly every color; worth up to $1.75. Tuesday, extra special.. **98c**

Dent's Gloves for men; about every size; good fitters and wearers; always sold for $2.00. Tuesday, a pair **$1.49**

7½c AMERICAN PRINTS, 3¾c

You all know that cotton has advanced in the last few years until now it costs more than double what it did. You all know that the American Prints (which is the best cotton wash fabric in the market) costs you 7½c yard. Yet, in the teeth of the big advance of raw cotton, LONDON knocks that price to pieces and sells all you want in all the styles you want at exactly half price; yard **3¾c**

Note—If you can't come today come as soon as you can, you'll find the price the same. This is not a one-day special and we do not limit you to 10 or 15 yards as other stores do. Buy all you can carry.

All White Waists Ordered Out 98c

$2.00, $3.00 and $4.00 Values

Pure Irish Linen Waists, Fine, Sheer Lawn and Mull Waists; beautifully trimmed on front, back and sleeves with fine lace and embroidery. Handsome Tailored Waists in linen and madras; made in several styles; the best lot of waists ever offered at the price; all sizes.

Women's and Misses' Long Coats $6.98

WORTH $10.00 AND $12.50

You will be surprised when you see what excellent values there are in this special sale of Coats; broadcloths, kerseys, cheviots and a big lot of woolen mixtures; blacks and all the staple shades; all sizes.

New Trimmed Hats $3.98

We will offer one lot of about sixty Hats tomorrow at $3.98 each that you cannot match or duplicate in town at less than $6.50. We are now showing the largest line of Medium Priced Hats in Seattle. We will be pleased to show them to you.

BUY FURS NOW

We positively guarantee to save you from 35 to 50 per cent on Furs if you buy of us, and at the same time guarantee every fur we sell. Our new furs are all in and, as usual, London is showing the biggest stock of furs, ranging in price from 50c to $25.00, to be found in Seattle.

SPECIAL

Furs and Muffs Worth $10 **$4.98** EACH

A limited number of Fur Scarfs, Stoles, Ties and Shawls in medium and large size, with rug muff, pillow muff or barrel muff to match.

BLANKETS

The biggest line of Cotton Blankets always to be had here at following reduced prices: $1.98, $1.57, $1.43, $1.27, $1.00, 85c, 59c and **45c**

SHEETS

72x90 Sheets; hemmed improved seams; bleached, ready for use. Don't pay 50c; London's price, each ... **39c**

72x90 Sheets; 59c kinds. London's price, each ... **49c**

Underwear—Hosiery—Men's Wear

London

R. & G. Corsets

1111 SECOND AVE.

Crockery—Carpets Curtains—Blankets

HOSIERY SPECIALS AT BOTH STORES

Women's 15c Black Cotton Hose, with white feet. A pair **9c**

Women's 12½c Plain Black Cotton Hose, or plain tan. A pair **8c**

Racine Stocking Feet; black or white. A pair 7c; 4 pairs **25c**

The Best 25c Infants' Cashmere Stockings; made silk heel and toe; black and colors. A pair **15c**

Women's 25c Hermsdorf Full-Fashioned Hose, with white sole. A pair..... **15c**

Women's 50c Black Lisle Hose; silk-embroidered ankles. A pair **29c**

OIL LAMPS.

Completely fitted with wick, burner and chimney, at the following reductions:

All 45c Lamps reduced to **28c**

All 35c Lamps reduced to **24c**

All 30c Lamps reduced to **19c**

49c Strong Metal Mail Boxes reduced to, each **35c**

Do you want a Wash Boiler? Extra Strong Copper Rim and Bottom Boilers. Size No. 9 reduced from $1.98 to **$1.39**

Size No. 8 reduced from $1.79 to **$1.29**

Look! Gray Enamelware! Splendid assortment at a flat, all round reduction of 25 per cent.

Best Bargains in Seattle on China and German Porcelain. Beautiful 100-piece sets, handsomely decorated, reduced from $12.00 to. **$7.98**

21-Piece Sets, perfect in every way, reduced from $1.98 to **$1.25**

Let London Quote You His Lower Prices on NEW HANGING LAMPS

BEDSPREADS

See our line of Bedspreads. Full-Sized Spreads for double beds, at $1.69, $1.49, $1.35, 98c and **69c**