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THE STAR EDITORIAL AND MAGAZINE PAGE

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Swells and the Swell

At Newport, R. I., that swell summering place of swells, recently one of the swells gave a great ball. After the dancing the swell, in order to be particularly swell, had the floor swept and sprinkled with sugar, whereupon the he and she swells present put on roller skates and spent the rest of the night in skating.

If you ever visit Paris go out to the park at Versailles. A grand palace! Magnificent halls, chambers, dining rooms, boudoirs, tier on tier. Art, gold and silver ornament, divine tapestries, grand carvings—all that money could buy.

If you strike the right corner in this mighty collection of museums you will find a beautiful white sleigh made in the form of a swan. It is worth its weight in gold. One of the old-time privileged class—a king—had the people make this sleigh for his mistress.

After you've heard this bon-mot of history you'll go outside and take a bird's eye view of Versailles, paradise of the privileged. All this heaven, all those millions and millions spent for a privileged few! Then you'll say to yourself, "No wonder they finally began to cut off privileged heads."

King Louis sleighing his mistress on salt and that Newport dude skating his guests on sugar almost looks as if history did sometimes repeat itself.

And history does! There is no greater lie perpetrated by philosophic saws than that history never repeats itself. The fight against privilege now going on in twentieth century civilization is the very same, in cause and spirit, that the common people of France settled by beheading a king and queen and about all the other privileged folks of the country who were privileged enough to sport a decent suit of clothes.

OBSERVATIONS

It's up to the political worker now to go to work.

Last fourth of July wasn't so all-fired "sane," after all—129 killed, 2,923 injured.

Count Zeppelin's balloons, while they are undoubtedly dirigible, are still extremely perishable.

It doesn't seem to have made a great deal of difference whether the Ballinger report was made before or after election.

Reports today from outlying precincts indicate that the "I-told-you-so" post and the "I-knew-it-from-the-start" fiend are under control.

Cleveland's ready to shriek that the census takers missed counting 50,000 or her population. Maybe it's the 50,000 Mark Hanna counted 10 years ago.

Twenty heroic students of Stanford are to go on a diet of dried fruits. If the sulphur in the fruit proves harmless, all right; if it kills em—well, they'll be immune by inoculation.

Some prominent astronomers say that Halley's comet didn't come at all, but will be in our midst next month. And we've got to do that quaking, praying and repenting all over again!

Korea bought over 2,000,000 bottles of beer of Japan during the last fiscal year. You noticed what an easy time Japan had in taking Korea in out of the wet a few days ago, didn't you?

Mrs. Elena B. Smith, who masqueraded as a man for five years in New York, says she met but two men who were gentlemen. Jimmy! but the proposition has gone up in New York since the last census!

Bernice Henderson, whose marriage to Copper King Helms made a great show in the New York papers, is the daughter of an old Toledo fish peddler, Tom Golden. And Tom never sold fish after they'd got too black in the gills, either.

After fighting garment workers to the starting point, at a cost of nearly \$100,000,000, Julius Cohen, lawyer for the New York manufacturers, said: "Trades unions are not only necessary, but must be guided and strengthened." This item is worth reading several times.

Oklahoma News' editor dodged making a choice for Labor Day queen between the sweetest little laundry work and the handsomest ladies' garment maker you ever saw. No fellow, save one made indifferent through wearing leather shirts, would duck so easy a choice as that.

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 want anything or anybody so long as personal malice is not your motive.

Merritt, Wash., Sept. 14, 1910. Editor Seattle Star, Seattle, Wash.

Dear Sir—I see through your paper quite a few subscribers are asking your opinion on different subjects. This encourages me to ask your advice in a little case of injustice. I am a telegrapher employed by the Great Northern R. R. Co.

We are compelled to furnish bond or not work. This bond is furnished by the National Surety Co. of New York, when they take a notion. In May, 1910, they adopted the railroad company they would not furnish me bond. I was, therefore, discharged. Naturally I asked the bond company for a reason for this action, as I knew my record was perfect. I got no answer. Since that I have asked repeatedly for an explanation. But it does no good. Now, I would like to ask, is there no way these people can be forced to give out their reasons for this. I can hold no position without giving bond. I am notified by the railroad that after Oct. 6 they will need me no more. Can you not see how unfair this is to me? I am blacklisted, shut out from my profession forever. I know no other trade and am not guilty of any wrongdoing. Am I compelled to abide by this? I can explain anything to this company if I had a chance. It seems to me I should be given a reason for being blacklisted. I had as well be deprived of my liberty. Is there no justice for the innocent in this land of the free? A SUBSCRIBER.

September 13, 1910. Editor The Star, 1307 Seventh av., city. Dear Sir: The highest compliment rendered me during the canvass, just closed, came from The Star in naming me as the candidate for member of the house of representatives from the 41st district, and I wish to thank you.

If I receive the nomination at the hands of the voters today, it will be largely due to your suggestions.

4 Private Lessons New Method Teaching STEVENS, the man who teaches how to dance. Strictly private. Fourth and Pine St. Main 2911, Ind. 2177. 2 Halls Adjoining. Trial Always Free.

If I do not receive it, the disappointment will be easier to meet through your kind regard. Sincerely yours, SAMUEL COLES.

Rich men don't live any longer than poor men. It merely seems longer to their wives.

Mistakes May Happen

to you, as they do to everyone. If you eat too fast, do not masticate properly, or take food that does not agree with you, digestive derangements are almost sure to come, and indigestion generally leads to very serious physical troubles.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

relieve and cure indigestion. They have a quick and tonic action on the stomach and its nerves, and so they give direct aid to digestion. They carry away also the indigestible matter. With their use dyspepsia, hiccoughs, bad taste, unpleasant breath and flatulence disappear. You should be careful and remember Beecham's Pills

Will Right The Wrong

Sold everywhere. In convenient boxes 10c. and 25c.

When Merit Wins. When the medicine you take cures your disease, tones up your system and makes you feel better, stronger and more vigorous than before, that is what Foley's Kidney Pills do for you, in all cases of backache, headache, nervousness, loss of appetite, sleeplessness and general weakness that is caused by any disorder of the kidneys or bladder. Bartell Drug Stores.

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Nearly Every Woman Thinks She Wears a Smaller Glove Than She Really Does

At Least That's What the Men Who Sell Them Told Marion Lowe.

BY MARION LOWE.

"A woman has two sizes of gloves, one in her head and one in her hand—the one she thinks she can wear and the one the fitter knows she can wear." That is what a Second av. dealer said.

And then, just as if fate were conspiring with the man to prove his little claim was true, in walked a woman to be fitted.

"I wear a No. 6," she said. Now the fitter knew she didn't. No. 6 would go on that 6 1/2 hand. So the fitter quietly put on the larger size, which fitted perfectly. The customer spied the number and exclaimed: "Oh, I can't wear that; I always wear a 6," and she wouldn't have the glove.

And then, didn't that perverse woman do the very things the man was telling me in an aside that women do?

"I'd like a shade just a little more golden brown than this," she said to the sales girl. She had tried on four pairs and had been shown about three dozen. The fitter appealed to the head man, who went up stairs and brought down two bunches of gloves from stock. He confided to me afterward that the gloves he brought down were exactly like those behind the counter, but he knew the woman would not be satisfied unless she was shown others.

Still "suffering from imagination," she asked the fitter to show her the gloves in the window, but the limit had been reached and the clerk maneuvered diplomatically and avoided tearing up the window display. She finally took the pair that had been fitted on her first.

Want Small Gloves. "Women always ask for a glove too small," said the fitter. "I don't pay any attention to the size they ask for, but judge from the hand. I prefer a glove that gives a gentle fit; it looks much better, and so does the hand."

"It's a matter of vanity with women, though I can't understand why a woman thinks a deformed looking hand is pretty. They buy gloves so small that the fingers are too short, the hand pinched together until it looks as if it were crippled. The glove that fits properly is the glove that looks best. The number of the glove is on the inside, where no one can see it, yet a woman buys according to that number, although it may make



her hand look like a lump. "We fit some women in men's gloves, but we don't let them know it. And there are men who buy women's gloves because their hands are too small for men's gloves. One man comes in here every two weeks and buys a pair of silk gloves, No. 7, for himself. I can fit two men in the time that it takes to fit a woman. Men wear their gloves big enough, and they're not fussy about the shade. But when a man is a crank, he's a terror."

How to Put 'Em On. A glove should be worked on gradually, the head of the department said; not grabbed by the top and pulled on. A glove put on wrong the first time is wrong forever. White gloves will be very much in vogue this season, he said, and street gloves will be plainly stitched in color of same.

Oh, yes, and he said that numbers in gloves do vary in different makes, so that the women were not always to blame if they made a fuss about the size.

mist, like all inventors, stood around and beamed on the pranks performed by the child of his brain, and said all these were trifling difficulties which would be overcome. But the ticket chopper, as he ended a strenuous day's work, remarked that if they didn't shut off that blower tomorrow murder would be done, and went his weary way.

The inventor, being a born optimist, before the aggravated chopper could shoot them away.

And there was a wicked small boy who found where the blast came from, and clapped his hand over it, and "squirited" it till he had about a dozen registrations.

And there was a man who hurried by with four dollar bills in his hand, and the compressed air scattered them all over the place, and the man wanted to know what was the idea of that blamed foolishness as he clawed around on the floor for his money. And there was a nervous old lady who thought of something she wanted to ask the ticket chopper, after she had passed the blast, and turned to come back, and was frightened out of her poor old wits when the chopper arose and motioned her with fierce gestures to keep her distance.

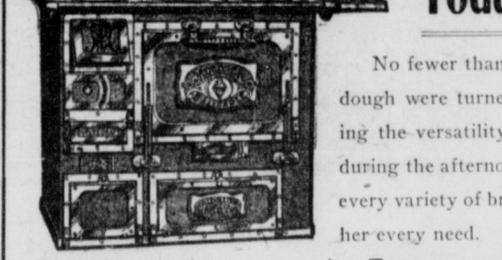
In the main reading room 768 readers can be cared for at one time, and the accommodations of special and department rooms will bring the total number of patrons who may be seated at one time up to 1,800. There will be on file something over 6,000 periodicals and newspapers.

The cost of the library will be about \$9,000,000.

Some bright young man invented one of the funniest little inventions ever invented, for use as a checking-up device at train entrances, and the Hudson tunnel people gave it a tryout. A ticket chopper was driven almost to distraction and hundreds of passengers were either scared, annoyed or amused before the day was over.

The invention consists of a stream of compressed air, shooting across a passageway against two diaphragms. When nobody is walking through the passageway the air jet keeps the diaphragms in contact. When some one walks through the blast the diaphragms separate, and an electrical contrivance registers the interruption.

Very simple, you see. Every passenger, as he walks by, cuts off the blast and is registered. Oh, fine. Only there were a lot of folks who felt that funny draft and stopped to find out what it was, and meandered about looking for it, and asked questions of the ticket chopper who was being checked up, and registered themselves four or five times.



The Marshall Formula

The Marshall formula bids fair to become a household word, so enthused are the ladies over this method of baking plain and fancy pastry. Only half as much shortening is used in this formula, making it much more healthful and economical, and producing a light, flaky, wholesome pastry which is universally appreciated.

Tomorrow and Saturday

Tomorrow's lecture, "Slow Cooking," will demonstrate the Monarch Range in the preparation of six appetizing dishes, and Saturday, "Cake Day," embraces the baking of loaf and layer cakes, icings and fillings, while the top of the Monarch Range will be used for steaming three kinds of puddings.

Monarch MALLEABLE

The "Stay Satisfactory" Range

STAR DUST

WORDS FROM JOSH WISE. "My wife she'd make a log cabin quilt this fall, but she's done forgot what a log cabin looks like."

"Pa, what's the meaning of merger?" "My son, it is, for instance, when two railroads are brought together."

"Fish, dad, I thought that was a collision."

The Lawyer: You are dodging the issue. Answer "yes" or "no" to my question. Witness: All right. Lawyer: Now I will repeat the question. Did you on the night of October 18 see this plaintiff get run over by the street car? Witness (promptly): Yes or no.

The Rhode Island Anti-Tuberculosis society distributes information about the evils of the disease in the pay envelopes of factory workers.

BETRAYING HIMSELF. Stern Father: Confound you, Chauncey, you're the black sheep of the family. Dudsly Son: Baa Jove, papa.

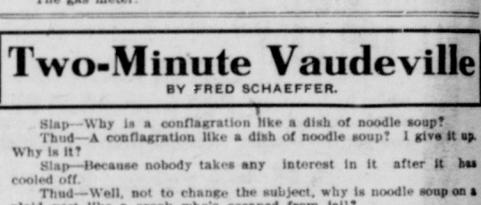
"Mamma, I know why the cat is always climbing up on grandma's shoulder."

"Why, dearie?" "Cause grandma's been drinking catnip tea an' the cat likes to snugg her break."

France has more money per capita than any other country.

"Goodness, can it be possible! What is this I hear about Mrs. Pynketea being a bridge jumper?" "Oh, that's just a nickname we've given her since she quit coming to our card parties."

HIS SUSPICIONS CONFIRMED



"Spoudulix the other night heard a noise in the cellar and thought there was a thief in the house. So he went down to investigate."

"What did he find?" "The gas meter."

Two-Minute Vaudeville

Slap—Why is a conflagration like a dish of noodle soup? Thud—A conflagration like a dish of noodle soup? I give it up. Why is it? Slap—Because nobody takes any interest in it after it has cooled off.

Thud—Well, not to change the subject, why is noodle soup on a plaid vest like a crook who's escaped from jail? Slap—I didn't know it was. Why is it? Thud—Because they both ought to be behind the bars.

Slap—I see. But not to change the subject, a crook who's escaped from jail is like a conflagration. Thud—Well, why is a crook who's escaped from jail like a conflagration? Slap—Because they didn't stay confined to the building they started from.

Last Two Days Special Sale of Monarch Malleable Ranges Ends Saturday

The widespread interest created by the lectures on practical cooking which are being conducted daily at our store goes on unabated. Today we entertained by far the largest crowd, the ladies who attended the previous lectures again being present, with but few exceptions. These popular lectures are both entertaining and instructive.

Today's Instructive Lecture

No fewer than seven varieties of bread and a cake made from bread dough were turned out by Mrs. Marshall this afternoon, demonstrating the versatility of the Monarch Malleable Range. Mrs. Marshall during the afternoon had occasion to vary the heat required for baking every variety of bread, and the Monarch Range responded instantly to her every need.

Your Last Chance

Any lady who has thus far been unable to attend these lectures should make it a point to do so tomorrow and Saturday, as these two lectures will terminate the series, and, owing to prior engagements, Mrs. Marshall cannot arrange to extend the lecture course in this city. TAKE TIME AND ATTEND FRIDAY AND SATURDAY AT 2:30.

Buy Your Range This Week

And Get a Free Merchandise Coupon for \$7.50

THE GROTE RANKIN COMPANY. SEATTLE AND SPOKANE WASH. Buy Now Pay Later Second Ave., at Union St. Trade in Your Old Range And Pay the Balance at Your Own Convenience

THEN IT HAPPENED

(Our Daily Discontinued Story.)



All was quiet in the engine house. Douglas Doughbrain, who was loafing there, wished something would happen. Bing-bing-bing! went the jokers. 'Twas an alarm. Everybody said what a chump Douglas was to be leaning against the sliding pole just when the men of the No. Eighty wanted to come down in a hurry. (THE END.)

STROLLER'S COLUMN

Little back things of history: Six hundred and forty years ago today, said the Third av. party, the Bismarck herring was discovered by Johan and Hans Lietzerfeufel in the obscure hamlet of Mar, in Austria. Johan discovered the dorsal and side fins, and Hans the vertebra. There was great rejoicing in the land and church bells were rung, as the villagers were at the time stricken with Katzenjammer after a fall festival, and the discovery came as a real boon. Hans ended his life in disipation, demonstrating each morning after the magic of his restorative. Johan was shot in a duel with a chief who objected to his patenting his find. So revered was the Bismarck herring that a great German, the iron chancellor, assumed part of its name as a title, and became known to fame as Count von Bismarck, which means in Latin, "When feeling no account phone for a Bismarck or herring."

Thus it goes. Gerald is a cute little three-year-old youngster of West Seattle. He is popular with the neighbors, but sometimes his proclivity for asking questions gets on their nerves. Yesterday he had asked something like 999 questions of a California av. matron when she tired of it, and answered to a particularly exasperating inquiry: "Oh, just for fun to see the cat run." Promptly came the question: "What kind of a cat?"

Advertisement for Victor Gramophones. You Can't Afford Not to. It is so much easier to pay a little at a time. That's why we decided to sell Victors on the easy-payment plan. You ought to have a VICTOR. In your home today. You can afford it. In fact, under the circumstances, you can't afford not to. ONE DOLLAR Brings to You a VICTOR. Sherman Clay & Co. 1406 Second Av. Near Union St., Seattle. Nineteen Stores on the Pacific Coast.