

THE TROUBLES OF A BOY MAYOR

Whatever you may think about Max Wardall, you'll have to admit that he's having his troubles.

Some say that I am trying to get Gill's job, others that I am trying to protect Gill, still others that I am playing into the hands of the Welfare League, more yet that I am lacking, more yet that I am grand standing, and so on—

He paused for breath.

"And now they drag my wife into it with the report that she is going into vaudeville!"

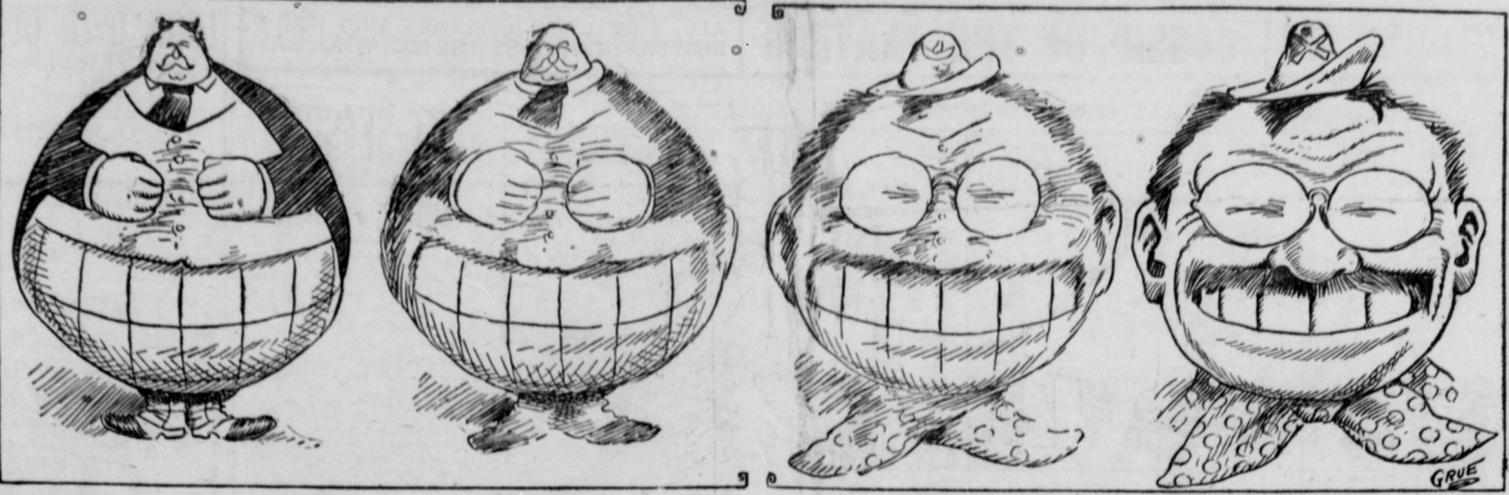
Here the boy mayor went clear up into the air.

AVIATOR KILLED

(By United Press.)

PARIS, Sept. 26.—M. Pollott, a young French aviator, is dead at Chateaux today, the result of an accident to his aeroplane while 100 feet in the air. Pollott was carrying a passenger when his craft turned over. It fell among a crowd of spectators.

Pollott was killed instantly. His passenger received only a few minor injuries.



President Taft says: "I am not thinking of 1912— In fact, I don't think that I care for a renomination; from— The way things are drifting it may be that no Republican can be elected— Save possibly one."

WILL SOME ONE PLEASE GET HARRY PEARSON OUT OF HOCK IN N.Y.?

Harry Pearson, who says that he hails from Seattle, is in hock in giddy Gotham, and will somebody please send him some money awful quick, 'cause he needs it?

According to news dispatches received here today, the Pearson person is pinched in New York because he tried to beat a bill in the ultra-swell Hotel Knickerbocker.

When they searched Harry's luggage they found a towel marked "Waldorf-Astoria," so they tax Harry with petit larceny for swiping the towel. A detective said that Pearson drove up in a luxurious automobile, registered, stayed around a couple of days, put his feet upon the orange plush divans, used the near-gold water cooler and then flitted without paying.

Pearson is held for special sessions for trial. Does anyone here know Harry?

The Star's Carrier Army

Covers the whole city and the suburbs. Wherever you live you may have The Star delivered to your door for 25c per month.

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Don't Hesitate to Phone

The Star, Main 9400, or Ind. 441, if your paper fails to reach your home regularly every night. You are entitled to good service.

ONE CENT. ON TRAINS AND NEWS STANDS

MAY FIRE "WAPPY"

Boy Mayor Refuses to Affirm or Deny That He Will Oust Police Chief—Gang Trying to Get Word to Hi Aboard Brewery Boat.

Acting Mayor Max Wardall this afternoon refused to affirm or deny the rumor that he would fire Police Chief Wappenstein upon the latter's arrival from Los Angeles within the next few days.

Persistent rumors were rampant today that affidavits containing grave charges against the police chief had been filed with the acting mayor.

The acting mayor declined to discuss the rumors in detail.

"Will you remove Wappenstein?" loudly asked a Star reporter.

"I have had evidence that he was not on the square I would remove him instantly," replied the acting mayor.

"Have charges been filed against the police chief?"

"I don't care to discuss that matter."

"Is it a fact that two certain emissaries from the restricted district came to you, Mr. Mayor, and offered to prove that graft was collected for months; that it was levied regularly and split among a select few; that they were willing to swear to affidavits to that effect?"

"I don't care to talk about it," said the acting mayor.

"I had such evidence and ran it over and found it to be true, would you remove any official?"

"In a minute," snapped the acting mayor.

Asked again whether any charges had been filed against the police chief, acting Mayor Wardall said:

"The less publicity given such matters might result in procuring evidence along similar lines, might not?" countered the acting mayor.

"I'm doing the best I can, and all I want is a fair deal from everybody. If there are grafters in any of the city departments I want evidence of that fact, and I'll fire the guilty ones as fast as you can 'show me'!"

Friends of the absent mayor, who believe that Acting Mayor Wardall is "slipping over a job" on him, point to the fact that Wardall is a frequent advocate in the police court, and that numerous clients of his have been women of the underworld. They say that the acting mayor's alarm at conditions in the restricted district should be taken with a grain of salt.

When Patrolmen John Donlan and Barney Jones were transferred through orders from Wardall, friends of the patrolmen said, "I told you so." It is even charged that a client of the acting mayor's, a woman of the restricted district, who

DOCTOR HELD AS SLAYER

(By United Press.)

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 26.—Following the confession of Marie Messerschmidt, nurse, in which she admitted details of the death of Eva Swan were given to the police, a charge of murder was filed today against Dr. Robert Thompson, alias Dr. James Grant, in whose office the Swan girl is alleged to have died and who is said to have caused her body to be buried in the cellar of a house in Eureka st., where it was found Friday night.

"Jones and Donlan know conditions down there thoroughly, and it is a bad move to transfer them," said the city attorney to the acting mayor.

Despite Pierce's plea, Wardall refused to place Jones and Donlan back on their beats.

Send Word to Hi.

Friends of the administration who are alarmed over the acting mayor's "insurgings" are making frantic efforts to get in touch with Mayor Gill. Word was wired to Vancouver, B. C., last night to locate the good ship Rainier and send Hi home to stop the upheaval. To Inspector Mike Powers, Chief Wappenstein yesterday wired from Los Angeles that he would be home in a few days. In the meantime, all eyes are on the city call, second floor front, where Max, the boy mayor, is busy—very busy.

VERY INCONSIDERATE OF BABY TO DIE DURING A BRIDGE PARTY

But That Helped a Maid and a Man to Find Each Other in "Smith," a Wholesome New Comedy.



JOHN DREW AND MARY BOLAND IN "SMITH."

NEW YORK, Sept. 26.—Her name was Smith—plain Smith. She knew her place. She was an English servant woman of the type that serves one mistress, with a service utterly whole hearted and unselfish, from the time she is old enough to work at all until she is too old to work any more—or gets married.

The trouble with Smith was she was young and very pretty. She knew her place. So when Tom Freeman, the master's brother-in-law, came back from a 19-year stay on his South African ranch and proposed marriage to Smith, the girl burst into tears and said she would have to give notice at once. She quoted cook's opinion, that it wasn't proper for a girl to stay in a house after one of the gentlemen had made love to her.

Smith thought Freeman was joking. Perhaps he was, partially. He wanted a wife for his lonely ranch. Perhaps, when he looked at Smith's rosy health and strong body his thoughts unconsciously ran to the cattle he bred. Anyhow he asked her, and she refused him cold and signified her intention of giving notice.

But Smith didn't leave, for

HOW HIGH UP DID GRAFT GO?

The Chance Is Yours Now, Wardall; You Can Discover the Higher-Ups by Putting the Screws on the Lower-Downs. They've Been Stung; They Will Squeal.

Councilman Max Wardall, as acting mayor, you say there is graft in Seattle. You think the "higher-ups" got the graft.

Who are the "higher-ups," Mr. Wardall? Why use that pleasant but ambiguous term? Why not be a little more specific; just how high up do you think the graft went? Did it pass the policeman on the beat; did it rise to the level of the sergeant, the police captain, the chief of police, OR DID IT REACH STILL HIGHER?

There ought to be some sort of a high water mark, Mr. Wardall, that would indicate to you the flood reaches of the graft. With an unerring eye, it took you but a few hours in office to discover that there was graft; it was so plain to be seen that a blind man could see it. Yet having seen it, you have no idea who got it, none except your confidence that Mayor Gill knew nothing about it.

In a cautious, shifting way, you intimate that Chief of Police Wappenstein is responsible for the graft conditions that you found existing when you became acting mayor.

You and Mayor Gill's friends seem to be collaborating in an effort to make Wappenstein "the goat."

The Star will agree with you in whatever estimate you choose to make of Chief Wappenstein.

Wappenstein has all the qualifications of a goat; he is eminently fitted to be a vicarious sacrifice, for whatever it may be, Wappenstein has it coming to him, and no doubt he will take it smilingly.

But have you forgotten, Mr. Wardall, that Hiram C. Gill wasn't born yesterday? Do you not remember that when Mayor Gill was a mere councilman like yourself, he was attorney for various characters below the line?

Can't you recall that even a few days before the primary he was the attorney for a white slave dealer who is now serving time in the county jail?

Won't your memory go back to the days before the primary campaign when Gill was boasting of his intimate knowledge of the conditions in Seattle?

Have you any idea, Max Wardall, that Mayor Gill is an innocent, unsophisticated man?

Have you any idea that Mayor Gill's daily communions with "Friday" Frye have not been productive of some wisdom, if nothing else?

Do you suppose that Mayor Gill could associate nightly with Clarence Gerald and not learn a thing or two?

Do you, Max Wardall, as a man of ordinary intelligence, believe for a minute that Hi Gill has been deceived?

Do you honestly think that Mayor Gill is so complete an imbecile that Wappenstein could run the town wide open on a graft basis and Gill know nothing about it?

Don't be ridiculous, Mr. Wardall. You may have started more than you expected, but don't quit now just because "they" are beginning to bring pressure to bear on you.

Be frank, Mr. Wardall. Don't go through that nonsensical rigmarole of innocence. You know as well as you know your own name that few men in Seattle are in closer touch with the vice element than Hi Gill. Don't, for heaven's sake, talk about getting his co-operation to clean up the city when he returns.

You know just as well as anybody else knows that there is a fight on over the location of the restricted district. You know that it is a graft proposition from beginning to end; that some of our "most respectable" citizens and business men have an interest in it. Don't let them call you off.

Selling "near beer" is bad, Mr. Wardall, but it isn't the worst. The Hillside Investment Company, with its list of gentlemanly stockholders, won't stop at "near beer." Your friends at the Y. M. C. A. can tell you about that, if you don't know yourself.

Don't you, Mr. Wardall, just do the dirty work that Gill was afraid to do. Don't confine your efforts to one "gang."

Clean them all out, Mr. Wardall; throw them into jail for violating the law, as you know they are violating it. If you want to find who the higher-ups are, put the screws on the lower-downs. They'll squeal. They have been stung already.

That is, if you really want to know, Mr. Wardall.

But, for the love of Mike, be reasonable and don't talk about Hi Gill's innocence or co-operating with him; don't talk about the police department as if it hadn't shed its milk teeth, and don't pretend that it's all news to you.

YOU'VE GOT YOUR CHANCE TO BE A MAN NOW. DON'T MISS IT.

CRIPPEN GUILTY

(By United Press.)

LONDON, Sept. 26.—The coroner's jury today returned a verdict declaring that Belle Elmore Crippen was murdered by her husband, Dr. H. H. Crippen, the American dentist.

The careful work of the English mortuary authorities in building up a case from the ghastly relic found in the cellar of 39 Hilldrop Crescent, North London, whereby an identification satisfactory to a British jury was obtained, is a feature of the verdict. For many weeks Dr. Pepper, the government toxicologist, worked almost single handed to gain sufficient evidence from the fragments to show that the remains were those of Mrs. Crippen.

Husband Will Not Pay for Burial of Erring Wife

Despite the published statement that the body of Mrs. Edith Freehouse, who ended her life in the Hotel, 216 Spring st., last Thursday morning, would go down to an obscure grave in the potter's field, Bert Butterworth today said the firm of Butterworth & Sons would bear the expense of a decent funeral.

Charles M. Freehouse, the deserted husband, came to Seattle yesterday and identified the body as that of his wife.

"I won't have anything to do with her body," said Freehouse. "She took her course and I won't move a hand now." Ruel A. Custer, the soldier who eloped with Mrs. Freehouse, was released from the city jail last night and ordered out of the city.

To a friend, the day before ending her life, Mrs. Freehouse said that Custer attempted to force her into a life of shame.

In a letter to her mother, Mrs. Freehouse made a similar charge.

UNCLE SAM WANTS BOY SCOUTS.

What they are—Boys trained to do the right thing at the right time—and do it quick.

How they are trained—By playing the best outdoor game every devised.

What they can do—Take care of others because they have learned to take care of themselves.

What there is in it—A chance to become strong, quick, obedient, brave—many in the best sense—to be a credit to yourself and valuable to your country.

How to become a scout—Follow the scout articles in The Star. The first appears today. It tells how the plan originated and gives an idea of what first-class "scouts" boys can become—if they try.

Show this to your parents and talk it over with them.

Show it to the "fellows" and get ready to take up this bully game, which has all outdoors for its field.

Live in a Flat? Move or You'll Land in Bughouse

CHICAGO, Sept. 26.—Living in flats drives people insane, according to Dr. V. H. Podstata, of Chicago's institute for the insane at Dunning, an authority on diseases of the mind.

"The cramped existence in flats and tenements develops a nervous insanity never experienced by those who lived out of doors several generations back," says Dr. Podstata.

Dr. Podstata says marriage laws should be regulated so degenerate, habitual drunkards and those afflicted with blood diseases could not marry.

DO YOU KNOW?

That bricklayers in Seattle get \$6 for an eight-hour day?

That every time you ride up or down in an electric elevator somebody pays two cents?

That C. R. Frasch, assistant sanitary officer, used to be in the grocery business?

That most undertakers favor the cremation of the dead?

That Hi Gill followed a dog team in Alaska at one time in his career?

That Dr. Bourns was chief medical officer of Manila when the city was captured by the Americans under Admiral Dewey?

That Dr. Crichton, of the health department, used to be a councilman?

That Dr. Joseph L. Lane used to be the attending physician at the penitentiary in Walla Walla?

That the Seattle garbage incinerator is one of the best in the United States, according to the health department?

That William K. Sickles, cashier in the county clerk's office, was in the mail order business before he went into politics?

IT'S UP TO HI GILL

To the Editor of The Star: It has been the fortune of The Star a good many times during the last few years to be of service to the public of this city, and no better step has ever been made by any paper for good government than the article found on the front page of The Star Saturday evening.

That graft has been rampant; that vice is open; that gambling has been conducted all over the city; that many of the cafes of the city have been so thronged with prostitutes that it is not worth any, as you state, are known even to the kids of the grammar school."

Let there be no subterfuge about it. Hi Gill knows all about what is going on. If he does not, he is not fit to be mayor of this city; and if he does, he should resign.

Does The Star know that the city proposes to lease a portion of Tenth av. S. to a corporation, and that this corporation is going to conduct and maintain immoral houses, and has already erected a building in that street for such purposes? And this in the face of the fact that the city only recently compelled a mill over at West Seattle to move because it was encroaching upon the public street.

It is high time for a housecleaning. It is high time that the present administration be relegated where it belongs, and that this city be made habitable for decent people.

Let The Star keep the good work up. It will have the support of every decent citizen of this city, irrespective of race, creed or party.

September 26, 1910. VIVIAN M. CARKEEK.

FRAUDULENT VOTER?

A warrant has been issued by the prosecuting attorney against Ben Pincus, on the charge of attempting to influence, by a promise of "a good day's wages," the fraudulent voting of Harry Judy, under the assumed name of Ashton, in the Third precinct of the First ward on primary day.

Pincus was an active politician in Seattle during the days when the Clancy's were in power.