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THE STAR EDITORIAL AND MAGAZINE PAGE

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In the Silent Acre

"He left an estate estimated at a million. The phrase as a familiar ring. It is often uttered in everyday speech, often published in the news columns, but there is one place where it never has been uttered—on a tombstone."
If success is to be measured by dollars, if the chase for money is the true aim of humanity, and its highest destiny, then of all places it should be graven deep on that one shaft where it has never yet been placed—the tombstone.



No marble shaft, raised in reverence, love, pride or sorrow, has yet borne a dollar mark. Every other standard of worth—save that of wealth—finds its place there. Upon the white stones, defying Time, is written every other tribute to the lives of men—their kindness, their fidelity to duty, their love of family, their probity and their integrity. And yet, dashing along this broad road of life which must lead to the common goal, humanity seems to be possessed of the one object that in the end has no value, the one thing that is perhaps straighter and sees farther into things than are REAL than in the down town crowd. So it is that this judgment of the tombstone upon the true values in life is the reflection of all human hopes.

For the tombstone is signal station to Eternity. And it is to the glory of mankind, in a day when dollars seem to be the chief aim of existence, that, deep in our hearts, we keep the scales of judgment so well balanced that no man ever yet wrote as his epitaph: "He left an estate estimated at a million."

Nix on a Bigger House

Already enthusiastic patriots are talking about an enlarged house of representatives. Meaning, of course, that with 90,000,000 people the United States should have more congressmen than now make—or fail to make—its laws. They point to the fact that each decade since 1820 has seen a reapportionment of the lower house.

Until 1820, 65 men sufficed to enact our national legislation, in conjunction with the senate, of course. Then the membership was raised to 200, and the taking of every census has witnessed a further enlargement of the roll.

Now there are 391 representatives, including the vacancies. Cleveland, O., is loudly calling for another representative, notwithstanding the fact that the two specimens it has do not represent the majority of the people of the city.

Detroit wants another—to represent "the interests" presumably—its present member does. And so it goes throughout most of the country. The present apportionment allows one congressman to each state for every 194,700 people and taking into consideration the big increase in population, the next apportionment would give us a house of over 400 members.

We will have to cut down on the increase some time. Why not now? Better pay one congressman of ability, of honesty, one who will really represent his constituents and the country at large at the same time, a salary of \$15,000 a year, than pay two of our average representatives \$700. Better one man for 200,000 or 300,000 voters to watch and spear when it becomes necessary, than two dividing responsibility.

A smaller house of representatives will make the job of watching them easier; it will make unwieldy majorities impossible, it will attract brainier men; it will do away with much of the excess oratory; and with many of the evils that beset our legislative system, caused in whole or in part by the inflated membership. The short ballot system has done away with excess city elective officials and has centered the responsibility in a few, who may be kept under the searchlight of publicity at all times.

It has proved to be a great advance in city government in many American cities. Why? Because it does away with the spreading of responsibility over all, and therefore over none, really. Let's not talk about a "bigger house" but a BETTER one. Let's not ask for another representative for this state, but let us ask for BETTER ones. We need them.

OBSERVATIONS

BIG INTERESTS shrieked when Tawney fell! MAYBE MAX WARDALL thinks Johnny Clancy is making a Roycroft book. DR. COOK has been seen in Munich. Still wears those cute little side whiskers. MR. ABE GRUBER has some interesting but ineffective opinions concerning Col. Roosevelt. A PINK CUFF legal apprenticeship seems to be requisite to holding the office of mayor in Seattle. WHITE GIRLS who want to marry Japanese should be made to open their eyes and look around. DENVER highwayman took all the clothes off three men victims. Must be some Colorado politician. PULLING HILLSIDE chests out of Red Light fires is not a nice occupation for any Y. M. C. A. member. THE SPECTACLE of Jim Conway investigating vice graft is enough to make the Welfare League laugh. A NONPARTISAN supreme court, owing its existence to the people, will be a refreshing novelty in Washington. SAN FRANCISCO can't be outdone. Doctor in jail. Girl's body found buried in basement. Police have blood stained trunk. HUM! Capt. Bob Peck got fired out of the army for saying things about the cook. Don't they want brave men in the army? What! "O—!" said Uncle Joe, asked to join a vand'ville show. What the blank means, who can tell? Was it "well," or "Bell," or—? RECALLING MAYOR GILL ought to be fine exercise for citizens who have been suffering from fatty degeneration of the judgment. SOMEBODY tell Champ Clark, who has elected himself speaker of the next house, not to burn all his hallelujah powder before the election! CANNON told his state convention that God alone is perfect. That vote in the last session of congress taught Joe something about himself, anyhow. ILLINOIS republican convention didn't dare to mention inoffensive old Cullom for fear somebody would get up and holler "Cannon! Lorimer! Ballinger!" Every phone to have a meter, keeping tab on flow of gab. Every time you want to meet her, make a date when you can greet her, click, click, click will go the meter. CONNECTICUT'S republican convention taffied Taft and slapped Roosevelt. Good thing! If somebody will only slap Teddy hard enough the whole nation will hear where he stands as to 1912. ROTHBARTH, the young fellow who plucked New York bankers \$300,000 worth, says bankers are "the easiest plucking." Easiest to swindlers, yes. But really honest men can't pick 'em. Funny, isn't it? Ever notice it? MRS. C. M. FREEHOUSE and R. A. Custer formed a suicide pact. She's dead; he's alive and well, as usual. There wouldn't be much of the suicide pact business if the ladies would require their male partners to do the suicidal first. Seattle man, in eager zest, ate pork and beans; he liked 'em best. Ptomaine set in—he went to rest. From heavenly window out he leans, and looks on bygone earthly scenes; for now he knows what might have been.

HEARD IN WASHINGTON

Insurgent—I suppose you consider us progressives as flying in the face of Providence. Old Guard—Worse; I consider you flying in the face of all Rhode Island.

EASILY EXPLAINED.

"It seems to me strange that it is always the women with the scantiest costumes that do the dancing on the stage." "Nothing strange about it. They have to dance to keep warm."

High School Girls May Boycott Picture Hats and Costly Gowns and Return to Simple Style

BY MARION LOWE.

"Give me back me ch-e-e-ild." The old melodramatic cry of the stage is taken up by mothers of Seattle, who realize that their daughters who should be little school girls have acquired the styles and ways of young women. "Give me back my child." Whereas, school girls used to wear simple dresses and plain hats, with their hair braided down their backs, they now appear in \$30 "gowns," picture hats and puffs and ruffs. It is an impossible recollection when freshman high school girls went to school in fresh, starched "sack" aprons. Mercy, wouldn't that shock folks now? Nobody but girls in reform schools wear them in this year of grace 1910.



THE HIGH SCHOOL GIRL OF TODAY AND TOMORROW.

But the Seattle high school girls have gone to such extremes in the matter of dress that a mother of two sophomores appealed to Cynthia Grey, asking for an agitation of the question, and suggesting a school uniform. Not any such uniform as is put on girls in a reformatory, but just a simple suit and hat.

The mother of a wealthy senior girl wrote in reply and agrees with the suggestion of the sophomore's mother. Their plan is this: Tailored blouse suit of blue serge, felt hat trimmed only in the school colors. Could a school girl look sweeter and more girlish in anything than that? She wouldn't look like a convict, would she? There isn't anything about such a "uniform" to make a girl want to escape, is there? Moreover, it is absolutely correct style.

What Australian Thought. The other day a school inspector from Australia was visiting the Seattle schools.

"How old are these girls?" he asked Superintendent Cooper. "About 15 and 16," replied the superintendent; "they are second year girls."

"They look like young ladies," commented the Australian. "I don't like it," replied Superintendent Cooper, "but that's America."

The high school girls' dress has got on the nerves of business men of the town. A club of about 250 men have appealed to representatives of women's organizations to see whether some wave of influence can be set in motion that will sweep out all this extravagance of style and dress. Superintendent Cooper favors a reform, but he thinks it can better be effected by influence than legislation. He thinks it would be a mistake for the school board to pass rules requiring a certain style of dress. He would rather see the girls' own good sense assert itself. Principal Geiger of the Broadway high school says while there has been much extravagance in the dress of high school girls, he thinks there is a decided improvement, and that the spirit of simplicity is growing among the girls.

purpose of the club to do away with fashionable gowns and coiffures, and to promote simplicity of dress. "Of course some girls still dress foolishly," said the secretary of the club, "but I think we are improving." Something's going to happen. The cry, "Give me back my child" is going to be heard. Some of these days all the school girls will be repeating: "Backward, turn backward, O, time, in your flight, Make me a child again—until I'm through school." That's poor poetry, but it's mighty good sense.

IN LITTLE OLD NEW YORK

BY NORMAN. NEW YORK, Sept. 28.—Emanuel Gainer is a loser. His loss, and the odd nature thereof, causes Mr. Gainer to hold his head and cry "Ouch!" as one who has trodden on the upstanding tack with bared foot. Gainer belongs in New York, but he fared forth into the suburbs with his family some 10 months ago. To West Newark, Conn., he fled, and there they enjoyed a beautiful cottage with green blinds. A renting agent's sign was displayed, and to the agent Gainer went. "I want to rent that pretty cottage with the green blinds," he said. "What is the price?" "Twenty-five a month," replied the agent. (All the houses in West Newark are \$25 a month, but Gainer did not know that.) So Gainer gave the agent \$25, and moved into the cottage with the green blinds, and lived there 10 months. Just lately there came home from Europe Harold Austin, and found the Gainers living in his cottage. He had not heard it was rented, and hurried to the agent, who also did not know it was rented, but who had rented a cottage to Gainer. Now behold what has happened. There are two cottages with green blinds on the same street in West Newark, and the same agent rents both. He thought Gainer wanted one, when Gainer really wanted the other, and took the other. The one Gainer did not move into stood empty because the agent told all inquirers that it was rented. And now Mr. Austin and the other owner are each clamoring for 10 months' rent, and the agent, who has been collecting the rent, insists that Gainer owes him for both houses, having rented one and lived in the other, and must come across with 250 iron ducaats forthwith. All of which causes Mr. Gainer to hold his brow in his mitts, and cry aloud, as one who has smitten by mischance his thumb with the hammer. Back to New York he is coming. They may have some rube ways in old Manhattan, but the houses are all numbered and ticketed along the main thoroughfares, and when one pays one's rent, one knows what one pays for.

STAR DUST

JOSH WISE SAYS: "While standin' on a bar'l to watch th' K. of P. parade, Mort Poptottle fell in with th' lid. He felt so small he wuz able ter crawl out through th' bunghole." The nurse was on the witness stand. "Didn't the doctor make several calls after the patient was out of danger?" asked the lawyer. "No, sir," said the nurse. "I considered the patient in danger as long as the doctor continued to call." The late Chief Justice Fuller left an estate valued at \$950,000. "I can't see any speed to that old motor of yours." "Why, man alive, I've been arrested six times in it." "Oh, for blocking traffic?" Attles—What kind of barber is that new man on the corner? Callerson—Well, sir, if he shaves you, you won't know there's a razor passing over your face. Attles—Is that so? Callerson—Yes, sir; you'll think it's a guillotine.

STROLLER'S COLUMN

"It's odd to note the peculiar expressions adopted by foreigners," said a Second av. merchant to the Stroller, "and their twisting of the meanings of common expressions of our times." "One old man nearly lost a friend the other day by his seemingly blunt answer to a friendly salutation." "He was riding on a James A. car, when a neighbor of his got on, and, noticing him, sat next to him, saying, 'How do you do?'" "The old man, a Russian refugee, had but a limited English vocabulary. He recognized the kindness of the greeting, however, and showed his appreciation by a very friendly smile." "Then, because he felt as though he ought to say something, he remarked: 'Never mind. Never mind.'"

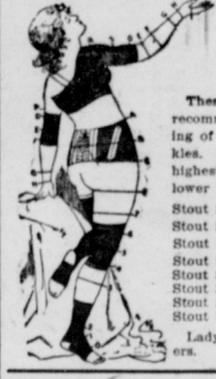
SINCE GERTRUDE STUDIES PLUMBING

(Girl pupils in Chicago's schools are to learn the rudiments of plumbing as part of manual training course.—News Item.) Since Gertrude studies plumbing she isn't like of yore. For Gertrude doesn't sweep or dust, or any girlish chore; And as for getting breakfast, she hasn't for a week. She stayed down cellar where, with a hairpin from her hair, She mended a leak. Our Gertrude wipes no dishes now. For wiping "joints" she's ripe. Instead of threading needles, she is keen for threading pipe. And when a hydrant is required, with the necessary drain, She quickly digs a trench, grabs up a monkey wrench, And taps the main. Our Gert burns no midnight oil in efforts to write plays. She'd rather tear down chandeliers and hang them different ways; Her hobby's sanitation where once 'twas literature; We cannot sleep a wink while she tinkers with the sink, Or with the sewer. We'll miss our handy Gertrude when she's fully learned her art; She'll pack her kit and go away to thaw the frozen heart. Of some master plumber rich, an old and rather spongy 'un; Then galvanize his frame, and having won a name, Enter the union!

OPPORTUNITY. (The following sonnet entitled "Opportunity" was written several years ago by Senator John I. Spaulding of Kansas. It is reprinted here by request.) Master of human destinies am I! Fame, love and fortune on my feet steps wait. Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate Deserts and seas remote, and passing by Hovel and mart and palace—near or late I knock unbidden once at every gate! If sleeping, wake—if feasting, rise before. And those who follow me reach every state. Mortals desire, and conquer every foe. Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate, Condemned to failure, penury and woe. Seek me in vain, and uselessly I pine; I answer not, and I return no more. A SEASIDE ECHO. Side by side they were seated on the shining sands. "Look," she exclaimed, "then goes that Grotto girl with Cousin Macaroni! Did you ever meet him in count in New York?" "No," replied the young man, "the summer scene, 'I slave in self.' IMAGINATIVE. Knox—DeAuber, the artist certainly has a wonderful imagination. Blox—Why do you think so? Knox—He has just finished painting a picture of a \$10 bill. FOR WAGGING PURPOSES. Spannulls—Why did Byrnes say that wooden tall put on his tallies buldoo? Terriely—So he could tell what the brute was feeling good natural. FOR NEWS, modern furnished rooms at low prices, call at The Virginia, 84 1/2 girls st., near Westlake av.

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BOOLE'S HAPPY HAND LOTION—A large bottle 50c
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Hospital Absorbent Cotton
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Regular 5c. This week, 2 for 5c 5c
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Menthol and Butter Cough Drops—Regular 5c box. This week, 2 for 5c 5c
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THE QUAKER SUPPORTER is of the highest grade silk or linen weave—Silk grade, \$3.50
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Linen grade \$2.50
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