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THE STAR EDITORIAL AND MAGAZINE PAGE

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Team Work

Three men on bases. The crack batter up. Two strikes and two balls called. Last half of the ninth. A run would tie. Two runs would mean the pennant. The pitcher delivered, the batsman swung, there was the familiar sounding crack, and the ball sped low and cannon-shot-like, toward the center field fence. But— The fielder was there. He made good. He whipped to the second baseman, who snapped to the home plate, and the runner was out. Three out! Game ended! Team work! When two horses are hitched to a wagon, if the double-tree is not at right angles with the tongue one of the horses is lagging, and the other is doing more than his share. Team work, pulling together, doing one's full part, is necessary to the happy home. The mother, the father, and the children must each have a fair share of work, and do it. Not only in the physical work, but in the work that makes for happiness, love, heart beats, brain throbs, muscle building, anything and everything, there must be good team work. The husband who lets his wife build the fires is lagging. The wife who lets her husband cook breakfast has let her end of the doubletree get almost into the spokes of the wheel. The daughter who lets her mother wash the dishes is a drone, and does no good in that team. The nine would get along better without her. The boy who lets his father bring in the wood is probably a cigarette smoker, but whether he is or not, he certainly is not worth a darn. Let all save together, enjoy together, work together—that's team work!

Preachers' Sons

A preacher's son was arrested in an eastern city the other day. He had transgressed the laws of the state, and probably will be severely punished by his fellow men. Much notoriety was given the case, although the crime was a most ordinary one. Other men have stolen far larger sums of money, and many other men have stood in the shadow of more severe punishment than awaits this preacher's son. Other men can commit crimes and there is no special reference made to their fathers' occupation, but let a preacher's son make a mistake, and the gossips are set going at once. "What can you expect from a preacher's son?" is so easily asked by those who seem to expect preachers and their children to be immaculate specimens of human beings. It must not be forgotten that while your minister is doing a thousand and one things for the spiritual and material comfort of the members of his congregation on a salary that most bricklayers would despise, his children must necessarily be neglected to that extent, and they have each the same temptations to struggle against that your boy and girl face. The next time it occurs to you that preachers' children "are no better than they should be," read over this list of preachers' sons: Oliver Wendell Holmes, author. Edward Everett Hale, statesman and author. John Hancock, first signer of the Declaration of Independence. Jonathan Edwards, theologian. Increase Mather, former president of Harvard. Cotton Mather, author and scholar. Geo. Bancroft, statesman and historian. Louis Agassiz, naturalist. Henry Clay, statesman and orator. Ralph Waldo Emerson, essayist and poet. David Dudley Field, jurist. Stephen J. Field, justice United States supreme court. Cyrus W. Field, founder of the Atlantic Cable Co. John B. Gordon, soldier and statesman. Henry Ward Beecher, preacher and reformer. Samuel F. B. Morse, artist and inventor. Jas. Russell Lowell, author and diplomat. Francis Parkman, historian. Grover Cleveland, twice president of the United States. David J. Brewer, former justice of the United States supreme court. Jonathan P. Dolliver, senator. Henry James, novelist. Richard Watson Gilder, editor and poet. Lyman Abbott, preacher and editor. There are others, too many to enumerate, enough to prove that were all men's sons up to the average made by preachers' sons there would be a much higher average.

Jamaloh, boss of Sulu, comes to seek a true-blue Lulu; wields a hefty Jolo bolo, sings a strange hi-ehi-lo, peddles pearls to girls with curls, smiles and smiles and so beguiles with his Oriental wiles. Uncle Sam coughs up the dough to keep Jamie on the go, gives him guides to hunt up brides, swells his coco till he's loco, stands for all his hoco-poco—'cause he's king of Sulu, lales. Wouldn't you, Lew, ruler o' Sulu, boss it on those distant hills, lap up joy to the gills, and be happy as a Jappy if YOUR uncle paid the bills?

OBSERVATIONS

The new Hi Gilliken—the God of Things as They Were. HAS WAPPY GOT HIS conscious rectitude with him? "HIRED, ACQUIRED, FIRED," would do for the story of Wappy's life. MAYBE HE WOULD TRADE Wardall a mountain goat for the "goat" Max got. AN AMENDED MOTTO for graduating aviators, "Over the Alps Lies the Cemetery." How fortunate that Billy Potts just happened to run across Mayor Gill up in the mountains. "TWO WEEKS," BY MAX WARDALL, a thrilling story of a hot time. On sale by all bookmakers. They have quit gambling in Nevada. There's a chance for Seattle to get in and acquire a new industry. THE AMERICAN MINING CONGRESS has stood pat. We nominate Joe Cannon for speaker of this congress.

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. Editor The Star—In last night's Star it was stated that Wardall would allow the new restricted district to open. In fairness to the acting mayor I wish you would print the following statement of facts: On Monday of this week I met the man who had started the suit against that new district, Mr. Ingram. He told me that a car of furniture was being unloaded down there, and that it was reported that a grand opening was planned for that night, and said he did not want them to get in there before his case was heard, but did not know how to prevent it. I asked him up to my office in the Alaska building and put him in touch with the remedy. He, with two others, waited on Mr. Wardall, who promised him that no opening should be held there until after the 30th, as that is the date of the hearing of his case. The acting mayor has given orders to that effect to the police officers, and has kept faith absolutely, and no opening will be had until after that date. I make these statements because men in public office always get lots of criticism, but commendations are rare. I give the acting mayor credit for what good he has accomplished already. He deserves and ought to receive the moral support of all good citizens as long as he does right and enforces law. Yours respectfully, September 29. A. E. FLAGG.

ANOTHER DOMESTIC PROBLEM. The prospective bride and groom (colored) were not known to the minister, and so, to perform the ceremony conscientiously, he asked a lot of questions. The man, he learned, had come recently from the South and was working in a hotel in town where his desired bride was a waitress. "Have you been married before?" to the conventional black. "Yes, sah." "Wife living?" "Yes, sah." "Where is she?" "Down South, sah." "Why doesn't she live with you?" "Well, sah, she left me." "Why did she leave you?" "Don't rightly know, sah. I was away when she left." And they sought another minister.—Everybody's Magazine.

"America Is Land of Opportunity," Says Cousin of Gladstone, Newly Become an American

BY MARION LOWE. Isn't this a joke on the Americans who buy pedigrees? Here's an Englishman, a cousin of the great Gladstone, who says he'd rather be a "bloomin' American," with a roll on the "r," as he pronounces it, than a duke or a lord. Horace Gladstone of Seattle, formerly of Australia, has received his naturalization papers, and tomorrow evening will celebrate his birth as an American citizen by a dinner to a small number of men friends at the Hotel Kennedy, his Seattle residence. Fought Against Boers. He's a jovial traveling man who served in the Boer war for England, got a bullet in the head, and was personally presented with a medal by King Edward VII for valor in 25 field engagements. "Fellahs (he hasn't quite lost his English accent) ask me why I don't wear the medal on my watch fob. What would I want to do that for? I don't even know where it is. It's around somewhere in my old clothes. It would take me half an hour to hunt it up." He'll never make a band master, will he? What good would a band master be who wouldn't wear a medal? "Would you take up arms against England if there should be war between that country and America?" I asked, with Bunker Hill standing out in my school book memory. Is Good American Now. "Yes," he said, "I would. Of course, I have been declared physically unfit for service, but if it were necessary I'd fight for America."



HORACE GLADSTONE.

IN LITTLE OLD NEW YORK

NEW YORK, Sept. 30.—All roads lead to the Bronx zoo, where may be seen the giant Polar bear that Paul Rainey and Harry Whitney brought from the frozen North. And he is some bear. More than nine feet long, and a scraper from Scrap county. Timid people do not linger long near the cage of Silver King when his majesty is having one of the frequent tantrums which have been his delight ever since civilization claimed him. It may be that his enormous strength will not break the iron bars, at which he tugs with teeth and claws; it may be quite safe to stand and gaze into his great red mouth as he roars and growls in frantic rage—but some folks would rather go over and count the spots on the giraffe. They had one swell time with Silver King getting him locked up in that coop at the zoo. He came down from Pearyland in a stout wooden cage, in which he had frothed and snorted during the long voyage of the good ship Bostick. He raised such a awful rumpus when they took him off the ship that four pounds of chloroform, gathered hastily from all the drug stores in the vicinity, were used to subdue him. Silver King was still groggy from the chloroform when they got him to the zoo, and there were fears that possibly an overdose had put the magnificent beast into kingdom come. But no trifling swab of chloroform could do away with Silver King. He was quite himself as soon as he had been poked out of the wooden cage into the iron-barred den. Before the cage could be moved away and the door of the den closed he was all over the place. He snatched his mighty paws through the bars and slashed savagely in all directions. Nobody dared go near the iron door to pull it shut. The job was being done at night with a searchlight, and finally the light was wheeled close to the den and the beam turned squarely into the bear's eyes. He put his paws over them, just as a person would do, and staggered back, blinded by the glare. Then the door was slammed. Later came a zoo attendant with a scraper to clean the cage. His scraper was pulled from his grasp and broken to bits by the furious bear. Another scraper went the same way. Then they tied an ammonia soaked mop-rag to the end of a pole and poked that against his nose. For the second time he retreated into a corner. But he always "comes back," and his growls and roars and lashings are fearsome. A LARGER AUDIENCE. "Yes," mused the man who seemed to be thinking aloud, "I noticed it." "Noticed what?" queried the innocent bystander. "That after a woman has acquired a good speaking voice from jawing her husband she is apt to turn suffragette and jaw the public," answered the noisy thinker. AS IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN. Old man Washington's favorite cherry tree looked as if a cyclone had struck it. "What do you know about this, son?" he queried. "Father," replied little George, "I cannot tell a lie. I did it with my new aeroplane." WORTH HAVING. Wife (reading)—After their separation he sent her a legal document giving her control of their child. Husband (with a sigh)—I wish I knew where we could get a document that would give us control of our child. THE BRIGHT POODLE. Mrs. Grettings—You poodle seems to obey you as soon as you open your mouth. Mrs. Kennelly—Oh, he obeys me sometimes before I open my mouth. Mrs. Grettings—He does? When? Mrs. Kennelly—When his meals are ready.

STAR DUST

Josh Wise says: "Lem Whiskbroom has been a widder three years now, an' ain't started ter git married yit. Very likely Lem has trouble findin' a woman who'll wear his fust wife's clothes." A man, wandering over a field one day, came to a huge stone bearing the inscription, "Turn me over." After working half an hour he managed to get the stone turned over, and was confronted by another inscription, "Now turn me back again, so I can catch some other idiot." Dr. L. W. Sambon of London announces that pellagra may be carried by insects. A new battleship has been invented. It can be directed from the shore, and needs no sailors to direct it. It just travels around by its lonesome, and fires its guns when the wireless operator on shore ten miles away presses the button. This is as it should be. In the next war we can get a good man to push the button, while the rest of us keep on at work as usual. When all the ships have been sunk we will fix up a treaty and get the steel trust to build us some more ships. Several entire streets in Valparaiso, Chile, are being raised about forty inches. "I should think you would be happier if you married a man with less money." "Oh, that's all right. Reggie won't have so much after we are married a year or two." Did you know that— Mayor Gaynor of New York was once a newspaper reporter?

STROLLER'S COLUMN

The fire department was rushing from three directions to a frame row on Fifth av. last night in response to a fire call. Crowds followed the engines and all was excitement, save one place, the house that had sent in the alarm. Firemen on the first engine ran to the street corner and waved the approaching engines back. Chief Boyle climbed out of the city automobile and climbed back again. There wasn't any fire. "How does a fireman feel when he gets a false alarm like that?" the woman reporter asked a wagon man. "Oh, it goes with the business. Some woman telephoned in the call. You know how a woman is—gets excited over nothing." "So a woman lost her head and sent in the call?" queried the woman reporter, looking for a "story." "Wee-wee," it was a man who telephoned," answered the fireman reluctantly. "But you said it was a woman," persisted the woman reporter. "Yes, I know," said the fireman. "I think a woman told him to telephone. The gas jet sputtered." "But a man ought to have more sense," argued the woman reporter. Then they laughed and called it quits. But aren't men the limit? "The discussion which came up in a city justice court the other day on that fundamental legal point, 'When is a man drunk?' reminds me of the story of the admiral and the two sailors," said a Seattle attorney. "The admiral was passing through a side street when he came upon two sailors, one of whom was lying in the gutter. 'Your companion's drunk,' said the admiral, gruffly. 'No, he ain't,' piped up the better conditioned sailor. 'He just moved his hand a little.'"

Outburst of Everett True



MRS. TRUE, I THOUGHT YOU HAD BETTER TASTE THAN TO BUY A COIL OF RAGS LIKE THAT!! DID THEY TELL YOU IT WAS A HAT?

POINT OF SUPERIORITY.

Mainland—You must admit that New Yorkers are the best dressed men in the world. Lakefront—Well, perhaps they are—but it is universally acknowledged that Chicago produces the best dressed beef. THE WISE MAID. A lot of men have family trees, and of them loudly rant; But I would rather wed a man Who has a business plan. WOMEN WIN FIGHT FOR GAS IN ICELAND. LONDON, Sept. 19.—Iceland's a country of suffragettes, and the town council of Reykjavik, the capital, is composed of half men and half women. Recently the question was under consideration whether the town should be lighted by gas or electricity. The women members of the council voted solidly for electricity and the women voted unanimously for gas that they might utilize it for cooking. The vote was a tie, and the mayor, a mere man, after a week's consideration, cast the ballot for the women, and gas it will be.



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