

Story About a Minister

In the little city of Fremont, Ohio, there lives and works as pastor of a church, Rev. E. D. Whitlock. He is a tall, spare, kind-faced old man, with bright eyes, a serious mouth and thin, white hair.

Well, this good old man had been carrying spiritual drink to various thirsty communities, when, a year ago, he located in Fremont. He at once began to preach the doctrine of "Love Ye One Another" very strongly.

Now, the members of this church had often listened to sermons by other ministers on this favorite text of the Great Preacher, Jesus. But these sermons didn't disturb society, or hurt business at all, or create any interference whatever with the general plan of everybody looking out for No. 1.

The Boy Scouts

A scout's honor is to be trusted. A scout is loyal. A scout's duty is to be useful and help others. A scout is a friend to all, and a brother to every other scout, no matter to what social class the other belongs.

These are the fundamental principles subscribed to by the Boy Scouts. Their motto is: "Be Prepared."

Within the last few years almost every civilized nation has gained a volunteer army of them. They form a more powerful, more irresistible force for world warfare than all the fleets of ironclads.

The Boy Scouts in England now number some 400,000, and in Canada, New Zealand, Australia and throughout Europe the movement far outruns measurement.

The purpose, as defined by one of its organizers, "is to seize the boy's character in its red-hot stage of enthusiasm and to weld it into the right shape and encourage and develop its individuality, so that the boy may become a good man and a valuable citizen."

It diverts from the intense sporting spirit that has been concentrated upon baseball and football, and turns the boy to the joys of nature and of everyday usefulness, which are less strenuous and more beneficial.

It is intended to supply some of the needs left crying since the old-fashioned farm house passed away, where the boy learned all sorts of practical things, from riding, shooting, skating, running and swimming, to the use of tools, the care of domestic animals, and woodcraft.

The Boy Scouts' oath is: "On my honor I promise that I will do my best to do my duty to God and my country; to help other people at all times; and to obey the Scout law."

A clean, simple pledge is that—yet so broad in its scope that no higher principles of conduct can be found, even among grown men.

Such training as this cannot fail to build sterling character, capable first of self-control, and so, in due time, of right self-government.

There are a world of reasons why every American parent should realize what this means to his boy and to the true good of our country.

SEATTLE wants a dirigible mayor and wants one soon. THE CHIEF OF POLICE of Spokane has resigned. No such luck for Seattle.

YOU CAN DROP in most anywhere these days and sign a recall petition with a feeling of satisfaction.

IF SENATOR JONES will kindly resign there are one or two persons in Seattle who will be devoutly thankful to him.

ISN'T IT GOING to entail too much work on the next legislature to bear the burden of electing two United States senators?

NATURALLY it makes no difference whether Senator Jones is fitted for the bench; a friend of the administration needs a job.

SOUTH SEATTLE is strangely reluctant about trading a respectable neighborhood for a red-light district with a car line thrown in.

"GOD HATES A COWARD" HUMPHREY is not hiring any billboards to tell how badly the Merchant Marine league wants him elected.

NEIGHBORLY AMENITIES. "Yes," said Mrs. Plunkitt, "I can read my husband like a book."

TRIMMED FOR THE TRIMMING. Said the husband to the wife: "This is indeed a world of strife. The ostrich plumes that trim your hat have trimmed me, too—I'll tell you that."

Not more loaves, but more GOOD loaves in every barrel of Patent Flour

Excellent Flour. NOVELTY MILL CO., Millers, SEATTLE

Would You Believe That Dugdale Used to Weigh Only 165 and Stole Bases With the Best of 'Em

Eleanor Addams Makes a Visit to Seattle Baseball Magnate and Learns Some Little Known Facts.

DO YOU KNOW THAT Dugdale's first name is Dan? When a slender youth he was a ball player himself?

That he now weighs 290 (height 5 feet 7)? Dug was player and manager between 1884 and 1896 with Peoria, Keokuk, Leavenworth, Denver, Kansas City, Rochester, Buffalo, Chicago, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Fort Wayne, Chattanooga and Washington?

Dug was born in 1864 in Peoria, and married in 1889? Dug has a sunny disposition? He has been iron moulder, shipping clerk, traveling cigar salesman, interurban conductor, book agent, farmer and billiard hall proprietor?

BY ELEANOR ADDAMS. Miss Reporter wanted to find out what kind of a man our baseball president was, and so halted at 512 Second av. before a large sign, proclaiming "Dugdale's Billiard Parlors."

Going up the stairway at the right, guided by the sound of clicking billiard balls, she found herself in a large room filled with green-topped tables and blue with smoke, the center of observation of many pairs of masculine eyes.

"What do you want?" asked Dug. "The story of my life?" "An expurgated edition," I said. And so he laughed and began to tell me all about it.

"I always have loved baseball, since I was a little shaver back in Illinois; that was what I liked best to do. You see, my folks were all farmers, and I guess I'm pretty much of one yet.

"At first I used to get off Sunday afternoons to play, though my father didn't like it very well. You see, he didn't know anything about baseball, just the ordinary farm sports, wrestling and so on, but after he'd seen one game he thought it was great, and he let me play whenever I wanted to.

"I signed my first contract—oh, I was slender then—in '84, playing with Peoria and Keokuk, Iowa. After that, I acted as manager and player in teams all over the country, from Kansas City to Buffalo and Washington, D. C.

"In '97 I got the Klondike fever and, with the savings of a lifetime—about \$5,000—I started West. I got sidetracked in Seattle and organized the old Northwestern League.

"Ten years ago I had to stop playing ball myself because I got so fat. I was 5 feet 7 inches and weighed 225 pounds, and it was unusual for a man as heavy as that to be playing then.

"You can see that my wife is a good cook," he laughed, "because when the great event of my life happened 21 years ago I weighed only 165."

"This genial cheerfulness clouded over for a minute when I tentatively inquired about "the children," because it seems there are no child-like voices in the Dugdale home. There was just a moment of thoughtfulness, and then my host went on, to talk more baseball.

"I sold out my interests in 1904, and the Pacific Coast League lost \$2,000 in three years, when they turned it back to me."

"How much are the proceeds in one year?" I asked. "That depends on the team," he said. "Now, last year we made \$4,400, and this year we lost \$4,000. Of course, my salary as manager goes on just the same."

"Why is it that a team wins one year and loses the next?" I inquired, out of the depths of my feminine ignorance.

"This year we started out with our old team, and found out gradually that they were all played out. Through the season we drafted in new players to take the place of the old ones, but it was too late."

"How about next year?" "It's going to be the greatest ever," said Manager Dugdale, enthusiastically. "This year we only had four clubs, and you have to have at least six to give snap and variety. But with the admission of Victoria and Portland we'll have a great year, and we'll get that pennant, sure."

"Is it true that you're going into politics?" "Well, some of my friends have wanted to put me up for councilman, but I talked it over with my wife—as I do everything—and we decided that it would be better to decline the nomination, if that honor were offered me.

"I'm going to put forth my best efforts to get that pennant for Seattle, and my wife and I thought that I ought not to have any outside interest interfere."

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DAN E. DUGDALE.

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Editor Star: If women register, can they not vote for school superintendent? JAMES FULLERTON.

A—A woman cannot vote at general elections, but may vote for city school directors. A special provision in the election law permits women to run for county superintendent of schools, but it doesn't extend the right of suffrage to them.

EASY MARKS. "Talk about your easy marks," said Uncle Silas Geehaw, who had been passing a week in the city, "us rubes ain't in it with them air leetown chaps."

"Did yew sell 'em enny gold bricks, Silas?" queried old Daddy Squashneck. "Naw, I didn't," answered Uncle Silas, "but I saw a feller peddle artificial ice—hed th' sign right on his wagon—an' blamed th' chumps didn't buy it for th' real thing, by grass!"

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STROLLER'S COLUMN

Not long since, pursuant to orders from headquarters, District English name of Hoffeditz should be given street names in the newly annexed suburb, Georgetown. It struck Ben Ardy's so funny that a man with the name of Hoffeditz should be given the job of changing names that in a somnambulistic fit he perpetrated Hoffeditz, oh Hoffeditz.

You've given us forty 'leven fits, by changing all the streets in town from Smith and Jones and Young and Brown.

To names of more or less renown. If changing names comes in your line, And you can do it so dern fine, Put on the regulation mitts, And throw some individual fits, By practicing on Hoffeditz.

WOMEN CAN'T VOTE. Editor Star: If women register, can they not vote for school superintendent? JAMES FULLERTON.

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STAR DUST

"An argument over politics will mighty soon pull a wise man down to th' level of a fool, but I never heard of it elevatin' a fool to th' plane of a wise man."

STAMP LANGUAGE. Licking a stamp means: Germs don't worry me. Placing a stamp on sideways: I am an idiot. Putting a two-cent stamp on a post card: Darn the expense. Stamp of a woman's foot: Vamoose.

"Madame Troubadour" is a New York musical play without a chorus.

A deaf mute is reported to have bruised his right hand so badly that he can hardly talk above a whisper.

Did you know that Oscar Hammerstein, New York's operatic impresario, was once a cigarmaker? A cloth has been woven of human hair and is adapted for use as interlining for men's clothes.

For every poor cuss trying to climb the ladder of fame, there are six chaps greasing it so he will slide down.

The oats crop in the United States this year amounts to more than a billion bushels.

Love recognizes no law. Not even a mother-in-law.

THAT DREADED INSULT. "Why did your brother, the West Point man, refuse a position as military instructor at the deaf and dumb institution?" "He was afraid they would give him the silence."

Two-Minute Vaudeville

Thud—What's all that fancy dentistry in your mouth? Slap—That's my trade emblem—a gold bridge. I made my fortune as a bridgeworker.

Thud—What are you—a bridge architect? Slap—No, not exactly; although I learned to make bridges when I was a wrestler. You see there wasn't much money in wrestling—couldn't make an honest dollar at it—so I became a bridge watchman. I watched bridges till somebody'd drop a bridge ticket and I could pick it up and trade it for a drink. Finally one day came a falling off in the bridge force, and I got the job of one of the men who fell off, and became a bridge painter. Pretty soon the paint fell off and I was put on as a bridge tender and kept it. I was too tough to be a tender. Then I got the spring fever and became a bridge jumper. After I'd jump I'd swim ashore and put on the hat, and qualified as a bridge collector. Now I'm an all-around bridge worker.

Thud—But if you are a bridge worker, what is your wife? Slap—Oh, she's a bridge player.

Advertisement for London Underwear, Hosiery, Men's Wear, BELTS, YARNS—SATCHELS. Includes prices for blankets, shirts, and other goods.

Advertisement for shoes and suits at the Seneca Street Entrance. Includes prices for boys' shoes, girls' shoes, women's suits, and lace curtains.

ENLIGHTENING A LIBRARIAN



Boy: Have you got "Flat Fin Flannery, the Life Saver of Lobster Beach"? Librarian: Oh, dear, no. The Carnegie libraries do not have books about such people. Boy: That's funny. Carnegie gives hero medals to such people.

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 Star: I beg to thank you for the stand you have taken on the waterway bonds matter.

There is no Seattleite who will not benefit by extensive and available waterways and water frontage.

Many large eastern factories are desirous of moving here—buying sites on Lake Union, the canal or the Duwamish—if they can be guaranteed through water connection with the Sound. This I know as a member of the factories bureau of the Chamber of Commerce.

I would not advise bonding for any other than permanent and vital improvements—those that are once done and done forever. We will find that Chicago and New York, as well as our coast cities, are ready to bond to the very last limit for shipping facilities, while we are hesitating to improve our distributing utilities when the government is offering us two and three-quarters millions to help Seattle to become the greatest Pacific port.

Can anyone imagine what kind of loopee of delight Portland would let loose if they should wake up some morning and find that Uncle Sam wanted to spend two and three-quarters millions to improve Portland's shipping facilities.

Many seaports in Europe which have failed to improve present the melancholy spectacle of docks and wharves overgrown with grass; expensive warehouses mildewed with disease because selfish interests objected to the deepening of channels. And neighboring seaports made the effort and wrested their commerce from them.

By all means, let's open her up. Vote for the waterway bonds, and the interchange of world commerce will put Seattle in a class by herself—the great manufacturing and distributing city of the northwest. To hesitate on these bonds would be like a man hesitating on a doctor bill if his wife was sick.

EDWIN LONDON. 4003 Conrad av., South Seattle, October 15, 1910.

Editor of The Star. Sir: The Seattle Electric Co. has inflicted upon the public during the last few months the widely advertised Pay-Enter cars, and so far the only advantage discernible is to the company itself.

During the rush hours, congested crowds surge around the narrow passage ways, and struggle for permission to pay for an uncomfortable and arduous journey.

The new cars are not without their humorous point. There is a notice on the platform to the effect that the public are not allowed to stand on the platform "unless the car is crowded." In other words no one is allowed the pleasure of standing and strap hanging unless the company wish to crowd the cars dangerously full, and that is their most persistent and flagrant abuse of the public of Seattle.

Respectfully yours, ARTHUR NORMAN COSE.