

A Day of Fate

Election day comes every year, but not every election day is a day of fate.

November 8, 1910, will be a day of immense and far-reaching consequences on the political life of the United States.

Ray Stannard Baker, one of our shrewdest political observers, having investigated conditions, writes:

"A new party—new in the sense of having new ideals and new leadership—has come into being within the last year. Thus far it is inside the republican party, seeking to control the republican party, which it may or may not succeed in doing."

If it fail, it is not the new party that will die. Not the kernel, but the husk, will fall away.

THE KERNEL IS ALIVE. IT IS TRUE SEED AND WILL BEAR ITS CERTAIN CROP!

The Wagon

Say "The Wagon" in the cheapest saloon in town—that is, the saloon which caters to men who wear overalls and whose hands may be calloused, and you create a panic.

Say "The Wagon" in the swell saloon—that is, the saloon which caters to a more prosperous class, and you raise a laugh.

The wagon is for evil doers, or rather for men who according to our system of judging right and wrong have broken the law.

If the two words have not as awesome an effect on the well dressed as on the poorly dressed, it is because the wagon recognizes caste!

Five common workmen gather in a saloon and have, we shall say, too many drinks. They start for their respective homes, or lodging houses, and they stop on the street corner to talk about the night's fun—which has not been fun, is not fun, and never will be fun—and a guardian of the peace (otherwise a cop) sees them, and decides that (as they wear overalls and heavy shoes and have just come out of a cheap saloon) they are dangerous.

Ominous word!

So he sends for the wagon.

Five men with fifty-dollar overcoats on their backs have been drinking a good deal heavier than is good for them in a swell saloon, and they start for their homes—or the hotel—and they stop on the corner and they talk about the night's fun, and the cop sees them—and he SMILES.

Thus does the wagon, the great black bogey, recognize caste.

It would seem that a certain chief of police at Cleveland, Ohio, named Kohler, has another idea about this.

This chief of police, who must be somewhat of a philosopher, does not send the five cheaply dressed men to the police station and the other five to their homes.

The wagon—the horrible black despair—should not know any distinction between overalls and silk-lined overcoats, this chief of police thinks.

(From the Seattle Union Labor Record.)

Comment on elections of congressmen by the various magazines of standing and the reform papers of the country never fail to mention "God Hates a Coward" Humphrey as one of the men who should not be returned. The legislative committee of the American Federation of Labor marks him as especially dangerous. The voters of the First congressional district should vote against William E. Humphrey, whether he brands himself "standpatter" or "quitter."

(From the Seattle Union Labor Record.)

The appointment of Arms as head of the city lighting department was protested by the Central Labor Council, committees calling on the mayor on two different occasions, who submitted names of other men for the position. The mayor was told the city plant would be neglected and that the S. E. Co. would benefit by the appointment of Arms, but the mayor found objections to the qualifications of each man proposed by the committee, and it was evident to the committee that further protests were useless.

OBSERVATIONS

SUPREME COURTS also alter cases, which is a good thought to remember tomorrow.

THE JUDICIOUS knitting of the party ticket is one sign of an intelligence big enough to be discriminating.

WELL, THEY GAVE Dr. Crippen the scare of his life and Dr. Munyon full position next to reading matter.

WITH THE APPROACH of winter it is a problem whether to buy her some bacon or a set of silver tipped fox furs.

IF MR. HUMPHREY wants to retire, there are plenty of obliging people who will lend him any assistance in their power.

YOU CAN GET in a double shift at the polls tomorrow by signing the recall petition after you get through marking your ballot.

IF YOU VOTED for Hi Gill because he is a republican, it is not necessary to remind you that party tags mean just a mite less than nothing.

PERSONS WITH a little superfluous change should remember that election returns are under no obligation to conform to election predictions.

HAI! HAI! HAI! The national social reformers who went investigating, report that Washington should be the first to campaign against the white slave traffic. They visited New Orleans, San Francisco and Chicago, too.

OUTRAGERS and highwaymen are working Los Angeles to beat the band. Her police are guarding the Otis and Zeehandlar hen houses lest some union hens get in and go to laying hatchable eggs.

INCREASE of freight rates would put only \$400,000,000 more on the consumers. And the Mesdames Vanderbilt could sail into New York with 140 trunks of Parisian gowns, instead of 40. What yer kiddin' about?

SOME miserable sinners down in Massachusetts have dared to ask Lodge if he voted to boost the woolen schedules 20 per cent as a revision downward measure, and H. Cabot's beautiful whiskers are afire with indignation.

NICK LONGWORTH'S personal platform is a daisy. He stands by Taft and Payne-Aldrich, and is a progressive. There are two great leaders, one's Taft and Tother's pa-in-law. Has no plank about Alice's smoking of cigarettes. Probably neutral on that.

Did You Ever Go Behind Moving Picture Stage? Eleanor Addams Does at the Film Trust's Home

BY ELEANOR ADDAMS.

Did you ever go behind the scenes of the moving picture stage? It's more interesting than in front.

I did Saturday, and I learned a lot of things.

It happened at the General Film Co.'s office, at Third and Marlon, the people who handle the films for the theatres—or a lot of them.

"They call us the trust," laughed Manager Kane.

But about this moving picture business. This is solid information coming now, just as they told it to me.

Do you know what a film is like—it's like an ordinary photograph film except that it's an inch wide and anywhere from three feet to a mile long.

It's just a series of tiny pictures an inch deep by an inch and a half wide. You can't see any change from one picture to the next, hardly. It is almost imperceptible. Jump 15 films and you'll see that a man has moved his arm and drawn back his head.

Quicker Than Eye.

"Moving pictures are a success because the camera is quicker than the eye," said Manager Kane. "The eye can see a fifth of a second. The camera takes the pictures in a fifteenth."

"So you're seeing three pictures at once," I suggested.

"That's literally true," said Kane. "You see about 200 feet of pictures in a single minute. That's what keeps them moving."

Then they ran a picture through for me.

"You'll be able to run a picture show yourself when you get through here," he said.

"What do the films rent for?" I asked, practically. He told me. It's some money. Also there is rent for building, salaries for cashiers, operators, "spiclers," singers, door tenders, cost of furniture, cost of a lantern, etc., etc.

"No, thanks," I concluded. "It's more fun to interview people, and doesn't cost so much."

But here's how it runs. There's a big metal covered cage—you may have noticed it at the theatres—over the door, where the operator stands. The film is in a big metal roll, winding up and up and up. Then there's a glass that enlarges the pictures from an inch high to about 10 feet. Also a powerful

light. You connect up the end of the film with another metal box. The film runs past the light and enlarger and into the second box.

All is metallic.

Everything is covered with metal. "City regulations," said Kane, in explanation.

Then the two employes and myself composed the audience while the film was run off. We had to do all the applauding and imagine the music. It was interesting, though.

"It's a gigantic business," said Kane. "A lot of people do not realize it. But it runs into millions.



These pictures, enlarged and reproduced from actual films, show how slow is the change from one picture to the other. In the picture to the left the top one shows the man getting one arm into his coat. The lowest picture, 20 films later, shows him just reaching the other arm around. The other later, 10 pictures apart, shows the mother drawing back from the stranger child who has strayed in among her flock. Yet in the actual pictures as you see them at the theatres, these movements are all but instantaneous.

A good location will run into \$10,000 a month for rent. To get the best pictures you have to scour the whole world.

"The big producing companies in the East keep a special company of actors to illustrate the pictures. You never hear of these actors, but they get real salaries.

"I know of one actress who is retained at \$5,000 for the year, and so far she has only appeared in four pictures."

"Are most of the pictures made abroad?" I asked, patriotically, remembering the signs "Pathe Freres" on the sheets.

"No, most of them are made in this country now," he said. "And a lot of the foreign companies maintain an American branch to lower the customs duties."

"Well, I've learned a lot, anyway," I said, as I left.

"But you don't want to start a picture house?" he asked, laughing.

"No, thank you," says I.

WORKING BACKWARD.

"Political campaign calculations," remarked the Prof. Tallbrow, "are a distinct branch of mathematics."

"How so?" we asked.

"You begin with the answer, then work backward for the purpose of evolving a problem to demonstrate it," explained the professor.

Eilers Word Contest

Notice to Contestants

We hope to be able to announce the decision of the judges some time during the early part of next week.

A corps of expert examiners, under the direct supervision of Mrs. Geo. F. Felts, has been steadily at work upon the thousands of lists submitted ever since the close of the contest, October 18th.

A large majority of these lists show that contestants have spent a great deal of time on them, and every precaution in checking and re-checking is being taken in order that the prizes may be awarded strictly upon the merits of the lists submitted.

We cannot afford to have any one dissatisfied with the result and for that reason every possible consideration is being given to the examination.

We trust that this unavoidable delay in making our announcement will be met with patience on the part of the contestants. Just as quickly as a decision can be reached a list of the Grand Prize winners will be published in this paper.



Successor to D. S. Johnston Co.

Eilers Music Bldg. Third and University

STROLLERS' COLUMN

One of Seattle's hardware men has a home at Hunt's Point, a fat servant girl, an ingenious son, and a pump which has to be pumped. These are the factors in a story.

There's no city water at the Point, so the hardware man has a big tank in the garret and a pump on the ground. Keep the tank full, then all you have to do to get water anywhere around the house is to open a faucet. But the pump has to be pumped.

Says the ingenious son to the servant girl: "I know something that beats patent medicines and rolling on the floor all hollow as a reducer."

Says the servant girl: "What?" Son: "I bet if you pump that pump 200 strokes a day, you'll lose 30 pounds before the end of summer."

So every evening while the hardware man and his son sat on the front porch to smoke and read the magazines, Hulda was pumping away at the rear of the house and counting laboriously between breaths: "One hundred and eighteen, one hundred and—"

Whenever her spirits flagged, the son would tell her how much thinner she was looking, and the next night she'd work harder than ever. "It worked fine," the hardware man admitted.

"THEN IT HAPPENED"

(Our Daily Discontinued Story.)



Almost any fine day except when it was raining, Cleon Goodyear could be seen where the fair sex could be gladdened by his charms.

Cleon regarded each dame or surfer with a cordial, good-humored smile, and then and now with a merry pleasantry.

"Oh, you Beef Trust!" chuckled Cleon suddenly, as Mile de Biceppe, the strong lady, tripped by.

Coroner's verdict: Justifiable homicide.

(The End.)

Speeding Up.

There was a cow on the track. The show drummer who had been cutting cards for the cigars beckoned to the porter.

"Boy, is that cow still on the track?"

"Yes, sah."

"How fast is the train moving?"

"Bout five miles an hour, sah."

"Bout five miles an hour, sah."

"Well, here is a quarter. Take a few yards of rope up to the engineer and tell him to hitch the train to the cow. We might make better time."

PENALTY OF PRECIPITATION.



Her Aunt—My child, I fear yours was another case of "Wed in haste, repent at leisure." Young Divorcee—Exactly. Why, it took me all of five weeks after marriage to divorce Harry.

STAR DUST

JOSH WISE SAYS: "Notice how fast last summer's hot spell is coolin' off?"

PLAYS POPULAR WITH POPULAR PEOPLE.

Gaby: "Paris by Night."

Bob Chanler: "Deserted at the Halt."

Cavalleri: "The Fortune Hunter."

The heavy set man with the knitted eyebrows paused, his glittering knife raised aloof.

"Have you no heart?" asked the pale, proud girl in even tones.

"No," he says.

"Then give me 10 cents' worth of liver." After wrapping up the desired amount, the butcher turned to wait on the next customer.

"I notice your wife has a decided-

ly peculiar taste in furnishing the house. She must have a peculiar plan in view."

"She has. Installation plan."

"I fail to see where Solomon was very wise," said he. "He had a thousand wives."

"Yes," answered she, "he learned his wisdom from them."

In the city of Hamburg garbage is not wasted as here, but is used as fertilizer.

A gold mine in Nevada, called the Minnehaha, has been investigated by the authorities, who say there is nothing in it. Accent on the "haha."

American farming machinery is coming to be used in the far East.

IN LITTLE OLD NEW YORK

NEW YORK, Nov. 6.—On one bright day this week 35,000 people visited the city's "budget show," where various exhibits show how the taxes which folks pay have been wasted in the past and are now being spent to good advantage.

And, oh, you suffragettes and suffragists, answer this question: Why is it that about 98 per cent of the visitors to this highly educational show are men and boys?

Where are the women who complain because they are victims of taxation without representation? Where are the women who shout on the street corners that their sex must have the ballot, and where are all the multitudes of other women who listen and cheer them? Why are the women not at this exhibit, learning about municipal government and expenditures, along with the men?

NOT ALL ARE HOME, EITHER

Probably the suffragette comeback to this question will be: "Because they have to be home, doing the housework and minding the babies." Well, that goes for some of them, but not all by a long shot. There are thousands and thousands of women in New York who are not bothered by either housework or babies, and they are not at the budget show. They are at the matinee and the tearooms and prowling Fifth av., looking at each other's clothes. So there, now!

Really, the women ought to go. Women hate to be cheated, and the most interesting exhibits of all are those which show how the city has been swindled outrageously—almost beyond belief—in graft times.

HERE ARE SAMPLES OF SOME GRAFT.

For instance, Jas. J. Munro, chief of the inspection division of the finance department, displays to open-mouthed auditors certain iron wheels, for which the bill to the city was \$18 a dozen. After inspection 72 cents a dozen was allowed. In another case the city allowed 1 cent for a dozen iron bolts billed at \$6.00.

OSGAR AND ADOLF

"Come mit along by my house, Osgar, und I will show you vot for my birthday my wife gafe me—a cut glass pickle dish."

"Much oblitched, Adolf, but radder I vout see some of dose cut glass pickles vich go in der dish."

(PAID ADVERTISEMENT.)

VOTERS!

The people of King County will choose, tomorrow, a full list of county officers for the ensuing two years. For the past twelve or fourteen years, with but few exceptions, the Republican party has administered the political affairs of this county and the city of Seattle. If you are satisfied with their administration of affairs and believe that their officials have given you clean, economical administrations, they are entitled to your vote. But we, the Democrats of this county and city, do not believe that they have given satisfactory results and conscientious application, nor have they carried out the obligations they assumed when they took the oath of office.

Our country is always governed by one or the other of the two great political parties. Each, we will presume, is equally intelligent and equally honest and conscientious in its endeavor to administer the public affairs of this community; but the continuation of one party in power leads to abuses, extravagance in the use of public money, and perpetuation of machine politics. This condition of affairs exists in King county and Seattle today. A Democratic minority have contributed to the welfare of county and city, have paid their share of the taxes, have taken part in all public enterprises, and lent their aid in developing the legitimate industries of the community. But, owing to the manipulation of the political machine, the corrupt use of money, the bestowing of favors on special interests, and the stuffing of ballot boxes, this large minority of people have been denied participation in political affairs.

While Democrats have been denied the honor of being elected to political offices that draw a salary, their services have been accepted upon Boards that control the great public institutions of the city and county, namely, our Public Schools, our Park System and our great Public Library. Democratic membership on these Boards has contributed to the efficiency to which they have attained, and for which the city is greatly indebted. These institutions have been conducted without criticism, and no extravagance or mismanagement has been charged.

Why cannot county and city officials give like satisfaction? Will the voters of this county awaken to this fact and elect the Democratic candidates? They will give equally as good an account of their offices as have the Democratic members of the various boards controlling the public institutions of this city.

The rate of taxation in this county and city is so high that investors are timid. Capital will not seek investments where the tax rate is higher than the legitimate expenses of the community demand. We believe that the county boards and officials who have the expenditure of a large amount of money should either be non-partisan or often changed, in order that no great political machine can be built up. We would particularly call your attention to the combination formed between the present sheriff and the two Republican candidates for county commissioner. These men should not be permitted to build up a political machine that will control the affairs of King county. By your vote you can break up this combination.

Thos. R. Horner will put an end to the syndicate now in control of the prosecuting attorney's office. This syndicate will be perpetuated in the event of the election of the Republican candidate. R. W. Littleton, as treasurer of this county, will not be controlled by any bank or political machine. His election will assist in the housecleaning at the courthouse. Vote for all the Democratic county and legislative candidates. They are entitled to your support.

Go to the polls early. GEORGE MURPHY, Chairman Democratic County Central Committee.

Advertisement for Eastern Outfitting Co. Inc. featuring 'GOOD CLOTHES FOR MEN AND WOMEN ON CREDIT' and 'PRIVATE LOCKED ROOMS'.

Advertisement for BEKINS MOVING & STORAGE CO., Inc. located at East 414, Cedar 414.