

MANAGER AND \$3,000 GONE; FIGHTERS HOT

TACOMA, Nov. 23.—Thomas Steinberg, president of the Loid Athletic club, which pulled off last night's big bout at Dreamland rink, has mysteriously disappeared. Also is gone all of the gate receipts from the biggest house that ever attended a boxing bout in Tacoma, some \$3,000. What has happened to Steinberg none of his friends can tell. The fighters who took part in last night's card, both in the preliminaries, and Jack Lester and Ed Hagen in the main event, are unpaid, and none of the bills in connection with the affair have been paid. Bill DeCoursey, manager of the Loid club, Harry Burns, manager of Lester, and Lennie Austin, manager of Hagen, reported Steinberg's disappearance to the police last night. Burns and Austin then took an automobile to Police Judge Arntson's residence to ask for a warrant for Steinberg's arrest. What has happened to Steinberg no one knows. He has been proprietor of a saloon recently at 240 1/2 Pacific av. He roomed over the saloon. Inquiry at the rooming house by the police last night elicited the information that Steinberg gave up his rooms Monday and took out all his belongings; where to the landlady did not know.

BUILDING FALLS; 4 ARE DEAD

CLEVELAND, O., Nov. 23.—Four people are dead as a result of the collapse of a newly erected concrete building last night. An explosion in the basement is believed to have caused the disaster, in which the wife of Simon Prutkin, a tailor, two children and a patron in Prutkin's shop met death.

- ★ WOMEN HAVEN'T YET RIGHT TO REGISTER
- ★ OLYMPIA, Nov. 23.—The attorney general's office, in an opinion issued today, holds that women can neither vote nor register until after the governor has officially proclaimed that the woman suffrage amendment to the state constitution has carried. Governor Marion E. Hay will not issue his proclamation until the secretary of state certifies the returns of the recent election.

Sour Cream Pie.
One cup chopped apple, 1 cup seeded raisins, 1 cup sugar, 1/2 cup sour cream, 1/4 teaspoon each of cinnamon, cloves and nutmeg, and 1/2 teaspoon salt. Mix all together and bake in crust.

- ★ AT THE THEATRES.
- ★ Moore—"Mile. X."
- ★ Grand—"Our New Minister."
- ★ Seattle—"The College Widow."
- ★ Lois—"Shore Acres."
- ★ Alhambra—"Fable Romani."
- ★ Orpheum—Vaudeville.
- ★ Majestic—Vaudeville.
- ★ Pantages—Vaudeville.

LET YOUR STOMACH HAVE ITS OWN WAY.

Do Not Try to Drive and Force It to Work When It Is Not Able, or You Will Suffer All the More.

You cannot treat your stomach as some men treat a balky horse; force, drive, or even starve it into doing work at which it rebels. The stomach is a patient and faithful servant and will stand much abuse and ill-treatment before it "balks," but when it does, you had better go slow with it and not attempt to make it work. Some people have the mistaken idea that they can make their stomachs work by starving themselves. They might cure the stomach that way, but it would take so long that they would have no use for a stomach when they got through. The sensible way out of the difficulty is to let the stomach rest if it wants to and employ a substitute to do its work.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets will do the work of your stomach for you and digest your food just as your stomach used to when it was well. You can prove this by putting your food in a glass jar with one of the tablets and sufficient water, and you will see the food digested in just the same time as the digestive fluids of the stomach would do it. That will satisfy your mind. Now, to satisfy both your mind and body, take one of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets after eating—eat all and what you want—and you will feel in your mind that your food is being digested, because you will feel no disturbance or weight in your stomach. In fact, you will forget all about having a stomach, just as you did when you were a healthy boy or girl.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets act in a natural way because they contain only the natural elements of the gastric juices and other digestive fluids of the stomach. It makes no difference what condition the stomach is in, they go right ahead of their own accord and do their work. They know their business, and surrounding conditions do not influence them in the least. They thus relieve the weak stomach of all its burdens and give it its much-needed rest and permit it to become strong and healthy.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are for sale by all druggists at 50 cents a box. They are so well known and their popularity is so great that a druggist would as soon think of being out of alcohol or quinine as of them. In fact, physicians are prescribing them all over the land, and if your own doctor is real honest with you, he will tell you frankly that there is nothing on earth so good for dyspepsia as Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

A MIGHTY HUNTER—HE KILLED THEM ALL HIMSELF



RAISE DEFENSE FUND IN VALLEY RATE WAR

An enthusiastic mass meeting was held at the town hall in Fawcett yesterday to discuss plans for fighting the exorbitant illegal rates of the Puget Sound Electric Co. Residents of Riverton, Tokwila, Al-lentown, Foster and Duwamish, to the number of 300, were present. Many women were in the crowd. Several attorneys volunteered their services, including J. E. Pich of Tacoma, one of the leaders of the Fern Hill fight there. A fund of \$500 was quickly raised to carry on legal proceedings. The injunction hearing comes up in 10 days.

FIGHT WITH KNIVES IN COUNTY JAIL CELL

W. Y. Crawford, serving a year's sentence in the county jail for petty larceny, was stabbed with a pen-knife yesterday by Harry Hatch, recently convicted of grand larceny for taking \$220 from a gullible Swedish citizen in a card game, and awaiting transportation to the penitentiary to serve a one to fifteen year term. The affray resulted from an argument for the possession of a razor allowed in the jail once a week on shaving day. Strangely enough, the razor was not used in the fight. Crawford received five stabs. His wounds are not serious.

WANT MORE PROFITS FOR THE RAILROADS

Declaring that the railroads ought to be given more margin in profits on account of the higher taxes prevailing now, Howard Elliott, president of the Northern Pacific railway, warned the members of the Chamber of Commerce that unless that were done, investors might refuse to be in the railroad business any longer. "I looked up the other day," said Elliott, "the taxes for 1909, and found that it took more than our gross earnings to transport the wheat crop in the state of Washington to pay our taxes for 1909 in the state of Washington."

"ME FOR THIS KIND OF CHILE LABOR!"



A Philadelphia judge decided that a vaudeville theatre, which employed boys in a pumpkin eating contest had violated the child labor laws. Spokane.—More than 40 retail grocers have organized to make a determined fight against the Sunday closing law. They declare that groceries are necessities of life and should be sold every day in the year.

ARREST ITALIAN BANKER

Annihole Bressi, president of the Banca Italiana, was arrested yesterday, charged with embezzling \$32,777 of the savings of Gemmaro Anzani. He was released on a bail bond of \$1,000. His arrest followed the dismissal of the case against Bosko B. Novakovich, formerly cashier of the bank, whom Bressi charged with appropriating \$6,000 of the depositors' money. Cross-examination showed there never was \$6,000 on deposit. Bressi will be arraigned before Justice Gordon on December 2.

Newsies Hear About Alden and Priscilla

The "newsies" had a great old time at the Alhambra theatre last night, where the opera "Priscilla" was presented by a local company under the auspices of the Women's Guild of St. Mark's church. They were taken back to the days when turkeys were discovered by the Puritans in rugged old New England, and Miles Standish, the blunt old soldier, made love to fair Priscilla through proxy. All of which was told in song quite excellently, and the "newsies" were glad to hear Priscilla sing to John Green. "Why Don't You Speak for Yourself?" It was just great.

Still Hold Seattle Detective in Portland

PORTLAND, Nov. 23.—Stoddard Westfall, the Seattle private detective, will not be freed of the charge of "annoying and injuring" Mrs. Althea Walker, the wealthy Salt Lake woman, till Friday. Judge Tazewell will then decide whether or not the detective was within his rights in "shadowing" Mrs. Walker and her son, who have since gone to Salt Lake City.

WANT YOUR TURKEY COOKED LIKE TAFT'S IS?

If you want your Thanksgiving turkey stuffed just the way President Taft has his, here's the formula, taken from Mrs. Taft's own private cook book: "Place three cups of fresh bread crumbs in the oven, and when slightly crisp remove. Mix with a cup of melted butter. To this add one cup of buttered meats or the meats of black walnuts, a calf's sweetbread that has already been cooked, the juice of half a lemon, one bay leaf, a pinch of cayenne pepper, a pinch of thyme and salt to taste. Mix all together very lightly with a large fork and fill into the turkey, but do not pack tightly, as that makes the stuffing soggy, heavy and indigestible."

- ★ WILL RIDE TO HOUND
- ★ A hare and hound chase will be the Thanksgiving feature of the Seattle Hunt club.

CRIPPEN PAYS

(Concluded.)
of the doomed man and two wardens, led by Father Carey, who intoned prayers for the dying, crossed the yard separating the condemned cells and the gallows, where Executioner John Ellis stood waiting. Crippen, without hesitation, as though he had rehearsed his part in the tragic, mounted the gallows with a firm step. Did Not Falter. He did not falter, and he did not break down. To the few onlookers—the governor, the sheriff, the priest, the jailers, and two representatives of the press—Crippen seemed acutely conscious that his time had come. He did not speak, and stood firm while the black cap was being adjusted. Outside the jail a morbid crowd had gathered, but a heavy fog enshrouded the building and cloaked the view of the gallows. Even the forbidding black arm of the gallows tree near the rear wall could not be made out. At 9 o'clock a spectre of a black flag was hoisted to the top of the shadowy flagpole near the prison gate, and a few cheers, some hisses and many groans sped Crippen's shrunken soul on the last flight. Crippen had paid his debt to justice, and his obligation to the efforts of Scotland Yard. A warden posted on the notice board of the prison gate the official document ordering the hanging, the sheriff's certificate that he had taken place, and the physician's certificate of death.

THE ALLEGED CONFESSION.

LONDON, Nov. 23.—The Times this afternoon repeated the putative confession and published an ostensible statement in the third person, alleged to have been made by Crippen. The paper says that Crippen confessed to a friend before he was executed. The story relates the unhappiness of the doctor's life and his wife's alleged unfaithfulness, her "trants, drunkenness and jealousy." These causes, it is alleged, brought about Crippen's determination to kill his wife. Deliberately and cold-bloodedly, says The Times, the American physician planned the details of the murder.

POISON IN TABLETS.

The statement asserts that Crippen purchased hyoscin and began ingesting with the poison certain digestive tablets that his wife was taking. The first poisoned tablet was given January 31, the next February 1. The second tablet caused her death. The body remained in a bedroom of the Crippen house, at 39 Hillroad Crescent, Islington, North London, until the evening of February 2. Then Crippen began the ghastly task of disposing of the remains without arousing suspicion.

DISSECTED CORPSE.

He carefully dissected the corpse, cutting the arms and legs into small pieces and burning them in the kitchen stove. While he engaged in this work an ashman called at the house and Crippen narrowly escaped detection. The greswome task finally overcame the iron nerve of the doctor, and he became fearful of attracting the notice of his neighbors. Besides the increasing odor of the decomposing flesh filled him with horror, and one night he fled from the house, leaving it wide open, with its hideous secret exposed. In his flight he threw the bloody scalpel into an adjoining yard of a vacant house. After wandering about London for hours his reason returned and he went back to his house.

BURYING THE BODY.

All was as he had left it. With nerves composed he devised plans for hiding the rest of the mutilated body. Then he carried the remains to the cellar, broke the concrete pavement, dumped in the relics, sprinkled them with acid to aid dissolution, and repaired the floor. Following this Miss Lenox came to the house and posed as Mrs. Crippen. The doctor for a time silenced neighborhood tongues by saying his wife had gone to America, and later that she had died there.

There seems to be no way of proving that the confession is true or false, according to lawyers, but they assert that the confession, if made, must have been procured before Crippen was placed in jail. During confinement at Pentonville no one spoke to the condemned man except in the presence of his warders.

SAYS WELLINGTON WRECK ACT OF GOD

EVESHAM, Nov. 23.—The damage suit started by R. M. Laville against the Great Northern railroad for \$195 for baggage lost in the wreck at Wellington last March is on trial here, and the railroad sets up the defense that the disaster was an act of God, and that no loss of life nor property was sustained through any negligence of the company. This was the statement made by J. H. O'Neill, a division superintendent in the employ of the road.

WILL TRY TO FIND GOLD BY MEANS OF WIRELESS



VICTORIA, B. C., Nov. 23.—Frederick Van Housen, his wife, and a party will plunge shortly into the wilds of Vancouver island to find gold by means of wireless telegraphy. Frederick Van Housen is a wireless operator who has a theory that ore interrupts the air waves sent out by a wireless instrument when the waves pass over the point where the ore is hidden. So he has formed a party that will try to prove the theory. This trip is the result of years of experiments in which he has been greatly assisted by his wife. When the trip was first talked of, Mrs. Van Housen declared that she was going with her husband into the wilds. The dangers and hardships of such a trip were pointed out to her, but the game little woman never faltered. "I can make the trip as well as any man," declared Mrs. Van Housen, and so she's going along to assist her husband in his search for wealth. In the wilds, stations will be set up, and when sounding between two points, if it is found that the waves are interrupted, then the party will hunt for gold in that locality. The expedition will be made up of six persons, four being expert wireless operators, and each will carry a portable wireless outfit, similar to the instruments now used in the army. The start will be made shortly.

THIS CALF STEALS \$118.25 AND EATS IT ALL—PRETTY TOUGH—WHAT?
SPARTANBURG, S. C., Nov. 23.—In going milking Mrs. Luther Calvert, who lives at Clinton, dropped a pocketbook containing five \$20 bills, a \$10 bill, a \$5 bill and three ones, besides a silver quarter. The money was missed an hour later and thorough search revealed the quarter, which showed signs of having been chewed by a calf. A young heifer in the yard had a guilty look and a veterinary surgeon was summoned. The roll was extracted from the stomach of the calf in a mutilated condition. The bills were taken to a bank cashier, who sent them to Washington to be redeemed.

THE THIRD READER

BY FRED SCHAEFER.



Upon a certain fine day foregathered on the verdant common of the village of a group of gleesome lads. Most envied of the group was Donald Doughtnut, son of a wealthy onion speculator. For just at this moment Donald had 14 shillings to spend on knick-knacks and amusements, although in far-off Africa savages were going without shoes to wear, and in some cases hose supporters. A little off to one side lingered Sylvester Sloppyweather, son of a poor charwoman with a hacking cough. Sylvester did not have 14 shillings. In fact his whole store of wealth was a copper farthing which he had earned at punching holes in porous plasters for the village apothecary. "Come," cried Donald, in a dissolute, reckless manner, "let us each see how we can waste our substances!" And he threw a taunting look at the charwoman's son. And in a moment he had frittered away his 14 shillings for one thing or another. Far from aping this example of wanton folly, Sylvester showed his finer qualities. He laid his farthing away wrapped in cotton wool and hid without gumdrops and squirt guns. Donald, however, persisted in his profligate habits as if money grew upon trees and he were in the midst of a dense forest.

A period of 77 years has now elapsed. We find Sylvester Sloppyweather the charwoman's son no longer, but a prosperous pawnbroker with a fine gilded carriage to carry him about. On a dark inclement night there crept to his doorway a miserable wretch, clad only in a threadbare scrouncker suit and a moth-eaten fur cap to keep off the elements. Water was one of the elements which he had most successfully kept off, as his complexion betokened.

"For pity's sake, kind sir, assistance!" wailed he. One swift glance through a pair of unreddeemed opera glasses and Sylvester knew that Donald Doughtnut stood before him. "So soon?" exclaimed the opulent broker. "What, then, has become of your 14 shillings, sirrah?" At this Donald Doughtnut burst into a torrent of scalding tears. "Oh, sir," he cried, wringing his tear-stained hands, "if I had saved my 14 shillings I would today be smoking my own cigar butts."

"While I," responded Sylvester Sloppyweather, not without a note of triumph, "have still my copper farthing intact. See!" and he displayed a gleaming, unsterilized coin. "I have still my copper farthing. It is now quite valuable, being worth thruppence to any numismatist. Take it. Buy yourself a two-penny bun and invest the overplus in gilt-edged securities, and I dare say you will in the end thank me for not having wasted my substance!" This was a bitter blow for one so highstrung as the onion speculator's son. Clutching the coin, he ran and leaped off a pier, or dock as it is called. Weighted down by the copper farthing he rose to sink no more. "Good riddance," muttered Sylvester Sloppyweather, meaning the copper farthing, for it was plugged.

SUFFRAGETTES ON WAR PATH AGAIN

(By United Press.)
LONDON, Nov. 23.—Their movements hidden by a heavy fog that overhung London, suffragettes executed a flank movement on the home of Premier Asquith early today, and hurling iron bolts, stones and bottles, broke nearly every window in the house. The prime minister and his family were aroused, but were unable to offset the attack.

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I Send You, Absolutely Free, a Trial Package of a Remedy That Cures This Distressing Condition—It Comes Prepaid to Your Door. Consider my offer. I willingly send you, free of charge, a trial treatment of the wonderful Gaus's Combined Catarrh Cure. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. It's up to you. If you wish to be cured of that foul spitting and hawking—that wretched, depressed sensation—that "don't-dare-lookany-body-in-the-face" feeling, then fill out the coupon without further delay. I possess the remedy that will cure you, but as I have not your address, you must supply it. That's all I ask. Simply fill out the following coupon and mail it to me today. It will be the means of restoring you to a perfectly normal condition, giving you a sweet, pure breath.

FREE
This coupon is good for one trial package of Gaus's Combined Catarrh Cure, mailed free in plain package. Simply fill in your name and address on dotted lines below and mail to:
C. E. GAUSS, 8221 Main St., Marshall, Mich.

(Official Publication.)
REPORT OF THE FINANCIAL CONDITION OF THE SPECIFIC BANK, located at Seattle, State of Washington, at the close of business on the 10th day of November, 1910.

RESOURCES.	
Loans and discounts	\$25,443 97
Overdrafts	159 13
Bonds, warrants and other securities	166 50
Banking houses, furniture and fixtures	1,160 00
Due from banks	2,553 21
Cash on hand	1,663 49
Expense	3,124 26
Total	\$34,271 99

LIABILITIES.	
Capital stock paid in	\$25,000 00
Surplus fund	2,355 00
Deposits	6,353 99
Cashier's checks	32 72
Total	\$34,271 99

State of Washington, County of King—
I, C. M. UYEDA, cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the foregoing statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
C. M. UYEDA, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 21st day of Nov. 1910.
(Seal) A. C. KUMKE, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest:
J. T. KIKUTAKE,
T. AKIYOSHI, Directors.

NATURAL BEAUTY IS RUINED!
Many a handsome face is made unsightly by a growth of superfluous hair. It is unnecessary, as we easily remove them by our scientific methods without irritation or harm to the skin. We remove wrinkles, sagging, pinches, freckles, birth-marks, and correct the facial defects.

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MEALS SERVED
Str. City of Liverpool on Wednesday.

Three round trips daily. Leave Seattle at 11:30 a. m. and 1:30 p. m. Leave Vancouver at 11:30 a. m. and 1:30 p. m. Leave Everett at 1:45 a. m. 1:15 p. m. and 7:15 p. m. Steamers leave from Colman Dock. Steamer and schedule subject to change without notice.
PICKWICK CLUB APPLE TODDY—YEAR 1921. OF BOSTON.

A valuable receipt, as this toddy is nearly three centuries old—made of apples and a few condiments—has been fermenting for months.
HOTEL SAVOY BUFFET.
WE FRAME PICTURES.
Now is the time to do your framing for Christmas. Before the rush is on. We have a good selection of moulding, and do good work at reasonable prices.
Federal Art & Wall Paper Co., 1214 First Ave., near University St.