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THE STAR EDITORIAL AND MAGAZINE PAGE

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THE FIFTH COMMANDMENT—WHY SHOULD OTHERS VIOLATE IT FOR YOU?

A man is accused of murder. A policeman arrests him. A prosecutor tries to persuade a judge and 12 other men that the man is guilty and deserving death. The judge sits back, plays with his glasses, and takes occasional peeps into sheepskin-backed books to see what other judges said about other cases. Now and again he speaks, sententiously. The jurors try to look as though they understood all that the judge says. Two attorneys fight over the prisoner. One pretends that the man is obviously guilty. The other pretends that he is obviously innocent. Each tells lies in his endeavor to influence the court and the jury to think that his pretense is more plausible than that of the other. Various witnesses are examined and cross-examined. The opposing lawyers engage in an oratorical duel. The judge reads a paper full of "ifs" and "buts." The jury retires and is locked up. The jurymen argue the pretense over among themselves. Some think one way; some another. When the minority jurymen get tired of being locked up they pretend to change their minds and vote with the majority. The accused is convicted. The case is appealed. Other judges, who never saw the accused man, read over the testimony in the case and listen to other duels between lawyers—duels less oratorical than the first, less human, better calculated to influence judges than mere men. Then some high jurist, whose interest in the case is almost as impersonal and bloodless as the "interest" a stone crusher may be said to have in the rocks that go through its jaws, affirms the judgment of the lower courts. It seems that the man must be killed. So a judge sentences him to be killed—"executed" is the technical word. Presently the man is bound in a square-legged chair—or perhaps made to stand upon a trap door, with a slipnoose about his neck. A prison warden throws a switch or presses a button. After a while a physician examines the man's body. Perhaps he lifts an eyelid and looks into an unseeing eye. Then he hears witness that the job has been done. The man is dead. All this has been done FOR YOU. All these men—from the policeman to whom you have delegated the unpleasant task of arresting the accused, to the warden who performs for you the immeasurably more unpleasant task of throwing the fatal switch—are working for you. They do your dirty work. They "administer justice" for you, vicariously. You couldn't do it. You haven't the nerve—perhaps not the heart. But these men have been trained—or shall we say "hardened"—to "administer justice." The warden, for instance, can throw the switch without batting an eye, and can sleep fairly well at night. You couldn't do that. You have a curious aversion to the sickening smell of burning human flesh. The sight of a human being dangling at the end of a rope is repulsive to you. Indeed, it is quite likely that you wouldn't throw the switch if you could. It is fortunate, for your peace of mind, that you can hire people to do these things for you. Thus you can play viceregent to the Almighty without being forced to smell the burning flesh of your victim. Were it otherwise it might be difficult for you to think of the fifth commandment as a joke, as you now do. If you had to execute vengeance with your own hands; if yours it was to throw the switch or spring the trap and watch the victim die, you might be constrained to wonder whether, after all, the "blood for blood" plan of justice is all that it has been cracked up to be. Then you might think less lightly than you now do of these solemn words: "TO ME BELONGETH VENGEANCE AND RECOMPENSE."

THE MACHINE IN EVOLUTION

Machinery has driven human labor from many a field of industry, but everybody believed that no machine would be invented to pick cotton, since only human intelligence could distinguish between ripe and unripe bolls. Well, everybody was mistaken. The machine has come. It works. And out of the cotton field will go the darkey and his song. What does it mean to King Cotton? Probably a vast increase in acreage, a lowering of the cost of production, and the expansion of his empire in many directions. They say it will "knock spots out of the tenant system" and put southern children in school. Good—but who will own the wonder-working machine and the land that the tenants leave? Who will support the children who stop work and go to school? Labor-saving machinery makes for national wealth and higher civilization in large ways, but it has no interest in individual welfare.

TODAY'S GOOD SHORT ONE

Harold's mother was in the next room when he said his prayers, and she heard him ask God to forgive George for stealing a piece of cake. On the following evening he again was moved to ask forgiveness for his friend, this time for stealing three pieces of candy. Apparently his patience was exhausted, for the next evening his mother was in the adjoining room when he offered his evening prayer and this is what she heard: "Gosh darn it, God, I have done the best I could for George. I guess you will have to watch him yourself."—EX.

OBSERVATIONS

HAVE you figured out your New Year's resolutions yet? TEDDY'S bust on one side of the senate entrance, Fairbanks' on the other. Would it be that bust you? KNOX must be wearing a pair of leather spectacles, or he'd surely be able to see that Portuguese republic. RESERVED your table yet for New Year's eve at the Newport? Only costs \$50. Nice way to start the new year. BEING councilman in Seattle is going to pay better after this, but you'll have to hustle a lot harder to land the job. NOW MAYOR GILL wants an INJUNCTION to keep Seattle from firing him out of office. No comment necessary. WONDER who Jake Firth will pick for head of the city street car department when we take over the Crawford line? IF LINCOLN and Roosevelt and Justice Brewer were in Seattle now they could be punished for contempt for what they have said about the courts. AND now King George of Greece has got himself one of those actress girls of Paris. One of the "divine rights" of kings in which folks are shooting large holes nowadays. MARGARET M'MILLAN, English suffragette, who is lecturing in this country, says: "All money is made for and spent for women." She learned this without once being married, too. WE don't know why, but some people take "Observations" for an emporium for social duels and bleeding hearts. Gertrude A. writes: "Am going out regularly with a young man who kept steady company with another girl for eight months. Am I doing wrong?" And, of course, we've got to advise Gert to try him out the eight months, meanwhile keeping her best eye peeled for the other girl. Drat society, anyhow. Sister Flora Bilkins, a missionary, attacked Salvation army street Santa Claus in Spokane, Wash., and kicked over their kettles, because, she said, "It was a shame to deceive children about Santa Claus." Far be it from us to be violent to any woman, but we wouldn't stand for Sister Bilkins around our house for a minute.

—The—
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PLUMES dyed, cleaned and curled—Willows made.
OUR SCHOOL of Millinery opens January 2. In order to get ready for spring work you must start now.
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Christmas Week Is Gladdest and Saddest Time of Year for Actor Folks, Writes One of Them

Thurlow Bergen, Leading Man for Florence Roberts, in an Article Specially for Star Readers, Tells About the Holiday Time.

"How does an actor feel about Christmas time, when he is away from home?" The Star asked Thurlow Bergen, Florence Roberts' talented leading man in "The Nigger" company at the Moore. So Bergen wrote this article in answer to the question.

BY THURLOW BERGEN.

Leading man with Florence Roberts in "The Nigger."

To the actor, Christmas week is the happiest and saddest season of the year. As a rule he need not be urged to "buy early and avoid the rush." If he is a "man of family," nine times out of ten December first will find him starting to gather his gifts for the "dear old girl" (in Oklahoma or New York, as the case may be) and for the kiddies, God bless them.

The commiseration for the poor actor who must play on Christmas eve and twice on Christmas day is usually misplaced. Making others happy is always a subconscious thought of the actor, and many times have I heard some hearty "old man" of the company say at a matinee, "Oh, don't ring up yet; give them time to finish their Christmas dinner."

On Christmas week the ingenué forgives the heavy woman for being "up stage"; the property man makes his peace with the "mutton head" carpenter, and the star blots out her score against the manager.

One very merry Christmas that I shall never forget was spent here in Seattle. They were all "folks of family" in the company. Much time and thought had been spent on the Christmas dinner, and it was a huge success, and good stories went with every course. Then came the distribution of presents.

The property man gave to the very precise and elegant comedian a necktie of most marvelous yellow hue, with green and red stripes running through it, and the leading woman gave the carpenter a gold-headed cane. No group of children round a blazing Christmas tree could have had more fun than this.

DIANA'S DIARY

Miss Dillpickles Goes to Hunt Up a Neglected Relative and Incidentally to Have a Coking Good Time
BY FRED SCHAEFER



"Are you really glad you came?" asked Aunt Blanche, wistful like. "Sure," I says. "Ain't you?" And then she cried.

VI.
Used to being stung as I am, I was certainly broke up when I found my Aunt Blanche was poor as Job's turkey, instead of loaded down with the yellow stuff. But my troubles ain't nothing to Aunt Blanche's. Aunt Blanche is a tragedy.

Here she'd been left penniless since her husband died, and never let on to none of her people. And when I walked into her lace curtain laundry with my lip hanging down at finding her so, there she had everything laid out to give me the best welcome her scant means could provide. She'd furnished an extra little alcove room with money she needed badly. Here I was to stay as long as I wanted to without it costing me a cent. And she'd bought a chicken for my dinner. Poor soul, and her working so in her old age. So I bit my lip

hard and said, "Aunt Blanche, I've come to cheer you up, like I promised." And I put off my good clothes and lit into the lace curtains she was washing, and demanded her to sit down. "Because, I said, 'you're going to take a good rest while Diana Dillpickles stays with you.' And I made her do it, too."

While I was doing the supper dishes I told her all the gossip of the family, and laughed and talked and did her a world of good.

"Are you really glad you came?" asked Aunt Blanche, wistful like. "Sure," I says, "ain't you?" And then she cried.

Tonight she showed me some wonderful lace she made before her eyes got too bad, and I guess she is glad I came, for I saw her lay aside the loveliest piece for me. As I said before, I ain't the one to toss my relatives.

(The End.)

Are You Well Informed?
Jack Johnson had his brain examined because he forgot things that he thought he had learned. Have you forgotten the answers to these:

What is meant by the tongue of a ship?
Who was Sam Houston?

Whence comes amber?
Who is the king of Italy?

What is a Zollverein?

Manufactured exports from the United States exceeded \$300,000,000 this year for the first time in history.

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THURLOW BERGEN.

lot of actors, far from home. In most companies a goodly percentage of the actors, if they are unable to attend the services of some church (and church is church to an actor, irrespective of denomination), finds time to give some serious consideration to the day. I recall a gruff old fellow, whom we discharged periodically for swearing, singing as he "made up" in his dressing room, that carol so dear to the hearts of children, "Christ was born on Christmas Day, and in the manger lay."

And we all listened. It was fully two weeks before he swore again. A wonderful record for him.

There are many reasons why the actor should give praise at Christmas time. This Christmas brings me much more to be grateful for than ever before in the wholesome, normally enthusiastic city of Seattle.

Here's health to Santa Claus; here's health to Seattle.

STAR DUST

Nearly everywhere that a senator has been nominated by the people the politicians have regarded it as a joke. But the longer it lasts the more prolonged their laughter isn't.

Bogota now owns its street car lines. Bogota is in benighted South America. Up here we are so progressive that we haven't come to it yet.

Are You Well Informed?
You probably have a dim recollection of having these things made clear to you. What are the answers:

Where is the Tyrol?
Who fought at Chevy Chase?
What is a yamen?
What is a cantilever bridge?
Who were the Three Guardsmen?

Lucky is the man who doesn't believe in luck.

Another thing that doesn't impress you with its Leap and Grip is a seismograph bulletin telling of an earthquake after it has happened.

It's hailed as a wonderful feat that during a recent storm the wireless station at Newport spoke Panama, 1,981 miles away. We wonder what good it does in a storm to talk to someone 1,981 miles away.

IN LITTLE OLD NEW YORK

BY NORMAN.
NEW YORK, Dec. 30.—Mefely a little incident of life in a great city:

Scene: West Side Police Court. Magistrate Breen, clerks and officers in their customary state of ennui.

Enter a beautiful young woman, clad in a green velvet gown of the clinging kind, edged deeply with brown fur, a long white silk coat and a huge hat, ornamented with lavender willow plumes.

Business of clerks gasping and gaping, officers craning their necks and Magistrate Breen sitting up straight with a jerk.

Who is the vision of beauty and grace? She is Ethel Vaughn, she says, abiding at the Hotel Algonquin, and having no occupation. She had been arrested by a detective on a warrant sworn out by Edwin C. Alden, of the Hotel Van Cortlandt, where she used to abide and where she owed a mere trifle of \$183 for four weeks' board and lodging.

Miss Vaughn had left his hostility, said Alden, in a manner to be described as surreptitious, leaving behind her two extremely empty trunks.

Magistrate Breen marveled at the size of the lady's board bill. Ah, she explained, that was not all for herself; she and another girl had 12 gentlemen friends to dinner on Thanksgiving—but she did hope none of the horrid reporters in court would mention that in their stories. The bill was "considerably more than \$50," which, fact she hoped would not find its way into the papers.

None of the reporters arose to make any promises, either of secrecy or publicity, and Miss Vaughn told the judge she had no objection to settling her bill, and thought she could do it if allowed to use the telephone. It was placed at her disposal.

In a few short minutes there rolled up to the door of the police station an automobile containing a good, kind young man. He took a roll of bills that looked like a head of cabbage and skinned off four fifties. Mr. Alden got change, after some delay, and his bill was settled.

Then the automobile rolled away, with Miss Vaughn and the good, kind young man in it, and the court went back to sleep.

That Jap newspaper which talks was probably hasn't seen our array of generals and "sich" coruscating at a Washington pink tea.

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\$10.00 Men's Suits, made of good tweeds and worsteds, all will go at **\$3.50**

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\$25.00 Men's Suits, made of West of England serges and Scotch tweeds, priced at **\$12.50**

\$20.00 Men's Suits, made of fine Thibets, serges and worsteds, to go at **\$10.75**

\$25.00 Men's Suits, made of English serges and Scotch tweeds, priced at **\$12.50**

\$30.00 Men's Suits, made of West of England silk mixtures, worsteds and imported Scotch tweeds, priced at **\$14.75**

A line of uncalled-for Hand-Tailored Suits, all sizes, to go at **\$15.00**

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\$1.25 Shirts, with and without cuffs attached; Monarch, Silver and other makes **40c**

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\$4.00 Genuine California Flannel Shirts **\$1.65**

Fine Cashmere and Woolen Shirts slashed at following prices—
\$3.00 Shirts to go at **\$1.35**

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Our 50c Ties are marked to the lowest notch **8c**

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You can have your choice of the line of \$1.50, \$1.75 and \$2.00 Pants at **85c**

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Silk Mixed Corduroy Trousers, the regular \$6.50, kind, to go at **\$2.50**

Boys' Corduroy Pants, cuff bottoms, regular \$3.00, now marked at **\$1.25**

Corduroy Working Pants, those selling for \$3.00 and \$3.50, to go at **\$1.75**

Cheviot, Tweed and Worsteds Pants, values from \$5.00 to \$6.50. Take your choice at **\$2.95**

HATS—
\$4.00 Hats for **\$1.85**

\$3.00 Hats for **\$1.65**

\$5.00 John B. Stetson Hats for **\$2.35**

\$2.00 Men's and Boys' Hats for **85c**

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10c Firemen's and Machinists' Caps, take them away at, each **1c**

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Note the cut on Shoes—

\$3.00 Shoes for **\$1.35**

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\$3.50 Shoes for **\$2.15**

\$4.00 Shoes for **\$2.35**

\$4.50 Shoes for **\$2.65**

\$5.00 Shoes for **\$2.85**

We handle the celebrated makes, including Endicott, Johnson, Florsheim, Packard, Dayton and Wichert & Gardiner.

\$6.00 Waterproof high-cut line to go at **\$3.85**

The \$4.00 Miners' and Logging Shoes cut to **\$2.85**

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ARROW BRAND COLLARS—
All sizes and shapes in Collars, the well-known makes, Arrow, E. & W. and the Cluett, each **1c**

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\$4.00 Sweater Coats, in maroon, cardinal, oxford and other colors, at **\$2.15**

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An elegant line of odd sizes in Cravenettes and Overcoats. Your choice **\$9.85**