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THE STAR EDITORIAL AND MAGAZINE PAGE

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A feller with a family to support don't know whether to laugh or get mad when he reads President Taft's speeches.

THE FELS PLAN IN SEATTLE

There's a man coming to Seattle tomorrow night with a million dollars and a message. The million he doesn't carry around with him. You can get the message from him at any time.

THE HAPPIEST GIRLS

From September 29 to January 16 is a long, long time if you live in a climate where the winter wind is searching and the cold is bitter.

BUT THERE'S A WOMAN INSIDE

Oh, woman, woman! See what they are going to do to you now! The fashionably attired woman of the coming spring and summer.

PASSING OF THE SHAKERS

Everybody speaks well of the Shakers. They are the nicest, quietest, cleanest sort of folks, but they do not wax in strength or numbers.

A BACK-TO-THE-SOIL EDITORIAL

Three hundred men, women and little children, actually suffering from starvation and cold, are huddled in the impoverished Polish colony on North street near the M. C. railroad tracks.

OBSERVATIONS

PLEASE wire us a picture of Foss approving Lodge's certificate of election. ALDRICH left Washington, saying he must "seek a warmer climate."

Next to Writing Symphonies and Directing Them, Henry Hadley Likes Best to "Shoot Pool"

Star Man Finds Youngest American Music Writer Works—Really Works—No Pink Tea Decorations Around Anywhere.

Will the class please stand. Now, how many of you know that Henry Hadley, the fellow who leads the Seattle Symphony, is not only the youngest American composer in the market today, being only 39, but the most productive?

And how many of you know that he got his start in Somerville, Mass., where he played the fiddle at dances and political meetings, and after getting the hunch that he would probably amount to something, after all, went to Europe to study, and came back in 1897, performing his first symphony under the direction of a fellow by the name of Seidl in New York? It's so, every bit.

The Star interviewer always had the impression that these few fellows who stood on a top of a little raised platform before a whole gang of dress suited musicians, swinging his arms up over his head like a wild Indian in distress, had nothing else to do but just sit around and look wise and drink tea between concerts.

But yesterday when the interviewer reached Mr. Hadley's apartments at The Perry he found the composer, not sitting in a corner reading accumulated fiction or correct answers received, but knee deep in an avalanche of paper that seemed to be sliding down on all four sides of his big table.

Like Busy Factory. It looked like a place where they manufacture gunpowder and fireworks.

The interviewer started, regardless of technique. "Mr. Hadley, have we what you would call real American music?"

"No, we haven't. American music is awaiting its Columbus. We fel-



HENRY HADLEY.

lows," he said modestly, "I have been preparing the way for the genius. And when he comes he will have a distinct individuality just like our other great inventors. I expect that that man will be here soon."

"And mightn't that Columbus be yourself?" And Mr. Hadley looked earnest and enthusiastic. "but he would not hint as to an answer."

Mr. Interviewer was about ready to throw up the sponge on this music lingo. "Now, Mr. Hadley, you don't mean to tell me that you do nothing else during the day but load up these sheets of music with notes and bars and flats, do you?"

"Oh, I like to shoot pool whenever I can find anyone as bad as myself to make the game interest-

ing. Besides that, I have nothing else that can keep me from my work."

"Not even a wife?" "No, I have troubles enough of my own."

And the Star man left this place where all that stuff you people go daffy over is manufactured, satisfied that he, Hadley, can work like the rest of us.

And the next time you see Mr. Hadley before his big clan of stringed instrumentalists you'll notice that he's right on the job with those arms of his to see that all that paper he loaded up in his den goes off, and goes off right—musically. And he generally pulls the trigger with cocksure preciseness, for his music is entrancing, capturing and full of inspiration. Class is excused.

DIANA'S DIARY

Miss Dillpickle Organizes a Bench Show to Reclaim a Neighborhood That Needs It. BY FRED SCHAEFER

My bench show is catching on. I've put it up to influential citizens of Sirius at as dogs count, and they're for it. I told them all the dogs could participate without an entry fee, but that each exhibitor would have to sell tickets to his friends at 10 cents a throw, the funds to be applied to an improvement club which would boost the block, hustle for better police protection and lights, and promote a better Sirius at. They could hardly

see the improvement club idea, but the bench show idea flattered them, and everybody is grooming his dog for the event. There's a healthy rivalry, and even the mutts seem to have the spirit. Switzmiller's Towse and O'Mulligan's Jumbo engaged in what amounted to an elimination contest in the curbstone class. Jumbo came out of it with a broken leg and has been scratched. To square things, I had to disqualify Towse. Old Mr. Ketch, who undoubtedly hates dogs, disturbance and distraction, is standing by his offer of a barn free for the show. He says it's his only hope, "because," he says, "if the neighborhood doesn't improve after the show, I don't know but what I'll have to burn my houses, along with the 'For Sale' signs on them, and jump into the reservoir."

STAR DUST

"Just One Girl." A mighty man's Successful whirl is often stopped By just one girl.

Why Railroad Rates Should Not Be Increased.

The average NET earnings of every mile of railroad in the country was about 25 per cent greater in 1910 than in 1908.

Every time a fellow butts in he gets kicked out.

Listen, climbers: With bossship comes responsibility.

A good housekeeper says to keep parsley fresh keep it in an air-tight jar, in a cool place.

Getting rich by working children is courting a blistering reception just across the Styx.

True artists see more beauty in the matron with two children than in the same matron's pictures when she was sweet 18.

Water requires eight times as much heat to warm it as iron, five times as much as stone, thirty times as much as gold.



Switzmiller's Towse and O'Mulligan's Jumbo engaged in what amounted to an elimination contest in the curbstone class.

MERCHANTS' A. B. C. ADVERTISING CONTEST

Here is a chance to make money. In two of the advertisements printed below are typographical mistakes. In one is a misspelled word, in another a letter has been left out. On the page is a coupon. Read the advertisements over carefully, locate the misspelled and missing-letter words, fill out the coupon, stating what they are and in whose ad they were found, and mail to The Seattle Star.

Grid of 26 advertisement boxes (A-Z) for the A.B.C. Contest. Each box contains a letter in a decorative font and a small advertisement for a local business.

A. B. C. COUPON form with fields for Name, Address, and Phone.