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HOME EDITION

She—it was dreadful. He rocked the boat and she was drowned. He—Lucky girl! She might have escaped and married the idiot.

TWO AUTO DRIVERS ARE VICTIMS OF MURDER

NOTORIOUS COUNTESS MAY BE RELEASED FROM PRISON CELL

VENICE, Italy, Sept. 17.—Countess Tarnowski, the beautiful and wicked "Venus" of Venice, may soon be freed from prison by a royal pardon. She has served only two years of her eight-year sentence for the murder of her lover, Count Paul Karmarovsky.



THE COUNTESS
A wealthy Russian duke, who first saw her during the trial, became infatuated with her rare beauty, like so many others, and he has since lived near the prison, praying and working for her pardon. His influence is reported to be responsible for the king's contemplated action.

LIFE OF VOLCANIC LOVE AND MURDER
The countess was the daughter of Count Rurik, descended from an Irish O'Rourke. Married when young, she was forced into a loveless marriage with Count Tarnowski. Two children were born to them. The life of the countess was filled with maternal love for her children, and wild scandals with lovers.
At a dinner one night she threw her arms about a young Adonia who happened to be her lover then, and pressed passionate kisses upon his mouth, in the presence of her husband. The count promptly shot the young man and secured a divorce.
Then followed love adventures such as even the blasé Europeans gasped at.
At her divorce trial the countess captured the heart of her lawyer, Luiz Prilukoff. He deserted his family, his honors, and his friends, even stealing money from his clients to elope with the countess.
Tiring of him, the countess tried to drive him to suicide by giving herself to her own brother-in-law, Dr. Nikolaus Naumoff, a brilliant Russian student of an old family, met her and was lost. He it was whom the countess chose as her tool to slay another lover, Count Paul Karmarovsky, who had insured his life for \$100,000 in her favor.
The murder was committed in 1907. The countess, Naumoff and Prilukoff were arrested shortly afterwards, and all three confessed.

MY CONFESSION

By Florence Hazel Moore
"The Woman Who Did Not Care"

Foreword: I am writing this confession because Hazel Moore has asked me to write it. I cannot in fairness refuse. Nor do I want to refuse. For it was The Star who likened Hazel Moore to Kipling's "Vampire." She, "the woman who did not care," stripped Ortis Hamilton, we said, "to his foolish hide," and sent him, by indirection, to his prison cell.

She put it up to me squarely: "My side has never been told. Let me make the best case I can. I promise you that I will not spare myself."
And so I am telling the story of Hazel Moore, the notorious. It shall be told chronologically, from the day she was born. It will carry you through her childhood, her girlhood, to womanhood. It will tell you of the temptations she met, the mistakes she made. It will, perhaps, help you to understand why she made those mistakes.

The tale will tell of a girl of 14, impulsive and ignorant of the world, who was loved from a convent at 10 o'clock in the morning and became a wife at noon!
It will tell of the plunge she took into the exotic, unnatural life of the Great White Way. It will tell of the birth of her child, the death of her boy husband.

And finally it will tell of the day she crossed the dead-line, beyond which society says "good" women may not step. And there, looking back across the chasm she had crossed so easily, with a single step, but which she could never recross, she met Ortis Hamilton, rich, gay and debonair, who had loved her secretly in the days when she was "good," and who now insisted that she should go with him and leave the life of shame.

Hazel Moore says she did not know Hamilton was stealing the state's money to win her smiles. She denies that she is a "woman who did not care."
The narrative will follow Hamilton to Walla Walla, and then pursue the woman along the downward road. It will touch on the Vancouver trip she made with an English nobleman, the trip that brought her into conflict with the federal authorities by whom she now stands accused of trafficking in white slaves. And there, when she has reached her crowning shame, the story ends.

Try, now, to visualize Hazel Moore as she is today, still in her 20s, still voluptuously, dangerously beautiful—so beautiful that it is possible to understand Hamilton's infatuation, which drove him to steal the state's money to win her smiles.
Her hair of burnished copper she wears coiled low and compactly over a forehead which is low, broad and white. Brows, which need no pencil's aid, arch over slumbering eyes which have in them an opaque quality curiously baffling. It is as though white-hot fires were burning behind translucent curtains.

Her lips are full, her form supple, her step elastic. Her voice is soft and musical.
She is the sort of model an artist would choose for a picture of "the woman who did not care."

"But I do care," she said to me, and in an unguarded moment the fires burst through the curtain of her eyes. "Of all the things the newspapers and the public said about me, that is the thing that hurts the most. If I sent, or helped to send, 'Ortis' Hamilton to the penitentiary, I am more sorry than I can say. I did not know he was stealing money for me. I thought he had money. I loved him then, and I love him now. I shall always love him. Give me credit for that. Bad as I have been, I am not all bad. Give me credit for one good emotion."
(Continued Tomorrow.)

WRONG MAN SLAIN BY WEST VIRGINIA MOB, OFFICERS SAY; GOVERNOR AROUSED

PRINCETON, W. Va., Sept. 17.—That a mistake was made in the choice of victims in the lynching of Walter Johnson, negro, following an attack made upon a 14-year-old white girl is the belief of the authorities here, and Governor Glasscock has ordered an investigation. In his letter ordering the inquiry, the governor declared: "He who lives by the sword dies by the sword."
Johnson was taken from officers on a train, the mob having held up the train here and Governor Glasscock from a telegraph pole until dead and then his body was riddled with bullets. Following a consultation between Prosecuting Attorney Pennington, Judge Maynard, Mayor Pennington and Sheriff Ellison a statement was issued in which they de-

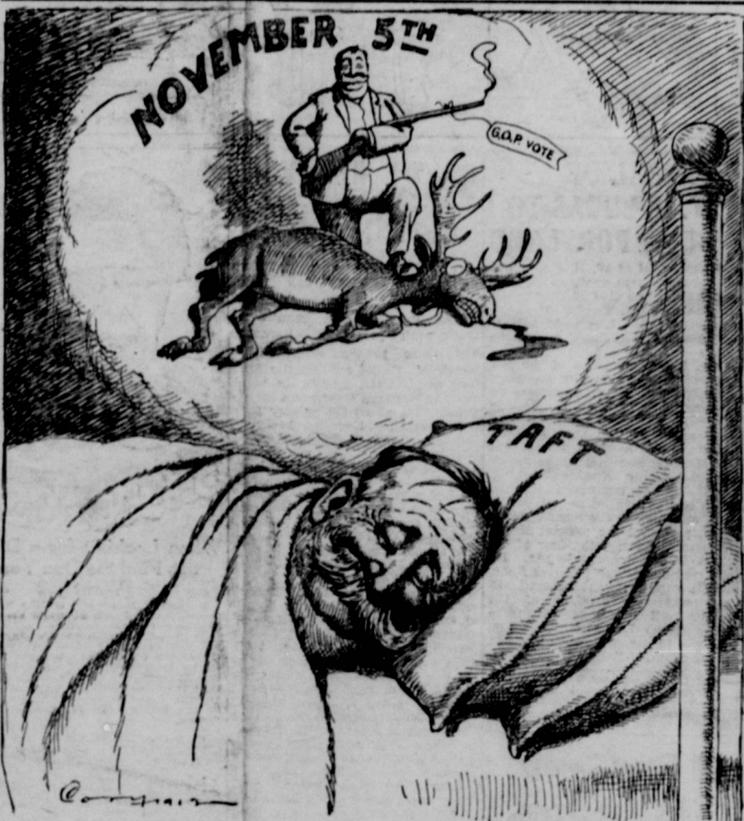
MAYOR'S ADVISORY BOARD TO MEET

Mayor Cotterill's advisory board, consisting of city officials in all departments, will meet for the fourth time since his taking office at the Commercial club rooms Thursday night at 6:30. The program will be chiefly taken care of by Judson T. Jennings, city librarian, and Capt. D. Thomas Davies, port warden, who will discuss their work.

WHY DID THEATRE CROWD ROCK WITH LAUGHTER WHEN BABY SUCKED ITS THUMB?

BY FRED L. BOALT
The Clemmer movie picture theatre last night was crowded to the doors. It is reasonable to suppose that the bulk of the folks who patronize the vaudeville and moving picture shows is full of time of an evening are either childless or else their children have grown up.
Now, what do you suppose made the big hit with the Clemmer's patrons last night?
It wasn't the travel films, though they were good. It wasn't the high-salaried actors, though their work was excellent.
It was a baby sucking its thumb. The theatre rocked with laughter when that baby sucked its thumb. But it wasn't the thin, cackling laughter that follows a joke or greets a humorous situation. It was the deeper, fuller, finer laughter that has tears in it.
"Blind Love" was the title of the film. Blind love led to a hasty and unwise marriage. And the young widow, penniless, came home with a baby in her arms.
The baby looks straight out of the screen—at you. Gone are the puckers. Gone all the storn signs. And—pop! goes baby's thumb into baby's mouth.
That's the big hit. That's the laugh-getter. It wasn't rehearsed. It wasn't planned. Yet all the ingenuity and enterprise of the moving picture people, all the skill and artistry of their high-salaried actors, could not produce anything half so fine.
And this is strange. I wonder if the film-makers have taken the trouble to study the psychology of moving picture patrons. I'll bet the people who laughed hardest at a baby sucking its thumb last night were childless people. I'll bet the big, grizzled man who sat next me, who looked like an Alaskan, and whose big thumb rumbled with laughter, either never had a child of his own or else lost one.
Why is it that folks love babies so? Because they're scarce. No need to study statistics. How is it with you? Look about among your married friends. How about the married men in your office?
Bosie Tells Some Secrets.
Consider this office as typical. The sporting editor, one of a family of eight children, is childless. So is the editor, one of a family of seven. The managing editor, one of seven, has one. The city editor, one of four, has none. I am one of five, and I have one. And so it goes. There are more married men in The Star office than there are children in the homes of Star workers.
Three a Large Family.
It's the same everywhere. There are three children in the largest family in my immediate neighborhood. There is a large family these days.

'TIS SWEET TO DREAM!



BEVERLY, Mass., Sept. 17.—Satisfied that Col. Roosevelt will draw more heavily from the democratic ranks than from the republicans, President Taft predicted here today that he would be returned to the White House in November. The swing toward republicanism as exemplified by his administration, the president contends, has already started, and he expects it to have increased sufficiently by November as to make his election over Col. Roosevelt and Gov. Wilson certain.

WILSON MAKES HIT IN IOWA

(By United Press Leased Wire.)
ABOARD GOV. WILSON'S PRIVATE CAR, SIOUX CITY, Ia., Sept. 17.—Greeted all along the route by cheering crowds, Gov. Woodrow Wilson, of New Jersey, the democratic nominee for president, was given a rousing reception upon his arrival here today. The crowd at the station was one of the largest to greet Wilson on his Middle Western campaign trip.
Gov. Wilson was taken to Morningside college in an automobile, where the students had gathered on the campus to greet him. This afternoon he conferred with democratic leaders of Iowa, South Dakota, Nebraska and Minnesota and spoke at the interstate livestock fair here.

GUESTS DINE WHILE GIRL TAKES LIFE

(By United Press Leased Wire.)
LOS GATOS, Cal., Sept. 17.—While her sister, Mrs. Robt. Tibbits, wife of a millionaire San Francisco contractor, entertained guests in the magnificent country home of the Tibbits, near here, Miss Zanoni Rafford, aged 17, left the house, and, going to a barn, ended her life. She knotted one end of a rope about her neck, the other around a rafter and stepped off a feed bin. She died of strangulation.
The girl's family and friends today are at a loss to account for the tragedy.

Burro an Auto Horn

PASADENA, Sept. 17.—"Tommy Dynamite," a Mount Wilson burro, has formed a habit which is gradually bringing him popularity and fame. It is leading the automobile stage from Martin's Camp, where he goes daily of his own accord, to the top of the mountain. He has traveled ahead of the motor vehicle every day for weeks, announcing its coming with such blatant brays that the driver of the stage has permitted his horn to rest into innocuous desuetude.

ELEVEN VICTIMS OF ROBBERS IN SEATTLE

Thieves and holdup men were out in force last night. Those suffering from their activities were: Dr. A. J. Stealman, 4529 Brooklyn av., house entered and a bar pin, with a \$175 diamond set in it, a cameo necklace, gold ring, gold fob, solid gold-case watch and \$4 cash were stolen. Mrs. M. B. Morril, five blocks up the same street, lost a gold chain necklace and a gold brooch. Mrs. Mary Blair, 1424 28th av., a solid gold ring, ruby ring and a diamond brooch. E. E. Quest fell asleep in the White House hotel and was "touched" for his wallet, containing \$113.
Two rooms in the Alaska Commercial hotel, 107 West Main st., were entered and ransacked. One was occupied by J. Edwards and A. Clausen. Each of the men lost a suit. Pete McArthur occupied the other room. Two of his trunks were dragged across the hall, broken open and rifled. J. Johnson, Loring hotel, 1419 1/2 Fourth av., had a suit and a suit case stolen from his room. G. F. Loud, Larned hotel, 2041 Westlake av., lost a suit and three pairs of shoes. W. H. Lindsay, en route to Vancouver from San Francisco, had a suit case full of clothing stolen from the Canadian Pacific dock.
Antonio Sundell, 5643 39th av. S. W., was held up at 11 o'clock last night near his home and relieved of \$25. John Strube, 106 1/2 Pike st., took a few dollars with a negro in the McCoy saloon. First and Third and then walked out with him. When they reached a quiet spot the negro knocked him down and took a watch and locket, valued at \$60, from him. Mrs. Louise Reber, proprietor of the St. Charles hotel, 4722 Ballard av., reports that Charles French, R. roomer, stole \$75 from her yesterday.

IT'S STILL A MYSTERY

Probably not until the official canvass of the returns is made by the secretary of state will it be definitely established who is the democratic nominee for governor. The contest is exceedingly close between Judge W. W. Black, of Everett; Ernest Lister, of Tacoma, and Hugh C. Todd, of Seattle, the former leading by about 200 votes and only a dozen votes separating Lister and Todd.
Charles G. Helffer, state democratic chairman, has been keeping the wires hot in an effort to obtain absolutely sure figures, but there are four more counties to be heard from yet. The figures obtained give Black 7,015 votes, Lister 6,783 and Todd 6,770.

LAWYER UP FOR WHITE SLAVERY

SPOKANE, Sept. 17.—Evidence was given by Freda Kuhl, 15, and Pearl Stevenson, 16, when the case of George Marlowe, a former Walla Walla attorney, charged jointly with Edith Dugh with having violated the white slave law in transporting the girls to St. Maries, Idaho, for immoral purposes, was opened in the federal court.
The witnesses answered questions in almost a childlike manner. Several women from Herrick testified that they had paid Marlowe rent while living immoral lives at Herrick.

THEY'RE GOING TO STOP THAT WAR

(By United Press Leased Wire.)
PARIS, Sept. 17.—That terms of peace between Italy and Turkey have been arranged with the exception of a proposed loan to Turkey of between 500,000,000 and 600,000,000 francs, concerning which Italy is negotiating with French, English and Belgian financiers, is the announcement here today.

TWO CHAUFFEURS, ONE IN PORTLAND, OTHER IN SPOKANE, ARE SLAIN

(By United Press Leased Wire.)
SPOKANE, Sept. 17.—With the mystery surrounding the killing near here of J. D. Pollock, a chauffeur, partially cleared away, the police today are confident they will arrest his murderer within a few hours. Preston Thayer, a plumber, is sought by the police in connection with the crime.
Willard Smith and Jesse Anders were arrested, and admitted being in Thayer's company the night of the murder. They asserted they had seen Thayer ride away with Pollock in the latter's car, a connection with the crime.
Mrs. Thayer, questioned by the police, said Thayer went home late the night of the killing. He changed his clothing, cut up his trousers, and told her to burn them, which she did. She said he also told her to wash his sweater, as it was blood-stained.

(By United Press Leased Wire.)
PORTLAND, Or., Sept. 17.—Harry Barr, owner of the Multnomah Hotel omnibus line, was brutally murdered near here early today. With a bullet wound through the head, the body was found on the Linnton road.
Barr's murderer or murderers drove his car back into Portland after he was killed. The car was found today in the downtown section of the city with the driver's seat covered with blood. It was the bloodstained car that led to an investigation and the subsequent finding of the body.
Barr's body was found by V. D. Smith, who lives near the scene of the killing. Evidently robbery was not the motive for the murder as about \$70 was found in Barr's pockets.

DIES OF OLD AGE AT 26

NEW YORK, Sept. 17.—Irving W. Childs, one of the most spectacular spenders along the great white way, is dead of "old age" at the age of 26. Within a few years Childs squandered \$600,000 on actresses. Broadway habitués mourned over the passing of Childs, because his death removed one of the most spectacular characters that ever burned up a fortune. The youthful spendthrift was a son of the late William H. H. Childs, who left a big fortune. Young Childs soon ran through the legacy which fell to him and within a few years was penniless. Then another fortune—this time \$600,000—came to him. It took less than two years for this amount to go.
Childs spent practically all his time among the white lights. He was married, but divorced from his wife. The trial furnished much gossip and threw considerable light on the habits of the Broadway spender. At the time of his death Childs was paying his wife \$200 a week alimony.

THREE AMERICANS ARE RESCUED

(By United Press Leased Wire.)
DOUGLAS, Ariz., Sept. 17.—The mining camp of El Tizre is in the hands of the Mexican federalists today, after two days' occupation by the rebels under Gen. Salazar. The recapture was accomplished without firing a shot.
Three Americans held as hostages for \$100,000 ransom demanded by the rebels are safe in the camp. The rebels are reported to have carried away bullion valued at \$20,000.

AGED MAN IS HANGED

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Sept. 17.—After having cursed his wife in their last talk, just a few minutes before he was taken from his cell to the gallows, George Rose, 70 years old, was hanged here for the murder of a neighbor, J. M. Miller. One of Rose's sons is in prison for murder.

SOME SPECIALS IN THE NEWS

Los Angeles.—"Made up" to look like Roosevelt, a speller for a five-cent theatre gathered a crowd around an automobile on Main st. A traffic officer kept the mob in order five minutes before he penetrated the disguise.
"I wish to remain a perfect lady, though a suffragist," says one New York woman about the Ohio result. "So I won't talk."

WEATHER FORECAST

Fair tonight and Wednesday, not much change in temperature; light northwesterly winds. Temperature at noon, 54.

GOV. WILSON'S NEW PET ALLIGATOR IS THREATENED WITH STARVATION. HE EATS ONLY STANDPAT REPUBLICANS.

Sarah H. Caldwell, wife of Chief Deputy Prosecuting Attorney Caldwell, has been drawn for jury service next month. Mrs. Caldwell is going to ask to be excused. She laughingly says that the "combination would be too strong for criminals."

WHILE WAITING TWO YEARS FOR THE PAYMENT OF THEIR EMBALMING BILL, A FURNITURE COMPANY AT SAN MARCOS, TEX., HAS KEPT THE MUMMIFIED BODY OF ANDREW J. BAILEY STANDING IN A CORNER AS AN ADVERTISEMENT.

Vancouver, B. C.—Moses Mossadava, a Russian, celebrated his convalescence from a mild attack of fever by eating 21 eggs, and the change from the light diet resulted in his death. His body was brought here from up the Powell river.
Coming events are still in the shadow-casting business. Harry D. Taft, a cousin of the president, has lost his job in the custom house at Chicago.

FRIDAY, THE 13TH, IS A WELCOME DAY IN THE HOME OF MR. AND MRS. FRANK F. CALDWELL, 627 13TH AV. N. LAST FRIDAY WAS THE SECOND TIME THAT THE STORK BROUGHT A BABY GIRL TO THE CALDWELLS ON FRIDAY, THE 13TH. MOTHER AND DAUGHTER ARE DOING WELL AT THE MINOR HOSPITAL.

Paris.—Aviator Le Gagneux broke the altitude record here today by rising to a height of 18,534 feet in his monoplane.

ADVERSITY

assails us when we least expect it. We must, then, be prepared for the unexpected. We must make every opportunity to better ourselves count for something. The Want Ads present not one, but a great many opportunities each day—chances for someone to step up a few rungs of the ladder of fortune. Are YOU making use of the "Wants"? Are you studying them? When you allow the "Wants" to slip past, you are simply denying entrance to opportunity. Star Want Ads are the essence of what over 200,000 readers have to offer. Downtown Want Ad Office, 229 Union St. (with Souvenir & Curio Shop).

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