

THE SEATTLE STAR

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LET THE PEOPLE DECIDE

There has been lots of talk among members of the city council regarding the advisability of submitting to the people, on March 4, the proposal contained in Mayor Cotterill's recommendation a week ago, and in the resolution introduced by Councilman Erickson, of issuing bonds in the sum of \$2,000,000 for the establishing of a municipal telephone system.

In fact, a majority of the councilmen have just about made up their minds against it.
Get that? They've about decided it isn't any use letting the voters of Seattle express their will in the matter, DESPITE THE FACT THAT THE PEOPLE ALREADY HAVE GIVEN THE COUNCIL TO UNDERSTAND, BY AN OVERWHELMING VOTE, THAT THEY WANT A MUNICIPAL PHONE SYSTEM.

They voted then on the general proposition of municipal ownership of their telephones. Now comes a chance to vote upon a concrete proposition. And members of the council, elected to office by the people, do not seem inclined to let the matter reach the polls.

Council committee Monday deferred reporting the resolution back to the main body for a vote for one week. It will come up for disposal next Monday afternoon.

The Star has no opinion to offer, at present, as to the merits of this particular project, but The Star does declare itself very emphatically to the effect that it isn't a question for the city council of Seattle to decide.

MR. COUNCILMAN, LEAVE IT TO THE PEOPLE.

ADVANTAGES IN ADVERSITY

Don't despair. Hard conditions, desperate circumstances, great trials and hardships have ever developed the giants of the human race.

If Lincoln had been born in a Fifth av. mansion and had gone through college, he probably never would have been heard of. It was the heroic struggle with adverse conditions that developed the giant nature in him.

Compare the average namby-pamby, characterless, staid, inflexible rich boy with the sturdy, robust poor boy who feels that he must exert himself to his utmost to redeem himself from poverty and to make a place for himself in the world. One is a weakling; the other a giant.

Most natures never come to themselves, never discover their real strength, until they meet with opposition or failure. Our reserve of power lies so deep within us that any ordinary stimulus does not arouse it.

We do not ever dream of the full richness and beauties of our personal estates. We die with the larger part of ourselves undiscovered. The dynamite shock of failure or the hot furnace of adversity crumbles the hard rind of our self-complacency and releases the precious ore.

Napoleon said of his great general, Massena, that he never showed his mettle until he saw the wounded and the dead falling about him in battle; then the lion in him was aroused and he fought like a demon. Whenever a motive is great enough, an emergency large enough, a responsibility heavy enough, to call out the hidden reserves in our nature, latent energies spring forth which astound us.

Lots of people owe almost everything to their handicap, which has been their perpetual worry and their perpetual spur.

ANOTHER CORPORATION MENACE

It has long been known to the American people that their public utility corporations get into politics so they can control cities and legislatures, in order that they may continue to milk the public. But now a new phase of corporation activities has come to light, which reveals a new menace. Once more it shows truth stranger than fiction—drama in real life far more dramatic than on the stage.

Twelve years ago in New York city young Ben Oppenheim, in the practice of his profession as a lawyer, brought suit against a street car company because one of its cars had run over a little child and cut off both its legs. Oppenheim secured a verdict, having produced a large number of witnesses. The company shortly afterward asked a new trial—and all of Oppenheim's witnesses fled into court and testified that they had been bribed by the lawyer to testify against the company.

Of course the damage verdict fell to the ground, and Oppenheim was disbarred from practice because of "subornation of perjury." Just the other day there fell into the hands of some just men evidence that revealed an astounding state of affairs.

Oppenheim had NOT suborned witnesses to perjure themselves. In the first trial the witnesses had told the truth. In the second trial—paid to do so by the street car company—they lied on the stand, robbed a needy woman of a just verdict, and robbed an honorable lawyer of his good name and profession.

The case was reopened, the mother of the injured child given a big sum for damages, and Oppenheim exonerated and reinstated. But that is not enough. The company's officers who managed this dastardly crime against justice, against lawyer and client, should be brought to the bar of justice and sent to the prison they so richly deserve. That is the only way to stop the new corporation menace which amounts to this threat:

"Keep hands off us, or we will ruin you, no matter how just your cause."

THRIFT

Thrift is a composite quality. It embraces within itself nearly all of the great virtues.

It involves industry, prudence, forethought, self-denial. It certainly has no relation to niggardiness or meanness. Some men would let their grandmothers starve for the sake of a few dollars. Such action cannot be called thrifty. A virtue carried to excess becomes a vice, and is no longer a virtue.

Thrift that does not take into partnership honesty of character develops into covetousness and avarice. Thrift is the opposite of thriftlessness, prodigality, improvidence and waste.

Thrift means better homes and better food, more comfort and enjoyment, less waste and less anxiety. It is possible that a large proportion of people have earnings so small that saving seems impossible. But this is no reason for their being unthrifty. On the contrary, it is reason for making the best and the most of the little they have for their health, comfort and true happiness.

A few dollars in a home, or a savings bank, or any safe investment, is as good seed as ever was sown. Out of it grow confidence, quickened energies, firmer courage, more stalwart thought and hope, education for the children and the independence and self-respect that lift aimless, hopeless drudges up to the true manhood that aspires and achieves.

DISTINGUISHED ASTROLOGER has rattled Germans a bit by saying that in July Kaiser Wilhelm is going to be under "evil influences." Maybe Bill's going to start a war or start composing another song. Either way, it's worrisome to them.

JUST THE SAME, Speaker Taylor can't say the progressives are on the fence. They know what they're after.

LEGISLATOR at Olympia wants officers making false arrests punished by penitentiary sentence. Move to amend so as to include also public officials who prove false alarms after election.

SENATOR PIPER doesn't want the Washington republican senate to address memorials to the democratic president-elect. Gosh, senator, you don't expect anyone to address anything to a republican president, ever again, do you?

WITH THE presence of two women in the house, smoking has been cut out. But there's still plenty of hot air around.

NOTHING SERIOUS

BEATING THE LAW. "You are charged with going 40 miles an hour," said the rural justice, "and you are fined \$40."

"Judge," said the motorist, "I have only got \$2." "Well, you've got a nerve going 40 miles an hour on a reserve of \$2. Hand me the money."—Kansas City Journal.

Some of the things we never read further than the headlines: "Weather Bureau Promises Sunshine." "Prosecutor Will Bring Rich Man to Trial." "Railroads Must Obey the Law."

In the interest of good government, progressive legislation and the brotherhood of man, we desire to call attention to the fact that George F. Baker, Morgau's partner, wears sidewalkers.

The man who would stand in the aisle with each hand entwined to the back of his seat, deserves to be thrashed. To have his mug mashed. And be kicked out into the street.

For a Well-Bred Horse, No Doubt. FOR RENT—Two furnished rooms and barn for one horse. Inquire 2567 E. 4th st.—Cleveland Jewish Daily Press.

What has become of the old-fashioned rich man who put a suit of armor at the foot of the stairs in his new house?

"Vinson McLean, the \$100,000,000 baby, is being taken to Florida on a special train because he has a slight cold," says the Washington dispatch. "With him are a doctor, a woman expert in apple sauce and five nurses to soothe him with his pet titbit." This ought to cost the socialists a few votes in 1916.

Misdirected energy: Trying to enter a building through revolving doors while carrying an open umbrella.

Who Swiped the L's? The formalities of the diplomatic life are so enough during the day, but when it comes to repeating them by night at the formal exaction and embassy dinners and the entertainments of the ultra fashionable and office set, that is another question.—New York American.

Editor Nothing Serious: Haven't you anything else to do but write such foolish stuff? It is perfectly disgusting. A GROUCHO.

Our Soft Reply: We have several other things to do, friend Groucho. We might go out and throw snowballs. But then, when the snow was all gone we would have to tax our brain for another form of amusement. So what's the use?

There had been a fire alarm. The whole town department was called out. Firemen rushed into the big store. But there was no blaze. Then came the chief. "Someone here," he declared to the clerks, "sent in a false alarm. Who was it?"

No one claimed the honor. "Someone did it," he said, pointing his finger at them. "Confess."

Finally a girl stepped forward and frightenedly admitted she was guilty. "You see, Tom works in company number s'teen," she explained. "He and I are pretty good—well, we're close friends. And I sort of got lonely and wanted to see him."

(Note—Fire Chief Schmitt claims this actually happened in Seattle just a short time ago.)



Prince, I have gone my weary way alone, And for my past excesses didst atone. Shunned the ruby goblet since January 1, Shunned the friendly tavern where dwelleth fun. I didst plod the weary way, Since the first beginning day Of the coming year!

Prince, I promise thee it is no fiction, I will break no brazen contradiction; Right faithfully I held unto my vow, Most righteously I stood me firm—till now! Then gay Bacchante, laughing, Her golden goblet quaffing; She danced too near!

ENVY Prince, I see thee frown and curse the flagon; Knowest thou I'm off the Water Wagon!

Lute McCarty is getting famous. They've named a 5-cent cigar for him. The cigar is selling, but it doesn't draw as well as Lute.

BY PARCEL POST Editor Nothing Serious: Haven't you anything else to do but write such foolish stuff? It is perfectly disgusting. A GROUCHO.

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IN THE EDITOR'S MAIL

Editor The Star: I am glad to see The Star come to the front in presenting to the public for discussion the subject of reducing the wild land of this state to usable condition, so that new lands may be built and the state's wealth increased, along with the welfare of those who would settle in its country and cities. However, the proposition to bond the people of the state for one-fifth of its visible assets is a large one, and it would seem unnecessarily so, in the first place, it would levy an increased interest burden of \$800,000 per year upon the people of the state, to be paid whether or not the land was disposed of to provide interest returns. Again, it provides a very large sum of money for someone to spend—and the proposition is that it is to be spent quickly. The faster money is spent, generally the less wisely. But the suggested manner of its spending opens the way for other troubles: It is to first clear the land which the state already owns, and to clear it whether there are buyers ready for it or not. This would, of course, by expending labor upon this land, raise its value—and price—and therefore the price of that surrounding it in the hands of big lumber companies, who would raise their price and stand in the way of further progress unless they got that price from the state or the individual.

The people of the state of Washington, with the right and power to vote upon themselves a bond debt of twenty millions for this purpose, they have also the right and power to in like manner decree that they, the sovereign people, have need of those lands for the public welfare, and to exercise their right of eminent domain, and to condemn, appraise and take over those lands to public use on such terms as they see fit, so that no part of the increase in value by surrounding improvement or settlement above the present value of the raw land shall go to these holders. By this means things could be so arranged that the holders of these large areas would be forced to part with the whole or any part of them to the state or any individual buyer at any time at the price of appraisal, and the state would avoid the expense of this immense interest on purchase price.

Thus a part only of this loan would be necessary, and that should be applied, not to the partial clearing of numberless parcels of state or condemned lands, in advance of demand, but to the organizing of at least two reclamation districts in Western Washington and the equipment of one or more clearing brigades in each, with the most efficient tools and apparatus obtainable.

There are, no doubt, hundreds of settlers in Western Washington who would avail themselves of the terms and means provided by such a reclamation service to put their land upon a producing basis. They are entitled to consideration first.

To the arid regions of Eastern Washington the same process, with modifications of details, would apply. CHARLES J. SCHOTT.

Editor The Star: Under the caption of "Wanted—Laws for Humanity," an editorial appearing in The Star of the 13th inst., the editor sounds the keynote to future social and industrial prosperity.

It is up to the legislature of the state of Washington to make good. An overwhelming majority of the qualified electors have emphatically expressed their will by the votes, for the enactment of such progressive laws, as enumerated by the editor.

There should be no side-stepping. The Star editor is worthy of the highest commendation for his splendid and untiring efforts in behalf of the workmen of this state, and I take this opportunity to express my heartfelt thanks for the many deeds of kindness accorded us, and for the uplift of humanity as a whole. GEO. G. CRESSEY, Marysville, Wash.

Heaters, one-half Modern Fur-ture Co., 415 Pike.

PAPE'S! BREAKS A COLD AT ONCE

First dose of Pape's Cold Compound ends gripe misery—Tastes Nice—No Quinine.

You can surely end Gripe and break up the most severe cold either in head, chest, back, stomach or limbs, by taking a dose of Pape's Cold Compound every two hours until three consecutive doses are taken.

It promptly relieves the most miserable headache, dullness, head and nose stuffed up, feverishness, sneezing, sore throat, mucous catarrhal discharges, running of the nose, soreness, stiffness and rheumatic twinges.

Take this wonderful compound as directed, without interference with your usual duties and with the knowledge that there is nothing else in the world, which will cure your cold or end Gripe misery as promptly and without any other assistance or bad after-effects as a 25-cent package of Pape's Cold Compound, which any druggist can supply—accept no substitute—contains no quinine—belongs in every home. Tastes nice.

BECKER, THE SLAYER, NOW READS BIBLE TO MEN IN CONDEMNED CELLS AT SING SING

NEW YORK, Jan. 21.—The first intimate story of former Lieutenant Charles Becker's life story in the condemned cells at Sing Sing is told by Lawrence Spohr, former corporal in the United States army, now awaiting his second trial Monday at White Plains for murdering his sweetheart, Rose O'Toole.

Spohr, a man of education, occupied the cell next to Becker until sent back for a retrial by a Court of Appeals decision, and his story is replete with interest.

"There was in the first place, what might be called the usual repugnance of a convict for a cop," he said.

"When he came up, most of the condemned cell men didn't see him. I could, because of the peculiar position of my cell. It's a rule of the place that when a new man comes in the black curtains are lowered in front of the other cells. But I could see through a crack of mine, and I saw Becker come in. He was placed in the cell next to me.

GOT ACQUAINTED OVER HARMONICA MUSIC. "When a former condemned cell man (Spohr never spoke the words 'death house') left behind him a harmonica, I was allowed to play upon it. One day, after I had been dragging some tune or other out of the instrument, I heard a voice from next door say:

"That's very nice, old man. Very nice."

"I knew who it was talking, of course, and I made some civil response.

"One evening," he continued, "Charley asked me if I knew an old-time song called 'The Church Across the Way.' I said I did, and we had a little quartet of music over it. There was Charley, singing baritone; myself, with a high tenor; Muhlfeldt, with a bass, and Lingley, across from us over the aisle, singing the lead. It's an old, old song. This is the way the chorus goes (and Spohr sang it):

The minister was preaching His good and sacred teaching; The congregation sat in awe— The bells had just ceased ringing. The choir was softly singing "Becker Reads Bible to Others."

"That song seemed to make a big hit with Charley. We sang it over and over again. That was during the first few days he was there. Then he got the Good Book and read to us.

"Almost as soon as Charley Becker got into the condemned cell," Spohr went on, "or, rather, as soon as he got to know us, he heard some swearing going on. He made a little speech and said:

"Now, boys, we all have to cut this thing out. You fellows'll have to stop cursing, and you, Larry Spohr, will have to keep books on them. Every time they swear they're to be fined. Put 'em down, no matter who it is."

"Every night you'd hear a couple of chapters of the Good Book, then Charley would lead in singing 'The Holy City,' and then we'd go to sleep. We didn't mind even if Mulroney



CHARLES BECKER.

and some of the others would go ahead with 'Casey Jones,' 'Beautiful Doll,' and 'Waitin' on the Levee.' "As to the gunmen? I didn't get to know them so well. They seem, anyhow, to be younger and more irrespons-

ble, and I don't think they realize just what is in front of them. Wait till they see a dozen or more companions get out through the Little Green Door to the electric chair and hear them say, 'Well good boys.' Then they will know."

A BOVINE VERSE. O gentle cau, contented frau, Inert, exempt from violence!

We will allow that you know how To chew your cud in silence.

Why is it so much more enjoyable to look back upon an enjoyment than it is enjoying the enjoyment while the joy is going on?

Great souls are not those who have fewer passions and more virtues than the common, but those only who have greater altruism. Rochefoucauld.

Come in and see our free pictures. 617 Second Ave.

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