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EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE STAR

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WHEN ARE THEY GOING TO BRING WILLIAM WOOD TO TRIAL?

Few localities in Eastern America excel in springtime charm the region north of Boston in which the head of the American Woolen Co. has his summer home.

Not far away, as distance is measured in these days of motor travel, on a tourist route which William Wood no doubt has often chosen for pleasure spins, stands the gloomy prison in which, a year ago, Ettor and Giovannitti were kept in solitary confinement for the part which they took in the Lawrence strike.

After 10 months of prison fare, a jury freed them. For that long deprivation on a false charge they have never been compensated; they were lucky to get off with their lives.

But you may recall that William Wood was also involved in a court proceeding growing out of the Lawrence strike. He was indicted on a dynamite planting charge. He did not go to jail, to be locked in a solitary cell for 10 weary months. He was allowed to come to court in one of his numerous automobiles. He was admitted to \$5,000 bail, a bond which he met by depositing five crisp \$1,000 bills. And then, smiling a gay good-bye, he drove away—and there the case against him rests.

As Brother Wood spins along the Salem turnpike breathing the balmy, spring-scented air, does he ever, we wonder, reflect upon the superiority of his good fortune over that of Ettor and Giovannitti at the corresponding time of year a twelvemonth ago?

He, like they, was of foreign birth and poor. He took the side of wealth and privilege and prospered mightily. They took the side of underpaid working people and narrowly escaped the electric chair.

Law, the copy-books tell us, is no respecter of persons; justice treats alike the rich and the poor.

But somehow as we recall how those two strike leaders were kept within damp walls, while this rich adversary, though under indictment for a meaner crime, is left free, the question again arises: Are the scales being held even?

When is Wood's case coming to trial? When is District Attorney Pelletier going to do the duty of his office?

Facts are the raw material and not the substance of science. It is analysis that has given us all ordered knowledge—H. G. Wells.

HUMAN LIVES GOING TO WASTE

Men can understand men. Does a man ever understand a woman?

The other day, in Detroit, 14 men were taken to prison. They had been convicted of a miserable crime—of perhaps the meanest crime there is. They were white slavers. Under the pretense of affection they had betrayed innocent young girls, forced their victims into the awful human fate and pocketed the wages of the shame.

Yet as these 14 men, in handcuffed pairs, were taken to the patrol wagon which was to carry them to their prison sentences, 14 women, pitiable dupes of masculine baseness, wept and murmured—not reproaches, but expressions of sympathy and sorrow coupled with promises of fidelity.

Ah, the waste of misplaced affection; the useless sacrifice of human values which under happier conditions might have meant 14 trustful, upbuilding homes!

Betrayed, bespattered, shamed though they had been, there was still left in these unfortunates an unextinguished, an indestructible remnant of the loyalty which, rightly placed, makes society's most precious asset.

Yet what a prospect they face! A few hectic years of battle with human wolves—and then the morgue!

Philosophers would have us believe that this cruel sacrifice has always been; that it must always be.

But has the policy of kindness for the Magdalenes, since Christ's time, ever been persistently tried?

TAKING THE ORIENTALS IN

Looking at it broadly, with both eyes observing honor and impartiality, and not with both eyes focused on the real estate possibilities, the nation is very likely to conclude that President Wilson took the proper position in that anti-alien land matter.

Throughout the Pacific coast region and in other regions wherein it has been demonstrated what the Orientals can do, there is strong sentiment for prohibition of land ownership by either Japanese or Chinese, and this hostility is well grounded. There are also good grounds for opposition to land ownership by other aliens, particularly alien syndicates. To make special targets of the Orientals undoubtedly appears like injustice, insult or partiality. But here comes in that virile element of the Pacific coast that wants foreign capital let in, regardless of what foreign race has the capital to invest.

President Wilson would cut this Gordian knot by confining the prohibition to those who are not citizens and who will not declare for citizenship.

Maybe this will satisfy Japan. That runty little nation is so full of pride that to be treated, on even hostile terms, on equality with other nations, may make her feel her importance sufficiently to calm her.

But, really, why should it? The proposition is to take from her and make citizens of another nation her most enterprising subjects. If they are not such, she ought not to care how our legislatures treat them. If they are good and desirable people, she ought to worry about other nations getting them away from her. That sounds like sound reasoning, doesn't it?

St. Louis commission man claims to have received a bird that's half chicken, half duck. They see things like that in St. Louis every time either of their ball teams wins a game.

Former Mayor George Bemis of Omaha wants divorce from his New Thought wife. Says that less than two years after their wedding she got a new thought and disappeared.

Pat Calhoun's on deck again. His Frisco line wants a 17-year franchise, and the city administration is sitting up pert like and looking innocent as a farmer considering gold bricks.

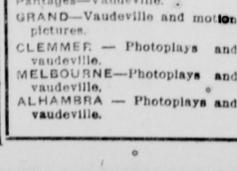
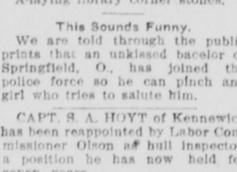
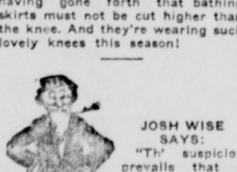
It is almost high time, now that the grand jury demand is becoming quite insistent, for a certain body to pass a resolution of confidence in a certain county commissioner and county undertaker.

Prof. Taft is going to coach the Yale debating teams against Harvard and Princeton. Wonder if the subject will be "Schedule K"?

Not only the varsity crew, but also the co-ed sailors in "Princess Bonnie" could make those Easterners sit up and take notice.

MOST ANYTHING

The Adventures of Johnny Mouse



BUNK BY HERR JACOB SCHLOSCHHEIMER

Dear Herr Blöphunker: Pardon me for not getting your name right, but it is both funny and ridiculous. Why don't you change it and get a decent name? Dear Souedanne Drunk: You have no right to talk about names. JAKE.

Girls, I've decided to get married. Send in your applications while I still have my job. I'll take any girl that's pretty, no matter how much money she may have in her own name. First come, first ringed.

A little soft music, please, while we shatter a bit of pottery: They think of her face When we mention her beauty, But we mean her ankle And sweet tootsie wootsie. I got my inspiration for this from the front page of The Star Saturday.

Told all—girl pretty, Fold arms—air balmy, Sighs love—moon full, Eyes ad—night summer. (This makes just as much sense, even though it's written backwards. In fact, I believe it's even better. Try it.) Summer night—dark eyes, Full moon—love sighs, Balmy air—arms fold, Pretty girl—all told. (When you can do that with your poetry, Maude, it's a sure sign of excellence.)

Summer girls are beginning to adorn the west side of Second av. between 12 and 1 every day. Summer pretty and summer not.

CREDITING AN ASSIST It looks like Mrs. Fullerton was not far from right when she said her corn bread helped make Charlie a good pitcher. So far Charlie is about the only Seattle twirler to mix the batter.

DO YOU STAMMER? A spider served five years on a prison ship. On this ship were 300 prisoners and just one guard. When the soldier was released, some one said to him: "Only one guard on the ship? Why didn't you try to escape?" "Oh," replied the soldier, "We were on our honor on her."

Al Herman thought it was funny, last week, to show up nearly everyone on the Empress bill with his talk. So I think it's up to me to give him away. He wasn't a real colored man at all. He tried to make everybody think so, but he was white.

How are Senator Jim Ham Lewis' pink whiskers comparing with Secretary Redfield's dark jowl bangs over at Washington?

WHO? Who is it, when I'm sad and blue, And friends are cold and kind words few, Who soothes and comforts me—ah, who? I wish I knew. —Pittsburg Post.

Who is it, when the moments fly And parting time, too, soon draws nigh, Who kisses me a sweet good-bye? The name it has escaped me. —Detroit Free Press.

Who is it, when from duns I flee And no escape from wreck I see, Who says, "My boy, just draw on me." Liberal reward for name and address. —Kansas City Journal.

Who is it, when, by chance, we meet, And, being tired upon our feet, Who says, "Pray, won't you have my seat?" Well, neither would we.

The police reporter came to me yesterday and said he was in a pickle. "Well, jerk in with your trouble," says I, off hand—just like that.

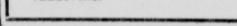
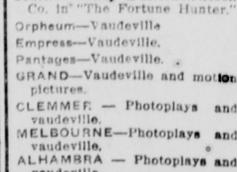
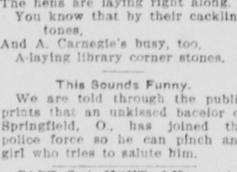
"Thirty days on bread and water!" said the West Virginia police judge. Whereupon the poor coal mine striker shrieked with joy. He'd been 30 months trying to earn bread to go with his water.

DELIVERING A sermon entitled "Life and Power," Bishop W. F. Nichols, of San Francisco, appeared in the pulpit of the St. Mark's Episcopal church Sunday.

LEWISTON, IDAHO.—The 2-year-old child of Mr. and Mrs. Tony Alchelmaler is dead here today by drowning in a cistern.

AN OPEN meeting will be held by the Rainier Encampment No. 18, Royal Foresters, in Forester's hall, 1511 1/2 Fourth av., Wednesday.

The fashion-regulating craze has struck Atlantic City, the word having gone forth that bathing skirts must not be cut higher than the knee. And they're wearing such lovely knees this season!



"The Female of the Species" and the Fool Men

A Little Story in Four Chapters, Written and Illustrated by J. Campbell Cory, the Famous Cartoonist, on the Male Idiot's Views Regarding Womankind.



"YOU ARE THE NEW STENOGRAPHER, I SUPPOSE, MISS—ER—"

CHAPTER I "I declare, it makes me sick!" ejaculated Mr. Ezra J. Carker, throwing the morning paper on the floor and addressing his wife across the breakfast table. "Here are two more society suicides and so less than three brand new divorce cases among the best people in the city! How can men be such idiots?"

"I think women are mostly to blame," ventured Mrs. Carker. "Nothing of the sort!" retorted Mr. C. "It's the fool men! A woman is naturally a weak creature and dependent; a man who is worthy to be called a man has the strength to withstand temptation; if he's a clean-minded man he won't even be tempted. I have no patience with a sap-headed chump who loses his head over a pretty face, or with the low-minded beast whatever his social station—who will take advantage of youth and innocence in the weaker sex!"

Chapter II There was the usual accumulation of mail at the office that morning, and by the time he had run through it Mr. Carker's mind had reverted from the breakfast table theme to market quotations on pig iron. Abstractedly he pushed a button summoning a stenographer and began a rapid fire of dictation, without looking up, as soon as she was seated.

As he was nearing the completion of the third letter a remarkably musical voice requested him to repeat a sentence. Carker turned slowly around and gazed into the most beautiful pair of brown eyes he had ever seen. And the face and form were made to match, exquisite—delicate—bewitching.

His stupid stare of admiration caused the girl to blush crimson and cast her eyes shyly down upon her note book, but Carker fancied that he detected the faintest suggestion of coquetry in her manner, and his virtuous heart thumped sharply against his perfectly chaste ribs. His dictation came fitfully thereafter. Several times their eyes met during the half-hour session, and on each occasion the young woman blushed, and murmured, "You are the new stenographer, I suppose, Miss—er—ah—"

"Mildred Munro," she cooed sweetly and garlanded the remark with a ravishingly timid glance. His wife seemed very gray and strangely unattractive to Carker that evening. He was surprised that he never noticed it before. Her voice, too, had a rasping note that annoyed him. The children found him unusually abstracted and intolerant.

One week later Mrs. Carker, with the receiver to her ear, learned that stress of business would detain her husband at the office until very late that night and that he would dine downtown. It was 8:30 of that evening when a young broker, who was bowling along through the park in a high-power car, suddenly twisted his head to catch a second glimpse of the faces of the occupants of a swiftly passing tonneau. Turning to his companion with a puzzled look, he remarked: "Jim, if that wasn't old Carker with a swell chicken, I'm a goat!"

Chapter III The court awarded heavy alimony to Mrs. Carker and gave her the custody of the children. It was remarked by the neighbors that she had grown very old and very gray during the past few months. She would not listen to any criticisms of her husband, but was sometimes heard to say, "I think the women are mostly to blame."

Chapter IV The body of the elderly man, which was discovered a year later in an eddy of the river several miles below the city, might never have been identified had it not been for a water-soaked note which was found in the breast pocket of the coat. It was written in a feminine hand and read as follows: "What a pitiful old sap-head you are, to be sure!"

"Wake up! Billy called on me last night and we call for Hong Kong tomorrow. Ta, ta, old sport; you were a good fellow when you had it."

The note was signed "Mildred Munro" and addressed to Ezra T. Carker.

Best Short Stories of the Day

William had just returned from college, resplendent in peg-top trousers, silk hosiery, a fancy waistcoat and a necktie that spoke for itself. He entered the library where his father was reading. The old gentleman looked up and surveyed his son. The longer he looked the more disgusted he became. "Son," he finally blurted out, "you look like a fool."

"Later the old major, who lived next door, came in and greeted the boy heartily. "William," he said, with undisguised admiration, "you look exactly as your father did 20 years ago, when he came back from school!"

"Yes," replied William, with a smile, "so father was just telling me."—London Photo Bits.

Bride and groom they were unmistakably, and guests writing "Wish you were here" greetings in that Atlantic City hotel were much interested in them. Each sat at a desk and got busy with pen and ink, the silence being broken only when the bride asked how to spell a

hard word. These queries annoyed an old gentleman writing nearby, and he was plainly relieved when the bridegroom left the room. The little bride did not know she had been deserted, and she again got stuck on a word. "How do you spell Cincinnati, honey?" she asked. "C-i-n-c-i-n-n-a-t-i-h-o-n-e-y," replied Mr. Grouch.—Lippincott.

Needing some ribbon one day while in a very small town, we went to the one store there, says Harper's Weekly.

"Ribbon?" said the storekeeper, "Well, we all just mislaid our stock of ribbons, but if you all come back later I'll see if I can find them."

So back we went later. He had found them. "What color did you all want?" "Blue," we replied.

"Oh, blue!" he exclaimed in disgust. "We haven't got any blue. Blue is so popular we don't even try to keep it!"

REFRIGERATOR SALE—Bishop Furniture Co., 415-17 Pike.

Advertisement for Swift's Silver-Leaf Lard featuring a large image of a lard can and a plate of doughnuts. Text includes: "Dandy Doughnuts white and fluffy in the center, crisp and brown outside, are made with Swift's Silver-Leaf Lard. Doughnuts need not be greased soaked, tough, indigestible. Look to the shortening you use and the frying fat. Swift's Silver-Leaf Lard is best for both uses. It is the secret of doughnut success. Use it and you will have the satisfaction of having your friends say, 'Delicious, I must try your recipe.' For doughnuts that melt in your mouth, try this recipe. 1 cup sugar; 2 1/2 teaspoonsful Swift's Silver-Leaf Lard; 3 eggs; 1 cup milk; 4 teaspoons baking powder; 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon; 1/2 teaspoon grated nutmeg; 1 1/2 teaspoon salt. Cream lard and add 1/2 of sugar. Beat egg until light, add remaining sugar, combine the two mixtures. Add 3 1/2 cups flour, baking powder, salt and spices and enough more flour to make a dough just stiff enough to roll. Roll, cut out and fry in deep fat (Swift's Silver-Leaf Lard.) Drain on brown paper. Use Swift's Silver-Leaf Lard and have tasty pastry. Swift & Company U. S. A. At Your Dealers