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EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE STAR

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Lame Duck Lobbyists and the Dough Bag

How do you like the notion, Mr. Ordinary Citizen, of sending a man to represent you down in congress for a term or two or three; and then, when he is no longer in your graces, when the political pendulum swings and he is left by the wayside, of seeing him hire out as a lobbyist to some big special interest, using the experience YOU gave him to PLOT AGAINST YOUR WELFARE?

In the olden days a soldier of that kind was called a "soldier of fortune" or "bravo" and not rated very high. His plea was that he "had to live," but the obvious objection to his living in the way he lived was that it too strongly tended to make public trouble.

There are ex-congressmen in Washington who may not, while in office, have tried to win the favor of rich interests, so as to get "taken care of" when the inevitable political upset came.

But don't you see how much of a temptation would be put before a weak brother to do that, as he saw many famous "exes" living high and taking life easy as paid agents of wealthy clients?

Every one of the "lame duck" brood interrogated before the senate committee swore by all that's sacred that of course he was doing nothing wrong. Meaning, we suspect, nothing for which he can be sent to jail. That a thing may be wrong and yet lawful involves a shading which requires a sensitive conscience to understand—something the "lame duck" lobbyists don't seem to have.

What can be done about it? The humorous suggestion that lobbyists be required to don fantastic uniforms maybe contains the answer. Law probably can't make much difference with a situation like this; but public sentiment can. Treat frankly as a mercenary the man who, after serving the people, hires out to serve their enemies. Clothe him, in fancy, in the garb of a renegade. When there is enough scornful sentiment against that kind of dollar chasing the trade will languish.

The Bad Woman Who Wanted to be Good

Edna Ferber recently wrote a fine story for the Saturday Evening Post about a bad woman who wanted to be good. The bad woman, widowed and with a babe to support, had sold herself to prevent starvation and didn't have the chance to legalize the traffic with a marriage license. But afterward she revolted from the shame and tried to live a clean life, but the good women wouldn't let her. They snubbed her and scorned her and tried to get her driven out from their neighborhood by law and they continued their little catty ways until finally they broke her spirit and she went back to her badness.

The story stopped there. It might have gone on. It might have told of the terrible revenge which that woman took upon those severe sisters who wouldn't give her a chance. For it is a terrible revenge which the scorned sisterhood is taking on the society which it serves. It might have told of sons diseased, daughters invalidated for life, children foredoomed to blindness, a steady pumping of poison into the veins of the race, causing fully half its sickness, suffering and death. Instead of citing these in cold statistics, it might have brought them home in biting human experiences to the very good little newly married woman next door, who, stupidly selfish in her own seemingly secured happiness, was the cruelest of the "unco guid" who stoned the Magdalene back to her sins.

It didn't, of course, because there are limits which family magazines as yet dare not pass; and also because any reader with the gift of imagination didn't need to have the inevitable sequel diagrammed.

Who can explain why good women act that way?

The grand jury condemned the crematory scandal, the Clapp docksite, the specification of warrants in road building, the new courthouse deal with Gould, "log rolling" and "pork barrel" methods in the county commissioners' office, and a few other things. COUNTY COMMISSIONER HAMILTON PUT OVER, WITH AL RUTHERFORD, THE CREMATORY CONTRACT IN PRIVATE SESSION, WITHOUT NOTIFYING COMMISSIONER MCKENZIE. HAMILTON APPROVED THE CLAPP DOCKSITE. HAMILTON VOTED FOR WARRENTE PAVING. HAMILTON CHAMPIONED THE GOULD COURTHOUSE. HAMILTON, WITH HIS PARTNER, WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE "LOG ROLLING" AND "PORK BARREL" METHODS AGAINST WHICH MCKENZIE PROTESTED.

Sure, let's elect our county and port commissioners at large. That's what The Star advocated when the ward system of electing councilmen was abolished. But that was not what the Chamber of Commerce or the Ayers organs had proposed in the last legislature. They did not offer to change the old district system, and that's why the people voted against them.

Editors who were afraid to publish news as to their circulation and stock books will now please get a hurry on, or that U. S. supreme court may dissolve them.

Is the port of Seattle for municipal ownership? Well, we should snicker. Only 1,700 people voted against Proposition 5, while some 15,000 voted for it.

President Ayers of the Pacific Terminals Co., Incorporated for \$500, offers to compromise with the port. We would, too, if the referee stood over us counting the tenth second.

Summer Dresses For Ladies and Misses

During the past week we have received many dainty creations in dresses for warm weather wear. Materials are cotton crepes, figured and striped voiles, ratines, marquisettes as well as the latest styles in linens.

A varied showing of excellent values at \$5.00, \$6.50, \$10.00, \$13.50, \$15, \$18.50 AND UPWARDS

J. Redelsheimer & Co.



LAUGH AND GROW FAT

SHRINKS FROM BEING AN EMBELLISHMENT.



Farmer: I don't want my picture taken, I tell yer! City Chap: But it's going to be only a very small one. Farmer: Don't make no difference, young feller. Some pesky farm paper is liable to use it on th' front cover ter make farmin' look attractive.

Our Precise Artist



Always in good humor.

Shining Examples.



Lives of trust men remind us That we, too, need not fail. If we can get good lawyers To keep us out of jail.

And Fresh, Too.



"Yes, I'm a mermaid. Who are you?" "Oh, I'm one of the buoys."

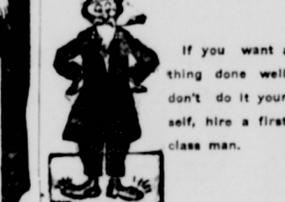
The Old Story.



Now soon the college graduate Will hie him forth to tackle fate. He really thinks that he will be Head man of some vast industry Or railroad king or statesman high. But he'll know better bye and bye. And then he will start out to seek Some job that pays 'bout ten per week.

Slams, Jabs, Boosts and Most Anything

JOSH WISE SAYS:



If you want a thing done well, don't do it yourself, hire a first-class man.

And a Very Bold Girl, Say We. The prize for the most ridiculous girl's costume, a pair of green silk hose, was awarded to Miss Sara Young—Tampa (Fla.) News.

Evelyn Nesbit Thaw is back on the stage. With Harry in Matewan and Evelyn on the stage, both are at last where they belong.

You Write the Headlines. Mr. and Mrs. Budgett Hurry have opened their house at North Hatley, their daughters, Mrs. Lawrence Swift, and her little daughter with them for the season.—New York (N. Y.) Times.

Said analine dye to anodyne dye: "What comical chemicals, you and I!"

"The chemical comics make me cry." Said anodyne dye to analine dye.

The golf bug's soul came back from a little range around Satan's preserve with a smile as wide as the Amazon river.

"I say," it exclaimed, "I don't call this much of a hell. They have the finest golf course out there I ever saw in my life."

"Droll-looking old soul who was sitting on the safety valve looked up." "But did you see anybody playing on it?" he asked.

"No," the newcomer admitted, "I didn't."

The old-timer chuckled. "That's it," he said. "He won't let anybody play on it."

Son of the House (to caller)—I wanted to see you, 'cos father says you made yourself.

Caller—Yes, my lad; and I'm proud of it.

Son of the House—But why did you do it like that?

"What Indiana needs," writes E. A., who is traveling through the wedding of Mr. Skip with and Miss Kelly. And it wasn't an elopement, either.

A Good Start in Northville. This week started out to be a lively one in Northville. On Monday Lee Shipley's big mastiff grabbed Glenn Richardson's dog by the neck and literally shook the stuffing out of it. So much excitement on Main St. has not been seen since the advent of the first street car.

On Tuesday Charley Whipple kicked up a big sensation by buying a new Ro automobile. Wednesday Ed Hinkley worked a whole hour on his lawn. Yesterday Will Ely spaded up for a 749 flower bed.—Northville (Mich.) Record.

An artist must shun love to succeed on the stage, says Belasco. But still, as Nat Goodwin has proven, he can get married.

Misdirected energy—Trying to interest a baseball fan in international polo and tennis matches.

Modern Economics. Beef shipped from Argentina to London, then shipped to New York, where a duty of 1 1/2 cents a pound was paid before it could enter. It was then sold in New York for 1 1/2 cents a pound less than the American trust's beef.

This proves that the protective tariff is the father of the full dinner pail.

Puppy Dog Days



"Gee! Pretty soft for that guy. I'd play all day for nothing!"

Easy Money.



"Gee! Pretty soft for that guy. I'd play all day for nothing!"

Valuable Beauty Hints for Summer Months

Avoid greasy creams, face powders and cosmetics. An inexpensive and simple way to free the skin of blackheads, pimples, fine lines, oiliness, moth patches and sallowness and make it soft and velvety with a pink and white tone is to use the easily made and applied lotion composed of four ounces of spermaceti dissolved in one-half pint hot water to which is added two teaspoonfuls of glycerine. Apply with palms of hands and rub gently until dry, when it seems part of the skin.

No need to spend money at the hairdresser's if you use canthrox shampoo, which is simple, effective and inexpensive. You only need dissolve a teaspoonful of canthrox in a cup of hot water and use in the usual way. It creates an abundant, thick, cleansing lather which exhilarates the scalp and, after a thorough rinsing, the hair dries quickly and evenly, the scalp is clean and pliant, while the roots are stimulated to healthy action, which results in rich, glossy, soft, fluffy hair, easy to care for and a joy to its possessor.—Advertisement.

Best Short Stories of the Day

Supper was in progress and the father was telling about a row which took place in front of his which that morning: "The first thing I saw was one man deal the other a sounding blow, and then a crowd gathered. The man who was struck ran and grabbed a large shovel he had been using on the street and rushed back, his eyes flashing fire. I thought he'd surely knock the other man's brains out, and I stepped right in between them."

The young son of the family had become so hugely interested in the narrative as it proceeded that he had stopped eating his pudding. So proud was he of his father's valor his eyes fairly shone, and he cried:

"He couldn't knock any brains out of you, could he, father?"

Father looked at him long and earnestly, but the lad's countenance was frank and open.

Father gasped slightly and resumed his supper.—Lippincott's Magazine.

Some time ago, according to a story told by Congressman Curley of Massachusetts, a carpenter named Jim Biggers was aroused by the violent ringing of his telephone at the dead of night, says the Boston Globe.

"It's that you, Mr. Biggers?" cried a small, childish voice. "Ma wants you to come around right away and, bring your tools. We have had an accident."

"You don't want me," was the prompt response of Mr. Biggers on hearing the word "accident"; "I want the doctor who lives next door to me."

Back to bed rambled the carpenter, but hardly had he tucked him-

BLIND GIRL LURED INTO HOUSE OF SHAME, TELLS TERRIBLE STORY AFTER RESCUE FROM SLAVERY

Man and Woman Charged With Holding Helpless Miss Prisoner in Resort Are Held Under Heavy Bail.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 19.—(Special.)—Blind and helpless, lured to a disreputable house against her own will, where she had literally to fight for her liberty, the pitiful story of Camille Melning is one of the most frightful records of the ways of the white slave that has yet been laid bare. Camille Melning's case is only one, it is said, among those with which Sam N. Grubb, the man whom she declares lured her from Los Angeles, and Rose Marks, a woman of notorious reputation here, are involved.

She Tells Her Story.

This is Camille's story: "Yes, I have been blind ever since I was a child. I have spent thousands on my eyes, and there is no help for it. I am only able to distinguish dark objects in outline. But for my blindness, this misery could never have happened to me.

"When I came from the East I had a little money from the sale of property, and I put nearly all of it in two lots in Los Angeles. It is because Sam Grubb believed I had more money than I have that he tried to do this thing to me.

"I was teaching elocution in Los Angeles. I lived at the Pennsylvania hotel, where Sam Grubb came often. I did not know who he was. We used to talk of him at the hotel—where I had lived for years—and said he was so silent he must be a detective.

"I took her to Frisco. "I admitted to him that I could not stand Los Angeles, he could not stand Los Angeles, and he suggested my going to San Francisco. I admitted that I would like to, but had no friends and would not dare to be because of my blindness. He told me he had a friend—a woman who had a fine little flat that would be glad to help me.

"I consented to come. He put me on the train, and told me his friend, Mrs. Marks, would meet me. I was very nervous when I reached here. No one was there for a few minutes. Then Rose Marks came up, and a man with her, whom



MRS. J. J. O'CONNOR AND "BLIND CAMILLE," THE GIRL SHE RESCUED FROM A LIFE OF SHAME, THE PICTURE TELLS ITS OWN STORY.

I do not know. She called him Lloyd. I asked her why she had not come to me at once.

She Finds a Friend. "She said, 'I was right near you, dearie—but we can't be too careful, the way things are now.' I didn't understand; but I was tired and frightened and went with them without asking about anything. "It was to a place of ill-fame they

took me. As long as I live I will never forget it. It was just one horror piled on another. One of the girls was kind to me; she saw I did not belong there. She got me some food from a kitchen in the basement. When I screamed and cried and made a terrible scene and begged

them to take me away to a respectable place, a man who was there, came up and shoved a card into my hand. He said: 'This is an outrage. Don't let them keep you here. When you get out telephone to me and I will help you get this into the courts.' I made such a fight that the Marks woman who had brought me was frightened. That same night she took me to a hotel.

"Then the girl who had plied me at that awful place told Mrs. O'Conner, a settlement worker, about me."

Sam Grubb and Rose Marks are being held for trial on a charge of pandering before Police Judge Shortall with bail fixed in the sum of \$10,000.

BIG SHOPS BURN

SALT LAKE CITY, June 19.—The car repair shops of the Denver & Rio Grande railroad were completely destroyed by fire, causing a loss of \$250,000. Three firemen were injured.

LOBBIES? SURE! LOTS OF 'EM

BUT, SAYS GARDNER, SOME ARE GOOD ONES

WASHINGTON, June 19.—That there was and is a wicked lobby in Washington has been overwhelmingly proved and frankly admitted. That it was "in fact, they did about everything short of forcible feeding. By all accounts, it was more riotous than insidious.

If the lobby investigation does not confine itself to one or two subjects like sugar and tariff schedules, it is likely to last until the snow flies. The attention of senators has been directed to the wicked and insidious Southern hydropower lobby, and in the latter case senators have been supplied with names, among which are

Joseph T. Newcomb, representing the Stone-Webster Power company; James R. McKee, of the General Electric company; Francis Lynde Stetson, of the Niagara Power company; Wm. F. Lay, of Birmingham, Alabama, for the Interstate Power company; Frank Short, for the Pacific Electric and Gas company; Charles F. Potter, of Los Angeles, representing several Western power companies; Chas. D. Ryan, attorney for Montana, Utah and Colorado power companies, and many others.

By the way, think of all the good lobbies there are: There is the permanently-maintained National Conservation association with a man watching all the crooks who are trying to steal public power sites, lands and forests. Then there is the National Child Labor association, with an agent in Washington trying to oppose selfish interests of Northern and Southern cotton mill owners and others who grind child labor into dividends. Then there is the Seamen's union, with its faithful Feruseth, who left the fo'castle to become permanent legislative agent in Washington to fight for living conditions among the poor devils who go down to the sea in ships—sometimes to the bottom. Then there is the American Federation of Labor, with one or two permanently-salaried men constantly on the job appearing before committees in behalf of labor legislation.

Oh, there are lots of good lobbies and the senate committee ought not to overlook them!

Best Short Stories of the Day

Every man should own a suit of blue serge or blue chevot, no matter how many other suits he possesses. And it should not be necessary to pay more than \$15 or \$18 for just the kind of a blue suit that will please you and give you permanent satisfaction.

With that idea before us we have assembled a stock of blue serges and blue chevots, selling at \$15 and \$18, the equal of which you will not find elsewhere west of Chicago or New York.

In style, fit and that air of individuality you will find these clothes the peer of expensive tailored garments.

Today we are making a special feature of our Cheasty \$3.00 Sennet and split braid Straw Hats.

Cheasty's Haberdashery Second Av. at Spring St.

MODERN elegantly furnished rooms at lowest rates at Hotel Virginia, Eighth and Virginia, near Westlake. Elliott 803.