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EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE STAR

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BUY SEATTLE MADE GOODS. THAT'S A GOOD INVESTMENT!

"Really Living"

COMES now a Chicago society woman who, after a flight in an airship graciously supplied by John D.'s son-in-law, says that she "never really lived" until she took the trip in the contrivance with mechanical wings.

Time was when women were content to sit in stiff-backed gowns, sing "I want to be an angel" and dream of waiting about on wings of their own, earned by usefulness, goodness and sacrifice.

Those women "really lived," don't you think they did? Their days were filled with the happy satisfaction of caring for their children, of seeing that the kitchen was scrupulously clean and that the furniture in the parlor was free from dust.

They put patches on the pants of the boys and braided the hair of the small daughters, sending 'em trudging to school with faces clean and hearts brave and pure.

They ministered to the sick, were kindly to neighbors, made pets of dumb animals and filled their homes with a radiance of love and care which made it a mighty pleasant place to go after school or work.

They, too, at times wanted to fly, and so they sang about it on Sunday. But not because they felt they weren't really living. They were not just tired with nothing to do or from a surfeit of frivolity such as dancing in pajamas until dawn, as in Newport the other day.

They had their moments of moodiness and their times when throbbing nerves cried out for the solace of strange adventure. They got "blue" and sometimes, mayhap, they scolded and grew pettish and fretful and cross. But it didn't take a \$6,000 aeroplane to bring back to them the joy of living.

Not that we've anything against the flying machine or against women flying in it if they haven't more important things to do.

Sport is great and we all need more of it. But the best sport of all is to find useful, stimulating, creative work. The Chicago society woman ought to try that before she pronounces final judgment on what constitutes "real living."

HA! AN INNING for the bachelor drummer! Phil Wooley, Oakland drummer, was barred from that Diggs white slave case jury because he is prejudiced against such doings by married men. "It strikes at the very foundations of the family!" declared Phil. Take three bases, Phil! These bachelor drummers are getting to be red hot preservers of family foundations.

It's a Good Definition

SAY, that Senator Poindexter is an original fellow! Writing about Alaska to Secretary Daniels, he gives a new definition of the term "cost of operation."

He says it shall mean "the expenses of operation without exploitation of labor."

How many big enterprises or investments are considered with the idea that they'll not be worth while if labor involved therein has to be ground down?

Brother Poindexter, it sounds like a new note with a true ring.

Nothing is worth while that depends upon crushing the workman. "Cost" paid in human degradation is to be itemized in such terms as robbery, extortion and blackmail. That's what it is, but it has passed as business ability.

This proposition to open up Alaska opens up with the declaration that nobody shall be skinned, not even the one who does the work, and it has its own glory.

This Alaska enterprise may prove to be but little less great than the building of the Panama canal, both as to its economic features and as to its effects on civilization's geographical movement.

It can be made to mark an era in moral evolution, as well.

The past centuries have seen labor struggling alone to dig its way up from the bottom. We are beginning to say, as a civilized government, and officially, not for political effect, but in realization of what is best, that the welfare of labor is the first and highest consideration.

Dollars and humans are not equal. Henry George saw the version.

We are going to be "For Men!" We are going to say so, and live up to it in our governmental undertakings. The cost of operation shall mean the expenses of operation with the uplift of labor.

JUDGE HUMPHRIES told his Saturday audience that "Humphries nere run." We haven't seen all of the Humphries, but we can readily understand why the Seattle representative claims no distinction as a sprinter.

She Has a Chance

ON SEVERAL occasions, in late years, Pennsylvania has shown some slight symptoms of being open to redemption. She now has a chance to astonish and please us all by retiring Boies Penrose from the U. S. senate at the direct elections.

We have no choice as against B. P. Any man will be an improvement and, really, the issue is not as to whether Penrose shall return but it is as to whether a great state is free.

Penrose, re-chosen, would be pretty harmless, because known, but it would be evidence that the people of the second of our great states are still sodden in their political stupidity, still blind slaves to partisanship and corruption, and this would be a matter for general regret.

Nothing could exceed the boldness and thoroughness with which the people of Penn's state have been bossed, robbed, befuddled and outraged, generally, by the interests of which Boies Penrose has been the protegee and tool since the beginning of his public career.

Long has the promise of high protection blinded the common folk of Pennsylvania to their own interests and the nation's interests. That promise cannot possibly be fulfilled. Will the people of Pennsylvania now throw off their yoke? They have been given the power to do it. Nobody else can do it.

Surely, that great state can find a better choice than Boies Penrose. If it can't, it ought to be permitted to import some one from Mexico, or even China.

WE MERELY rise to suggest that perhaps there are some who have but recently become converted to the application of the recall to the judiciary.

AND NOW New York stage girls appear carrying live monkeys. It must be tough on the dead ones who wait for them at the stage exits.

EVELYN THAW says she never knew what real work was until her husband was in the Tombs. Pointer for gents with lazy wives!

A wealthy and eccentric Swiss, living in Moscow, died, leaving a will bequeathing to the editor of his favorite newspaper \$10 a year "to drink to my death."

Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Abate, New York, young and recently married, kept a stick of dynamite in a corset box under their bed until the landlady found it. Then they disappeared.

Detective Gratana saved 35 families in a New York tenement from peril by tearing a burning fuse off a stick of dynamite a foot long.

Twelve New York children wearing cowboy suits have been burned to death this summer. Coroner's Physician Pabst says the fringe is too easily ignited.

READER, SHED A TEAR FOR OLD "I SHUD WURRY" He's Banished Now; Almost Had to Shoot the Poor Boob at Sunrise



"Here lies a worn and weary phraser. Kind friend, it once saw better days. Its name was in the public mouth, Ay, east and west and north and south."

The drumhead courtmartial for the trial of the notorious offender, I. Shud Wurry, was held this afternoon.

The defendant was condemned to leave at once for parts unknown, with that fatal choice, the choice of being shot at sunrise.

The court was assembled by three taps of the drum. Colonel P. Nutt was prosecuting attorney, and General Public presided. The attorney for the defense was General Nuisance. Much disturbance was caused at the opening of the trial when the defendant shouted "I SHOULD WORRY LIKE A SUIT AND GET A FIT."

The court rapped for order, and the taking of the evidence was begun. Witnesses for the prosecution stated that the prisoner was constantly breaking into the effects of Private Conversation. As the state's star witness, Private Conversation, came to the stand, the prisoner shouted:

"I SHOULD WORRY LIKE ASPARAGUS AND GETS TIPS."

This time he was severely ex-coriated by the court and warned against another outbreak. No sooner had the court ceased speaking than Wurry stood up in the prisoner's box, waved his arms wildly and screamed:

"I SHOULD WORRY LIKE A CHINK AND LOSE MY CUE!"

For this offense he was struck on the bean by Sergeant-at-Arms Cheest. So mighty was the blow that the prisoner sank to the floor and closed his eyes and seemed to cease breathing. Water was thrown upon him by attendants. On regaining consciousness his first words were:

"I SHOULD WORRY LIKE A BUCKET AND BE A LITTLE PAUL."

The only recourse was to gag the prisoner. This was done and the testimony of Private Conversation was taken for some time in peace. Suddenly there was a gasp from the vast audience. The gagged prisoner had scrawled with charcoal upon the wall:

"I SHOULD WORRY LIKE A POTATO AND HAVE ALL EYES ON ME."

The court retired to reach a summary verdict. There was an impressive hush when General Nuisance returned to read the finding of the court. The prisoner's gag was removed and he was asked if he had any reasons to advance why the death sentence should not be passed on him. His statement followed:

"I SHOULD WORRY LIKE A TURKEY AND TROT TO DEATH."

Then the court passed sentence, which was eternal banishment under pain of death. With a bristling row of bayonets forcing him to retreat to outer darkness, poor Wurry started on a dogtrot for the tall grass.

Slams, Jabs, Boosts and Most Anything

Licensed—"I have a friend who just marries for money." "Why, how disgraceful!" "No, not exactly. You see, he's a minister."—Cornel, Widow.

Fragile, Handle With Care—Madam Parvenu—"What is your boy doing now?" Madam Lineage—"He's in a new venture—operating in Dresden china."

Madam Parvenu—My goodness! I always thought Dresden was a German city!—Dartmouth Jack o'Lantern.

A Floater and a Sinker



Wear—Where did ye ketch on ter de fishin' tackle? Sleepy—Up to the house yonder. I'm usin' the old woman's sponge cake for a float and one of her daughter's biscuits for a sinker.

Out of the Frying Pan. Lady (meeting her former servant)—Oh, Mary, I suppose you are getting better wages at your new place? Mary—No, ma'am; I'm workin' for nothing now—I'm married.—London.

A New Version. On with the dance! Let joy be unrefined!—Hobart Herald.

Of Negative Value—Professor Sabre—I had my picture taken today, doc. Dr. Sicklester—Who on earth would steal a thing like that?—Dartmouth Jack o'Lantern.

He Au-to—Landaulet—Why does Dandee wear that top-hat when he goes queening? Limousine—Oh, that's what he calls his spark plug.—Stanford Chaparral.

OUR PRECISE ARTIST



He WAS NEARLY OVERCOME BY "GAS."

One or the other—One kid story leads to another. A Cleveland school teacher—one who has at several periods in the sweet-scented past favored us with anecdotes about her pupils—sends us an account of a quiz conducted in her geography class.

"In what zone do we live?" asked this teacher. "The temp'rut zone!" chanted the well-drilled class. "Right. And what do we mean by 'temperate'?" Willie, you may answer.

"Temp'rut is where it's freezin' cold half the time an' roastin' hot the other half the time." If Willie wasn't sent to the head for that, it wasn't because he didn't deserve the honor. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Thirty Cents—Mother—Have you anything to pay carfare with? Daughter—Yes, mother; I have George.—California Pelican.

I PROTEST YER HONOR, IN THE NAME OF INEBRIATES!



In Editor's Mail

Would Close Saloons Saturday Noon. Editor The Star: I have read many interesting discussions in your editor's mail, and wish to get your readers' views on the closing of saloons at noon Saturday.

I think this would be the greatest blessing imaginable for Seattle if the council would pass an ordinance prohibiting the sale of liquor after the noon hour Saturday.

Nearly all working men are paid on Saturday at noon. If the saloons closed at 12 o'clock the working men would take their money home to pay the family bills instead of spending their wages buying whisky and treating their friends.

There would be fewer wife desertions and less destitute families if such an ordinance could be put through the city council.

MRS. F. S. W.

The Chicken Nuisance. Editor Seattle Star: I think it is time something were done to stop the chicken nuisance in Seattle. Too bad that bill prohibiting the raising of chickens in the city was not passed by the council.

People in Seattle should be prohibited from making chicken ranches on a 40-foot lot. In my neighborhood, one family has 500 chickens and the next-door neighbor has over 400. There is no sleeping after 3:30 a. m. A. K. K.

About That Play. Editor Seattle Star: I think the party who signed himself "Not a Socialist" in a letter to the editor Thursday evening has the right idea about allowing that play, "The Colonel and His Friends," to be given in Seattle. It is true that the proceedings in the court room of our city are so terrible that, if brought before the people, would cause trouble. If so, it is time something were done.

I AM NOT A SOCIALIST EITHER.

Star's Alaska Plan. Editor of The Star: Your plan of making Eastern Americans sit up and take notice that Alaska is on the map is the best thing yet.

J. E. STANDLEY.

Another Backs Up Star. Editor Star: I have read the articles in The Star on "Boosting Alaska," and am pleased to state that I am with you in your fight. How much better off the people of the United States would be today if the government had held onto the lands that have been gobbled up by the big interests and land sharks.

How many families do you suppose live in the States today who have never put in a claim for their homestead rights? And many of them never will, as the land is getting so scarce and the payments so high that many of them never will be able to own a homestead. It will be the same way with Alaska if the government allows the moneyed men to control the mining interest of that valuable adjunct to American industry.

Therefore, I am with you for Uncle Sam to control and work all the vast mining interests of Alaska. Respectfully yours, ELMER W. DAVIS.

512 East 82nd st.

Pantages Theatre

"Unsequed Vaudeville Means Pantages Vaudeville." Five Rollcalling and Expert Musical SCOTCH LASSIES. In a Brilliant Musical Melange. THE RONDO TRIO. Other Big Features—10c and 20c.

Before buying Water Front Investigate VENICE On Bainbridge Island Albert B. Lord Northern Bank Bldg.

SCENIC CAFE

FIRST AND STEWART A PLACE TO EAT

Continuous Cabaret Vaudeville From 3 to 12 P. M. 8—High Class Entertainers—8

An advanced woman writes that "women are headed straight for trousers." Take it from us, speaking from years of experience, that is no way to get into them.

LOSE THAT GROUCH; IT WILL KILL YOU

How many times do you poison yourself with a grouch? Don't laugh and try to pass it off as a joke. We are not using "grouch" as a figure of speech. We're using it to mean just what the dictionary says. "Any substance which, introduced into the living organism directly, tends to destroy the life or impair the health of that organism."

And the grouch is a far more popular form of poison for suicide than bichloride of mercury or arsenic or laudanum. Most of the people who take it don't know they are committing suicide. They think they are exercising the God-given right of American citizens to con- duct themselves as they please. BUT GROUCHES KILL JUST AS SURELY THOUGH NOT QUITE SO QUICKLY AS ANY OF THOSE VIOLENT POISONS THAT HAVE BEEN NOTED.

Did you ever hear of the pneumogastric nerve? It is the means of furnishing nervous energy to the lungs, the heart and the stomach. The pneumogastric nerve furnishes the stomach with whatever sense of action it possesses. It isn't necessary for anyone to tell you that when you are eating—when you are filling the stomach with food—the stomach should have every opportunity in the world to do its work properly. There should be nothing that would interrupt its functions or reduce its power to digest food.

Now when you try to entertain food and a grouch in the same system you do about the same thing that railroad dispatchers, in moments of forgetfulness, try to do when they start two trains going in opposite directions on the same track. There is going to be a collision. You can't carry two loads along the main line of the nervous system any more than you can on a railroad track. Something has got to give way.

To properly digest food it is necessary that each factor of digestion should work to its maximum efficiency. When you have been making a monkey out of your pneumogastric nerve with a grouch, those bodily functions can't all work together and some of those poisons do get loose on the system and they do play with a nice, long, lingering, painful death.

You start in with what you call nervous dyspepsia, and then you develop neuro-gastritis and then probably gastric fever and not infrequently apoplexy. You'll find a lot of high soundings, high-priced, aristocratic names for them in the dictionary. But the right name is—

GROUCH! Cut out the grouch and you'll put five to 20 years usefulness onto the end of your life. BECAUSE CUTTING OUT THE GROUCH MEANS CUTTING OUT THE DOSE OF POISON YOU TAKE EVERY TIME YOU HAVE ONE.

THE JUBILEE SALE CONTINUES

ANOTHER WEEK

We cannot in this advertisement tell you why, but if you will come and see our Guessing Contest Display in one of our show windows it will readily explain the reason. Three valuable prizes are to be given away absolutely free. Besides, the Baby Contest closes Friday, August 15, and you will also see the beautiful prizes for the Baby Contest in the same window. Don't fail to register your baby at once if you have not already done so.

Being, practically speaking, a new store, the people expect much of us, and we can't afford to disappoint you, consequently we have gathered together what we consider bigger and better bargains than those we gave during the first week of the sale.

The old adage, "Time and tide wait for no man," applies appropriately to our advertised bargains. You must come when we tell you to come—don't wait and expect to get them two or three days after the sale is over, or until your thrifty neighbors show you the extraordinary values they have obtained here. READ EVERY ITEM CAREFULLY.

Grand Final Clearance of Ladies' Fine Lingerie Dresses

The savings average well on towards the half of our regular selling prices. It's a determined effort to close out every Lingerie Dress now, when they will be of greatest service to you, at prices regardless of cost or value.

Up to \$6.98 LINGERIE DRESSES \$3.98

And you couldn't imagine yourself in a daintier, cooler garment than one of these. Included in the group are models of pretty allover embroideries, embroidered marquisettes and a few light-colored stripe materials. The trimmings are Filet, Macramé and Bohemian in lace. All sizes to 42. Values to \$6.98 for only \$3.98

\$9.98 LINGERIE DRESSES FOR \$5.98

These are made of fine, sheer materials and profusely trimmed in choice laces of many kinds. The models include many of the most popular ones of the present season, among others are the pelupum effects. This is truly an example of loud pedal quality at soft pedal prices. All sizes to 44. \$7.50 and \$9.98 values for \$5.98 only

All Summer Wash Fabrics Must Go

It is customary, and we believe it is the correct thing to do, to dispose of all Summer Wash Goods to make room for the New Fall Goods, and at the same time give you the benefit, with still a large part of our Summer yet to come, by making prices so low that there can be no doubt of our disposing of them. We shall place on sale our Wash Goods, consisting of Lawns, Figured Flaxons, Loraines, French Tissues, Batistes, Striped Marquisettes and other weaves, all divided into two grand lots:

LOT 1 consists of Wash Goods worth up to 18c. Special price, a yard 8c

LOT 2 consists of a good assortment of all kinds of desirable Wash Fabrics in light and medium weights, worth up to 35c. Special, a yard 16c

Boy's Wash Suits Special Main Floor. At prices that will save you money. Our complete line of this Summer season's latest styles in Wash Suits is now on sale at these great reductions:

Boys' \$1.98 Wash Suits, special at \$1.59
Boys' \$1.48 Wash Suits, special at \$1.09
Boys' \$1.09 Wash Suits, special at 79c
Boys' 75c Wash Suits, special at 55c
All Boys' Straw Hats (None Reserved) HALF PRICE.

One Table Millinery Flowers Third Floor. Including roses, carnations, poppies, marigolds and many others. Values to 49c for 5c

HAMMOCKS AT "Economy Basement." Sixty Hammocks have to go this week. We've only 60 left, and the list of prices follows:

\$1.25 Hammocks for 63c
\$1.39 Hammocks for 90c
\$1.45 Hammocks for 75c
\$1.98 Hammocks for 90c
\$2.49 Hammocks for \$1.49
\$2.98 Hammocks for \$1.75
\$4.25 Hammocks for \$2.13
\$5.25 Hammocks for \$2.63
\$5.98 Hammocks for \$2.99

Don't fail to register the baby for the contest next Friday at the noon—Aug. 15, from 2 to 3 o'clock. Don't Forget That Wednesday is Opportunity Day at This Store



Ladies' \$3 White Shoes \$2 \$3 Tan Low Shoes \$2

We are simply clearing out all our Tan and White Shoes, and you've got all of six or eight weeks to wear them; in fact, White Shoes are good the year 'round. We've virtually all sizes in both tan and white, and will save you a dollar right at the height of the season at \$2.00 a pair.

Ladies' White Pumps 98c

Nice Sea Island Cotton Canvas Pumps with turn sole and silk bow. Very special at 98c a pair

PANTON & LONDON CO.

"The Economy Store"—Second Ave. Bet. Spring and Seneca