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ONE CENT. ON TRAINS AND NEWS STANDS.

HOME EDITION.

REMEMBER, that pending the meeting of the state public service commission here September 29, to take up the car ticket matter, there are many merchants who will sell you six tickets for a quarter at any time. The list appears on page 2.

CIRCULATION, with some newspapers, is a weird and curious thing. Circulation with The Star, means the number of papers honestly sold and paid for. It's more than 40,000 now, and going up. The books are always open to prove it.

## FIRST PICTURE OF GOLD CLAIM THAT STARTED LATEST RUSH TO THE SHUSHANNA



Here is the first photograph to be published in Seattle of discovery claim, in the Shushanna, owned by William E. James and wife and Nels P. Nelson, and Wm. Johnson, of Dawson, the man who grubstaked the James-Nelson party. It was staked on May 5. Since that time \$30,000 worth of gold has been taken from it. This photograph was taken by E. O. Sawyer, city editor of The Star, now in Alaska. Sawyer spent several hours with James and his wife and Nelson. He saw an assay slip for 210 ounces of gold that showed \$18.25 an ounce. James had estimated the gold to be worth but \$16.00 an ounce. James and Nelson, in two days' shoveling, took out 110 ounces of gold from this claim—\$2,007.50 for two days' work. The sluice boxes on this claim are on the elevation just around the bend.

## Boalt Visits Convicts' Honor Camp on Hood's Canal

By Fred L. Boalt.

HOODSPORT, Hood's Canal, Wash., Sept. 16.—Thirty-two men are making a road from Hoodport to Lilliwaup, five miles along the west shore of the canal.

Thirty of the 32 are convicts recently brought here from the penitentiary at Walla Walla. One is a highwayman, one is a horse-thief, five are forgers, and the rest have been convicted of robbery and grand larceny. Nine are "second-terms."

The two who are not convicts are Frank Randolph, superintendent, and L. D. Packard, engineer.

When night comes, the convicts leave their work and troop north to the "honor camp," which lies hidden in a leafy gulch which debouches into the canal.

"Good night, boys," calls Randolph.

"Good night, sir."

And Randolph and Packard go—the other way!

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"It's a kind of game," said Randolph, as together we stood last night and watched the last of the construction gang disappearing. "You play it according to certain rules, which are perfectly understood."

"If I had a rifle in the crook of my arm, those men would be constantly on the lookout for a chance to make a getaway. This would be their chance—right now. They would scurry into the bush like rabbits. Why not? Over there," and Randolph's arm made a sweep, "is a wilderness as big as the state of Ohio. Once a man has climbed the breast of that hill, he could hide out for months."

"But they won't do it."

"They know when they are well off," I said. "After cells at Walla Walla and the jute mill, shut in by walls, this life in the open, and 50 cents a day, and the prospect of a pardon—"

"You don't understand," said Randolph. "It isn't the freedom, and the money, and the prospect of a pardon. It's honor. Oh, I know; society sneers when you talk of 'honor' in convicts. But—"

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"Let me tell you a story," Randolph went

on, "about one convict who didn't 'play the game.' We were making roads down Chehalis way. I had guards who stood over the men night and day. They were armed with Winchester. And I knew every convict in the squad would make his getaway if he could."

"But one of the men excited my sympathy. He worked hard and seemed anxious to please me. He had a wife who had had to go to the poorhouse. I made this man a trusty so that he could have more freedom. I paid his wife's railroad fare every other week so that she could visit him."

"And one day in December, when the Chehalis was full to the brim, he took a header through the window of the blacksmith shop into the water, swam across, and got away."

"Five days I went without food or sleep. Five days and nights I was constantly on his heels. I got his coat and hat and shoes, and part of his food, coming on his camps so suddenly that he had no time to do anything but run like the devil. He got clear away."

"I was sore. I'm still sore. Personally sore, you understand—so sore that, if I were to meet that man 50 years hence, I would land him back in Walla Walla to serve out his unexpired term. He 'didn't play the game.'"

"Every man who ever 'did a jolt' in prison understands how I feel and sympathizes with me. There isn't one convict in 10,000 who would play a trick as dirty. The men of this 'honor' squad weren't picked for their morals. Nevertheless, I trust them. I never visit them at night unless invited. Night or day, I am never armed. There isn't a gun within a mile of the job."

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"What are they doing now?" I asked.

"I don't know," Randolph replied. "It's none of my business. You might go and find out."

So through the gathering dusk I tramped the beach to the gulch mouth, where the hospitable lights of the "honor camp" amid the trees directed my footsteps along the last leg of the journey.

They had finished supper in the cook house—the only wooden structure in the camp—and the tents—two of them, each 16x30—reeked with tobacco smoke.

Another man, coming down the valley, met me at the door of one of the tents, and we entered together. He carried a bucket filled with blackberries. His entrance was the signal for a joyous uproar, and a jovial man, who, when a free agent, is burglariously inclined, went to the door of the tent and hollered:

"Hey, cook!"

"What?"

"Blackberry pie tomorrow!"

"Sure. Like mother used to make."

They smoked, talked and played cards.

They turned in when they felt like it. Two went to town to buy tobacco; the rest were too tired, for the work is hard, and the convicts, after months and years in the jute mill, are soft muscled.

The talk turned to getaways, and the horse-thief said: "It would be easy. But you'd get caught sooner or later, and it'd be the college for yours. But it ain't that that keeps me here. And it ain't the fine life, or the money. I promised I wouldn't try to get away, and I ain't going to. 'T wouldn't be right.'"

\* \* \* \* \*

Daybreak this morning found me on the Hoodport dock. The flood tide had set. And there, with his legs dangling, sat a forger.

"Cooky says we'll have fish for breakfast if I catch 'em," he explained. Then: "Cockles are no good for perch. Them little black crabs are best. Help yourself."

Together, with a string of perch, we returned to camp. As we reached the gulch mouth, a burglar stepped dripping from the canal. He laughed and flung up an arm in greeting.

"How's the water?" the forger asked.

"Fine!" the burglar replied.

Then he turned, as though obeying an impulse, to face the east. The sun was rising over the pine tops. But it was not the sunrise he saw, but a grim, high wall, 200 miles away, and a jute mill filled with crashing looms, and guards armed with rifles, and dark, cement-floored corridors, and narrow, steel-barred cells.

And there was a little rage, and more defiance, and there was more laughter than defiance in the shout he sent ringing over the water:

"Oh, you cells! Oh, you cells!"

## STAGE ALL SET; GOODBYE, THOR

Thorwald Siegfried, attorney, will be found guilty of contempt of Judge Humphries' court Thursday!

Everything is ready for the conviction. The stage is all set.

Judge Humphries removed the last doubt this morning, when he summarily denied Siegfried's motion for a change of venue.

So, on Thursday, Siegfried will be placed on trial on complaint of Judge Humphries, before Judge Humphries.

Judge Humphries will act as complainant, judge and jury, and Siegfried will, of course, be found guilty.

The maximum penalty, as Judge Humphries interprets it, is six months' imprisonment and a \$300 fine.

Siegfried's "crime" consists of having made a complaint against the judge to the bar association.

## BRADFORD WANTS SIX FOR 25c NOW

Two resolutions were passed by the council Monday, under which the city is to make formal application to the public service commission for the restoration of the privilege of purchasing six tickets for a quarter on street cars.

The first resolution was that proposed by Councilman Griffiths two weeks ago and shelved temporarily at the suggestion of Corporation Counsel Bradford.

The second is one proposed by Bradford himself, and while Griffiths' resolution is general, Bradford's specifically relates to the ticket controversy.

Bradford at first counseled delay until after the supreme court should decide the "strap hangers" case, but has evidently decided that the wait would be too long.

So, on September 29, the city will be officially represented before the public service commissioners.

## CHARGE PRIEST IS A COUNTERFEITER

NEW YORK, Sept. 16.—Discovery that he is a counterfeiter as well as a murderer promised today to send Hans Schmidt to the electric chair.

Proof that he was an extraordinary criminal converted most of them to a belief in his sanity.

"A man with a mind sound enough to plan money-making by counterfeiting is able to tell right

from wrong when it comes to murder," said Coroner Feinberg.

Dr. Ernest Arthur Maret, the dentist in whose house the detectives found the counterfeiting plant in which Schmidt unquestionably was a partner, was arraigned today on a charge of carrying firearms, pending further investigation into the counterfeiting case. The police magistrate remanded him to jail temporarily.

## BIG CROWDS VISIT FASHION'S DISPLAY

Seattle's retail stores are in their most extravagant attire, marking the inauguration of the "Style Show" season in this city. Interior displays are most elaborate and window dressers have outdone themselves.

Gowns of London and Parisian models are on display in the gown departments, and in one store live models are used. The displays are not confined entirely to articles of an expensive nature. While interest naturally centers about the imported articles, costing many of them, several hundred dollars, there is provision for the modest dresser who must be economical, and styles in these less costly garments are just as diversified.

That the women are interested is evident from the great crowds that visited the stores yesterday.

Byatt-Powells, 4th and Pine, has a reputation of being thoroughly high-class. It is not the largest business school in the city, but it is unquestionably the best.—Advertisement.

Lost articles are usually found by Star want ads in the "Lost and Found" column.

## THAW AGAIN WINNER TO NAME ALLEN BEGIN BIXBY TRIAL

LITTLETON, N. H., Sept. 16.—Complying with the Thaw lawyers' request, Federal Judge Aldrich today continued the habeas corpus proceedings brought by the Pittsburghers. The court did not set the exact date for a resumption of the hearing, which will be taken up on a date to be chosen later by agreement.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 16.—It is learned from authoritative sources today that Clay Allen of Seattle is to be appointed United States district attorney for the Western district of Washington.

LOS ANGELES, Sept. 16.—After various delays, covering a period of three months, the trial of Geo. H. Bixby, millionaire banker of Long Beach, began here today in the superior court. Bixby is being tried on charges of contributing to the delinquency of Marie Brown-Levey and Cleo Helen Barker, minors. Defense attorneys, questioning the first veniremen, indicated that a determined attempt would be made to fill the box with non-churchmen and bachelors who were not members of anti-vice societies. If your proposition is good, some one or more of The Star's 40,000 readers will back you. Use a Star want ad.

GENESEE, N. Y.—Many New York state gardens killed by frost last night.

## PENNANTS COUPON NO. 69

Any four coupons clipped from The Star, consecutively numbered, when presented at The Star office with 15 cents, will entitle you to a 65c Pennant. Wisconsin Pennants now out. A few Idaho Pennants still left. Pennants will be sent by mail if 5 cents additional for each Pennant is enclosed. Bring or mail to The Seattle Star, 1307 Seventh Avenue, near Union Street.