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## TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT SEATTLE GETS DRUNK

The eyes of the nation are still moist with the tears dropped over the coffins of the little ones interred in the stricken Calumet district.

And Seattle will get drunk tonight.

Quivering prayers for food will rise from childish throats tonight in Michigan, mingling with the moans and groans of bereaved parents.

While at the same time, Seattle will spend \$75,000 to drink itself drunk—riotously drunk.

Hundreds of men, now in Seattle, are walking the streets, aching for work, and starving to get it, sleeping on bare floors for want of a dime for the cheapest kind of a "flop."

But if there is a sorrow in the world, Seattle will not have one sympathetic thought to waste upon it New Year's eve.

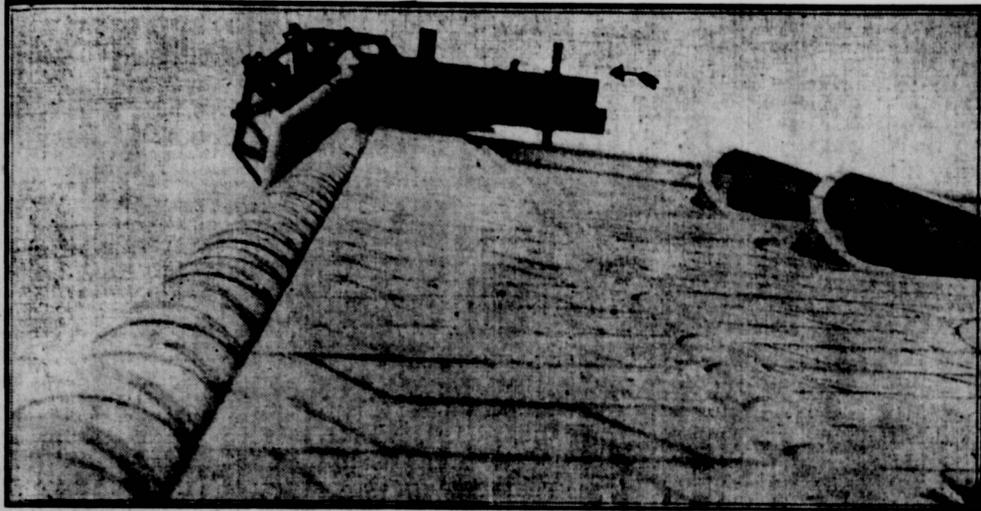
The glasses will tinkle, orchestras will play, squads of waiters will be on hand to minister to the revelers, rollicking airs will mingle with ribald jest.

Young, old, decent, indecent will join tonight in unwonted democracy—reduced to the alcoholic level, and the thousands of whistles heralding the New Year will be no shriller than the drunken shrieks, alike of the drooling sots and the young "bloods," the outcast and milady with silk and satin lingerie.

Except in certain spots, Seattle will greet the New Year by getting gloriously drunk.

AND WITHOUT A KIND, SYMPATHETIC, OR WORTHWHILE THOUGHT FOR THE THOUSANDS AND THE MILLIONS WHO NEED, UNTO THE VERY EXISTENCE OF LIFE ITSELF, OUR VERY KINDEST OF THOUGHTS.

## Star Photographer Plays Human Fly on Peak of the Smith Building; Hangs at Rope's End to Snapshot Last Bit of Work



This Picture, Taken From the Balcony Below the Pinnacle of the Smith Building Tower, Shows the Scaffold Slung Outside the Light. It Was Upon This Scaffold That the Men Worked Who Placed the Last Bit of Construction Work on the Building. And it Was on This Scaffold, at the Point Indicated by the Arrow, That Plummer, the Star Photographer, Stood While Taking a Picture of Them—a Picture, by the Way, Which the Star Isn't Using Today, Because It Believes These Pictures of Plummer Himself Are of More Interest. In Order to Get Far Enough Away From the Workmen to Get Them Into Focus, Plummer, Supported by a Rope Around His Body and Held by Men in a Small Window Above, Leaned Back Off the Edge of the Scaffold, with Nothing Between Him and the Pavement But Some 400 Feet of Thin Air.

**By Fred L. Boalt**

"Plummer!" called the City Desk.

"Uh-huh," said The Star camera man, drifting forward.

"Go to the Smith building and—"

"Yeh?" said Plummer, scratching an ear with a finger stained yellow with dark-room chemicals.

"And get a picture. They're putting the last piece of material into the tower. I want the picture to show 'em doing it."

"All right," said Plummer.

"And hurry," added the City Desk, as Plummer was departing.

Plummer hurried.

The City Desk tucked the matter of Plummer and the picture he was to take in the back of his brain, and turned his attention to other things.

Plummer, Graflex in hand, hurried.

"They're putting the last piece of material into the tower," the City Desk had said. "I want the picture to show 'em doing it."

Plummer is not a heroic figure. The thick lenses of his glasses give him an academic look. He is tall and gangling. He isn't the sort of individual a superficial judge of men would choose to carry a message to Garcia.

Still, if his commanding officer told him to carry a message to Garcia, he would probably say "Uh-huh"—and carry it.

Plummer found J. P. Marshall, the superintendent of the skyscraper.

"Get a balloon?" asked Marshall, grinning.

"No, why?" asked Plummer.

"You'll see," said the superintendent, and together they were shot 30-odd stories skyward.

Then they climbed up and up, past little triangular windows, to where the tallest skyscraper in the world, outside of New York, tapers off into thin air.

At the peak, as you know, is the big light, and into this Plummer climbed. It was cold up there, and the wind blew a gale. The tower seemed to sway.

Two men, Robert Pritt and Earl Shaw, were lowering a swinging scaffold over the edge into the open abyss. As they sank, swinging and swaying, Marshall said:

"I told you you would need a balloon."

"Why?" asked Plummer, who is stingy with words.

The men on the scaffold could not now be seen.

"You saw that 18-inch slab of terra-cotta they had?" said Marshall. "We've put in 2,000 tons of that stuff. That's the last piece. They're getting ready to put it in. How you going to get 'em without a balloon?"

Earth lay, a spider map, below them. The streets were the lines that radiated from the center. In the streets walked humans, strutting and boasting. But from the tip of the tower they looked like flies caught in the giant web.

"I can't take the picture from here," said Plummer. "I've gotta have a rope."

If he had said, "I can't drink unsweetened tea. I've gotta have sugar," he would have said it the same way.

A rope was tied under the camera man's armpits. Two men held one end.

"All ready?"

"Yeh," said Plummer.

Then he, too, disappeared into the abyss, but his feet could be heard scraping against the sheer wall as he descended.

Presently the taut rope slackened, and Plummer's voice, very small, floated up—"All right!"

Three men now stood on a narrow plank. Below the plank was 455 feet of nothing and a stone sidewalk.

"Welcome to our city!" said Pritt and Shaw. Nothing surprises men who build skyscrapers.

"I want the picture to show 'em doing it," the City Desk had said. Plummer, teetering at the far end of the plank, tried to focus his box on the workmen who were fitting the slab into the hole. He was too close up.

He cupped his hands and shouted to those in the light above: "Hau up! I tell you to stop!"

The rope tightened. Hooking his toes on the end of the plank, Plummer swung his body far out into space.

"Whoa!" he shouted.

The rope held taut.

Thus suspended, he again focused, and found the distance right. He was to "show 'em doing it." All right.

"Don't watch me," said the camera man. "Get to work."

Plummer's eyes were glued to the finder. The strain of the rope on his chest was hard to bear, but he could stick it out if he had to. He slipped out the slide that covers the plate, and—

CLICK!

They hauled him, dangling and flopping like a hooked fish, back to the big light.

He was a little breathless when he returned to the office. He had hurried.

The City Desk eyed him malevolently. Nobody ever hurries enough to suit a City Desk.

"Well," barked the City Desk, "did you get it?"

"Uh-huh," said Plummer.



This is a Kodak Picture Taken of Photographer Plummer, While He Was Snapping the Workmen Laying the Final Piece of Construction Work, by Another Workman in the Window Above.

## HIGGINS AND M'EWAN RESIGN

**Regent Higgins Takes Sarcastic Rap at Governor in Statement to Public of His Resignation.**

"There will always be on the board at least a few men who possess quite as much intelligence as the governor and whose combined judgment and greater familiarity with the facts make their decisions upon university matters much more dependable than the governor's."

The above is an extract from a long statement by Regent John C. Higgins of the University of Washington, who forwarded his resignation to Gov. Lister late Tuesday afternoon in accordance with the latter's request. President Alex F. McEwan, of the board, also sent his resignation.

Higgins disputes the governor's right to remove any regents before their terms expire, but is resigning, he says, in order not to add to the complications which are already tending to keep the university from getting the right sort of educator as its head. Higgins contends that the legislature clearly intended independence of the board of regents of the governor when it fixed the term of appointment to six years, so as to avoid the quadrennial changes in the political administration.

### Forces It Into Politics

"The practical application of any other principle," says Higgins, "instantly forces the university into politics. It is hard enough to keep it out of politics, even where the board maintains its independence of the governor. It will be impossible to keep the university out of politics if the governor makes himself responsible for the actions of the board of regents."

Higgins says the removal of President Kane is not parallel with the governor's removal of the regents, because the latter's terms are fixed by law, while the president of the university holds at the will of the regents.

Gov. Lister has not announced the names of the new regents, whom he is to appoint to take office tomorrow.

## 8 DIE IN FLAMES

NEW YORK, Dec. 31.—Eight persons perished early today in a fire which erupted a five-story brick tenement on Monroe st., one of the most thickly populated sections of the East Side.

Three others were seriously burned and removed to the Government hospital.

### EXECUTE THIRTEEN

TOKIO, Dec. 31.—Charged with plotting to overthrow Japanese rule in Formosa, thirteen men were publicly executed today at Taihoku.

## New Washington Won't Stand for Gaby's Pet Hen and Rooster

Score! Mon Dieu! Eet eez terrible!

Ze Washington hotel eez eez truly wizout heart, wiz sympathy none at all. Ze hotel—eh, what eez eet ze Americans say—ze hotel "gets ze goat" of Monsieur C. P. Greneker.

M. Greneker eez ze press agent for zat famous French actress and enchantress of ze royalty of Portugal, Mademoiselle Gaby Deslys. M. Greneker have come to Seattle to



Gaby Deslys

for Henriette, who lay one fresh egg for mademoiselle's breakfast every day, and for Hiram, ze grand rooster.

But do ze hotel make ze reservations?

Non, non.

"Nozing doing on ze poultry," say Monsieur le Clerk.

Poultry! Sacre!

Henriette, she is Victorian Leg horn who come all ze way from London. Mals "nozing doing."

"Mals ze rooster," shriek M. Greneker. "He is name Hiram, for ze governor of California."

"I should worry!" say M. le Clerk. Sacre!

make ze arrangements tout bien for Mile. Gaby when she give one matinee and one performance in ze evening of Monday, January 12, at ze Moore theatre.

Eh bien, where goes M. Greneker?

To ze Washington hotel.

"Eet eez Mile. Gaby's desire," M. Greneker speak with much politeness, "to have one suite for her charming self, s'il vous plait, and rooms for three maids and one secretaire, and for ze manager, and

## NEW FERRY RATE

From Leschi park to Medina for a nickel.

That will be the rate on the Port of Seattle ferry "Leschi," as established by a resolution adopted by the port commission Tuesday afternoon.

## BOAT LAUNCHED

With representatives of the Chilean government in attendance, the submarine "Anacosagasta" was launched Wednesday morning from the Seattle Construction & Dry Dock company plant.

## BOY BANDIT HAS 'NOTHER CHANCE; LIFT SENTENCE

LOS ANGELES, Dec. 31.—Judge Gavin Craig of the superior court will re-sentence Bandit Ralph Fariss Friday morning for the murder of H. E. Montague.

Attorneys for the man will plead he is mentally unsound and that his offense there could not constitute first-degree murder.

If Craig again sentences Fariss to the gallows it was regarded as probable that the youth's attorneys would appeal directly to the state supreme court.

Fariss was overjoyed at the lifting of the death sentence hanging over him. He apparently has been made to believe that his chance to live is very bright.

## TICKET CASE IS HEARD; JUDGE TO THINK IT OVER

OLYMPIA, Wash., Dec. 31.—Judge Mitchell, of the Thurston county superior court, this morning took under advisement the appeal of the Puget Sound Traction, Light & Power Co. from the recent order of the state public service commission requiring 4-cent fare tickets, to be sold by conductors on all Seattle street cars.

The decision is not expected for two weeks.

IN THE MEANTIME, THE COMPANY WILL NOT BE REQUIRED TO SELL TICKETS ON CARS.

James B. Howe appeared for the company and Ralph Pierce for the city. The arguments presented were practically the same as those made at the time of the hearing before the commission.

## SEATTLE TO KICK LID OFF TONIGHT

What are you going to do tonight?

There's enough variety in the program to suit everybody.

In a medley of popping champagne corks, the clink of glasses, gay laughter and singing, sweet music of the churches, the twinkling dance of the cabaret singer, the ringing of bells and shriek of whistles, midnight parties in hundreds of homes, special shows at theatres, sacred services at watch night meetings, the infant 1914 will be ushered into Seattle tonight at 12.

### Nothing Doing After 1 a. m.

Chief Bannick has ruled that no "booze" of any kind may be ordered or served after 1 o'clock, and that the eating and drinking places will close just as soon as they can get rid of their guests. Cafe men say they will obey the order.

It is predicted that between 50,000 and 100,000 merry-makers will throng the streets tonight.

About \$75,000 will be spent for liquor.

Cafes and hotels where reservations are made have disposed of their entire seating capacity. Hundreds of tables had been retained by paying \$10 or \$5 a guest as a fee. You can spend more, though,

and no one will object.

"We shall serve a dinner from 5 until 1 in the morning if anyone wishes it at that time," said Manager Morrison of the Rathskeller. "It will cost money. So we charge \$5 for each reservation."

"We shall not limit our drinks to champagne, but will serve no mixed drinks. It will take too long to make them for the crowd we expect. We have made about 600 reservations now."

Special music by the orchestra and singing will be the Rathskeller entertainment. Souvenirs will be given the guests.

Similar plans for the pleasure of guests are being made by the New Washington, Savoy, Butler, Frye and the other hostellers.

### At City Hall Park

A watch night service will be held at the city hall park from 10 to 12 o'clock. The Central Council of Social Agencies has the meeting in charge, and it is open to all.

Mayor Cotterill will preside. New Year's eve services will also be held at the Swedish Baptist church, Sunnyside av. and 46th st. E., at the Trinity Parish, where special music by Organist J. Edmond Butler will be a feature, and in other places of worship.

**NEW PENNANT COUPON**

**BILLIE BURKE POSES THIS WEEK The Co-Ed**

Art Series of Pennants can be had at The Star office and its branches by presenting this coupon and 20 cents for each Pennant. Twenty-five cents by mail.

Main Branch: Northwestern Photo Supply Co., Inc. (Eastman Kodak Co.) 1320 Second Ave.

Bathing Girl Pennants can also be had this week.