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RAIN TONIGHT AND WEDNESDAY, COOLER TONIGHT, MODERATE SOUTHERLY WINDS.

# The Seattle Star

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**THE BREAD LINE**

Well, here they are—they stand and stamp and shiver  
Waiting their food from some kind stranger hand,  
Their weary limbs with eagerness aquiver  
Hungry and heartsick in a bounteous land.

Beggars and bums? Perhaps, and largely worthless,  
Shaky with drink, unlovely, craven, low,  
With obscene tongues and hollow laughter mirthless,  
But who shall give them scorn for being so?

Yes, here they are—with gaunt and pallid faces,  
With limbs ill-clad and fingers stiff and blue,  
Shuffling and stamping on their pavement places,  
Waiting and watching for their bit of food.

We boast of vast achievement and of power,  
Of human progress knowing no defeat,  
Of strange new marvels every day and hour—  
And here's the bread line in the wintry street!

Ten thousand years of war and peace and glory,  
Of hope and work and deeds and golden schemes,  
Of mighty voices raised in song and story,  
Of huge inventions and of splendid dreams.

Ten thousand years replete with every wonder,  
Of empires risen and of empires dead,  
Yet still, while wasters roll in swollen plunder,  
These broken men must stand in line—for bread!

## JACK DALTON HANGS STIFF PUNCH ON MR. SWIFT'S JAW

### Elopes From San Quentin With Warden's Wife; Now "Percy's" in Seattle Jail

The accompanying Bertillon portrait of Percy, the Philadelphia Penman, does not do him justice.

Percy, who has several names—W. F. Gordon, alias W. C. Winegard, alias S. A. Wright—and who at the moment is one of Sheriff Cuddehe's guests, is said to be the gayest Lothario that ever stepped forth from grim San Quentin's walls.

When Gordon was released from the California penitentiary, the wife of Warden Tompkins went with him.

The sheriff's prisoner has served two terms in California, and if convicted here—he is charged with cashing a forged check at the Union Savings & Trust bank some months ago—he can be proceeded against under the habitual criminal act.

Gordon is well educated and speaks with the pedantic precision of the scholar. Such was his erudition that Warden Tompkins selected him from among all the trustees to be tutor to his son. As tutor he was given the freedom of the house.

Following the elopement, Tompkins secured a divorce, and Gordon in San Francisco.

Under Sheriff McCormick went



W. F. Gordon

to San Francisco last week, returning by boat with the prisoner yesterday.

"The voyage," said McCormick, "was without incident to me. Still, I would have enjoyed it more if the passengers had not jumped to the conclusion that Gordon was the officer and I the prisoner.

"Never have I had a more affable and punctiliously polite traveling companion.

"I will confess that menus in French always have me floundering. But coming up on the steamer from San Francisco, Gordon soon noticed my embarrassment, and ordered for both of us. We dined and supped like epicures."

And Now Seattle Commercial Club May Join in Demand on Washington for Scalp of Officer Who Impedes Progress in Alaska.

A resolution blistering hot has been drawn and will be acted upon by the Seattle Commercial club, at its next regular business session, calling upon the authorities at Washington to fire John W. Swift, disbursing agent, with the government coal-testing expedition at Knik, Alaska.

When Paul Revere rode through the night to warn the minute men of the British advance, the sparks from his horse's flying hoofs kindled a nation.

When Jack Dalton hung a haymaker on the jaw of John W. Swift, up in Alaska recently, it did more than put that obstreperous and

It bounced off the jaw of Swift and traveled several thousand miles in a southerly direction to Washington, D. C., where it agitated the rocking chairs of several fat admirals.

It ricocheted off the navy department and caught M. Guggenheim a severe, though glancing, blow in the solar plexus. It bowled over a number of politicians. And even Walt Street felt the jar of it.

It was a mighty wallop.

And, naturally, attention is directed to the man who packs such a devastating and far-reaching punch.

You will kindly visualize a thick little man of 57, who behaves as though he had a stiff steel spring, heavily charged with electricity, in his back. He is the best packer and one of the best cussers in Alaska.

When Dr. Joseph Holmes, U. S. director of mines, needed a mule to fetch 800 tons of coal from the Chikalon river, in the Matanuska valley, to tidewater at Knik, for the U. S. navy test, a distance of 60 miles—nine out of 10 Alaskans said: "It can't be done—no this winter, anyhow."

The tenth man said: "Jack Dalton can, perhaps."

Mr. Dalton, miner and trader, didn't want the job. There wasn't much money in it. When all monetary arguments had failed, Dr. Holmes said:

"Mr. Dalton, for the honor of your country!"

"Why, doggad your luridly pyrotechnic and profanely abusive personality," said Dalton, or words to that effect, "when you put it that way, I can't refuse!"

So Dalton wound up a little tighter the spring in his back and went to work.

Entered then John W. Swift, government disbursing agent.

Now, this is the way the work is laid out: The becoming engineer that money could employ—a Seattle man—dug the coal. Dalton's job is to get it on bobsleds and over the snow, through the primeval forest to Knik, where the warships will be waiting in Cook's inlet to try it.

Swift was employed to pay the bills.

Dalton knew by heart the history of the Bering test.

That was a navy test, and it failed. You'd think the rocking-chair admirals would want good, cheap coal for their ships to burn. But it almost seems as if they enjoy paying top prices to the coal barons for West Virginia coal for the Pacific fleet.

Anyhow, the Bering test failed—failed miserably.

For one thing, somebody left the Bering coal in sacks where the rain fell on it. The sacks froze stiff. They had to be dynamited. Then somebody else left the sacks on the tidewater where they became soaked with salt water. AND SOMEHOW A LOT OF SLATE GOT MIXED UP IN THE COAL.

AND, OF COURSE, IT WOULDN'T BURN.

"You must do this and you mustn't do that," said Mr. Swift.

"There's only one boss on this job," said Dalton, "and that's me. And this time there'll be no coal left where the tidewater will get it."

There are two ways to bring the coal to Knik—one by the new-cut trail and the other over the ice on the Matanuska river. But the latter way is perilous and blizzard-swept.

Swift, toiling diligently to hinder and delay the work he was paid to aid, favored the river route. Or, as it seems now, he only pretended to favor it.

Finally, in a moment of exasperation, Dalton swung on Swift's jaw, knocking him down.

Maybe you will say it was not a diplomatic thing to do. But subsequent events prove it was exactly the sort of shirt-sleeved diplomacy the situation demanded.

For at Washington the rocking-chair admirals are now pretending an enthusiasm for Alaska coal which they do not feel.

The trail is cut. The coal is moving. Dalton, begrudging a stinging hour for sleep, drives his men mercilessly, and sets the pace himself.



Jack Dalton

### Funny Things Do Happen in Our Old World

**Emma Won't Halt**  
PATERSON, N. J.—Because Emma Goldman wouldn't "Whoa" in her denunciation of police here, the cops escorted her speechless to a train for New York.

**Well Known Financially**  
NEW YORK.—Chas. E. Appleby, 56, is dead. He was unknown to New Yorkers, but owned \$25,000,000 in Manhattan realty.

**A Frothy Bomb**  
CANTON, O.—Guests in Goldberg's restaurant were panic-stricken when a jar of whipped cream exploded, bespattering one with froth. They thought it was a bomb.

**Laughs at Death**  
TRENTON, N. J.—"I want a few more laughs before I go," said Wm. Diamond, electrocuted here for murder. In the chair he shouted "Let her go," and in an instant was dead.

**Wisdom of Solomon**  
ITHACA, N. Y.—"Who is the head of government in America?" said Justice Sewall to John Solomon, Syrian applicant for citizenship. "Charlie Murphy," said Solomon. Even the judge laughed.

**Latest in News**  
LONDON.—An illustrated paper offered an editorial desk to the Duchess of Sutherland at her own terms, because her impoverished half-sister, the Countess of Warwick, is editing a rival.

**Scares Uncle Sam**  
NEW YORK.—Because he fought a duel in Hungary, Emil Zerkowicz, wealthy New Yorker, may be refused admission after a tour abroad.

**Watching the Buds**  
PITTSFIELD, Mass.—Mayor has appointed a censor for a charity ball here tonight. The tango will be barred.

**Dog a Luxury**  
TOPEKA, Kan.—A dog is a luxury, decided the poor commissioner of Shawnee county in refusing to aid a family who harbored the pet.

**An Enlightened Horse**  
SEDALIA, Mo.—An educated horse turned on the electric lights in a stable and helped itself to alfalfa meal, according to John W. Baldwin.

## VERY BAD DAY IN CEFALO FAMILY

Two men shot, a woman stabbed, her husband surrendering himself to the police, intrigue, love, jealousy, affinites—all these mingle and intertwine in a little drama, enacted at 25th av. S. and Plum st. this morning.

**HOTEL DE GINK THE SCENE OF MUCH CONFLICT**

Hotel de Gink, hobo headquarters, was the scene, last night, of a controversy as important in the eyes of the hoboes as was the currency bill in the eyes of congress.

And like the currency bill, it was all about money. Mrs. Frank Cotterill, treasurer of the executive committee, fired by the hoboes, was supplanted by the election of Mrs. William Ladd, and instructed to turn all funds in her hands over to her successor.

But the members of the fired executive committee refused to be fit and insisted that Mrs. Cotterill keep the money. So great was the excitement that Mrs. Cotterill fainted and was removed to the automobile of Mrs. Zamora Kaufman and taken home.

Albert Pillar, one of the committeemen who declined to accept dismissal, insisted that Frank Cotterill should be paid \$50 for his work as superintendent of the hotel, and said if it didn't come out of the funds he'd pay it himself. And the hoboes told him to pay it—they wanted their own funds for food.

Everybody talked at once, and after it was all over no one knew just what had happened, except that Mrs. Cotterill had fainted and the money hadn't been turned over to Mrs. Ladd.

Today President Jeff Davis has gone to Everett, and everything is quiet.

**Meet and Begin Shooting**  
Girolemo Vicorie was found at 25th av. S. and Walker st., with a bullet wound in his right shoulder.

The trouble started, it seems, when Rafaelo Cefalo reached the home of his brother Louis this morning, having previously arranged to meet him there and go out with him to get a job.

As Rafaelo started up the steps, Vicorie was coming down.

According to Rafaelo, Vicorie immediately started to shoot. And so he returned the fire.

**Louis Takes a Hand**

They were still firing at each other when Louis, not knowing what it was all about, began shooting from a window.

Louis was jealous of his wife, it appears, and suspected Vicorie as her affiant.

His wife remonstrated with him when he joined the bombardment, the police say, and started for the door. Fearing she would obtain a gun and kill him, says Louis, he attacked her with a knife.

The wounded man and the woman are in the city hospital.

**Will Run Again**

SACRAMENTO, Jan. 6.—Gov. Johnson announces today that he will be a candidate to succeed himself.

**TO EAT TONIGHT**

Local progressives will meet at the Good Eats cafeteria at 6:30 tonight in their regular weekly session. Addresses will be delivered by Rev. A. J. Steelman, of the University Baptist church on "Social and Industrial Justice"; W. D. Lane on "One Day in Seven and Child Labor"; and John H. Fletcher on "Regulation of International Corporations."

**NEW PENNANT COUPON BILLIE BURKE POSES THIS WEEK The Stage Beauty**

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.

All mail orders must be addressed to The Star, 1309 Seventh Av.

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

Bathing Girl and Co-Ed Pennants can also be had this week.

We have a quantity of Washington, San Francisco, Wyoming, Montana and Florida Pennants left, which may be had at main office for one coupon and 15 cents.

## 75 MEN DROWNED IN FRASER RIVER

WINNIPEG, Jan. 6.—That 75 laborers were drowned Saturday, while trying to cross the Fraser river, near Fort George, B. C., was reported to the immigration department today by Angelo Pugliese, a railroad worker.

The men were ferrying themselves across the stream on a barge, which sank under them.

Pugliese's figures were only approximate. Few of the bodies have been recovered. The men were employed at Grand Trunk Pacific construction work.

## 'NEW EPOCH HERE,' SAYS REDFIELD

WASHINGTON, Jan. 6.—"A great step forward" was the way Secretary of Commerce Redfield referred today to the profit sharing plan of the Ford Motor Co. of Detroit, by which the minimum wage of its employees is to be \$5 daily.

"Some people say," said Redfield, "that the Ford company cannot afford to do that. Such talk is foolish. I see in the Ford plan as in the removal of members of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co. from a number of directorates, a great step forward. It is a social advance and one realizing the value of men which may be, and I hope is, epochal."

## PICK UP WRECK SURVIVORS AT SEA

NEW YORK, Jan. 6.—The rescue of five more survivors from the lost tank steamer Oklahoma was belatedly reported by wireless today from the liner Gregory. The men are: Fred Booth, storekeeper; George Johnson, wiper; Will Haalt, seaman; John Kossich, mess boy; Jacob Swansen, oiler.

The quintet, with six others, got off in a lifeboat, and had been tottering six hours at the cars when picked up by the Gregory south of San dy Hook.

Twice before this the boat had capsized.

The first time this happened, the men succeeded in righting it and all 11 scrambled back on board.

The second time, though the boat was righted, six of its crew sank.

## CARDEN STAYS IS ABOUT READY

LONDON, Jan. 6.—The British foreign office today denied the story that Sir Lionel Carden was about to be transferred from England's Mexican legation.

## HUERTA DENIES HE'S GOING TO QUIT

MEXICO CITY, Jan. 6.—Prayers for peace were said in all the churches here today.

Stories published in the United States to the effect that Huerta was about to resign were based on old rumors.

Huerta denied them absolutely.

# THE WHY OF TACOMA STRIKE

**By E. O. Sawyer, Jr.**  
TACOMA, Wash., Jan. 6.—With an army of unemployed in every town on the Pacific coast, employers have commenced cutting wages and increasing working hours.

The same employers have, for years, conducted wholesale advertising campaigns throughout the East to bring labor westward.

They expect to lower the wages still more when the Panama canal is open, and they can import labor direct from Europe.

First to take advantage of the present labor situation were the Guggenheims. They cut wages and increased the work day from 9 to 10 hours in their big smelter here.

Only unskilled labor is affected so far, but company officials say if the situation continues, it will affect the wages of skilled workers as well.

Following this lead, saw mill owners have made a general cut in wages.

One mill even cut the pay of its sawyers \$25 a month.

In another the wages for the common laborers have been reduced to \$1.50 a day. Formerly \$2 was the lowest wage paid.

When the new scale went into effect at the Guggenheim smelter, there was a walk out. For three days the 500 strikers kept the skilled mechanics from going to work. Then the company smuggled them in by boats.

For every man who refused to accept the cut, there were 10 ready to take his place—

hungry men, willing to do any thing for the price of a meal.

To be ready in case of trouble, the company employed 200 deputy sheriffs to guard the smelter, not "toughs" or "low brows," but splendid looking fellows.

Most of them are clerks or mechanics, who were out of work. Many are college bred.

They know the situation exactly. "I am sorry for the strikers; but they haven't a chance in the world," said one, a young college man, wearing glasses, with a deputy sheriff's badge pinned to his coat.

If times were good these men might win. But now there are too many ready to take their places.

"Really, though, they have no cause for complaint. Most of them are Austrians, brought here by the company to take the places of American labor-

ers at less money. Now, when the company makes a further cut, they walk out, and their places are taken by the Americans, who, in the meantime, have been reduced to such a state of poverty that they are glad to get work.

Peaceful picketing won't get them anywhere, and if they use dynamite there will be a continuous funeral out of here until everyone of them is buried.

"Just where this sort of thing will end, I don't know."

A street car, bearing the strike breakers, arrived and the guards clubbed an opening through the line of pickets. One with gas in his head and blood streaming down his face, drew a gun. He was promptly clubbed into insensibility.

The young college guard helped to load him into a patrol wagon.