

GREAT ARMY FROM EAST WILL INVADE STATE OF WASHINGTON ANTI-SALOON 'MOVIES' AND HUNDREDS OF SPEAKERS COMING FOR PROHIBITION FIGHT

OUR SATURDAY NIGHT'S STORY

The Call of Cupepper Hazzard

CLINTON DANGERFIELD

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The new preacher, busy nattering up several notices for the edification of the Wolf Passites, gave himself an impatient hitch as he stepped on the edge of his long and robes, and then yanked two feet of them up through the leather holster belt he had buckled around his waist.

After a last touch on a corner tack, the minister and passing tourists sought its confines, merely to try and obtain admittance into the temple of muscular Christianity.

It chanced one evening the Reverend Hazzard sat alone in his bachelor quarters, reflectively drinking his coffee. His deep, dauntless eyes went roving over the original decorations on his robes hanging opposite. He was still staring at them as he yelled, "Come in!" to a cold, steady knock outside.

When he turned to greet the man entering, he started up in such horrified surprise that he overturned the table, the coffee streaming on the floor.

"You—are the Bishop?" gasped Culp. "I've seen your picture. You are the Piscopalian Bishop of this state."

"I am, indeed," returned the stranger with a stately inclination of the head. "Having heard of the scandalous methods practiced by Benjamin Cupepper Hazzard, whom I unfortunately met here, I have come to inquire into the matter. Is he living with you?"

"Yes, Bishop. He lives with me. Won't—won't you set down?"

"When I sent Cupepper Hazzard out here he seemed an eminently respectable son of the church."

"He's done accomplished all he was sent for, Bishop," he volunteered timidly. "Wolf Pass is plum decent. Them as orter be married is married, them as cheat on he is bruched out of town. Nobody ain't allowed to swear except in respectable Bible terms an' no ladies present."

"Sir, only your ignorance induces you to excuse such a man. Will you kindly call him Hazzard?"

"Where is he?" thundered the Bishop.

"I'm him."

"You? Are you mad? You are not Cupepper Hazzard!"

"I'll be jiggered if I warn't baptized that way! That absent-minded feller you sent out under that same name traveled with me part of his way, a-quotin' pages of what he was goin' to read to them miners. In Tractionville we both bought horses, havin' to leave the railroad an' hit a short trail."

"A meeker-appearin' an' milder than you, Cupepper, I never seen. But that there bronco had the patience of a jackass an' the wiles of a woman."

"Which he waited till we was passin' through a stony section an' then he ups and slams your D. D. down on a pile of rock, a-killin' of him instanter."

"Well, Bishop, I got sorry for the church right there. I carried yore Cupepper back to Tractionville, and buried him like my own brother. Then I got p'int on denominations, being till sorry for the church. Mebbe I was prejudiced in favor of yore brand because I had Cupepper's outfit all ready, an' I was Cupepper myself. Bishop," he added appealingly, "I've cleaned this hell-hole perfectly clean. And I know you're too much of a gentleman to split on me just because I wasn't regularly proscribed for the work."

"Too much of a gentleman to split on you!" repeated the outraged Bishop. "Wretched man, I shall expose your iniquity in full tomorrow."

"You dare to ask me to counter-act your chicanery?" he gasped.

"Bishop, before God, I never begged till now, but I'll lick yore boots of it will satisfy you! Look at this thing right. Have I taken anything from these folks? Not a damn cent! Haven't I taught 'em to live square, deal clean, and remember Who made 'em? Is that wrong? I did know I'd ort to have gone through some red tape afore I worded regulation gowns, but so many things goes necked of official seals out here that it seemed like religion might too."

"I'll go away tomorrow, makin' some excuse, of only you'll keep mum. And I've got a little money of my own. You shall have every cent of it for your church at home."

"You actually offer to pay me in blackmail! So long as you are in the land of the living, they shall know you for the impostor you are."

Culp Hazzard made no answer. He seemed to be dazed, looking mutely at the Bishop.

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"I give you till ten in the morning," continued his superior. "By that time I hope you will come to me, willing to make a public confession. Good-night, sir!"

The Bishop was gone. Culp Hazzard, D. D., stood there quietly.

"Mebbe it will be."

"I see that the man who owns the cabin is lying over there on his bunk. Why should we waken him? Come away."

"Not till you set down thar and read that letter."

"Dear Felock—I reckon there comes a Time in everybody's life when they need help. This Time has Occurred to me, and I go to you, because you the against me at the Star have been with me lately all along."

"Which the Bishop says I am a Imposter, since I was not correctly entered on the Race. I done wrong to take Mr. Cupepper's outfit, but I never took it in the sense of Stealing."

"If I rely on what the Bishop called me, Felock, Gawd and me will settle that between ourselves, but yet I ain't so Verry scared about it, because I do Verry much thought the Lord Verry much of Gentleman."

"See the Bishop for me and tell him I understand jest what he ment by 'As long as you are in the land of the Living I will show you up.' I understood, and have took him at his word. And he ain't no true Sport if he goes back on me Now."

"CULPEPPER HAZZARD, "D.D."

"He signs himself Doctor of Divinity," gasped the Bishop. "He is hard as iron in his evil ways."

"The Texan shot a curious look at the prelate—

"Go wake him up and tell him so!"

"Do you remember whom you address?"

"Remember that I am in Wolf Pass. Go and wake him."

The Bishop went. He spoke, but there was no stirring. The Bishop touched the weather-beaten forehead and then recalled:

"The man's dead!"

"He's dead. Now what are you going to do about it?"

"I—I do about it?"

Crandall rose, lank, grim, and very certain:

"Since you don't know, I'll tell you. You'll bury him with all the honors you know, tomorrow—as Cuipepper Hazzard, D. D.—as yore own Cuipepper Hazzard. And you will give me your oath never to breathe no word of all this—never to damage his reppytashun by no much as a sign. Understand?"

The Bishop saw two sentences flame before him:

"As long as you are in the land of the living!"

"Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friends."

"He shall keep his title."

(THE END)

DR. JONES MOVES BIG AUDIENCE IN REVIVAL SERMON

"Turn ye from your evil way, for why should ye die," was the striking text for a stirring sermon delivered by the Rev. Carter Helm Jones, of the First Baptist church, last night at the unity revival meetings of four Seattle churches being held at the First Methodist church.

He strenuously allowed for no middle line of conduct for the sinner and declared emphatically that reformation and conversion are widely different.

He sternly allowed for no middle dropping ways that are evil did not fill his idea of a true conversion.

"You are lost," he said, "if you think you have turned from sin merely because you have reformed. You have never seen the light and you have never established a relation with God."

CHICAGO, April 4.—Cy Warman, prose and verse writer, ill for several days, is in a critical condition.

PITTSBURG, Pa., April 4.—Free "movie" shows are the chief compelling factor in the biggest fight for prohibition yet undertaken in this country.

Millions of anti-saloon pamphlets will be spread over those states. Arrives of speakers will invade them.

That is the plan of the Presbyterian board of temperance, according to its general secretary, Charles Scanlon.

Work for Women's Vote The movement is based on the fact that woman suffrage and the referendum obtain in the four states comprising the field battle.

And woman suffrage plus the referendum constitute a factor equal to victory, say the managers who are already at work to have the question of state-wide prohibition made a referendum issue in each of the states next November.

Will Post Handbills Millions of handbills and posters, made from more than 50 different designs, will be utilized.

Some of them will appeal to the heart with a pictured story; others to the head by boring in some unsalable scientific fact.

An army of men and women, including noted temperance workers, lecturers, scientists, preachers, physicians and the laity will talk from pulpits, platform and soap box.

Battle is Already On To be exact, the invasion has begun, for advices from Dr. G. W.

Don't Put Off seeking relief from the illnesses caused by defective action of the organs of digestion. Most serious sicknesses get their start in troubles of the stomach, liver, bowels—troubles quickly, safely, surely relieved by BEECHAM'S PILLS

Wadsworth, manager of the California men's campaign, state that desultory skirmishing has begun about Los Angeles.

Miss Marie C. Brehm will go from this city to lead the women of California.

Judge Wm. H. Pope of New Mexico has offered his services.

He may be placed in charge of the campaign in Washington.

100 Workers Coming Here The party to go from the East has not been picked, but will likely be headed by Secretary Scanlon, and comprise a goodly part of the force of 250 officials in command, 100 of whom will be assigned to Washington and 60 each to Oregon, California and Colorado.

ARREST MAYOR AND 5 OTHERS

TERRE HAUTE, Ind., April 4.—Mayor D. M. Roberts and five of his political associates were indicted, charged with conspiracy to corrupt elections.

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A TANGO RAG DOLL

For Each Boy or Girl In Seattle Under 12 Years of Age

Here is something for the little ones—a great big Rag Doll for every tot. There are really TWO DOLLS IN ONE—Mandy, the dusky dolly on one side, and Mabel with golden hair on the other. Then there are two hats for each, and an apron for Mabel. All lithographed in glorious colors on strong, specially made muslin, 16x25 inches, with full printed directions, telling just how to cut out and stuff the dolls. Every youngster loves a doll—above all a rag doll made right at home. YOU don't need to be careful about breaking the TANGO RAG DOLL. DROP IT! THROW IT!! ROMP WITH IT!!! Mandy and Mabel will not break. Take them with you to Slumberland.

ONLY ONE New Subscription and You Will Receive One of These Dolls!

Don't rest a minute until you get one. If one of your relatives is not now taking The Star, or if you can find one of your neighbors who do not take it, get them to fill out the coupon below. There is one here that belongs to YOU.

TANGO DOLL COUPON

SEATTLE STAR. Gentlemen: Please deliver The Star to my address for one month and thereafter until ordered discontinued, for which I agree to pay the carrier 25 cents per month I am not a regular subscriber to The Star at present. Signed Address Phone Secured by Address Phone

