

What the Dickens Is It All About?

GILSON GARDNER, The Star's Washington correspondent, analyzes the New Haven railroad scandal for you on page 3 today. You'll find The Star replete with other interesting features. If you don't read it regularly, you're missing something. Always different, always better than the others—that's our slogan!

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HUERTA WANTS to save his face. There's sure a fortune in it, if the newspapers have got it right.

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ONE CENT ON TRAINS AND NEWS STANDS.

LAST EDITION

WEATHER FORECAST—Showers tonight and Tuesday; rising temperature Tuesday; gentle southwest to west winds.

LAW VS. LOVE! AND DEATH WINS

Father Barred by Courts From Seeing His Little Boy Pleads in Vain With Wife, Then Slashes His Throat With a Razor.

THE court had forbidden him to visit his home after his wife filed divorce suit against him. The law decreed that he was not to see his four-year-old son. But there is neither court nor law that can arbitrarily rule out the love of parent for child. S. L. Douglas, 38, loved his boy. It was a love that drove a distracted father to suicide. Douglas cut his throat with a razor Sunday afternoon.

YOU OUGHTA BEEN AT STAR OFFICE TODAY

Mlle. Mazie, Champion Toe Dancer, Does Leap From Managing Editor's Desk.

LANDS ON TOOTSIES Tuesday Noon "Passing Show" Performer Will Go to Top of Postoffice.

The managing editor came in with a grout this morning. But the rest of the crew were "rolled up" to kill and felt quite sociable. Even the editor of "The Town in Review" column in The Pink forgot about the boll on the back of his neck and cheered up. The city editor had his new summer suit on. The sporting editor had his hair fussed up in a new pompadour. "Vic" put on a new tie.

Even the cub reporter had a clean collar on for the occasion. "What the—?" the M. E. began. "The answer came in a chorus. After the M. E. had left the office Saturday Ben Ketchum, manager of the Moore theatre, dropped in and promised to bring Mazie King to The Star this morning to give a private exhibition of her wonderful toe-steppin', just to prove to us that she's there with the goods.

Mazie King, you know, is the dancer featured in "The Passing Show of 1914," which begins at the Moore tonight. Hops up on Top of Desk Mazie came in all right this morning, and in spite of the doctor's advice to give his neck a rest, "The Town in Review" man stretched his neck like sixty. So did everybody else. Mazie gilded across the room, then hopped right up on top of the M. E.'s desk. And he never growled once. Mazie gave everybody a pleasant "once over," and even the M. E. brightened up. Then she jumped to the floor and—landed on her tiptoes! Yes, sir! never touched the balls of her feet. She sure has some wonderful tootsies.

WHI Give Exhibition Mazie is going to give a public exhibition at the postoffice tomorrow, Tuesday, at 12 noon. She will tiptoe up the main steps and up the three flights to the top floor, then across, and down again. Everybody is invited to see the stunt. "I'll be there with bells," said the police reporter. "Me, too," said "The Town in Review" man. "I always pass by the postoffice," said the M. E., "when I go for lunch."

WELCOME RIGGS

FAIRBANKS, June 8.—Plans are under way for a "midnight sun" festival here June 21, for the reception of Thomas Riggs, Jr., a member of the Alaska engineering commission, who will arrive on that date.

WELCOME HERE, O, FAIR BEGUM!

Her Highness, the Begum of Bhopal State, India, may stroll the University of Washington campus next year along with American co-eds and rah rabs. She has written the registrar for information, and says she may take a run over here next fall for added experience in a good school of the United States.

PHEW! SEE THIS

PHILADELPHIA, June 8.—The hottest June 8 in 24 years was predicted for today. At 11 a. m., the mercury had climbed to 86 and was rising.



Rebels boarding flat car in Tampico for a sortie against federal troops in the vicinity. Photo by Staff Photographer Durborough, who went with War Correspondent Boat from Vera Cruz to Tampico.

BOALT IN CAMP WITH REBELS! Fighting to Get Back Their Farms, They Tell Him

By Fred L. Boalt

TAMPICO, Mexico, June 8.—Terrible fellows are these rebels. Blood-thirsty and relentless bandits.

Yet when I went among them at the old Quartel, they gave me food. When night came they gave me a blanket.

And in the morning I joined with them in entertaining two pink-cheeked and bashful sailor boys who had strayed from the Dutch man-o-war in the river.

We drank their black coffee—the Dutch boys and I—and smoked their cigarettes beneath a sign which said: "Fumar Prohibe."

I gave them the English translation, "Smoking Forbidden," and they managed it very well.

But when the Dutch boys gave them "Rooken Verboden," their tongues twisted and they roared with boisterous laughter over their failure.

Then they posed for the camera, and it was a pleasant game. They seemed more like amiable children than bandits—children playing at war with real rifles and with belts heavy with real cartridges for toys.

This, though, is a mistaken impression. They are neither bandits nor children, but real men, awake and pursuing an ideal.

By and by there came to us a man from the north. He had been a cowboy in Texas, and he spoke English. Lean and worn and very old he was, but agile as any boy.

"We do not like this fighting," he told me. "We are tired of it. But we must go on and on fighting, until Mexico belongs to the Mexicans."

"I am a cattleman, senior, but most of these men about you are farm laborers. We are not Spaniards, but Mexicans, and many of us are full-blooded Indians."

"We want the land—the land which was our fathers' and which was taken from them. But what chance have we when only a few hold all the land, when estates run into the millions of acres, and when an American, English, Spanish or German land owner counts himself poor if his estate is less than 25,000 acres?"

"You have been told, senior, that we fight because it is an easy life, giving opportunity to rob. That is a lie!"

"We know when we enlist in the constitutionalist army that this was not like the revolutions that have gone before."

"We knew we were enlisting to fight to get back the land, so that each man of us might have his little farm, to own it and work it, so that his wife and children might have good food and good clothes and an education."

Well, senior after we had taken Torreon, our chief, Gen. Carranza, gave us some of the land we had taken.

"You cannot know how glad we were. It seemed to us that this was the fulfillment of our dream."

"We could not wait. We built little homes, and very soon the green things were springing from the ground that had been waste."

"The time came to move on, and we did not want to go."

"I looked for a little while that the constitutionalist army would fall to pieces, so anxious were we to have farms and homes of our own. We were tired of fighting."

"But our chief explained to us, through our officers, that the time of peace had not yet come to Mexico."

"Though we had land, there were millions of other Mexicans to the south who had none."

"So, when we understood this, we left our farms, though it was hard, senior, and took up again the southward march."

"Well, we have taken Tampico now. Soon Saitillo will fall; then San Luis Potosi; and, after San Luis Potosi—the capital!"

"Then we shall have peace in Mexico."

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MASSAGE PARLORS THRIVING

Star Reporter Investigates Girls Against Whom Griffiths Complains in His New License Plan.

"Walk into my parlor," said the spider to the fly. The fly, being foolish and fascinated, found himself fast in the net of the cunning spider, according to the story of the nursery book.

There are parlors and parlors. Seattle is well supplied. There are plenty of "spiders," too, if one may use so harsh a name. And apparently a never-failing abundance of foolish "flies."

Massage and beauty and manicure parlors, for instance, thrive throughout the city. Chief Griffiths has asked the city council to pass an ordinance putting such places under license. The chief says he wants to weed out the undesirable.

The talk of license has caused no end of comment in the "parlors." A Star reporter called on some of them Saturday afternoon. He got a list of addresses from the "personal columns" of the daily papers. You'll find them there—a startlingly large number of such terse ads as this one:

Miss So-and-so—Magnetic massage and beauty specialist. Select patronage—dental—Vibratory—massage and scalp treatment. Beauty hints—Vapor baths—Alcohol rubs, salt gloves and shampooing. Hotel—suite 12 and 14.

An afternoon "massaging" around the city brings one many interesting experiences. Chief Griffiths hopes to weed out the undesirable places. In compliment to the ladies of the massage laboratories, let it be said that when he attempts to make a distinction between desirable and undesirable, he'll have a fine, large job on his hands. The massage girls are a clever lot.

The Star reporter confined his "beauty excursion" to the business sections of First, Second and Third aces, and Pike and Pine sts. Girls Found Smoking Cigarets

Some of the women were frank and business-like. Others were suspicious until satisfied with the appearance of the customer. Two or three girls smoked cigarettes laconically. In some places there was talk that sounded oddly for a place of real business.

"Gee, business is rotten," admitted one girl who was sewing with another in their massage apartments. "Yes, thanks; I'll take a cigarette."

The other girl preferred her own "makin'." She rolled a "pill" while they talked. "Any place to make the money goes with me," she went on. "We closed up one place here when that Wireless paper came out with a spiel about the chief closing us all up. We waited while to see what they were going to do. Now I see the chief's busy again. We'd sell out cheap to anybody who'd come along."

"Sorry; we never have any beer up here. We just can't do it. Never can tell when they're around to investigate you."

"Better stick around, kid, and get a massage," she said, when the reporter started to go. "Oh, well, if not today, some other time? Good-bye."

"Madame" Gets Her Orders "Come right in," invited Madame, who was chatting with her younger assistant, in the parlors of another place. A nervous little Spitz dog, "Snookums," snarled savagely at a woolen ball.

The younger assistant smiled. Everything looked lovely. "We have to go kinda slow of late," explained the madame. "You see, the church people are getting busy again, and the police have been after us. We had to take our ad out of the papers and our sign out of the window. Lieut. Dolphin ordered us to, but I don't see any of the others doing it."

A knock came at the door and madame peered out cautiously. "A gentleman to see you," she said, and the assistant left the room. Later the talk was again interrupted and the reporter left. Another gentleman waited at the end of a little hallway. He was well dressed and looked steadfastly out of the window.

"Tomorrow's a Long, Dry Day" Ah! Mademoiselle Violet answered the knock at the next place. She was alone. She ushered the reporter into a bright reception room that led into a still brighter, prettier parlor, which, in fact, looked much like milady's boudoir.

Mademoiselle smiled. What could she do for the gentleman? Two rows of pretty teeth flashed into view. A dark-purple gown—maybe it was some other color—a pretty, childish, oval face, bare arms, black eyes and blacker, wavy hair blended into a picture that was nothing less than charming. Surely, an attractive place for a massage. Yes, she had just come to Seattle. She knew few people. It seemed a pleasant city. Another girl had been in the place before. Her customers would be mademoiselle's if mademoiselle could get them. It was all in the business.

Oh, yes, beer could be got from below, but mademoiselle must go herself for it. Not now, but later. She was so sorry the gentleman must leave. "Tomorrow," smiled mademoiselle, "will be a long, dry day. Why not come back then—and talk?" The reporter sighed and hurried away.

EVERY WOMAN OUGHT TO KNOW HOW TO SWIM, SAYS GIRL CHAMP



Marguerite Brack, Champion Woman Swimmer, in the Water

better answer your questions one at a time. "Alas, there are those who like the tango; I'd rather swim. But I've never felt that swimming has interfered with my other plans in life one bit."

"I swim because I think it's great sport and I like it. "Swimming more than any other exercise tends to an even development of all the muscles. It supplies a foundation with which one may specialize in any form of athletics."

"Among women it is conceded that swimming tends more toward rounded development and grace than any other exercise. It helps you to breathe perfectly. Nothing makes your muscles strong and at the same time as soft and pliable."

"The person that swims for pleasure—I don't mean overdoes it—is always in excellent condition physically. "When the day is not too cold it is possible to remain in the water for an indefinite length of time without bad effects."

TORRID LETTERS READ IN COURT; RAPP DUCKS OUT

CHICAGO, June 8.—More of the Rapp letters were read to the jury today at the hearing of Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink's suit for divorce from Wm. Rapp. Rapp's lawyer tried to have them excluded, but Judge Sullivan refused.

Rapp's face turned a rich crimson as the reading proceeded. Finally, as the crowd giggled, he surrendered altogether and fled into the corridor.

AT LAST! THEY'RE GOING TO CHECK UP AUTO SPEEDERS

A system of recording second offenders for auto speeding is being worked out at the city hall so Judge Gordon and the city attorney will have no other course than to send them to jail.

Chief Griffiths today further explained his idea of stopping automobile speeding by placing bumps in the streets. "I wouldn't make them abrupt bumps, as the impression seems to be," he said. "Just a sort of bumpety-bump to Bumpville. I

would have rises of about two inches in the roadway, placed at short intervals. This would not inconvenience careful drivers, nor would it wreck the machines of speeders. "It would just remind them. An auto hitting those bumps at a good speed would be very uncomfortable to ride in. "I really cannot see why it would not be a good thing, as it would enable me to use the police for more urgent purposes."

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., June 8.—"Can I tango? Must I retire early? Am I permitted to indulge in sweets? Does swimming make you thin? Does it preclude the possibility of donning modern fashion? Is it really a grind or a recreation? Can everybody swim and, if so, how and why don't they?"

"Well, well," said Marguerite Brack, champion American woman swimmer in the 440, I guess I'd