

# PARK BOARD LEAVES MR. C. P. HOLDING THE BAG

# ADMIRAL IS REPORTED KILLED

The Price of The Star Is Now, as It Always Was, ONE CENT

## The Seattle Star

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### NIGHT EDITION

WEATHER FORECAST—Fair

THICK AT SEATTLE

High 6:38 a. m., 12.6 ft. 1:12 p. m., 5.6 ft. 9:08 p. m., 13.6 ft. 1:55 p. m., 5.0 ft.

# Frisco Reporter in Trenches Tells How Officers Make Men Fight

This is the third story of the series by Phil Rader of San Francisco, former United Press correspondent, who is now a member of the French legion and has seen several months' service in the trenches.

By Phil Rader

(Copyrighted, 1915, by the United Press)

LONDON, March 20.—How does it feel to live in the trenches? Here's a little recipe by which you can find out. Take a cold, damp cellar; flood it with from three to six inches of almost ice-cold mud.

At a height of five feet from the floor stretch a tangle of wires. Turn an electric current into the wires and let the voltage be so heavy that every wire will be as deadly as a third rail.

NOW BLOW OUT THE LIGHT, CRAWL TO THE MIDDLE OF THE FLOOR IN THE DARKNESS, AND STAND ERECT, TRUSTING TO BLIND LUCK THAT YOUR HEAD WON'T TOUCH THE WIRE.



Phil Rader

These charged wires, in the darkness, represent the invisible deadly trails of the bullets that fly over your head in the trenches.

Of course if you want to be safe in the cellar you can keep your head down, but if you did that in the trenches you would be neglecting your duty.

It is your duty, for instance, to fire eight bullets an hour if you are on guard.

Watchful eyes of officers will discover whether you are shooting into the air or whether you are firing with your aim fixed on the enemy's trenches. And a good sentinel is supposed to raise his head above the trenches every ten minutes to see what is going on outside.

VICTOR CHAPMAN, A HARVARD GRADUATE WHO WAS WITH ME, WAS SOMETHING OF A PHILOSOPHER AND HE USED TO SAY: "THE DANGER OF BEING SHOT IS NOT GREAT. THE TRAIL OF A BULLET IS VERY SMALL; THE SPACE AROUND YOU, AS COMPARED WITH THE TRAIL OF A BULLET, IS AS ONE MILLION TO ONE. SO THE CHANCES OF BEING HIT ARE IN THAT SAME PROPORTION."

BUT IT DID NOT WORK OUT WITH CHAPMAN AT ALL. HE WAS HIT THE VERY FIRST DAY.

The trenches are an underground city, filled with unpeppably dirty citizens. They are in a tangle of sunken streets. The houses are holes in the earth. The streets in my dis-

trict converged in one place, which the Americans called "Long-acre Square," into a very exclusive tangle, where all the officers lived.

There are street signs, too, telling how to reach this or that officer's hole in the ground. And now and then there are danger signs telling the passerby to keep his head low.

The lieutenant is practically the mayor of this underground city; the sergeants might be likened to policemen.

There is trading under way, too. Tobacco is the money, and the storekeeper is the chap, who, at any certain time, has more of one thing than he wants or less of another that he needs.

Do you want to go to a music hall? There is sure to be a certain dugout somewhere in the trenches where musical men gather.

In our trench, George Ullard, a negro from Galveston, Texas, played wonderfully on a banjo with one string, and in our mud hut there was the music of mouth organs, an accordion, and Ullard's banjo every night.

The German trench was only 45 feet away from us at this point, and they used to listen to us every evening and cheer us.

There are many little tasks with which the citizens of the town busy themselves.

You'll see a man cleaning his rifle. Another will be re-flooring his hut with straw; another will be rigging a bottle on a stick for the Germans to shoot at.

Two or three may be preparing a dummy figure for a German target; another may be marking his initials on the side of the trench by sticking his empty cartridge shells into the earth.

There are artists, too, in this strange colony. Almost every day there is a wooden tombstone or two to prepare.

It was my duty to decorate tombstones with some sort of design, and a Belgian named Gurmain always did the lettering. You might find us any forenoon working away with a red hot poker, burning names and decorations on a wooden cross which we had constructed out of any pieces of wood we could find.

There were three Americans in my machine gun squad of 16 men—Eugene Jacobs, who still owns a butcher shop in Pawtucket, R. I.; Victor Chapman of New York and myself, and on Thanksgiving day we arranged a feast in our hut.

Jose Amer, an Argentine, heard that we had picked up some stray chickens and had shot a goose, and that Jacobs was cooking them for some sort of banquet, and he invited himself, saying: "I know what Thanksgiving day is, and I'm South American, so I think I ought to come."

The other 12 men in the squad did not know what Thanksgiving day was, but they knew chicken when they smelled it, so we invited them all.

## Volunteer Park to Get Music Fund

There will be 14 Sunday concerts at Volunteer park, between 4 and 7:30 p. m., by Wagner's band.

That's the extent of the park board's generosity with your money, so far as professional music in the parks is concerned. The board decided this yesterday afternoon.

Erastus Brainerd made a strong plea to provide concerts at Leschi park, Woodland park, and other parks in various parts of the city, but his plan was voted down.

You can go to Woodland park this summer—the park board has not yet ordered it closed up—and you can loiter about in the grass, perhaps, as of old.

You can go to Leschi park and look at the trees.

You can go to Alki and gaze at the waves.

But don't expect any music unless you travel all the way to Volunteer park, on Capitol hill.

And even then, don't expect too much.

Perhaps, as the fine spring days have set you dreaming, you have pictured to yourself a glorious little park, a moonlight night in the vision, a clear sky above, and the sweet strains of music from a band over yonder.

Well, forget it. There'll be no evening concerts.

Ah, yes! Let us not omit to mention that the park board did really make a concession to public. An offer by a chap named Albert F. Adams to recruit and conduct a band of semi-professional players was accepted. These semi-professionals are to scatter 20 concerts in the "suburban" parks during the season.

WHEREUPON THE PARK BOARD TURNED ITS ATTENTION TO SPENDING ANOTHER MILLION OR SO ON AUTO BOULEVARDS!

P. S.—For the benefit of those who own their autos and limousines, it may be proper to mention the fact that Volunteer park is the only park where you can drive right up to the bandstand and listen to the music without leaving your car. This does not apply to jitney buses.

JUDGE RONALD TO LECTURE  
Judge J. T. Ronald will give an illustrated lecture on the Passion Play of Oberammergau at Grace M. E. church, Thirtieth and King sts., Sunday night.

## LET'S HAVE A LITTLE MUSIC OURSELVES!

LET'S forget the park board. It's hopeless! But Seattle wants park concerts. We can get them by chipping in our nickels, and dimes, and quarters, and larger sums, if possible, AND GET UP CONCERTS OF OUR OWN.

Let the park board spend its \$3,600 on the boys on Capitol Hill.

Let the public itself raise the money to pay for band concerts in other parks. We want the band concerts. We can't get anything from the park board. So let's act for ourselves.

Summer will be on before long. Let's begin now.

Pacific coast expositions are attracting many Eastern folk this summer. Thousands of them will visit Seattle. And they will have to be entertained. What better entertainment can we offer them than free concerts in our parks?

The Star invites the commercial organizations, the Tilikums, and all individuals, to join in and help. Let's have concerts at Leschi, at Woodland park, at Alki beach—at every park that is well patronized.

What do you say, folks?

## Who Has Job for a Young and Accomplished Burglar?

Judge Ronald Asks Help in Finding Work for Boy Who Wants to Be Straight.

Judge Ronald wants a job for a burglar.

He does not want a burgling job. He wants an honest job.

The burglar has quit burgling. He also has quit picking pockets, at which act he is an adept.

His name is Edward Dearnaley, and he is 24 years old. He has just finished an 18-month term at the Monroe reformatory. Judge Ronald imposed the sentence.

Instead of feeling bitter toward the judge, Dearnaley calls him his "best friend." Judges Ronald and Everett Smith have tried to find work for Dearnaley, and failed.

Admits Record is Bad

The judges have called the attention of The Star to the case. Has anybody got work for a burglar? Dearnaley admits his record is bad. But he promises, if given a chance, to abandon his burglarious ways, forsake his old haunts and

pals, and go to church every Sunday!

Dearnaley is at liberty on a conditional pardon.

Up to now he never really had a chance. He wants one now. His father died when he was 5, his mother when he was 12. He grew up anyhow, and became "wise" in many things which are better not known. He made a living picking pockets and "playing the ponies."

To a Star man he said: "I have been a crook because I figured it was the easiest way to get money. It is."

Judge Offers Him Money

Dearnaley, since March 4, has been wearing out shoe leather looking for a job. Friday he returned to Judge Ronald to report his failure. The judge had given him a dollar. Now he offered him another.

"I don't want that kind of help,"

## Vicious S. B. 301 Signed by Governor

OLYMPIA, March 20.—Gov. Lister Friday signed Senate Bill 301, requiring "certificates of necessity" before any public utility may operate in territory already occupied by other utility companies.

The state public service commission is empowered to issue such "certificates of necessity" whenever, in the commission's judgment, an existing company does not furnish adequate service at fair rates.

The bill also prevents municipal ownership enterprises, unless the state commission issues permission. The only exception is telephone service.

The bill specifically allows any telephone company to operate with out getting permission from the state commission. This exception, it is said, was put in the bill at the request of Samuel Hill, the millionaire competitor of the Bell telephone system.

The governor also signed the anti-picketing bill. He vetoed the bill allowing the sale of university lands without the consent of the board of regents.

Dearnaley said. Nor could the judge persuade him to take the money as a loan.

While hunting a job, he has encountered former pals in crookdom who have offered to stake him or put him in a way to "turn a trick." He has turned down these offers. He isn't melodramatic about his reformation. He merely says: "I'm through!"

Doesn't Want Dirty Money

He is hungry right now! He could, he says, "go out and get between \$50 and \$60 before 6 o'clock tonight, and not get caught." But it would be "dirty money." He'd rather stay hungry.

Judge Ronald has the utmost faith in Dearnaley, and says he will be his sponsor. "The boy has paid his debt to society. The slate is clean," says the judge. So—

Who has a job for a burglar?

ON YOUR WAY, ALLEN

Councilman C. Allen Dale is going to leave us.

For six months.

He's asking for a leave of absence to visit the Frisco fair.

Will the council grant him the leave? It will.

## TURKISH CAPITAL IN PANIC

By Ed L. Keen

(United Press Staff Correspondent.)

LONDON, March 20.—A report gained credence today that Vice Admiral Carden, commander-in-chief of the Anglo-French fleet, engaged in operations against the Dardanelles, had been killed or wounded in the fighting of Thursday, when the battleships Ocean and Irresistible, and the French battleship Bouvet were sunk.

Although the admiralty unofficially denied it, the rumor would not down.

Dispatches from Athens today carried the report that the fleet has re-entered the Dardanelles, and that the shelling of the forts on both sides of the Narrows has been resumed.

At the same time an unofficial report from Petrograd states that the Russian Black sea fleet has appeared off the entrance to the Straits of Bosphorus, and that its appearance has occasioned a panic in Constantinople.

The rumors regarding Vice Admiral Carden followed the announcement by the admiralty that the supreme command of the Dardanelles had been transferred to Rear Admiral John De Robeck, because Carden was "ill."

The statement admitted also that the battleship Inflexible, Carden's flagship, had been damaged by a Turkish shell, which struck the forward position.

15-inch Guns Score Hits  
Detailed stories of the bombardment received today stated that the superdreadnaught Queen Elizabeth led the Anglo-French warships into the strait, and that her 15-inch guns scored the most notable hits.

According to one correspondent, a projectile from one of these guns exploded the magazine of Ft. Irresistible.

Sinks in Cloud of Smoke

The British battleship Irresistible had been badly damaged, and was burning in several places before she fouled a mine and went down on the Asiatic side of the strait in a cloud of smoke. Several shells from the shore batteries had exploded on her deck.

The Ocean is believed to have exploded the magazine of Ft. Irresistible.

Says GERMANS DESTROY 95 TOWNS

PETROGRAD, March 20.—A veil of secrecy today was thrown around the movement of the Russian troops who are reported to have occupied Meiva, an important port in East Prussia on the Baltic sea.

A semi-official statement declares the enemy has destroyed Russian property worth \$500,000,000 as he was being forced back through Poland to the Prussian frontier.

Troops are declared to have devastated 95 towns. Twenty-seven thousand smaller villages have been partly wrecked and 4,500 totally destroyed.

## Girls, Get an Easter Hat Free

Can You Design a Spring Bonnet? Try It! Get Into The Star's Big Easter Contest.



Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
Age \_\_\_\_\_

Girls!  
Here's your chance to design your own spring bonnet—along the most fashionable lines and have it presented to you (if yours is the most attractive design) made up—FREE!

The Star will give the "Prize Easter Hat" to the girl or woman who submits the design of the most attractive Easter hat.

Each day for a week The Star will print a dummy head, leaving space for your design. Each face will be of a different type to give variety. The general spring styles must be adhered to. You may make it the small chic hat or the big, artistic one.

BUT IN ANY EVENT, ALL THE MATERIAL MUST NOT COST MORE THAN \$10. RETAIL PRICES.

Take your pencil or pen and sketch in as plainly as you can what you think would be the most attractive Easter hat. Fine drawing won't count—but you must make your idea clearly understood.

CONTEST CLOSES APRIL 1.  
PRIZE HAT WILL BE AWARDED IN TIME FOR THE DESIGNER TO WEAR IT EASTER SUNDAY.

When you have made your sketch, fill in your name and address in the blank space and mail it to the "EASTER HAT EDITOR" of The Star.

The JUDGES will be Cynthia Grey of The Star and Mme. Pearl A. Hemer, of the Paris Millinery, 1433 Fourth ave.

No sketch will be returned. There is no age-limit—any girl or woman may enter this Easter hat contest.

You can send in as many drawings as you wish, provided, of course, that in each case one of the dummy heads printed in The Star is used.

Mme. Hemer will make the hat for the winner, from the prize winning design.

## GUESS IF THEY'RE MARRIED



SAY FELLOW, DO YOU WANT A PARROT—I'LL MAKE YOU A PRESENT OF THE BIRD, CAGE AND ALL IF YOU WANT IT

SURE I'LL TAKE THANKS

WELL HELEN I GOT RID OF THE PARROT ALL RIGHT—THE POOR BOOB WAS GLAD TO GET IT

I SUPPOSE YOU FEEL BETTER NOW, BUT I HATED TO SEE POLLY GO

IS THE LADY HERE WHO BOUGHT A PARROT OF ME SEVERAL DAYS AGO?

YES—COME IN

I JUST DISCOVERED THAT THE FELLOW WHO SOLD ME THE PARROT, STOLE IT AND THE OWNER, A THEATRICAL PERFORMER, HAS OFFERED A THOUSAND DOLLARS REWARD FOR IT