

CAR TICKET falls to floor. Conductor stoops to pick it up. Watch drops out of pocket. Chain catches to lace hem of passenger's petticoat. Conductor rises. Chain rises. Oh, well, that was certainly a most embarrassing moment. A man fleeing from burglars drops into room where young lady is disrobing; a sailor reaching for his hat in "movie" show grabs young woman's foot; a housewife leaves order for milkman on notepaper bearing the words, "With love," etc.; a woman marches through department store with umbrella raised; another one kisses the minister when the lights go out—these are a few of the embarrassing moments related by Star readers on Page 7. You miss a bunch of hearty laughs if you fail to read 'em.

TODAY'S ODDEST STORY

GOSHEN, Ind., April 10.—Johnnie Wolf, aged 20 months, began losing weight, despite a hearty appetite. The boy's stomach was photographed via X-ray, and a big lump was seen. Doctors operated and have brought out a half-pound milk-fed frog in the best of health.
Mrs. Harry Wolf believes Johnnie swallowed a tadpole in drinking hydrant water.

The Seattle Star

The Only Paper in Seattle That Dares to Print the News

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NIGHT EDITION

Weather—Showers Sunday

TIDES AT SEATTLE
High 1:19 p. m., 10.8 ft. 8:25 p. m., 4.6 ft.
Low 7:41 a. m., 12.5 ft. 4:06 p. m., 6.6 ft.

WASHINGTON CREW IS BEATEN

Forget This Million Dollar Bunk!

DELAYS JITNEY RULING

"I don't know whether the jitney bus bond law is in effect yet or not," said Chief Lang yesterday. "Until the supreme court should decide that it is in effect I shall make no arrests of drivers who have failed to put up the bond."
At Olympia it is announced that while a decision has been reached by the court the opinion has not yet been written and therefore the result remains unknown.
In passing the bill to require jitney bus drivers in cities of the first class to put up bonds of \$2,500 each, the legislature inserted an emergency clause to make the law become effective April 10, today, instead of June 10, the day when the new laws ordinarily are to take effect.
The emergency clause was attacked by attorneys for the jitney bus men, and arguments were presented to the supreme court Wednesday.

SEATTLE BABY IS 100,000,000TH RESIDENT OF U. S.



Baby Rosa Newhouse is the 100,000,000th resident of the United States.
Baby Newhouse was born Sunday at 5:45 p. m.
Government census bureau statisticians had estimated the 100,000,000 population mark would be reached at this hour.
Of course, there may have been other babies born at the same moment, but Baby Newhouse, despite the fact she's a girl, laid immediate claim to the title, with a tiny but vigorous "yaa-a-a!"
"She will defend her title against all comers," said her father, H. B. Newhouse, 4211 Latona ave.
The young lady is strong. She weighed 7 pounds and 12 ounces when born.
There are only three other nations in the world that can boast of 100,000,000 inhabitants—Russia, China and Great Britain. And, of course, Great Britain's 100,000,000 are widely scattered.

Forget this pipe dream of spending a million or more for a masonry wall at Cedar river, Mr. City Engineer Dimock.

You're playing into the hands of a bunch of knockers who are trying to make a mountain of a molehill.

The leakage at the north bank was not unexpected.

You expected it, Mr. Dimock, before the dam construction began.

Everybody expected it. It was no surprise.

Official records at the city hall are filled with statements concerning the anticipated leakage. And you yourself, Mr. Dimock, signed reports three years ago assuring the city that if the seepage were even vastly greater than it has turned out to be, there would be nothing to be alarmed about.

Why, then, all this hullabaloo now? Why this talk about spending a million dollars for a wall?

Three years ago and two years ago you reported, in your official capacity, with other members of the board of public works, that when the leakage came it could be taken care of at a comparatively small cost by the silting process.

There has been nothing to change that opinion. The leakage is not as great as it might have been. The other members of the board are still in favor of trying the silting process.

WHY CHEW THE RAG ABOUT A MILLION DOLLAR WALL?

Last November the council appropriated money to begin the silting.

Get busy on that, Mr. Dimock. **FORGET THAT MILLION DOLLAR STUFF.**

Steals 2 Cents From a Newsboy for Food

George Broderlin, 19 years old, out of a job and hungry, stole 2 cents from a newsboy's box, which he intended adding to 3 cents in his pocket, that he might enjoy "coffee and."
He was pinched Saturday, when his case came up for trial before Police Judge Gordon. Broderlin told his story and was released.
He came to America from Norway two months ago and for a time found employment on a Norwegian newspaper here. Business was bad and he lost his job. He has written to his father, who is a banker in Norway, asking for money. He told such a straightforward story that the judge refused to hold him.

FINISH 2nd IN RACE

OAKLAND ESTUARY, Oakland, April 10.—Stanford swept the waters in the three-cornered regatta on the estuary today.
The Cardinal crew dashed over the line victorious in both the varsity and freshmen eight-oared races.
Washington finished second in both events, with California third. Official time was, Stanford, 15:37.5; Washington, 15:43.5; California, 16:42.5.
A stouter crew never sat in a Cardinal boat than that which defeated the noted Washington oarsmen, in the opinion of experts. Their final sprint was timed to a nicety and the final rush of the Stanford shell carried it over the line with a good length and a half of open water showing between it and the Washington boat.

GIRL IN AUTO KILLS BOY OF 6 IN STREET

Miss Louise Yandell, 21-year-old daughter of C. B. Yandell, secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, is prostrated with grief at her home today, as a result of fatally injuring 6-year-old Billie Lynch, of the Harvey apartments, while at the wheel of the family car late Friday.
The little boy died in less than half an hour after being crushed under the auto, at 26th ave. and E. Cherry st.
The accident was unavoidable, witnesses say.
They declare the boy ran directly in the path of the automobile and was struck down before Miss Yandell had time to apply the brakes.
Miss Yandell was driving slowly, having slackened speed to give passengers on a street car ahead of her time to alight at the intersection.

Almost Distanced
California was a bad third. When Stanford finished the shell of the Blue and Gold was barely visible far up the estuary. The California oarsmen were literally rowed to death within the first mile.
Even the pupils of the famous Coach Conbar were rowed to a standstill by the Cardinal eight. During the last 200 yards Washington was splashing badly and there were evidences of distress in the boat. But with Stroke Maurer calling upon the Stanford boat for the strong, steady sweep which he set, this shell skimmed over the water as steadily as during the first mile.

HOW IT FEELS TO KILL

Soldier-Reporter Confesses He Felt Like a Murderer

Does the soldier who kills the foe man feel like a murderer? Or is he proud of his feat?
What is the attitude toward human life that war gives the warrior? Phil Rader, American reporter, aviator and soldier of fortune, who fought with the French foreign legion, tells in the following article.—Editor.

BY PHIL RADER
(Written for the United Press)
(Copyrighted by the United Press)

LONDON, March 23.—How it feels to kill a man is something I cannot adequately describe.

After you see your victim drop, you first feel a sense of triumph; then the ages of training in the ten commandments come to the front and you feel like a murderer.

Then you want to run around among your mates and tell them the circumstances of the killing and get them to tell you that you did the right thing.

My experience was like that. I was standing beside my lieutenant one day. He had fastened a small mirror to a twig and was looking at the German trenches, when suddenly he exclaimed:
"Get your gun! A Boche has come out of his trench."

Lieutenant Orders Him to Kill German

I ran down the trench, got my gun and came back to the loop-hole.
I was so excited I could hardly aim.

Through the hole I saw a German standing on the edge of his trench.

"Get him! Get him! Get him!" said the lieutenant.

I fired and missed. The German merely looked contemptuously at the spot in space where the bullet had whistled past him.

I aimed again. He wheeled around and backed in a circle like a drunken man trying to keep his balance. Then he threw up both hands and fell forward on his face.

I was proud. Then a wave of remorse came over me; it was the "Thou shalt not kill" that is buried deep in every sane man's mind and heart.

But Another Tells Him He Did Right

I felt like a dog. It seemed to me that I must find some human being who would say that I had done right.

"Served him right," said the soldier. "He'd have done the same thing to you."
Technically I had done right. Morally I had done wrong, because all war is terribly wrong.

I sat behind a machine gun one day, soon after that, and killed 11 Germans who had built a barricade in some nearby trench.

They were shooting at us, and I felt much better about killing them than I did about the single German.

I sat behind a machine gun, on the bicycle seat of the machine gun, and at the rate of 700 shots a minute, I fired at advancing columns of

Germans in close formation and watched them drop and squirm.

A terrific sense of power filled me; the rattle of that gun was sweeter and grander to me than the Hallelujah chorus.

But that night, after I had crawled into my mud hole to sleep, I didn't dare to think of all the women and children whose hearts had been hit by that machine gun fire.

Rader Tells Why He Quit the Trenches

I had joined the French foreign legion expecting to be made a member of the flying corps. Instead, I had found my way to the trenches, where killing was our only job, brutal, out-and-out killing, with little science and less chivalry.

When my chance came, I got out. Of the 1,500 men I had started out with, only 385 remained, and we had been in the trenches only 47 days.

I quit because it was a living hell. Everybody else would have quit, too; I know they would; I lived with them and slept and ate with them and talked with them, and I know they all would have quit if they could.

So would every other man in all the armies in all this great war.

SEND YOUR ADDRESS

Mrs. J. K. W. wrote the editor of The Star last week enclosing \$1. Will Mrs. J. K. W. please advise the editor of her name and address so that her money may be returned?

CLEANUP WEEK ENDS TODAY BUT WE STAY ON JOB

This is the end of Cleanup week, Seattle, a large, overgrown young city, and inclined to be careless of its appearance, is quite a lot tidier than it was a week ago.
The "conventions" clean-up and paint-up bureau reports itself as satisfied that the campaign has not been in vain.
Oil all districts, the University district entered into the movement with the most enthusiasm, and, as a reward, 15 of the prettiest girls of the district will be the guests of Chairman C. M. Williams on a tour of the city Sunday.
The tour will be made in one of the big De Lape touring cars. Williams and members of the press will follow in another car.
The Star, realizing that good enthusiasms are often short-lived, will continue the campaign indefinitely. Residents who, in a fine glow of civic patriotism, cleaned up their vacant lots and alleys this week, may have fallen back into their old, careless ways by next fall.
So The Star will continue to print photographs, from time to time, of "spots on Seattle's vest."

DR. JORDAN WINS FIGHT AGAINST MEDICAL BOARD

Judge French has ordered Dr. J. Eugene Gordon reinstated as a physician, holding that the state medical board has not shown that Jordan advertised impossible cures.
Since January 7 Dr. Jordan has been without a license, on account of the board's action, and his practice, formerly extensive, has been curtailed greatly.
His cured patients, testifying in his behalf, completely overwhelmed the evidence of physicians, who declared certain cures he advertised were impossible.

BENNETT LIKES US TO THINK HE IS USED TO THIS

County Treasurer Bennett wrote a check for \$1,816,000 Saturday and didn't break his arm.
He did it as easily as you can miss a street car or get wet when it rains.
It represents the amount due the city from taxes collected during March. Mere trifle!
"No, it isn't the biggest check ever signed in this office," said Bennett, trying to look bored. "Oh no. We do it frequently."

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UNALGA ORDERED NORTH

The United States coast guard steamer Unalga will sail, April 20, for Western Alaska and Bering sea waters.

MADE MOTHER SUPERIOR

Mother M. of St. Valeria has been installed at the House of Good Shepherd as Mother Superior. Mother Valeria came to Seattle 25 years ago with four other sisters to establish the present home.

BIG ALASKA RUSH ON

By E. O. Sawyer, Jr.
SEWARD, Alaska, April 10.—Expecting official announcement from Washington today of the Alaskan railway route, Seward is consumed with excitement.
Already there is a great rush to jump ground in the reserved townsite of Ship's Creek, unofficially designated as one of the terminal points.
In the face of the warning by the Alaska commission to keep off the reserved section, the belief that the construction work will commence there has caused big numbers of men and women to mush in over the snow and to risk big sums in building hotels and stores in the hope that the government will let them stay.
The real stampede is expected when the first steamer goes in from here April 15.
Many have located homesteads outside of the reserve, and many more are on the way.

GUESS IF THEY'RE MARRIED



IT'S THE LITTLE THINGS THAT COUNT

is an old and true saying, and in nothing is this more exemplified than in the case of classified ads. For it is a fact that some of the most interesting, live and, at the same time, profitable ads that appear in The Star are to be found on the classified page.
The Star not only has a good variety of mighty interesting reading on the classified page each day, but you will find that it will pay you to advertise your own wants there for quick, profitable results. You may phone your ad in. The phone number is Main 9400; ask for the want ad desk and you will be given quick, courteous service.