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# EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE SEATTLE STAR

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## TREND TOWARD DIVISION

THE standpat world will work up a good deal of horror over the industrial relations commission recommendation that congress provide that it shall be unlawful for more than \$1,000,000 to be inherited from the estate of an American and that all property in excess of that amount shall go to the federal government.

It is a suggestion of economic atavism, as it were. In the early days of man, the fellow lucky enough to kill a mammoth, or whatever was "big beef" in those times, was probably permitted to fill himself to his limit, but he surely was not permitted to say that nobody else should eat. Early man, however low-browed he may have been, was surely strong for the community interest, else he would not have survived and progressed.

What sense in decrying this Walsh report as atavism, socialism, barbarism?

Oppression, injustice, domination by greed are natural steps backward toward the original type of man and of conditions. Enlightenment failing to produce genuine progress, the return to force is inevitable.

Strike riots and other bloody "industrial disturbances" are attempts at division by brute force. Walsh's proposition is an attempt at division by force of law.

Cave-man Rockefeller has got more "mammoth" than he can possibly use. Why should the

rest of the world go hungry? This is the matter as condensed to its crux.

It is Rockefeller's fault if due consideration is not given as to how he got it or what part the human family played in letting him get it. Starving people are swayed by hunger, not by logic.

The answer to equity playing favorites is the masses demanding cold-blooded division in proportion to the number of empty stomachs and freezing bodies.

Our income tax is, in many instances, merely a fine imposed upon legitimate success and, in all instances, the inheritance tax is compulsion of the dead—to divide.

Arbitrary division! If you say this is atavism, return to barbarism, put your finger on those who have driven men, in their hunger and nakedness, to the recourses of barbarism!

## LOOKS LIKE AN EASY MARKET

WE THINK we see choice times for ex-King Cotton. The allies are going to declare cotton contraband but agree to stand behind the market and keep prices at a profitable figure.

All the American producer will have to do will be to load a ship with cotton and sail her out into the wide, wide world.

ENGLAND AND France are expected to issue a proclamation shortly, declaring cotton to be contraband of war, which rather reminds us of the way Japan declared war on Russia in 1904.

## FAIR TO ALL

COL. GOETHALS, governor of the Panama canal zone, has again shown his real bigness in recommending that civilian employes on the canal who have served continuously for three years be given a cash bonus by congress, inasmuch as such rewards have been voted to army officers and engineers on the canal work.

We believe, with Gov. Goethals, that the large bonus voted to the army officers, merely for doing their duty faithfully, is unwarranted, but inasmuch as it has been done, there is no good reason why the real ditch diggers who stuck it out should not receive the same recognition. Merely from a dollars and cents standpoint, it is fast becoming apparent that the sum of money necessary to do so is but a trifle compared to the value of the work their faithful service wrought.

## THE NICE POINT

ENGLAND has placed large orders for shells with Switzerland. Germany has done the same thing. Neither country alleges violation of Switzerland's neutrality thereby. Germany has an open door to Switzerland; so has England, which makes all the difference in the world. Get the point?

NOW THAT the mobilization camp at Texas City has been completely destroyed by the storm, Uncle Sam is provided with an excellent excuse for sending those troops to the Mexican border.

## WHAT THE SHOW-DOWN SHOWED

DID you notice the fizzle of that bluff made by the Pacific Mail Steamship Co?

It didn't haul down the American flag and go into foreign registry because of the seamen's law.

It sold out, for \$7,000,000, to an Atlantic steamship company that will have to comply with that same law.

Every time a bluff is called on one of Uncle Sam's new progressive laws, there has to be a show-down, and Uncle takes the nice red, white and blue chips.

## EVEN MADE MONEY

FEDERAL reserve system shows up with a neat sum as profits for the first seven months.

It's perfectly shocking—to bankers who shrieked that Woodrow Wilson had headed finances straight toward ruin.

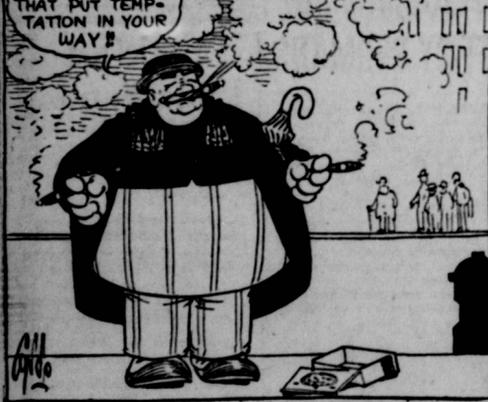
## SUNSHINE

ABOUT Sharon, Pa., blast furnaces which have long been idle will be placed in operation this month. The war has increased the demand for pig iron to unprecedented proportions.

Another ray of sunshine thru the war clouds.

FRENCH AIRCRAFT, the papers report, are attacking Saarlouis. If it's our Louie, news do travel fast, eh?

## Outbursts of Everett True



## A LITTLE BIT OF MOST ANYTHING

**FROM VAUDEVILLE**  
(Society Buds)  
The Short Butler (hearing the door bell)—What was that? O, yes; excuse me, ladies. Every time I hear a bell I get excited. I used to be a fire horse.  
One of the Buds to Short Butler—It seems I have seen you somewhere.  
Short Butler—It's quite possible—I've often been there.  
The Chauffeur—Now, I'll tell you boys how to make a hit with the ladies. They love riddles. Here's a new one: Why is a man playing poker at 4 o'clock in the morning like Buffalo?  
The Butlers—Why?  
Chauffeur—Well, one stays up late and the other lays up staté.

**H. M. LIES**  
Newspaper Circulator,  
Chicago, Ill.  
**EASILY DONE**  
"You've broken your promise," she said to her brother.  
"Never mind," he replied.  
"I'll make you another!"  
**ECONOMICAL**  
The canny Scotchman is ever famous for his thrift. Ian MacDougal, about to leave on a journey, proved no exception to the rule. To his wife he said:  
"Noo, Janet, dinna forget to mak' wee Sandy tak' off his glasses when he's no' lookin' thru them."



**PRESENCE OF MIND**  
Klein (to partner)—Quick, Eckstein, a man fell trou' de coal hole! Eckstein—Clap de cover on, Ikey, while I run fer de cop! If we don't arrest him fer stealin' coal he'll sue us for damages!  
**A SUGGESTION**  
A woman got on a crowded street car with an infant in her arms. The child screamed for ten minutes, much to the annoyance of the rest of the passengers.  
"Oh, dear!" finally exclaimed the mother, nervously, "what shall I do with this child?"  
A crusty old bachelor seated across from her got up.  
"Shall I open the window for you, madam?" he asked.  
**IN LANG'S CLASS**  
In a small town in New York state, a public official resigned and sent a copy of his resignation to the editor of the local daily. A day later he flung himself into the editorial sanctum, flourishing a copy of the sheet wildly.  
"What does this mean?" he

## A Married Man's Troubles



## Our Educational Movies—(Origin of "Let Her Go, Gallagher")—True's Story Tomorrow.



## By Allman



## BY BLOSSER.



## Stella and Gertie



## Stella and Gertie



## Stella and Gertie



## By Bert



roared.  
"Why," replied the editor, "you sent it in yourself."  
"Certainly," spluttered the visitor, "but why did you put it in the column headed 'Public Improvements'?"

**BLAME THE ECHO**  
Tourist (at cafe in Alps)—Waiter, you have put me down for two bottles of wine and I've only had one.  
"Walker—Very sorry, sir; I'm new here and I can't get used to the echo from the distant mountains."

**CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1**  
**THE SUN QUITS FOR THE SECOND TIME**  
what was left after the running expenses had been paid.  
Printers Get \$5 a Week  
Some weeks they got nothing. The high water of prosperity was reached when the married men received \$12 a week and the single men \$10. Lately the printers have been receiving 50 cents a day. The average pay was \$5 a week.  
They knew it was a losing fight. They could have quit. Any one or two of the printers, for instance, or pressmen, or stereotypers, could have "pulled their slips" from the Sun and been sure of at least two days "subbing" on other newspapers.  
That would have meant \$12 a week, real money; more than they could hope to get on the Sun.  
But if they did that, the Sun would cease to shine. For who would have taken their places? Who wants to work for a newspaper that can't pay wages?  
Editors Walk to Work  
So they stuck.  
In more than one instance the installment man came and took the piano away.  
In more than one instance the landlord said: "Pay or get out!"

**SEATTLE MAN TO BE SOUTH SEA TRADER**  
Capt. W. J. McDonnell, one of the most adventurous seadogs of the Pacific Coast, is fitting up a schooner here in which he intends to sail into the South seas to trade for sandalwood, copra, mother of pearl and beche de mer with New Hebrides cannibals.

In more than one instance the grocer cut off credit.  
Editors and reporters walked to work in the morning and walked home at night because there weren't any nickels for car fare.  
The odd thing about it is that the wives of the reporters and editors, the printers and stereotypers, the circulation and business office men did not complain.  
"Stick!" they said, and their husbands stuck.  
B. C. McCormick, formerly composing room foreman of The Star, combined the duties of business manager and composing room foreman of the Sun.  
No Salaries; Stock Instead  
Frank E. Roberts was the managing editor; Edgar Wheeler was the city editor; Henry Burmaster was telegraph editor; Harry Clark was press room foreman; Lou Miller was foreman of the stereotyping room.  
Andy Ericsson, a stereotypist, and A. R. Clegg, a linotype operator, were, with McCormick and Roberts, the board of directors.  
Try as they would, they couldn't pay salaries. So the men took stock in the paper. The less money they got, the more stock they bought.  
This couldn't go on forever. They began looking for a buyer. Men with money nibbled, inventoried the plant, hesitated. Those nibbles gave the Sun men renewed hope. A young reporter dubbed a nibbler "a shot in the arm."  
Lose Telegraph Service.  
Under the stimulus of these "shots in the arm," the Sun men got out the paper from day to day. Each day they feared would be the last.  
Two weeks ago they lost their telegraph service. They reprinted the foreign news from the early editions of rival papers, and "got by."  
A week ago the janitor quit. Business Manager McCormick and Editor Roberts came to work half an hour early and swept out. The reporters and composing room men found them out, and the entire force took to coming early to sweep

Another verse runs:  
"That is the sting of failure, To know that it can be done. But that somebody else must finish The work we have begun."  
I dropped into the Sun office this morning. Several commercial-looking gentlemen were there, looking the plant over with appraising eyes.  
The Sun men were jolly. They said: "Well, the suspense is over, anyhow."  
The editor was going on a fishing trip. They were all saying goodbye, and laughing. That shows how game they are.  
"Has anybody got a screwdriver?" asked Pete Cook, the telegraph operator.  
Somebody found him one.  
He went over to his table and ticked three dots, a dash, a dot and a dash, on an instrument that has been dead two weeks. Then he began taking out the screws which held his instruments to the table.  
He was sounding "30." If you'd worked around newspaper shops as long as I have, you would know what "30" means.  
It means The End.

**OH, THUNDER!**  
Y' SEE, THE GENT CAME TO THE HOTEL. 'THIS PLACE HAS CHANGED HANDS—UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT,' SAYS THE CLERK...  
UH HUH!  
WELL, DE GUEST SAYS: 'S' FUNNY, I SEE THE OLD PROPRIETOR ROUND HERE STILL.' 'SURE,' SAYS THE CLERK, 'BUT HE GOT MARRIED.'  
BEAST!

**SECOND THOUGHTS**  
Have built a lasting and profitable savings account for many a man. A hole in the ground or a green and gold certificate for worthless shares in some over-promoted company is poor consolation for those whose capital has been saved dollar by dollar.  
Interest 4 Per Cent  
**UNION SAVINGS & TRUST CO.**  
OF SEATTLE  
Capital and Surplus \$815,000  
JAMES D. HOGE, President  
N. B. SOLNER, Vice President and Trust Officer  
HOGE BUILDING  
in the Heart of the Financial District

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