

POINDEXTER MAKES IT QUITE PLAIN TAFT IS A HAS-BEEN

SPOKANE, Sept. 11.—U. S. Senator Miles Poindexter today in caustic terms replied to the speech of former President Taft at Seattle Wednesday night.

"Mr. Taft says he is willing to welcome back to his standard the progressives who voted against him, provided they abandon their progressive principles," said Poindexter. "This is quite magnanimous on his part."

"In attempting to speak for the republican party, he overlooks the fact that he himself has been repudiated by the party more overwhelmingly than any candidate who sought re-election by its votes."

It is true that in 1908, by masquerading as a progressive, he was elected president. BY BETRAYING THE PROGRESSIVES, WHO GAVE HIM HIS NOMINATION IN 1908, HE IS NOW AN EX-PRESIDENT.

"If he had remained true to the people who elected him, and had carried out the policies he pretended to support, he would still be president."

"The campaign he is now making for renomination is perfectly worthless, and even if he secured the nomination he could not possibly be elected. He has been, to use his own language, 'taught a lesson in political morality which he will not soon forget.'"

THE GODDESS

Written by GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

INTRODUCING

EARLE WILLIAMS as . . . Tommy Barclay

ANITA STEWART as . . . The Goddess



A scene from the second installment of "The Goddess," which comes to the Alhambra Sunday.

ROWLAND TRIES IN VAIN TO LIFT M.E. DANCE BAN

Dix Rowland of Tacoma, prominent churchman, attorney and former state legislator, attempted to introduce a measure to lift the ban on "innocent amusements" at the Puget Sound conference of Methodist Episcopal churches, which opened its third day's session here Saturday.

After Rowland had debated at some length on the subject of cards, theatres, circuses and movies, the conference unanimously declared such things, and particularly dancing, "the work of the devil."

"Our members," said Rowland, "are prohibited from going to shows of any sort. They can't play cards. But do they observe the rule? Certainly not. Let's not be hypocrites."

He advocated that the conference modify the amusement rule of the church. "Our young people would be just as safe," he said.

A ball game between preachers of Bellingham and Seattle districts and those of Tacoma, Olympia and Vancouver districts was a feature of Saturday's schedule.

REFORMATORY HEAD TO MAKE ADDRESS

Donald B. Olson, superintendent of the reformatory at Monroe, will speak at the Men's club dinner of the First Presbyterian church next Tuesday evening, Sept. 14. Dinner will be served at 6:30 sharp, and plates must be reserved in advance by telephoning the church office.

STRONG PLEA FOR PREPAREDNESS

Col. Will H. Thompson, principal speaker at a meeting of the Knights of Lincoln, in the Lyon building, Friday night, raised a cry for military preparedness.

"We spend enough for pleasure autos," he said, "to raise and arm 500,000 men and double our fleet, yet we recede at the thought of spending \$200,000,000 for preparation."

DYING, PHYSICIAN STUDIES OWN CASE

DENVER, Colo., Sept. 11.—Two days ago Dr. W. W. Kenney took what he believed was a sleeping potion. Later he found it was a deadly drug, which slowly kills its patients. He is lying in a hospital here now, calmly studying his own case, with his trained observatory powers taking note of his ebbing vitality, and discussing it with other physicians.

A LONG WAIT, BUT BILL DOES IT HERE

Former President Taft has been invited by Capt. D. H. Smith to inspect the prison ship Success. Capt. Smith issued a similar invitation when Taft and the ship were both at New Haven, Conn. But Taft didn't have time then. He said they'd probably meet again. And now they've gone and done it.

GIVE HALF MILLION

VANCOUVER, Sept. 11.—More than half a million dollars has been donated by British Columbia to the patriotic fund for the Canadian soldiers at the front. This is in addition to numerous smaller funds.

After the tragic death of John Amesbury, his protegee wife, one of America's greatest beauties, dies. At her death Professor Stilliter, an agent of the interests, kidnaps the beautiful 2-year-old baby girl, and brings her up in a paradise where she sees no man, but thinks she is taught by angels, who instruct her for her mission to reform the world. At the age of 18 she is suddenly thrust into the world where agents of the interests are ready to pretend to find her.

The one to feel the loss of the little Amesbury girl most, after she had been spirited away by the interests, was Tommy. In a few days, however, he found himself living amid luxurious surroundings as the adopted son of Mr. Barclay. Time in its flight brings manhood to Tommy and great expectations to Barclay, who has planned to have Tommy marry into wealth. But Tommy's lack of interest in Barclay's business affairs changes matters. Barclay meets with success in breaking up the match he had really planned.

Tommy, refused by Mary, goes to the Adirondacks on a hunting trip, and by accident finds his childhood playmate, Professor, the Indian, Old Man Smellsgood, and the bloodhounds are in hot pursuit.

Rescuing Celestia from Professor Stilliter, they flee together, and seek refuge on an island. Tommy falls in love with the girl, the believing her crazy. Tommy professes the Indian, Old Man Smellsgood, and the bloodhounds are in hot pursuit.

CHAPTER IX. Tommy having failed her, it was obvious to Professor Stilliter that Celestia no longer even wished to escape.

The crossing from the island to the mainland was made in silence. The two guides navigated the old dog-out. His gunwales almost awash; old man Smellsgood busied himself making a compact portable bundle of Tommy's clothes, which he had the forethought to steal and wondering how much he could get for them in cold cash; Celestia absent-mindedly trailed one hand overboard, and Professor Stilliter, his eyes on the back of her head, thought long thoughts.

Since her emergence from that imaginary heaven, which nothing could persuade her was imaginary, Celestia had proved less manageable than he had expected.

He took off his glasses to polish them and became for the moment as blind as a stone. And that made him shudder. So he polished his glasses as quickly as he could, put them on, and once more saw. Then he felt in his pocket to see if this time he had a spare pair with him. He had.

"Nobody," he thought, "will ever catch me with but one pair again."

A man of iron nerves and of great imagination under perfect control, Professor Stilliter had but one weakness—his eyes. Otherwise he was as strong as a bull; but let him once begin to think about his eyes and he became the prey of fearful and wild fancies.

Most men die but once. Professor Stilliter had died a thousand deaths and all of them violent and horrible, and due to a sudden loss of sight. During the preceding

night, lying miserably on the hard, rocky ground, he had had a most unpleasant nightmare about himself.

He was alone in the midst of a vast, trackless forest. He was there on scientific business—to record the song of a certain very rare bird. But the bird wouldn't sing. It would only laugh. It made a noise like two little children laughing. And it wouldn't show itself. He had followed it half the day. Once he had had a heavy fall and had broken his spare glasses all to smithereens, and had hurt his side quite badly into the bargain.

And presently there emerged from the forest into the little open glade, in which he stood, two children, who held hands and laughed. They were Tommy Barclay and the little Amesbury girl. They walked straight toward him as if they didn't see him. But they must have, for suddenly they stopped, and Tommy said:

"So you are the man that tried to take her away from me and lock her up in heaven, aren't you?"

"Yes, I am, and what's more, I'll get her this time."

And he lunged at the little Amesbury girl, and Tommy simply knocked his glasses off.

He stood still for quite a long time. He could hear the children still laughing as they wandered off into the forest. The laughter grew fainter and fainter.

Then he knelt and began to hunt for his glasses. He hunted until the knees of his trousers were worn thru and the small of his back ached like an ulcerated tooth. He hunted slowly and methodically until he felt that he must have covered every square inch of the open glade.

He stood up to rest. According to his calculations he was in the exact middle of the glade and so, his legs being in need of stretching, he took two or three incau-

tious steps forward and banged his face into the trunk of a tree.

The blow dazed his senses and he leaped backward as if from a living enemy who had struck him, and struck the back of his head against another tree.

After that he cowered for a while on the ground, whimpering and blind—blind as a mole.

So it was to be death, was it? Death in the damned forest, when he was still in the prime of life! Death because a little boy loved a little girl and always stood up for her! Well, it had to be, and he tried to resign himself to it and be calm.

Suddenly he heard a sound that gave him fresh terrors—many sounds, the sounds of many soft-padded feet converging upon him from three sides over the dead leaves. Closer and closer they came, very slowly, and Stilliter howled back and he leaped to his feet and ran.

All at once the ground became firm and even under his flying feet; he no longer encountered trees or bushes. And then the next step that he took his foot never touched the ground at all; it just went down and down and head over heels he followed and fell thru space.

He woke so frightened that he was half dead in reality. And it took him some time to pull himself together.

Well, the party landed and took up the long trail to Four Corners. About leaving Tommy without clothes, Stilliter had no compunctions. The young man might suffer. He would undoubtedly catch a frightful cold, but he wouldn't actually die. "He'll swim across," Stilliter thought, "and walk naked until he reaches the outskirts of Four Corners."

"Why," said Celestia, "do you make me go with you?"

"It's my duty," said Stilliter; "you

can't live in the woods, at the mercy of the first young man that comes along."

"He was going to take me to New York."

"Well, so am I; by the next train. But look here," he laughed, good-naturedly, "you'll forgive me, but I took you for a demented person—that costume, you know, those jewels in your hair. You wouldn't expect a sane person to dress that way for a fishing trip. Won't you tell me who you are?"

"I am Celestia," she said. "I come from heaven to make the world happier."

Stilliter passed over the question of Celestia's origin; he appeared to accept it as a matter of course.

"I hope you will succeed," he said. "I could stand being happier myself. Won't you tell me how you propose to go about the matter?"

"If you like," she said; and then for a long time she talked reform and politics to him, exactly as he had taught her to talk them, with the same eager, simple faith and serene conviction. He pretended to be immensely interested in her schemes. And he tested her with numerous questions, to which during the long years of her training he had taught her the answers. Toward the end of their conversation he made less and less opposition to her theories. He began to accept and to agree with them. And in three-quarters of an hour she had performed the miracle of converting him to his own beliefs.

"Well," he said at last, "I believe you are right. Whether you can put your schemes in execution is another matter. Talk to the guides; tell them what you intend to do. See if you can convince them."

So while the party rested at a spring, Celestia talked smoothly and earnestly to the guides. The younger never took his eyes off her face; but the older, after a while,

WIDOW SEARCHING FOR HER HUSBAND'S SUIT CASE HERE

Mrs. William E. Moore of Portland came to The Star office today and asked us to help her find her husband's belongings.

He is the man who was struck by a runaway auto, as he was walking down Jefferson st., Tuesday morning. Wednesday afternoon he died at the city hospital.

The auto, driven by C. J. Fairhurst, leaped onto the sidewalk when Fairhurst pressed the wrong

pedal in bringing it to a stop. Moore was pinned against the Artistic club building.

Mrs. Moore arrived here after her husband was dead. And now she can't locate his suit case and clothing, which probably is in some hotel room, nobody knows where.

The detective department has searched in vain.

It has been decided that no request will be held.

NOTE MAY LIFT STRAIN IN NEW GERMAN CRISIS

WASHINGTON, Sept. 11.—Hope for a settlement of the submarine controversy was based today on dispatches concerning the supplementary note handed by the Berlin foreign office to Ambassador Gerard. Officials thought this might give the "full satisfaction" which German Ambassador Von Bernstorff promised the state department ten days ago.

The German-American situation overshadows all other issues in administration circles. Talk of a rupture with both Austria and Germany, with a severance of diplomatic relations, was revived.

Wilson Studies Case The president and Secretary Lansing devoted much time today to studying the Arabic note. It was indicated there will be no action, however, until the German application has been received. This, it is believed, is either a detailed note, dealing with the torpedoing of the Lusitania, or an outline of Germany's new policy toward giving warning before sending ships to the bottom.

half an hour before he was able to think.

And by that time there was no longer any sight or sound of Celestia.

Still furiously angry, but calmer, he hurried to the hut and used up a precious hour to make a suit of clothes out of the buffalo robe. He succeeded, with an old nail which he found, in making holes for his arms and legs to go thru and in cutting a strip of hide for the belt, but as a suit the affair was not a success.

So he swam to the mainland, keeping the buffalo hide out of water as much as he could, and so feet which were soon bruised and bloody, headed straight for Four Corners.

(Continued Monday)

Arthur Guthrie, following arrest in Portland for violating Mann act, brought to Seattle. He left here two years ago, following indictment.

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