

THEY had a wedding at the church—heads up and banners flying. Today he's left her in the lurch, head bowed, and four kids crying. He met her at the Johnston's ball, three weeks before marriage. He was so handsome, young and tall! She had such graceful carriage! First time she saw him good and drunk she called him horrid looking, and when he found his breakfast punk he knocked against her cooking. And so it went, from bad to worse—he swore he'd drawn a lemon, and when she heard him loudly curse she thought him a persimmon. He always was a decent sort, and she a goodly woman, yet when they told their tales in court you'd think they weren't human. Each was a friend you'd like to own in every kind of weather. You'd fancy either one alone, but when they got together they made the beams and rafters rock, the air grew black and bluish; he wore a frown to stop a clock, and she grew lean and shrewish. We cannot understand how folks who've never acted phoney, can all at once turn crazy blokes when struck by matrimony!—Prompted by divorce court story on page 4.

COUNTY BUDGET IS UP NEXT WEEK

Ferry Landing and County Farm Purchase to Be Discussed.

WILL HOLD HEARINGS

Monday the King county budget for 1916 will be laid upon the official operating table at the court house.

As it stands, the total amount to be levied for is \$2,979,917.28, to which must be added \$390,426 for the maintenance and improvement of road districts.

One of the main issues will be the item of \$35,000 for the first payment towards purchase of a new county farm. The site recently selected is The Willows.

A warm contest is looked forward to in view of the disapproval of many taxpayers of this purchase. This issue will be argued Tuesday, beginning at 2 o'clock.

On Wednesday at 2 o'clock the matter of a site for the proposed Vashon Island ferry will be thrashed out. Considerable difference of opinion as to the location of the Seattle terminal has arisen.

The county commissioners agree that vast sums are to be lopped off the present estimate for next year's expenses.

Probably the sheriff's office will be the hardest hit. Sheriff Hodge has asked for \$91,782.50, a sum which has caused wry smiles in the county commissioners' office.

Hodge includes an item of \$14,000 for traveling expenses, and a like sum for an emergency fund for quelling strikes and riots.

Where these strikes and riots are to be held, the county commissioners say they are at a loss to understand. Presumably Hodge's requests for higher salaries will also be ignored.

Less chance there is to predict what will happen when the commissioners land on the estimates of other county offices.

LOAN CHIP OF ROCK

This is going to be real nice. A chip from Plymouth Rock, on which the Pilgrim fathers landed in this country, is to be placed on exhibition in the University museum, as a loan from Curator F. S. Hall.

THE SHOW OF UNEQUALLED QUALITY



Tomorrow—3 Days Only HAROLD LOCKWOOD IN "The Secretary of Frivolous Affairs" Four-Act Masterpiece Mutual Weekly The Mother of Her Dreams One-Act Drama Never Again Comedy A Bear, a Girl, a Boy A Riot of Fun

COLONIAL 10c

KENNY HAS TWO BANDS ON HANDS

Seattle Policemen and Firemen Ask Chance to Aid Beaton

GIVE HIM A SERENADE

What's Kenny Beaton doing with two bands on his hands? First, the Seattle fire band pounced on him down in San Francisco, where the former Star man is running his famous column on the San Francisco Examiner. Then came the police band.

Both offered their services to him after serenading him while he was at work. This is what the San Francisco Examiner says about Kenny and his Seattle bands:

"K. C. B. has more experience than he can put in his column, so it devolves upon the news department to say that he was serenaded yesterday.

"The Seattle Fire Department band did it.

"K. C. B. came to San Francisco from the Northern city and he apparently is about as unpopular as Santa Claus.

The band came here to the firemen's convention, and having escorted the smoke-eating visitors to their hotel, proceeded to the Examiner office and began playing Seattle music.

"Somebody informed K. C. B. that it was for him, and he was obliged to respond. What he said is contained in the last line of his column in this issue. Then he blushed as red as a Seattle hosiery, and the firemen insisted that he precede them to the Civic Center, where there were more felicitations.

"Not to be outdone by the fire department, the Seattle Police Department band has offered its services to K. C. B. for two days, Saturday and Sunday.

"K. C. B. has had an international exposition, an aeroplane, and three hundred crippled children placed at his disposal, but never before a brass band."

\$10,000 FIRE DAMAGE

Damage estimated at between \$10,000 and \$15,000, resulted from the fire which attacked the dry kiln of the Chippewa Lumber Co., at Lake Ballinger Friday noon, and which caused a hose wagon from the Seattle fire department to hurry out there. The mill itself, valued at \$20,000, was saved by reason of the wind's blowing the sparks away from it. The kiln loss is covered by insurance.

S. A. Perkins contributes \$1,000, insuring \$200,000 fund for Puget Sound college, at Tacoma, and thus securing \$50,000 donation from Jim Hill.

CITY IS WHIPPED BY OCEAN GALE

Many Phones Out of Commission; Shipping Suffers Damage.

ONE VESSEL ON ROCKS

Heaviest damage to telephone lines since last winter was caused by violent southeast winds, which swept over Seattle and the North-west Friday night and Saturday morning.

Queen Anne hill suffered most, the telephone company reported, 103 lines and 234 stations affected, were scattered over the city.

The weather bureau flew the southeast storm warning Saturday morning. Heavy winds were reported from the straits of Juan de Fuca. Strong southerly gales were expected Saturday, decreasing in force toward evening.

STEAMER DAMAGED RAYMOND, Oct. 2.—A survey is being made today of the damage done to the steamer Avalon when she was thrown on her beam-ends by a breaker late yesterday and jammed heavily into the bar. She was towed here leaking badly.

SCHOONER IN TROUBLE ABERDEEN, Oct. 2.—The Sophia Christenson, four-masted schooner, was rescued by a tug last night, which pulled her over the bar, where high seas threatened to batter her to pieces.

BEATS GALE TO PORT BREMERTON, Oct. 2.—The U. S. S. Supply, for three years station ship at Guam, in the far Pacific, reached here last night. Officers brought her in just a few hours in front of the heavy gale.

STEAMER ON ROCKS VANCOUVER, B. C., Oct. 2.—The coast steamer Capilano, of the Union Steamship Co., may be a total loss, unless the high seas abate within the next 24 hours. She went on the rocks near Savery Island, Gulf of Georgia, in a heavy fog yesterday. Crew escaped.

BLOODIEST WEEK IN HISTORY, HE SAYS

"We are living in the bloodiest week in history—a week that will be bloodier before it is ended, and it is to the credit of the United States that we have kept out of the struggle so far."

This comment on the new offensive of the allies in Europe was made Friday evening by Professor Oliver H. Richardson, of the university's department of history, addressing members of the Men's club at Bethany Presbyterian church.

THE GODDESS

Written by GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

INTRODUCING EARLE WILLIAMS as . . Tommy Barclay ANITA STEWART as . . . The Goddess

The three richest men in America, fearing a popular revolution, and wishing to found an aristocracy of wealth, employ Professor Stilliter, a famous psychologist, to kidnap a beautiful girl, the product of an eugenic marriage.

The child grows to womanhood in a cavern in the Adirondacks, where she is told by "angels" that the cavern is "heaven," and that it is her destiny to return to the world and reform the world, teaching the people obedience and contentment.

As she is leaving the wilderness to begin her work she is rescued from Stilliter by Tommy Barclay, adopted son of the chief of the mountain tribe, who in his turn loses her to Stilliter.

Her advent in New York creates a profound sensation. The poor believe her to be of divine origin. After various adventures—among them being sold by a professor to a white-slaver for \$1,000—she finds shelter in the tenement home of the Douglases, in the slums. She preaches her doctrine to rich and poor alike.

She is made much of by the "smart set" of New York, but deserts the metropolis for Hudson, where the miners' strike is in progress. She is followed by Tommy, who, disinherited by his adopted father, joins the cause of labor.

Celestia visits the stockade where the strike-brokers, and who surrounds the strikers it is wrong to shoot strikers, which excites the wrath of Kebr, the local baron.

Kebr sets a trap for the strikers, but Celestia warns them of it and saves them from annihilation.

The political plans of the triumvirate are revealed. Barclay is to be president of the United States, Celestia emperor of the country for him. Tommy takes the stump against his adopted father.

CHAPTER XXVII. (Copyright, 1915, by The Star Co.)

"Professor Stilliter," said Mary, "selected Celestia as a perfect specimen of childhood. She was kidnapped and brought up in a great underground system of caverns somewhere in the Adirondacks."

"But she would remember."

"No other child has ever been brought up as she was. From the time she was kidnapped, she was kept in a state of hypnosis. She was taught by hypnotic suggestion. The caves in which she was brought up seemed vast to her as space itself. Bright angels appeared to come and go. Thru the caves she disclosed the white and nickel fixtures of a white tiled bathroom.

The room offered only one hiding place. Mrs. Gundorf knelt, flattened herself to the floor and crawled under the bed.

As always, an orating crowd followed Celestia to her car, or, as on the present occasion, surrounded her to it. Beside Professor Stilliter, she walked among them, talking with gentle persuasion to those nearest her. She had to show herself several times and make little speeches before they finally dispersed and went about their business.

Tommy Barclay alone remained. Professor Stilliter opened the door. "Could I see Celestia a minute?"

"I'm afraid not. She's dead to the world."

But Celestia had heard Tommy's voice and came out of her state room, where she had gone to lie down.

"I'm not too tired," she called, "and I'd like to see him."

"But only for a minute," cautioned Professor Stilliter, and then, with seeming reluctance, he withdrew and closed behind him the door of the passage that led past the stairways to the dining room end of the car. But the Professor went no further. Having closed the door, he applied his ear to a hole that he had bored in it for just such occasions as this, and listened.

"I'm sorry," Celestia was saying, "that I had to steal your audience away from you. It would have been more sportsmanlike to let you finish speaking and then to have tried to steal their hearts and minds away from you. Wouldn't it?"

"Yes," said Tommy, slowly, "I think it would, Miss Amesbury."

Behind his door Professor Stilliter started as if some one had stuck a knife in him.

"Why Miss Amesbury?" asked Celestia.

"Because it's your real name. I knew you when you were a baby. Then you went away. My father said you had gone to heaven. Then you came to earth—and I've recognized you."

"What utter nonsense are you up to now?"

"Sometimes little girls wear



Earle Williams and Anita Stewart, in a Scene From the Concluding Chapters of "The Goddess," at the Alhambra Sunday.

when no one seemed to be looking, and boarded Celestia's own car at the observation end. She knew the room in which Celestia slept, and entered it. There was a three-quarter bed in white enamel, a bureau ditto, an arm chair, and a door that disclosed the white and nickel fixtures of a white tiled bathroom.

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rocks on chubby brown legs. The little Amesbury girl had a little round nose just under her left knee."

"So have I," said Celestia, "what of it?"

"Why, this man Stilliter," said Tommy, "who kidnapped you when you were a kiddie, has taught you to think, by mental suggestion, that you are what you think you are, instead of just a lovely girl of flesh and blood like the rest of us."

"I'm sure you believe this, Tommy; but it's quite out of the question. I remember my heavenly home as if I had left it yesterday."

"You remember a mental condition, not a physical reality."

"There was a short pause. Then, "What you've said ought not to bother me at all," said Celestia. "I don't know why you say it, or why you think it's true, but please don't argue with me about it now. I'm so tired that I'd almost like to believe it myself."

Professor Stilliter pricked up his ears at that, for he knew very well that wanting to believe a thing lives next door to believing it. If Celestia could be made to believe what Tommy had told her, her influence would be at an end. She would have to be got rid of. The professor trembled. The triumvirate would be put in a predicament. So would he; but he would be put in a predicament, not in the grave, but back in those vast caverns whence she came, and where he, who had power over her, could visit her at his convenience.

He wanted the woman more than the triumph of that cause in whose interest he had trained her so painstakingly for so many years.

"It," said Tommy, "I can show you your cave—if I can find it—then would you believe?"

"I don't know," said Celestia. "I'm so tired. Please don't talk to me about it now." Then she smiled at him and said, "It's a wonderful invention, tho'. Find the cave first and then talk to me."

"Celestia—don't you want to believe?"

"Then Professor Stilliter heard a sound that almost made him foam at the mouth. "She does want to believe," he thought, "and the will and her usefulness will be at an end, and she will belong to me. Why not anticipate a little?"

He stood there trembling. He heard Celestia enter her state room and lie down with a sigh of weariness. He listened for a long time. The sound of her breathing told him that she had not yet gone to sleep.

So at last he walked stealthily off to his own car and called for a big glass of brandy and soda.

Meanwhile Celestia lay on her bed, her hands folded on her breast, and her mind reviewing and reviewing the statements that Tommy had made.

And under the bed, trembling with hatred and excitement, lay Mrs. Gundorf, waiting for that

U. S. AUCTIONEER IN SEATTLE NOW

A. C. Christensen, Who Auctioned Land at Anchorage, Drops Into Town

HE'S SOME SPIELER

Uncle Sam's official spelier and auctioneer is in town.

A. C. Christensen, well-known in Seattle, now general field agent for the interior department in Alaska, arrived a day or two ago, after helping Uncle Sam smash to smithereens old precedent by holding a red-hot land auction at Anchorage.

Christensen was the auctioneer, and it was one of the most successful land auctions in history.

Yes, it was this way: Town of 3,000 in Month. When the Seward-Fairbanks government railway was decided on, there flooded to Ship Creek and vicinity hundreds of people. In a month, a camp of some two or three dozen tents became a thriving town of 2,000—and the government owned all the real estate.

It was up to the government to do something. So it went into the retail real estate business, and A. C. Christensen was put in charge. In one month, Christensen had the townsite surveyed, platted and ready. Then came the question how the lots should be sold. The old lottery system was never a profitable system for Uncle Sam, and, as the government was spending \$35,000,000 on a railroad, it was decided to get some of it back. So the plan of auctioning the lots was adopted, and Christensen was the auctioneer. And he's some spelier.

Takes in \$150,000. The first day he took in over \$40,000. In all, the sale netted Uncle Sam something like \$150,000.

The best part of all this is that for once the land office of the U. S. has made good with the people. It handled business with speed that would be a credit to the most efficient corporation. When the sale was over, the buyers gave Christensen three ringing cheers.

Christensen says Anchorage is no mushroom town. It now has a population close to 4,000, and as the climate is very mild, it is bound to make permanent history in Alaska. He considers the Anchorage district fine for agricultural as well as harbor development.

time when Celestia's regular breathing should tell her that the defenseless object of her hatred was sound asleep.

So tense were Mrs. Gundorf's muscles that the handle of the stabling knife which she had drawn from her stocking was wet in her hand.

(Continued Monday)

USE STAR WANT ADS FOR RESULTS

Mission FOURTH, PIKE AND UNION Sunday, Monday, Tuesday First Time Shown in Seattle Hobart Bosworth In the four-part drama, "As Big as All Outdoors" FATHERHOOD Time—the present Locale—an Arizona ranch Added Attraction, Nestor Comedy "Snatched From the Altar" 5c 800 Ground Floor Seats Continuous—11 a. m. to 11 p. m. SUNDAY, MONDAY, TUESDAY LAST CHAPTER 6 REELS OF THE GODDESS Whether you have seen all or part of this 30-reel masterpiece, see how it ends Anita Stewart and Earle Williams are starred in this colossal feature. It's a look into the future, written by the master pen of Gouverneur Morris, and produced by the Vitagraph Company. It has been an exceptional picture, and the finish is equally exceptional. Be sure and see this last chapter—the synopsis will tell you what has happened. Westlake, Pine at Fifth Continuous—11 a. m. to 11 p. m. ALHAMBRA 10c—1,600 BIG, COZY OPERA CHAIRS—5c