

A Star man visits the society rummage sale at the Hippodrome and develops a hankering for Harry Whitney Treat's blue vest--the one with the four funny buttons. Read his story on this page.

Mrs. Stoner Tells About Her System

The second article by the mother of wonderful Winifred Stoner appears today on page 10. If you are a parent, you can't afford to miss these stories. Others will follow from time to time.

The Seattle Star

: The Only Paper in Seattle That Dares to Print the News :

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NIGHT EDITION

Weather Forecast--Occasional rain
 TIDES AT SEATTLE
 High. Low.
 7:13 a. m., 14.3 ft. 11:45 a. m., 9.5 ft.
 4:06 p. m., 14.0 ft.

GERMAN SUBMARINE BOATS SENT TO MEDITERRANEAN

STUDENTS CRY LOUDLY WHEN MOTHER DIES IN THE MOVIES

Thousand University Men Visit Downtown Theatre in Celebrating Victory
YELL-LEADER PULLS CHEER FOR HEROINE

Joyous Undergraduates Steal Street Car at Postoffice and Throw Conductor Off

One thousand or more students of the University of Washington, Tuesday night met the victorious Washington football team when it returned from California, and, acting as escorts to the gridiron heroes and Coach Dobie, paraded downtown streets and attended in a body the performance at the Alhambra theatre as guests of Manager Jensen.

It was a large night. When the little old lady, mother of the heroine, died, the students, occupying the entire balcony, burst into loud, heart-rending walls of sorrow.

They Miss the Villain. But soon the villain appeared. The tears dried, and with one accord, they gritted their teeth, curled their lips, and hissed.

Over in the desert, in the meantime, the hero was trying to find the body of a friend long lost. He searched and searched.

The skeleton was almost at his feet, but he saw it not.

He almost was ready to leave without it, when the rah-rah boys, eager to help, quickly and loudly called his attention to it.

Cheer for Heroine. "There it is, right under your feet," yelled Jimmy Eagleson, the rouser king, from the front of the house.

His cries were taken up by his loyal followers.

The day was saved. The hero attained his object. He discovered the corpse and returned home to his sweetheart.

When he closed the girl to his manly bosom, roars of applause and tremendous jerky cheers shook the building.

Except when they paused to hiss the villain, cheer the hero and heroine, and shed tears for the heroine's mother, the rosters "O-kee Wowed" and sang "Bow Down to Washington."

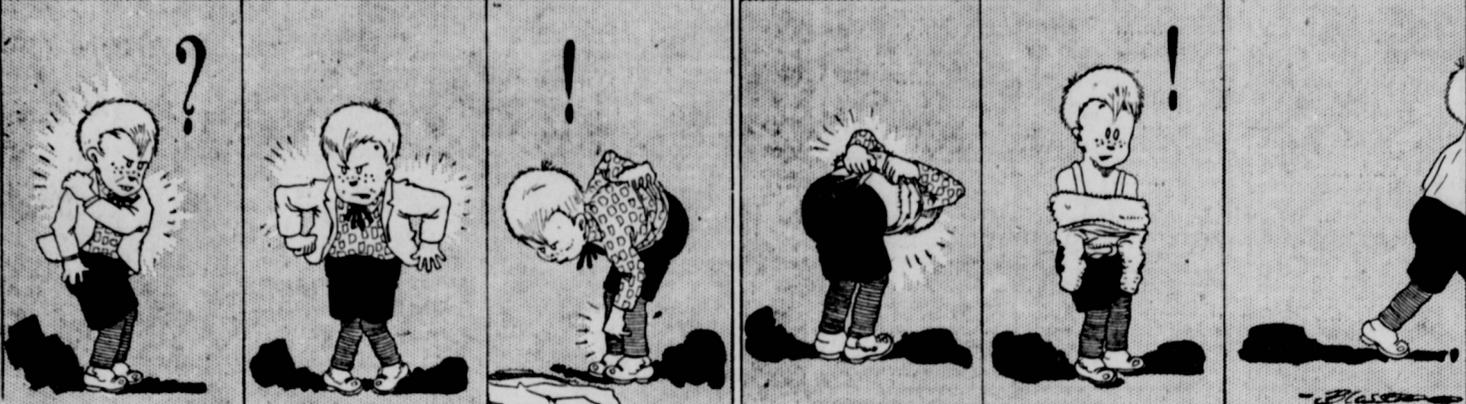
Kidnap a Street Car. The crowd started homeward. At the postoffice a Ravens car came merrily and unsuspectingly along. Several hundred boarded it.

According to the conductor, the whole thousand tried to get into the car. When he expostulated, the crowd escorted him to the curb. Someone gave the motorman two bells, and the motorman proceeded.

The conductor's protests were drowned in a chorus of "Boola Boolas."

The conductor then hired a jitney bus, pursued the erring motorman, overtook the car, and rode the rest of the way with the motorman in the front vestibule. It was a treat on the electric company. The conductor collected no jitneys on the trip.

The Story of the Little Boy Whose Mamma Made Him "Put 'Em on" Today



WAR MUNITIONS MAY BE TAXED

Congress Will Discuss Proposal to Take Share of Profits

MORE REVENUE NEEDED

BY GILSON GARDNER
 WASHINGTON, Nov. 9.—Why not tax the profits of war munitions manufacture? This question will be insistently asked during the coming session of congress. The taxation question must be settled even before the military preparedness program can be logically taken up.

The failure of the income tax law, due to its secrecy provisions, and the fact that most of the rich men dodge it, has made the revenue situation even more acute.

Nothing is more obvious than the logic of the proposal to tax the huge profits which are now accruing from the manufacture of war materials.

The vast increase in this industry is hinted at in a few figures available on our exports.

For example, it appears from the government returns that the value of cartridges exported during August, 1914 (the first month of the European war), was \$184,980, while in August, 1915, it was \$2,284,540.

The same jump is found to apply to gunpowder, other explosives and firearms.

For instance, the exports of gunpowder in August, 1914, were \$16,821, and in August, 1915, they reached the figure of \$5,296,118.

Other explosives exported in August, 1914, were valued at \$26,336, and in August, 1915, they reached a total value of \$5,967,046.

The month before was even larger—\$9,329,392. In August, 1914, the exports of firearms were valued at \$208,644. By January, 1915, this had jumped to \$2,156,757.

Since August, 1914, we have exported cartridges to the total amount of \$23,114,711; gunpowder valued at \$14,953,801; other explosives, \$34,601,523; and firearms to the amount of \$11,809,093. To tax these articles would be much simpler than reaching incomes, since they all have to clear at customs ports and appear in ship's papers.

A WOMAN'S LIE AND ITS RESULT

Is There a "Hidden Chapter" in YOUR Life That Makes You Tremble for Fear of Discovery? Write The Star About It

Every life has its hidden chapter, some story of a mistake, some concealed sorrow for which there is no cure, some unconfessed romance, perhaps a petty crime, or a bitter misunderstanding which can never be set right in this world.

"What a fool I was!" we say to ourselves, and think no one else in the world was ever quite so great an idiot.

Wherein we are mistaken. There is a Jekyll and Hyde in most of us, "a double personality," which gets us into trouble some day.

A letter from a wife to The Star betrays this common human weakness and the tragic consequences of a fib. Her letter follows:

"I was dining downtown a month ago, when a man whom my husband dislikes stopped at my table. He is a married man, handsome and popular. As he paused to speak to me—I don't know why I did it—I asked him to sit down.

"We had a harmless, silly chat, and he insisted on paying for my luncheon. He had no right to offer, neither had I to permit it, but I let him pay my check.

"And I did not tell about the affair when I got home! "But a mutual friend saw us, and told his wife, and the story got to my husband. He thought the luncheon had been planned, and he put it straight to me.

"AND I LIED! I SAID I WASN'T THERE AT ALL! "My husband made no comment. I am a truthful woman by nature. He appeared to take my word for it, but I know he doesn't believe me. And I can never forgive him, but I tell him as long as I live, for he is an unforgetting man.

"The whole thing was a horrible mischance, past all helping now, but not past suffering for.

"I never answer 'NO' to the simplest question from my dear husband but I think of this buried chapter in my life and wonder if he believes me.

MRS. B. B.
 Evidently, this was a defensive lie, the same thing a little boy tells to avoid a whipping. "Mrs. B. B." reverted to an unformed and primitive type when she told it. Most big mistakes by good people can be accounted for in much the same way.

Perhaps you have a "hidden chapter" in your life, a tale of absorbing human interest in your own experience.

Let The Star print your confession. To tell it may take your trouble off your mind. (Your name will not be used.)

\$5,000 PIPE ORGAN LOST IN MELBOURNE THEATRE FIRE

The Melbourne theatre, a moving picture house on 2nd ave., between University and Seneca, will bring the loss to several thousands. The building was fully insured.

The fire started from a candle held by Sam Ferguson, a workman who was cleaning the organ. An oil-soaked rag ignited from the mirror screen, valued at \$1,500, also

FEEL LIKE THIS LITTLE FELLOW?

Seattle Feels First Touch of Winter; Forsakes Its B. V. D.'s

IT'S UNUSUALLY COLD

It starts with a gentle itching sensation somewhere where you can reach it. The itch, like the flea, is not there when you put your finger on it. It is somewhere else, and it is somewhat more intense.

You pursue it and, lo! there are two itches. You employ both hands.

The itches increase and multiply. The two become four, a dozen, a thousand, a million. They burn. They torture. You endure the agony, and try to forget.

Heroic self-control is needed, especially in public. It is not dignified to scratch.

By and by your suffering diminishes. You fondly hope the worst is over. Then, just when you think the worst is over, you are attacked by an itch more frightful than all the other itches combined. And this super-itch is always between your shoulder blades where no one but a contortionist can reach it.

At about this point, unless you are made of stern stuff, you rush home and take 'em off.

What? Your winter flannels. At 5 o'clock Tuesday morning, the temperature recorded by Weather Man Salsbury was 38 degrees above zero! B-r-r-r!

The average for the month of November in Seattle is 41.

Once upon a time, before they had a regular weather man to control the thermometer, back in '93, the old timers claim it went to three degrees above zero.

HOLDUP MAN MAKES VICTIM HOLD A GUN

Two heavy revolvers were thrust close to the face of C. A. Carew, 1503 Lakeside ave., early Tuesday.

"Hold one of these while I go thru your pockets," said the lone highwayman, handing Carew a gun. Carew could not do otherwise.

The thug collected \$23, politely relieved Carew of the weapon and left hurriedly.

BOALT'S GOING TO BID ON TREAT'S BLUE VEST IF HARRY'LL PUT IT UP

By Fred L. Boalt

HARRY WHITNEY TREAT has a fancy weskit which I covet. It is a remarkably pretty weskit and I am sure that, if I owned it, my wife could take up some of the slack in the back, and then it would fit me to a T.

It is one of those ultra-smart weskits, double-breasted, cut somewhat low, and it fastens with four bizarre buttons. The background is a rich blue, brocaded with green silk. It is indeed a distinctive garment.

I take this public means of letting Mr. Treat know that, if he will put up his weskit at the auction which he is to conduct at the charity rummage sale at the Hippodrome tomorrow evening, I will be among the bidders.

I would not have my friends think, however, that it is vanity entirely that causes me to covet the Treat weskit. There is another and a finer motive.

I am a member of that great middle class which is the bulwark cannot be worn with propriety, I would lay it away in the upper class, which is ornamental, and the lower class, which does the work.

I have no patience with those demagogues who go about among the masses stirring up class hatred. I am satisfied with things as they are. For myself, I find contentment in that state of life to which I have been called. I hope I know my place.

I cannot meet Harry Whitney Treat socially tho, in my official capacity I have talked with him often, and I have always found him an affable gentleman and most anxious to put me at my ease when in his presence.

If I should be fortunate enough to secure the Treat weskit, I would wear it Sundays only. I would be very careful of it, and it would last for years.

By and by, when I have reached an age when gorgeous raiment cannot be worn with propriety, I would lay it away in camphor balls.

I would bring it out only on important occasions, such as family reunions. I would show it to my grandchildren, explaining to them with a senile pride and toothless chuckle, that it had originally been worn by no less a personage than Harry Whitney Treat!

I went to the rummage sale yesterday, and again today, and found some undoubted bargains. Much of the merchandise sold was brought in to witness the dancing. Ed Pinkman, pugilistic Beau Brummel, and his companion, Miss Billie Wendell carried off the first prize for the dancing contest. Mayor Gill pinned the ribbons on the couple.

Almost anything may be purchased at the sale. The rummage sale ends Wednesday night and a special of the evening will be the closing out at auction of the best articles remaining—the indications point that these will not be many.

(Continued on Page 5.)

TROOP SHIPS SUNK

PARIS, Nov. 9.—Germany, apparently, intends to launch her undersea death craft at allied troop transports around Salonika.

The hottest submarine attacks of the war are predicted for that vicinity as soon as the German fleet of submarines, known to be passing thru the Mediterranean, can arrive off the Grecian shore.

The theory held is that the fleet will not really launch its offensive until it is in striking distance of transports landing on the Greek, Bulgarian and Turkish coasts.

Powerful Craft Transferred. It is supposed the allies have anticipated and prepared for the attacks.

Practically all of Germany's new super-submarines have been dispatched to the near East.

German submarines bagged the French transport Yser (formerly the Dacla, seized after it had been transferred to American registry), and the Italian steamship Eliza Franca in the Mediterranean Saturday, it was officially announced today.

ARMIES JOIN IN SERB CAMPAIGN

BERLIN, Nov. 9.—Bulgarian and Teuton armies worked their way gradually today to a complete junction for their sweep on Constantinople.

The official statement states the Germans advancing south of Krusevac, the important city whose capture was announced yesterday.

Meantime the main Bulgarian army under Gen. Boyadjeff was reported northwest of Aleksinac, 20 miles north of Nish, throwing Boyadjeff close to his German comrades in arms.

Seven thousand Serbians and 50 cannon were captured by the Austro-Germans in the entire campaign up to the fall of Krusevac.

DEMOCRATS OPPOSE WILSON'S PROGRAM

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 9.—Increased open opposition to the administration's military preparedness program among democrats was seen today in the fact that floor leader Secretary Bryan and Floor Leader Kitchen are publicly unfriendly to the measures.

It was rumored Representative Sherwood of Ohio also plans to oppose the plans.

THINK SULLIVAN WAS MURDERED

Coroner Mason was certain Tuesday, following a post mortem examination, that Larry Sullivan, the Tacoma cripple whose body was found floating in the bay Saturday, was the victim of murderers.

No water was found in the lungs. His diamond pin was missing and one of his pockets was inside out.

DOBIE'S JUGGERNAUT SWEEPING OVER CALIFORNIA'S LINE



The helplessness of the California players against the powerful attack of the University of Washington football team at Berkeley, Saturday, when they were defeated, 72 to 0, is well demonstrated in the picture. Cy Noble, the big right halfback, is carrying the ball around California's right end. A California player, despair written on his face, is seen making an ineffectual attempt to check the onslaught. Noble has about five yards to go for a touchdown, and he made it, swinging in to his right a second after this picture was snapped. Hap Miller, left halfback, is seen catapulting himself against a California back bold enough to rise from the pile. Note how completely Dobie's men have crushed their less experienced opponents into the turf. Practically every California player is buried under a mountain of Washington brown.

WRONGED GIRL SHOTS BETRAYER IN COURTROOM

CORSICANA, Tex., Nov. 9.—Spurned by the man, who it is alleged failed to give her a name after wronging her, Miss Alma Morgan today shot and probably fatally wounded Allen Godley as he stood before the judge of the district court.

Clasping her baby in her arms, the girl approached the prisoner just as the trial adjourned.

"Allen, here's your baby," she murmured, holding out the nameless child.

Without a word, Godley turned his back upon her. The woman's anger flared. She jerked a revolver from her handbag and shot. The bullet bored into Godley's neck, and he pitched forward on his face.

Bargains

Are as thick as plums in a pudding in the "Happy Wednesday" feature, which is on page 6 in today's paper. It will pay you to look it up.