

EXTRA! ALLIES ABOUT TO MAKE A DESCENT ON TURKEY!



What's a Disciplinarian? Jeff Knows! See Page 7

Are you following the adventures of Mutt and Jeff in the war zone? They're now with the British army, and they're having all sorts of exciting times. On The Star's sport page every day.

The Seattle Star

THE ONLY PAPER IN SEATTLE THAT DARES TO PRINT THE NEWS

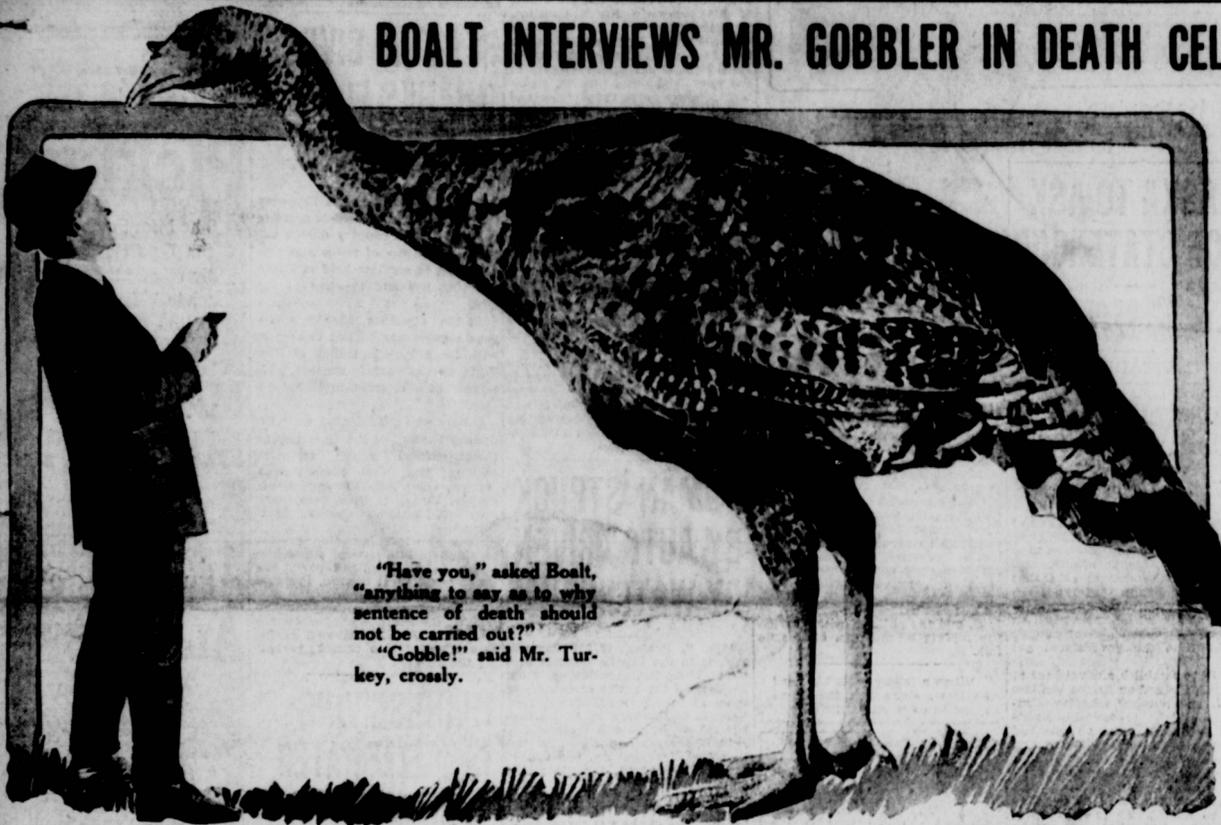
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PEOPLE EAT CATS IN WAR ZONE



BOALT INTERVIEWS MR. GOBBLER IN DEATH CELL

"Have you," asked Boalt, "anything to say as to why sentence of death should not be carried out?"
"Gobble!" said Mr. Turkey, crossly.

By Fred Boalt

MR. TURKEY GOBBLER was pacing the narrow confines of the death cell, which is a large packing case in our back yard.

"Have you," I asked, "anything to say as to why the sentence of death should not be carried out?"

"Gobble!" said Mr. Turkey, crossly.

"Tut, tut," I chided. "It's tough, I know. But it'll be over so quickly you'll hardly know what happened. It'll scarcely hurt at all."

"Gobble, gobble, gobble!" cried Mr. Gobbler, furiously, rushing and pecking at me.

"Oh, very well!" said I. "If you're going to be unreasonable about it, I shan't bother. Gobble as much as you like."

When he saw how imperturbable I was before his anger, Mr. Gobbler controlled himself by an effort, and said, more calmly:

"I would not have you think that my vocabulary is limited to the one word 'gobble.' When I said 'gobble' I meant 'gobble.' Gobble, gobble, gobble!"

"Oh, come!" I protested. "It isn't as bad as that."

"It is. You can't fool me! You're going to chop my head off, and you and your wife and that boy of yours are going to eat me—STUFFED!"

"With gravy and sweet potatoes and cranberry sauce," said I.

But when I saw the poor fellow wince, I apologized.

"That's what I was thinking of," said Mr. Gobbler, "when I said 'gobble.' You will eat and eat and eat. You will gobble twice as much food—yes, three times—as you do on ordinary occasions.

"And what," asked Mr. Gobbler, "is this occasion? 'Thanksgiving' day, if you please! 'Selfish' day, it should be called. You eat and stuff and gobble until you can't wiggle. And you suffer from indigestion for a week afterward. You humans make me sick. If you'd listen to me, I'd tell you how to celebrate Thanksgiving day."

"I wish you would," said I, politely.

"I am," said Mr. Gobbler, "a great admirer of the Chinese. I know that in the Western world the Chinese are looked down upon as a backward and decadent people. Nevertheless, they have in their philosophy and customs much that is sensible and praiseworthy.

"Take, for example, the Chinese manner of celebrating the New Year season. Do they overeat? They do not. They fast. And they forgive their enemies, renew friendships, pay their debts and start the year with a clean slate. It seems to me the Occident should observe Thanksgiving day in somewhat the same manner."

"My dear Mr. Gobbler," said I, "kindly bear in mind that the American practice of eating turkey on Thanksgiving day has persisted for many years. Neither you nor I can abolish the practice. For my part, I wouldn't want to. I do not wish to hurt your feelings, but, personally, there is nothing I enjoy more than a slice of breast, and, perhaps, a second joint, of turkey, with a trifle of sweet potato and squash and celery on the side."

"Oh," exclaimed Mr. Gobbler, "I am not blaming you. * * *"

"Moreover," said I, sternly, "I would remind you that all life is a struggle. You eat worms and I eat you. I ask you, Mr. Gobbler, have you ever turned a merciful ear to the pleadings of a worm which you were about to devour?"

Mr. Gobbler hung his head.

"I merely want you to get the point of view of one who is most directly and vitally concerned," he said. "I am not afraid to die. I knew all along that this would happen. It was the fate of my father and mother. Ah, well, if I must go thru with it, I wish you'd do it quickly. And please, please don't make a mess of it!"

I promised I would exercise care.

Obediently, Mr. Gobbler laid his head on the block.

"You'd better close your eyes," I said. "I can't do it while you're looking at me."

He closed his eyes. Chop!

MINERS' HEAD CRITICISES STATE LAWS

John P. White, president of the International Mine Workers of America, looks like Senator "Bob" La Follette. But he talks, thinks and acts like nobody in the world but John P. White.

White, who is making his first visit to the Northwest, returned Wednesday night from Black Diamond, where he addressed the miners, and Ravensdale, where he inspected the mine, the scene of the recent explosion, in which 31 men were killed.

"The cause of the explosion has not been definitely determined," he said Thursday. "But The Star was right when it said that the explosion would have been less likely to occur if the mine had been equipped with a humidity system.

Sprinkling Not Enough

"Sprinkling a mine is not enough. It is not the dust in the gangway that explodes. It is the dust on the beams and in out-of-the-way corners that becomes dry and floats in the air, ready to be exploded by a naked light, a windy shot or any other agent."

The head of the mine workers was astonished to learn that in Washington the state inspector is not given police powers, and that he cannot enter mines without the permission of the operators.

"In my state, Iowa, the inspector has police powers," he said. "It is the operator, not the inspector, who must appeal to the courts."

Mining Laws Archaic

In this state, if the inspector wishes to enter a mine and is forbidden to do so by the company, he must appeal to the court for a writ of mandamus. If the inspector wishes safety devices to be placed in a mine, he must get a court order.

"From what I have gathered," said White, "your mining laws are archaic."

White will address a mass meeting at the Drenthland pavilion Sunday, for the benefit of the families bereaved by the Ravensdale disaster.

SEATTLE CUT OFF BY GALE; WIRES DOWN

The Pacific coast is in the grip of a severe windstorm Thursday. Its proportions and the damage it may be doing can only be estimated at Seattle, for, early Thursday, all wires went down south of here.

Tatoosh Island, at Cape Flattery, also has been isolated by the gale. The Pacific ocean has been lashed into fury. Fears are expressed for the safety of craft plying up and down the coast.

On Puget sound small craft which are off shore Thursday are on their beam ends.

The gale at noon was 46 miles at Seattle, 10 miles higher than is generally considered a moderate gale. The last report the weather bureau had from Oregon, the velocity of the wind at North Head, off the mouth of the Columbia, was 60 miles.

Weather Forecast

Occasional rain tonight and Friday.

Only 24 shopping days until CHRISTMAS

LET'S GET BUSY DUKE!
ONLY TWENTY FOUR DAYS LEFT!
WOT DYE SAY?

HIGHS AT SEATTLE

8:57 a. m., 14.1 ft.	12:57 p. m., 1.1 ft.
2:55 p. m., 12.8 ft.	1:04 p. m., 9.7 ft.

Whale Steaks and Artificial Eggs Other Foods Now Popular; Correspondent Tells "Inside News"

BERNE, Switzerland, Nov. 25.—All Europe has grimly settled down to the certainty of another winter of war. Nobody believes there is any possibility of peace.

In America inspired correspondents at Washington start one peace movement after another with no foundation in any of them.

In Europe, people know peace is far away.

In Europe, the war has become a fact of life and the tortured millions are accepting daily torture as a matter of fact.

Switzerland is an oasis in the center of it all. To Switzerland come scattering groups of all the combatant nations—some to live out the war, some to talk politics, some to deal in long distance diplomacy, some as spies.

For their benefit, the newspapers of all countries also come and correspondents find in these journals more interesting war news than a dozen correspondents could cable to America—undercurrent news which the ordinary reporter of war moves never sees, and if seen, the censor obliterates.

FOOD PRICES ARE HIGH

The most striking fact, as winter starts, is the food condition, not alone in Germany, but in England as well. The English newspapers outside of London are full of articles urging household economy and giving housewives practical advice.

In Germany, the food shortage takes the form of high prices.

Germany undoubtedly has enough food for her population, but there can't be excessive high prices any place on earth where there is plenty.

ARTIFICIAL OMELETS

The Hague newspapers tell of a new Berlin ordinance, forbidding artists to paint with oils, because animal and vegetable oils used for paints are needed for the manufacture of chemical foods.

Go thru copies of German newspapers, and ads will be found offering for sale artificial omelets, artificial butter and chemical honey and marmalade.

EAT WHALE STEAKS

Following the recent order to the people to refrain from meat on certain days, with the resultant riots, comes the appearance of ads in the German newspapers, telling what a fine substitute for beef whale meat is.

It is curious to note, too, that the strain in Germany is the direct cause of hardships in every-day life in France. The reason is that France so far has no shortage of "made-in-Germany" necessities.

CATS ON HUNGARIAN TABLES

The Rheinisch-Westfaelische points out that in East Prussia butter, in two weeks, has risen from 2 marks 50 pfennig per pound, to 3 marks 50 pfennig, and even 4 marks, or \$1 American money.

The Frankfurter Zeitung prints the following from its Buda-Pest correspondent:

"The official organ of the Hungarian Butcher's association announces that in the district of Biharkentzeser, in Hungary, an enormous consumption of cats takes place daily. The prices have arisen and amount to huge sums. The local authorities have now fixed a maximum price for cat meat at 3 kronen per kilo—or about 28 cents a pound in American money.

WATCH OVER WAR ORPHANS

In France the number of war orphans is causing a distressing situation.

A national association to care for war orphans has been formed and has established seven colonies.

The association tries to secure for the orphans such an upbringing and education as their soldier fathers would have tried to give themselves.

WIFE TRIES TO DIE

Mrs. Bessie Fern Herzman, wife of R. E. Herzman, chauffeur, 407 Ninth ave. N., quarreled with her husband Wednesday night. The quarrel ended when Mrs. Herzman seized a bottle of carbolic acid and swallowed part of the contents. City hospital: Condition not serious.

You could put all the United States except Alaska in Brazil and have 200,000 square miles left.

SCANDAL FEARED; GAME OFF

Thousands of persons who planned attending the county jail prisoners' Thanksgiving day football game, at Dugdale park, were disappointed Thursday, the game having been called off thru an order of superior court.

Nearly 500 persons who did not know of the summary action of the court went out to the field at 10 o'clock.

Special delegations from Aberdeen, Chehalis, Everett, Snohomish and other outside towns arrived here early to attend the game.

Express indignation

For several hours disappointed fans, and others, including prominent club women and charity workers, kept the county jail phone busy.

When informed of the cause of the trouble, they were free in expressing their indignation.

Superior Judge Everett Smith, the man who stopped smoking on street cars, put the official damper on the game late Wednesday afternoon.

Eight other superior judges, after considerable discussion, backed him up.

At the eleventh hour, Judge Smith Wednesday afternoon asked that a meeting of judges be called, privately, in Judge Gilliam's chambers.

Summons was sent to each member of the bench and to Sheriff Hodge, and the concluding day was kept prisoners in," said Judge Smith. "Aside from that fact, I am opposed to the Thanksgiving game because I believe nobody but morbid curiosity seekers will attend."

Bob Hodge, prison ship called the Success," he declared. "The people of that day thought it was a good place to keep prisoners in. A few weeks ago it was exhibited as a torture hole in Seattle harbor. Some people living today should have lived in the time of the Success."

Hodge declared he did not believe those who attended the game would be curiosity seekers."

"You must admit," put in a judge, "that it will not be a game."

"There is a lean wrong," said Hodge. "The men on the two teams have been practicing every day for weeks. They're in earnest. They want to show that, in spite of their plight, they are yet men."

"You're stubborn," somebody declared.

"It is not stubbornness that prompts me to take this stand," the sheriff said. "Inside of every man, prisoner or not, there is a spark of something that is real virtue. If that spark can be nursed and brought to the surface, the man may yet become a power for good. That is my belief."

"But think of the scandal this game would bring upon the superior bench of King county!" expostulated Judge Tallant. "Think of the scandal! It would be known all over the country that we judges had condoned such a thing! We would be held responsible!"

It was voted unanimously by the judges to advise the sheriff to call the game off.

"I'll take the matter under advisement," said Hodge.

Some hours later Sheriff Hodge sent the judges this communication:

"Regarding your request that I advisedly call off the football game scheduled to take place on Thanksgiving day, I have decided that the game will be called promptly at 10 o'clock a. m., Thursday morning, as per schedule. Respectfully,

"ROBERT HODGE, Sheriff."

Whereupon the judges issued an order forbidding the game and commanding the sheriff to keep his prisoners locked up.

Tight Shoes Cause Death of This Man

CHICAGO, Nov. 25.—Tight San Francisco shoes were blamed today by a coroner's jury for the death of Sedgwick W. Vogan of San Francisco. Vogan came here after buying the shoes in San Francisco. A blister soon developed. Gangrene set in. He died.

TO CHECK FUNDS TO DETERMINE GRAFT'S EXTENT

OLYMPIA, Nov. 25.—State Auditor C. W. Clausen has announced that a thorough check of the industrial insurance department will be begun as soon as the insurance commission has completed its investigation of shortages in the department aggregating more than \$15,000.

Former Police Chief Hall was taken yesterday from the jail cell where he has been held since Saturday and for two hours was closeted with Gov. Lister, the industrial insurance commissioner, and Assistant Attorney General Wilson, when they went through into his allegations that a huge opium smuggling ring exists in connection with the insurance department looting.

ICE BOMBARDED; BATTALION OF TROOPS DROWN

COPENHAGEN, Nov. 25.—Bombarding the ice on which the Austrians were trying to cross the Sty river, the Russians recently drowned a battalion, according to unofficial advices received here today.

After the Turkey

You will be feeling fine. Be sure to take time to look over the ads in today's Star thoroughly. The stores are offering some mighty fine bargains for tomorrow. You'll find the best offerings of Seattle's best stores in The Star daily.