

MUTINY ON THE MINNESOTA

The Seattle Star

NIGHT EDITION

THE ONLY PAPER IN SEATTLE THAT DARES TO PRINT THE NEWS

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"Love Your Wife But Be Firm"

This is the advice of one man in telling "How to Hold a Wife." How about yours? Do you have trouble holding yours? Write us and win a \$25 prize. See page 5.

HONEST citizens must rally again Saturday to the defense of the port commission. Enemies of municipal ownership are waging a desperate campaign to grab control of public docks. These docks are **YOURS, Mr. and Mrs. Taxpayer.** They have been built with millions of dollars of **YOUR** money. And it now is up to you to save them by re-electing Saturday as port commissioners **Dr. Carl A. Ewald and Judge C. E. Remsberg, two men you KNOW are RIGHT.**

You are taking chances if you elect any one else. Seattle's kept newspapers are trying to foist upon you men who admittedly are not qualified for the job. One has spent money advertising his candidacy. The office he seeks is one without salary. Why does he want it?

THE ONLY WAY TO PLAY SAFE IS TO ELECT EWALD AND REMSBERG.

VOTE FOR ALL FIVE PROPOSITIONS OFFERED BY THE PORT COMMISSION. These will pave the way for the public belt line to connect up all docks on the waterfront. The money for the belt line is already on hand. No new indebtedness is necessary. The bonds have been voted for other projects. The port commission has saved the \$200,000 needed for the belt line by watching the nickels, and building these projects under the original estimates. It now asks you to consent to the transfer of this money from one fund to another, to make its use for a belt line legal.

The public belt line will not raise taxes. Rather, it will lower them. Seattle's waterfront commerce is the industrial backbone of the city. The belt line will invite trade. A busy waterfront makes a busy city. **IT WILL BE A STEP TOWARD PROSPERITY.**

EXTRA! BIG NEWS! MYSTERIOUS MR. 'CAG' DISCOVERED

Found! Signor Cagliostro, the famous savant and good sport, is living in Seattle. The Star's brightest young reporter found him today, thus putting it all over the entire police department.

Signor Cagliostro has taken a year's leave of a pretty bungalow at 412 Crockett st., where his only companions are a Japanese servant and a curious collection of animal and bird pets.

"There is no mystery about my coming to Seattle," said Cag, in excellent English, for he is an accomplished linguist. "I am writing a book. Probably no one will read it, but I enjoy writing it. I am engaged, as you may know, in refuting the theory of Emersonian transcendentalism. I assure you I have demolished it utterly."

Wears Waxed Mustaches
Signor Cagliostro is a man of middle age and slender build. He is given much to gesticulation and shoulder-shrugs. He wears perfectly waxed mustaches and between his lower lip and his chin a tiny tuft of hair is permitted to grow.

The Japanese servant served coffee and cigars, and then retired silently.

Between sips of coffee, Signor Cagliostro stroked a white rabbit with pink eyes which rested contentedly against his embroidered waistcoat.

Visitation as a Recreation
Under Signor Cagliostro's chair, almost under his feet, a guinea pig was curled in a tiny, furry ball—sound asleep.

The scientist laughed. "You are bewildered—yes?" he asked. "Let me explain. Every one must have relaxation, is it not so?"

Weather Forecast
Tonight and Thursday, rain.

TIDES AT SEATTLE
11:59 a. m., 13.8 ft. 3:55 p. m., 5.5 ft.
1:23 p. m., 7.2 ft. 5:23 p. m., 4.8 ft.

ROSHANARA'S LONELY; SO SHE GIVES A PARTY Fred Boalt Wasn't Exactly Invited, But He Goes to Her Supper, Anyway

By Fred L. Boalt

The question I want answered is: Was I or was I not invited to Roshanara's party?

If I was not invited, then the managing editor lied, or the press agent of the Orpheum theatre blundered—or something.

Not that it matters much. Only I would like to know. It was a nice party, one of the nicest I ever went to, and I wouldn't have missed it for anything.

Roshanara, as you very well know, is "an exponent of ancient Hindu and Burmese dances." She learned to dance in India. Now, Roshanara is only a slip of a girl, and she is as kind of heart as she is beautiful of face and form. She has sociable instincts, and she finds happiness in making others happy.

And all her life poor little Roshanara has lived a sheltered life—until last night.

Can you imagine traveling over the world, and not seeing it? Oh, Roshanara has seen scenery enough! She savors her pretty head half off at the mere mention of scenery. Scenery, and trains, and theatres, and trains, and ocean liners, and hotels and trains—Roshanara's soul is weary of these.

She has also encountered, since she left India, many human beings, but they were to her only two-legged automatons—such as stewards and porters and waiters and maids and chauffeurs and hotel clerks.

You must understand Roshanara's dilemma. You must get her point of view. It is a frightful thing for an English girl who lives in India to turn dancer and appear in public.

Roshanara's mother is a gently bred English woman, and her father is a strapping Irish officer in the English army. She was determined to dance. Very well. But she must be protected rigorously from the

(Continued on Page 7.)

DUWAMISH FOLK DECIDE UPON BOYCOTT OF INTERURBAN SHOOTS MAN AND LEAPS 100 FEET OFF BRIDGE TO DEATH

The Seattle-Tacoma Interurban was officially boycotted for the first time at a huge mass meeting of Duwamish valley citizens, at the Foster school house, Tuesday night.

By a rising vote the citizens practically unanimously agreed to "forget" the interurban and to patronize the citizens' "Cent-a-Mile" bus line, exclusively.

This action followed the dismissal of a committee which was chosen some time ago to seek a reduction of interurban rates. The committee, it developed Tuesday night, had been governed by its majority, which was favorable to the interurban.

A week ago, when the interurban announced it would reduce its rates between Seattle and the Duwamish valley, the stock of which is owned largely by Duwamish valley citizens, announced its rates would decrease a cent or two below the interurban schedule.

Plunging from the Beacon Hill bridge, more than 100 feet to the pavement, a Japanese, registered under the name of Matao Tanoyve, committed suicide at 3 a. m. Wednesday, after he had shot and perhaps fatally wounded Lloyd Labelle, alias Pierce, alias Poirier, in a quarrel over a woman.

The shooting occurred in the bathroom of the Sun hotel, 529 Main st., at 2:30 a. m. The Japanese shot Labelle four times with a .22 rifle.

Labelle, say the police, has been living at the hotel for a week with an Indian girl.

The two men quarreled over her. Tanoyve then followed Labelle into the bathroom and shot him.

Labelle, Miss Alice Daniels, the Indian girl, and Mrs. W. F. Anonett, of Auburn, 30, cousin of Labelle, staying at the Eclipse hotel, have all been booked on open charges at police headquarters.



Roshanara, girl who does "snake" dances at the Orpheum this week.

BIG LINER HEADS FOR FRISCO WITH MUTINOUS CREW

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 1.—Her crew reported in mutiny, after facing great danger in a storm that lashed her for several days, the big Hill liner frigate Minnesota is making for this port at top speed.

This information came by wireless to local shipping men today, but did not indicate what caused the mutiny, the authorities are inclined to believe it might have been because the men did not want to go thru the war zone.

The big ship left Seattle more than a week ago for London, carrying a war cargo worth over \$2,000,000.

PRESIDENT'S LIFE THREATENED

CLEVELAND, Dec. 1.—An attempt to end the lives of President Wilson and Secretary Garrison with liquid fire on their clothes, was proposed recently by "two men in high official life," according to information alleged to have been obtained by County Prosecutor Locher, thru a court stenographer's record, purporting to have been taken while Locher examined E. W. Ritter, a chemist.

Ritter, however, denied he had ever made such a statement. Charles De Woody, a special agent of the department of justice, who has been investigating bomb plots, swore out a warrant charging issuance of a fraudulent \$50 check by Ritter.

Ritter admits he invented the original "liquid fire." He asserted his enemies caused his arrest, misled by Miss McDarby, to whom he gave the alleged fraudulent check.

He is held in \$5,000 bail on the check charge, but he maintains he is ignorant of any munitions plot.

He passed here under the name of Von Rettagh, the self-styled son of an Austrian count. He is 38 years old.

The stenographic reports was in part as follows:

"Two men high in official life came to me and proposed that my liquid fire be sprinkled on President Wilson and Secretary Garrison.

"No, no," I exclaimed, "that would be terrible. I'd never do it."

"Why was not it proposed to shoot the president?"

"They said shooting would mean arrest. With the liquid fire, so—you shoot it from a rubber ball upon a person's clothes and leave. In a few minutes—poof—and the liquid fire is in flames."

De Woody has ordered the alleged records sent to Washington.

EXPECT INDICTMENTS AT FRISCO

WASHINGTON, Dec. 1.—That wholesale grand jury indictments at San Francisco will follow the arrest of C. C. Crowley, detective and alleged bomb plotter, was learned here today from federal sources.

It is understood that the department of justice had evidence implicating Crowley's alleged associates.

Officials hinted the situation "will bear close watching," and even intimated that the case may develop into one more important than that of the alleged customs violations of the Hamburg-American officials at New York.