

### Six Hours Work a Day Now on the Farm

Henry Ford has invented a tractor for farmers. Read, on page 8, about what it will do. No more of this 4 a. m. stuff for our agricultural brethren.

THE ONLY PAPER IN SEATTLE THAT DARES TO PRINT THE NEWS

VOLUME 18 SEATTLE, WASH., TUESDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1915. ONE CENT ON TRAINS AND NEWS STANDS, 2c

## GO DOWN AND SEE FOR YOURSELF, FOLKS!

NOW that the port election is over, and the atmosphere is cleared of the clamor of frenzied and disappointed newspaper and political grouches, why don't you, Mr. and Mrs. Citizen of Seattle, go down to the waterfront, and see for yourselves the great projects which YOU own? SEATTLE IS TODAY DOING A FOREIGN BUSINESS OF \$1,000,000 A DAY. Does that mean anything to YOU? It does. It means a development that will make for permanent instead of spasmodic prosperity. It means that all over the state of Washington, the farmers are now looking to Seattle, more than ever before, as their best shipping center, their best and most convenient warehouse city. Why? Why is Seattle today a bigger world port than Baltimore, San Francisco, Los Angeles, New Orleans? Answer: The facilities furnished by the Seattle port commission—the facilities and the reasonable rates. Farmers all over the state know about this. They are well acquainted with the port of Seattle warehouses, docks, grain elevators, etc. The people of Seattle are not nearly as familiar with the projects they own as they should be. Get acquainted. The election is over, and no political frenzy need prejudice you, one way or another. Go down to the water front and see for yourselves. See the tremendous business being conducted there—see how it employs hundreds of people—see how it makes for permanent prosperity. LEARN FOR YOURSELVES, AND THEN THERE WILL BE NO CHANCE OF ANY SOUR-BALLED NEWSPAPER OR POLITICIAN EVER BAMBOOZLING YOU.

## PRESIDENT LASHES HYPHENATED CITIZENS IN HIS MESSAGE

### Makes Patriotic Appeal to Congress to Support National Defense Program

### 'RAINIER' IS LIKED HERE AS NAME

"Futile, as well as foolish!" This is the verdict of most of Seattle's prominent business men, heads of various clubs and other organizations, on Tacoma's "We want to name the mountain" case. However, Tacoma is going at it tooth and nail, still determined, after 50 years of fighting, to call it "Mount Tacoma," as announced in The Star Monday.

### Judge Opposes It

Judge Thomas Burke, president of the Chamber of Commerce, and President Robert S. Boyns, of the Commercial Club, both joined in the opposition.

"For its historical connection," said Judge Burke, "it should stand. It is a trivial matter, but the name Rainier should stand with the rest of the names on Puget sound." "I see no reason for any change," declared President Boyns. "The Indian name, Tahoma, was a very pretty one, but I don't know of any reason why it should be changed now. Everybody knows it as Rainier." "Calls it 'Winter Sport'" "It means that Tacoma must be idle and must have something to keep her out of mischief," was the opinion of Dr. M. A. Matthews, of the First Presbyterian church. "If they want to take it up as a winter sport, let them play at it. They can hurt nobody, nor get anywhere. The government has already officially named Rainier National park after the mountain, and Tacoma couldn't change the name if she were to howl her head off. In justice, the mountain should be called Tahoma, but to attempt to change it would be useless."

### LANSING STANDS PAT IN ASKING ENVOYS' RECALL

WASHINGTON, Dec. 7.—The state department's formal refusal to give its reasons for asking the recall of Boy-Ed and Von Papeu, German embassy attaches, was forwarded last night to Berlin, and given to Ambassador Von Bernstorff, it became known today. The embassy interpreted this action as "very unfriendly."

The embassy explained, too, that the Berlin foreign office had asked that America's reasons be given secretly, if the state department did not care to make them public.

Secretary Lansing, however, the embassy said, refused any information.

### CAPT. TENNANT CALLS STELLA REGULAR WHIZ

Captain of Detectives Charles Tennant returned from San Francisco, Monday night, with Harry Morris. Morris was not a voluntary traveling companion. He came along in custody. Morris is a bold, bad bandit. This is known by reason of the fact that the captain personally went after him. Morris, a traveling salesman, is accused of having cashed a worthless \$30 check at the New Richmond hotel here. Interviewed, Tuesday, Capt. Tennant was enthusiastic over the successful return of the prisoner. "Did you have much trouble with him?" he was asked. "The closing days of the fair were long to be remembered," replied the detective chief. "He came along peaceably, then." "Stella, on the Zone, was great—you should have seen Stella," he said. "The last day of the fair there were 419,000 people admitted."

### Dollar Day at FRASER-PATERSON'S Tomorrow

And you'll find a list of bargains in their full page ad, on page 7, that will fairly make your mouth water. And there's many an article included that will be just the thing for a Christmas gift, too. It will pay you well to look this ad up. Remember, you'll find the choicest offerings of Seattle's best stores in The Star.

### CAPTAIN HELD, IS LATEST FEAR

Local water front men today were more than ever mystified by the lack of information concerning the real trouble on the crippled Hill liner Minnesota, food-laden, Seattle to England, and now struggling somewhere off the lower coast of California.

Her position had not been given since last night—and then, only reluctantly, it seemed. Captain Garlick has asked no government aid. This only adds to the mystery.

At San Francisco, C. W. Wiley, superintendent of the Great Northern Steamship Co., received word by wireless from Capt. Garlick that the breakage in the boilers were not due to natural causes, and that as soon as one leaking tube was replaced, other units broke and kept the ship from making progress. Marine men are puzzled because of the captain's reluctance, apparently, to discuss the case by wireless, and the secrecy of the big ship's position.

Three tugs are now steaming toward the spot off the California coast, where the big liner is believed to be wallowing helplessly.

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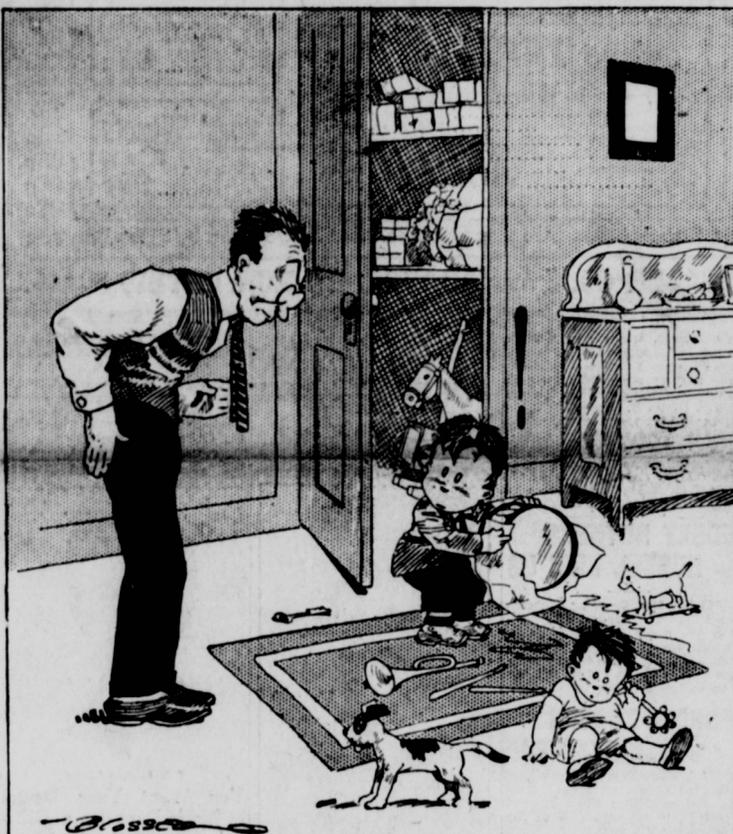
### Weather Forecast

Rain tonight and Wednesday.

Only 15 shopping days until CHRISTMAS

THEN AT SEATTLE  
8:15 a. m., 11:15 a. m., 10:40 a. m., 10:00 p. m., 11:31 p. m., 1:15 p. m.

### Two Weeks Before Christmas



### IS THERE A SANTA CLAUS? BOALT, JUNIOR, BEGINS TO DOUBT IT! FINDS GIFTS CACHED IN HOUSE

By Fred L. Boalt.

It grows increasingly hard to bolster up my son's belief in Santa Claus. In the days of his babyhood his faith in the children's patron saint was implicit and unquestioning, but now he asks questions.

The other day my son went shopping with his mother. In one store Santa Claus gave him a tin badge. In another Santa Claus gave him a sample of patent medicine. He saw Santa Claus a third time in a store window, demonstrating Christmas toys.

How could Santa Claus be in three different places almost at the same time?

And what was he doing in downtown stores, when he ought to be in his toy shop at the North pole?

"And, besides," my son said, "his whiskers weren't real, daddy. I could see the hooks that fastened to his ears."

For that matter, Santa Claus in one store had a red coat, while in another he wore a blue one, and in the store window he wore a red coat, trimmed with white fur.

My son likes to play with boys older than himself.

Out of the wisdom and sophistication of their years, they discuss Santa Claus with him, and he reports these conversations to us.

"Now," say these older boys, "there ain't no Santa Claus. Only little kids believe there is."

He is beginning to suspect that his mother and father have lied to him. Is it wrong to lie to children about Santa Claus? This is an old question, but I have never heard it answered. There are question marks in my son's eyes.

Last Christmas he found a price mark on a toy.

We did some quick and clever lying to explain away that price mark.

The boy has measured the fireplace chimney, and he knows positively that the Santa Claus he saw downtown—in three different places at almost the same time—couldn't get down it. It's too small.

And some people live in steam-heated flats. And, besides, Santa Claus wouldn't have time to visit every house in the world on Christmas eve.

Yesterday my wife went downtown. She left the boy at home because she was going to buy his Christmas presents.

"I know why you won't take me with you," he said. "You can't fool me!"

We smuggled the packages into the house, but he saw us hiding them in a dark closet. As we suspect he contemplates making a pre-Christmas raid on the closet, we have changed the hiding place.

"Oh, lordy! We can't fool him! We lie, and he knows we are liars.

Is this serious or not? I don't know. Do children really love Santa Claus? Or do they love presents?"

I do not remember the exact moment when I learned that Santa Claus was a myth.

Did I weep? Or was I indifferent?

### APPLAUD WILSON AS HE READS

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 7.—Going far beyond any utterances he has made thus far concerning hyphenated Americans, President Wilson today stinging denounced them in his message read to congress. "Creatures of passion, disloyalty and anarchy," he branded them. He counseled laws to deal with their machinations. Their activities, their speech, he said, had poured the "poison of disloyalty into the very arteries of our national life."

They have intruded into the secret places of the government; they have constituted in this time of the world peril, the "greatest threat against our national peace and harmony," he said.

Their purposes have been "vindictive," they have sought to "bring the authority and good name of our government into contempt" and "to destroy our industries wherever they thought it effective for their vindictive purposes to strike at them."

### He Urges New Laws

In urging congress to "enact laws to deal with these persons, the president declared this necessary for no less reason than to save the honor and self-respect of the nation."

It was President Wilson's tenth appearance before a joint session of the house and senate.

The lure of seeing him and of getting a glimpse of his fiancée in the presidential gallery; the desire to hear his views urged on one of the most momentous congresses in the nation's history, drew great throngs.

Mrs. Galt is Attractive

For those to whom the opening message of the 64th congress meant only a spectacle, the center of attraction was Mrs. Norman Galt, the president's fiancée.

Smiling, handsome dressed in a dark blue broadcloth suit adorned with a bouquet of rare orchids and wearing a dark hat, she made her way into the executive balcony shortly after noon.

With her were Miss Margaret Wilson, Miss Helen Woodrow Boney, Mrs. McAdoo and Mrs. Bolling.

Surrounded by secret service men and police, the president reached the capitol at 12:20.

Capitol guards and city police kept the crowds away from his car and cleared a path to a private elevator.

Twenty minutes later, escorted by the delegates, the president entered the house.

Applause broke forth in a mighty volume. Members arose from their seats, clapping their hands for what seemed minutes, while the galleries joined in the ovation.

Above the din of applause, sounded the "rebel yell," from a Southern admirer of the executive.

The president was dressed in a frock coat and gray trousers. As he started his address, his voice seemed faint, but as he progressed it grew stronger.

He spoke slowly, emphasizing his words carefully, and pausing after

## NO, GENTLE READER! SIGNOR CAGLIOSTRO ISN'T GOING TO FIGHT THAT DUEL! AND HE TELLS YOU WHY

Signor Cagliostro announced today that he would not challenge the journalist of the Morning Grouch who wrote the denunciatory editorials calling The Star "the Cagliostro of Seattle newspaperdom."

"I have decided to ignore the fellow," he said.

Those who know Cagliostro's fiery temper and finicky sense of honor are nonplussed by the signor's decision.

"It's not what I would have expected of me old pal, Cap," said Johnny Clancy. "But I refuse to believe he has a yellow streak."

Cagliostro's intimates recall dramatic incidents in the scientist's career as a duellist.

Where is Baron Von Kluckert, famous swordsman, who dared disagree with Cagliostro concerning Emersonian transcendentalism?

DEAD AS A DOORNAIL!

And Duke Brunovitch, who suggested in Cagliostro's hearing that the stones in the earrings worn by a certain lady were paste?

Cagliostro neatly placed a bullet through the lobe of each of his ears as a reminder to others that it is neither polite nor safe to question the quality of a lady's earrings.

Where is Giuseppe Mandine, the swashbuckler?

DEAD!

Henri Duvigney?

DEAD ALSO!

He dared to snicker at Cagliostro's curled mustaches.

What happened to "Brute" McNulty, the heavyweight pugilist? He and Cagliostro fought with bare knuckles and the doughty "Brute" was knocked out in the seventh round.

Interviewed by The Star, Cagliostro said:

"My reason for refusing to challenge this penny-a-liner may seem nevertheless, entirely scientific. But for my guinea pig I should insist on wiping out this stain on my good name on the field of honor."

"You will observe I have a sore thumb. The guinea pig bit me. No; the guinea pig does not dislike me. He is merely suffering from the—the—Diabolo! I cannot for the moment think of that quaint American word. Ah! I have it! The grouch! He is suffering from the grouch."

"And why is my fat guinea pig suffering from the grouch? A sweet problem in metaphysics, the science of pure reason, my friend! My guinea pig has the grouch because he eats too much."

"Such an appetite my fat rascal has! As long as there is food before him he continues to eat."

"Now a grouch is a state of mind. It is a mental sickness. It is induced variously."

"Mark you, now, the oddity of the coincidence. I had considered gravely what should do in this matter. Should I kill the journalist? I concluded that I must. And then the guinea pig bit me. It set me to thinking."

"I experimented. My guinea pig had the grouch from overeating. I gave my canaries not enough to eat. Straightway they became cross."

I transferred Pietro—he is my bullfrog—from the familiar environment of the aquarium to the unfamiliar and unhappy one of the dining room rug. Instantly he became peevish.

"Now, then, I had made a discovery. Attend! This penny-a-liner is a famous banqueter. Ergo, my penny-a-liner eats too much."

"He and the newspaper employing him do not like The Star. Why? The circulation

of The Star is 59,000—going up. The circulation of the Morning Grouch is 42,000—going down. "Would I challenge my fat guinea pig who eats too much?"

"Would I be tormented with hatred for my distinguished Pietro who glares at me from the dining room rug?"

"Would I thrust a blade into the breast of one of my peevish canaries?"

"They why should I seek to kill this poor peevish journalist who grouchily scribbles paragraphs for the Theda Bara of Seattle newspaperdom?"

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