

Henry Ford's expedition gets cool reception in Norway; followers urge Henry to quit. Story on page 5.

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ONE CENT ON TRAINS AND NEWS STANDS

AMERICANS ARE ATTACKED BY BULGARS; HELD AS PRISONERS

DON'T DODGE, HI!

MAYOR GILL will run again. That is his privilege, even if he did repeatedly say he would not run again. But it is not his privilege to DODGE THE REAL ISSUE.

Gill at one time may have meant it when he said he would not run. Later, his statements along that line had a string attached to them. He would not run, he said, UNLESS COUNCILMAN ERICKSON RAN.

When Gill made that statement early last summer, Erickson and the mayor were in a controversy over questions of MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP. Gill made the issue then. He cannot dodge it now.

He says now the issue is to be the tax budget. The question of taxes did not enter into their former controversy.

But let's have the tax issue, too. Let us see why the city has a cash balance of \$3,000,000 in the banks, but is compelled nevertheless to borrow money and pay interest.

Let us find out who inflicted upon us the Renick law, which makes such a condi-

tion possible.

LET US SEE WHY GILL FAVORED THIS FELLOW RENICK FOR A SEAT IN THE COUNCIL A YEAR AGO.

LET US SEE, TOO, WHY GILL WANTED JOSIAH COLLINS, A KNOWN FOE OF MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP, IN THE COUNCIL A YEAR AGO.

By all means, let us have the tax issue. But, important as it is, it will not overshadow the real issue, municipal ownership.

Nor will it obscure the rotten record of a discredited police chief to whom Gill is still clinging.

The Star will be frank with Gill. As between his lamentable administration in 1910 and the present administration, he has improved considerably. BUT THAT IS ALL THAT CAN BE SAID.

He still belongs to the old-fashioned days of ward politics. He longs for a return of the ward system. He said so during the recent commission charter fight.

Doctor and Woman Correspondent Are Roughly Handled; Bulgarian Officer Orders Stars and Stripes Torn From Red Cross Headquarters.

By William G. Shepherd

SALONIKA, Dec. 20.—Mrs. Walter Farwell, Chicago society woman and newspaper correspondent, was handled roughly, and Dr. Harry S. Forbes, American Red Cross doctor, of Boston, was attacked when Bulgarian forces raided American Red Cross headquarters at Monastir.

Likewise they ripped down the American flag and seized Serbian relief stores for the Bulgarian army's use.

Then, stationing sentries, the Bulgars virtually held Mrs. Farwell and American Red Cross workers as prisoners.

Edward Stuart, chief of the Red Cross in Serbia, appealed today to the state department, thru Consul Kehl here, in a demand that Mrs. Farwell and Dr. Forbes be allowed to leave.

The Red Cross worker who reported the attack said the couple were safe Wednesday, but their situation was growing unpleasant.

The conduct of Forbes and Mrs. Farwell was heroic.

Refuses to Give Up Relief Stores

Forbes had purchased 24 car loads of flour from the Serbians before they evacuated the city. This he stored in Red Cross headquarters and was distributing small portions daily to 2,000 impoverished families within the town.

Repeatedly the Bulgarians demanded that Forbes sell them flour and offered him double what it cost originally.

He refused, explaining the flour was American property for civilian distribution. Then the Bulgars threatened.

So, Dr. Forbes, thinking to protect his stores and himself, hung the Stars and Stripes above the door of headquarters.

Bulgarians Rip Down Stars and Stripes

Suddenly several Bulgar officers, with 30 soldiers, descended upon the building and ripped down the flag. One officer, who said he was a former deputy sheriff in Kansas, exclaimed to Forbes:

"I know that rag. It's only good enough to scare Mexicans—not Bulgarians."

Thereupon several of the soldiers sprang at Forbes, and in the struggle an officer hit him with the butt of his sword.

Mrs. Farwell calmly attempted to take a picture of the fight.

As the camera clicked three soldiers seized her by the neck and arms and smashed her camera.

Seize Two Car Loads of American Flour

They then seized two car loads of flour and warned Mrs. Farwell and the doctor not to attempt to leave.

A Red Cross officer, who went into Serbia in an attempt to reach the pair, was returned into Greece by the Bulgarians. From them, however, he learned the story of the raid.

CHICAGO, Dec. 20.—Mrs. Walter Farwell, reported arrested by Bulgars at Monastir, is the wife of Walter Farwell, millionaire son of the late senator. She has been engaged recently as a correspondent of the Tribune in the Southeastern theatre.

Mrs. Farwell's mother's first husband was Stephen A. Douglas, who defeated Abraham Lincoln for the United States senate.

WAR OR PEACE FOR U. S.?—UP TO HIM



Baron Burian, Austro-Hungarian foreign minister, who wrote Austria's reply to this country's protest on the sinking of the Ancona. Upon Baron Burian's next move depends whether or not the United States will break off relations with Austria.

MAYOR GILL WILL SEEK RE-ELECTION

Mayor Hiram C. Gill will seek re-election. He so announced Saturday night.

Although the mayor had frequently said he "would like to retire from politics" and return to private law practice, there always was a string attached to such statements. It is no surprise that he is a candidate again.

Several months ago, Mayor Gill said he would not run "unless Councilman Erickson ran."

Gill and Erickson were then in a heated dispute over questions of municipal ownership. At that time the tax levy had not yet been begun. The so-called "high and low tax" bank had not been started.

In his Saturday announcement, however, Mayor Gill says the issue in the coming election is "taxes," and not municipal ownership.

"As to our municipally owned utilities," said Gill, "I have not noticed any octopi getting control of them during my administration."

He said it was not good business for the lighting department to extend its business outside the city limits. Into the Duwamish valley. The mayor said he was a member of the council when the water and light plants were established, and he supported them.

"Since the announcement of the candidacy of Councilman Erickson," said Mayor Gill, "it is only fair to those who may be interested in my decision to run to make it known at this time."

Mayor Gill ignored any mention of the candidacy for mayor of Austin E. Griffiths, his former chief of police.

William Lee, in trying to make peace between E. W. Goss, time-keeper, and L. B. Ledbetter, shot by latter in Clear Lake Lumber Co.'s bunkhouse Sunday night.

WILSONS KEEP TO ROOM

HOT SPRINGS, Va., Dec. 20.—The apparently happily oblivious of their surroundings, President and Mrs. Wilson constituted the center of the winter colony's eager interest today.

Wealthy New Yorkers wintering here, anxiously awaited the "debuts" of the money-mongers.

The president and his bride took breakfast in their private suite, as they did all of Sunday's meals.

Outside, the clear, crisp air spoke a tempting invitation to take a turn at the links.

The couple's plans, however, called only for an automobile ride in the mountains during the afternoon.

Dictates Some Letters During the forenoon the president answered congratulations that have poured upon him in an unending stream.

He also had a short session with his private stenographer, Charles Swen, over routine matters.

The executive is prepared to keep in closest touch with international affairs. He has a private telephone line, over which he can talk with Secretary Lansing or Secretary Tumulty concerning state affairs if necessary.

These Washington officials are instructed to keep him posted on any developments requiring his attention.

Promises to Obey The president and his bride came here Saturday night, occupying a private car on a special train.

They were married at 8:30 at Mrs. Galt's home. The ceremony was simple. There were no ushers nor attendants. Mrs. Galt was married in a black velvet traveling gown. Both parties knit during the ceremony, which was performed by Rev. Herbert Scott Smith, rector of St. Margaret's Episcopal church.

Mrs. Wilson promised to love, honor and obey her husband.

A buffet lunch was served after the ceremony. Mrs. Wilson cut the wedding cake.

The couple left Washington at 11:40 Saturday night, and arrived at Hot Springs at 9 a. m. Sunday.

They occupy a suite of four rooms in their hotel. A section of the hotel has been set apart for them and no other guests will be given rooms near them.

The suite on the third floor. Porches outside their windows overlook the golf links. The president has recently taught his bride how to play the game, and they expect to have some golf together.

They will remain here for two weeks before returning to Washington.

GIRL REPORTER LEARNS SHE CAN BE MOVIE STAR; O, YES! PERFECTLY EASY

MYSTERIES—don't you love them? I do. I found a mystery up in the Ellers building last Saturday, and solved it.

I think I have uncovered one of the worst frauds in Seattle, by which working girls are being bilked out of their money, on the pretense that they are to become stars in the movies.

The other day The Star got this letter from Assistant Labor Commissioner D. W. Lyman:

"I hope you will expose this moving picture outfit at 407 Ellers building. They advertise for girls for the moving picture business. I understand they are inducing them to put money into what seems a questionable compact, but that part I am hoping you will develop."

He was right in his conclusion, but he didn't have the proof. I found their ad in an evening newspaper. Here it is:

"WANTED—People by moving picture corporation! have openings in several positions; can use experienced and inexperienced people in all branches—actresses and general all around people. If interested and able to make an investment, call 407-408 Ellers building. I've often thought I should like to try my hand at moving picture acting, and I suppose every girl has sometimes wished the same thing, so I am not surprised that such concerns as the Lighthouse Film Corporation find business profitable."

Diamond-Studded Man Meets Her at Door At the door of 407 Ellers building I had the pleasure of meeting a diamond-studded gentleman of suave and expansive personality. He waved me in.

While I think of it, isn't it funny how these easy-money sharps have fallen to imitating our old friend, J. Rufus Wallingford?

Well, the man at the door is one of that kind. He breathes optimism and talks like a million dollars. But I have found, nearly always, that if you give a man enough rope, and his game is crooked, he will soon enough hang himself.

"I have come in answer to your advertisement," I told him. "Well," he said, "there are three ways to answer that ad. Did you come seeking employment, or for investment, or—"

"Employment," I answered. He seemed bored. He fished into a desk and drew forth a sheet of paper.

"Here is our application blank," he said. "There are about 300 ahead of you, and there isn't much chance for a beginner. But put your name down, and we'll try you out Tuesday."

"We'll be making a film over at Luna park, and we'll give you a place in the 'maddening throng.'"

The "maddening throng," I learned, was the mob in the background, the rabble that runs after the baby carriage that's broken loose from the nurse and is tearing down hill towards the lake.

"Then I was tried out in the studio, and perhaps—"but it takes a long time for a girl to get even a minor part," he said.

Remembers She Has Money to Invest He arose and was in the act of opening the door to bid me good-bye, when I turned suddenly, and said:

"My mother left me a little money, and I was just thinking I—"

(Continued on Page 3.)

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mentioned in Bur's Peerage, or even in the Seattle Blue Book."

Schermer choked with wrath. "Why—why," he stammered, "you snobbish old son-of-a-gun! You beat it out of my place pronto! You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

BANDITS CHASED BY DOGS

Exhausted by the strain due to traversing miles of brush-covered territory, the bloodhounds employed by deputy sheriffs to trail the flight of bandits who held up and robbed the State Bank of Duwall of \$435 Saturday night had to be given a rest Monday morning.

The posse will renew its search later in the afternoon. This is the word brought back by Deputy Sheriff William Shields.

It is believed the robbers are making their way to the banks of the Snoqualmie river for the body of the fourth bandit, who, it was believed, was shot and killed by Bert Gainer as the thug was swimming toward liberty.

Deputy Sheriff Shields now is of the opinion that the bandit was not wounded and swam across the Snoqualmie in safety.

Seizing a sack of money, the four darted into the street, firing promiscuously. They were followed by a posse of citizens. Gainer became the target for one of the bandits, who leaped into the river. Gainer shot him thru the head and he sank from sight.

The other three were surrounded in a patch of brush, but escaped during the night. A party of deputy sheriffs planned to drive them from their ambush as soon as day broke.

Dogs from the Monroe reformatory traced the thugs for eight miles, showing that the men had swam the river in getting away.

U. S. SAYS ITS LAST WORD TO AUSTRIA ON ANCONA SINKING

WASHINGTON, Dec. 20.—America's sharp rejoinder to the Austrian Ancona reply probably will be in the hands of Foreign Minister Burian at Vienna tomorrow.

As it insists on prompt reply, it is expected Austria will answer within a fortnight.

The note is the first one which has gone without President Wilson's final O. K.

While he approved and dictated a rough draft of it Saturday, Secretary Lansing sent the completed document without the usual presidential approval.

The administration's refusal to enter into an extended discussion of facts unless Austria repudiates her admiralty announcement in justification of the torpedoing, is expected to insure a prompt reply.

The state department is kept informed of popular and official opinion in Austria by Ambassador Penfield.

NEW YORK, Dec. 20.—A complete confession that Paul Koenig and others plotted to blast the Welland ship canal, and involving the recalled German Attaché Boy-Ed and Von Papien, has been wrung from Fred Metzler, Koenig's alleged ally, according to authorities today.

Indictments based on the confession are expected by Wednesday.

CONFESSES ALL IN PLOT TO BLOW UP CANAL

time to visit Mother Ryther's home, somebody else must, if the children there are to get anything for Christmas.

You can't expect Mother Ryther to do the Santa Claus stunt. Doesn't she, out of the goodness of her great heart, play

mother to them all the year round? Fifty-odd children eat a lot of food and wear out a pile of clothes in the course of a year.

So Joe Schermer is going to try to do what Santa Claus—the miserable old slacker!—won't do. But he needs help—your help. He's going to give a dance at

Dreamland Tuesday night. You can help Joe by taking your best girl to Dreamland and dancing your foolish head off. It will cost you two-bits, and you get five dances.

If that isn't enough—and a feller who won't dance more than five times with his best girl is a

piker—you can buy more tickets. You'd better show at Dreamland tomorrow night, that's all.

Mother Ryther and her working mothers and their babies get all the proceeds after the bare expenses have been paid. If you can't go, send the money.

TAKE YOUR GIRL TO JOE'S DANCE AND GIVE MOTHER RYTHER'S KIDS A CHRISTMAS

"I tell you," said Santa Claus, pettishly, "it is out of the question."

"But," Joe Schermer started to protest, "those children at Mother Ryther's home—"

"I know!" Santa Claus interrupted. "But I'm up to my neck

in work as it is. I hardly know which way to turn. You must remember that I have on my list all the first families, to say nothing of thousands of others of less social importance. I can hardly be expected, in the circumstances, to go out of my way for these children whose parents are not

mentioned in Bur's Peerage, or even in the Seattle Blue Book."

Schermer choked with wrath. "Why—why," he stammered, "you snobbish old son-of-a-gun! You beat it out of my place pronto! You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

And if Santa Claus can't find