

Here, You Growups!

If you want to get that grouch out of your system, climb onto a sled with one of the youngsters and whiz down one of Seattle's hills. It's a fine tonic.

The Seattle Star

THE ONLY PAPER IN SEATTLE THAT DARES TO PRINT THE NEWS

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ONE CENT

LAST EDITION

AMERICANS ON TORPEDOED LINER

SEATTLE GETS ON WATER WAGON

Col. John Barleycorn, pioneer in these parts, is dead here today from an illness induced by the state-wide prohibition law that went into effect at midnight.

W. C. T. U. members and anti-saloon leaguers were gay at his wake. The hearse that bore him away was strangely fashioned—like a waterwagon.

Thousands of grieving comrades were with the colonel when the end came, at midnight. Today their grief partook of the nature of enlarged head, an overwhelming thirst and a deep, dark-brown taste in the mouth.

The coroner bequeathed to his heirs about \$1,000,000 in filled bottles, stored in Seattle private cellars.

The coroner's jury, all white ribbons, said the colonel came to his death from natural causes.

There have been dozens of livelier nights downtown than Friday evening. Saloon men agreed that patrons had been cutting down on their drinking for months, ever since the wet-and-dry election, in fact. The appetites were lacking on the final night.

The orgy, which had been predicted when Seattle, today the biggest dry city in the United States, bade farewell to its saloons, did not materialize.

Seattle took it like a man. It might have been a wilder good-night to booze and welcome to the dry year, had it not been for the snow that blanketed Seattle New Year's eve.

The cafes were congested—but not more so than on former New Year's eves.



Uncle Sam's "duck pond" postoffice site has frozen up. The picture shows how the boys in the neighborhood have converted it into an ice-skating rink.

THE cat-tails are gone! What cat-tails? The pretty cat-tails which grew so abundantly in and around the swimming hole which Uncle Sam bought, on Congressman Humphrey's recommendation, from Humphrey's friends, for a postoffice site.

You know, that site at Sixth ave. S. and Atlantic st., which Uncle Sam now wants to re-sell for any kind of a price because, while it may be good for ducks, it's not properly located for a postoffice.

But to return to the cat-tails, which are no more—why have the cat-tails disappeared? Ah! That's the question.

And here's the answer. You can see it in the picture. The duck pond has frozen up. IT'S A SKATING RINK NOW. Come, boys, let's have a skate on Uncle Sam, now that the town is dry.

Pat Sullivan, veteran Seattle liquor dealer, reopened the American buffet, at Fourth ave.

and Pike st., at 5 o'clock New Year's day, and is enjoying, with many other "dry" saloon men, a flourishing business in "Lifestaff," a so-called non-alcoholic beverage.

At midnight Friday, Sullivan had driven a mob of hoodlums, who tried to take possession of his bar room and liquor stock by force, into the street at the point of a six-shooter.

More than a score of rowdies entered the buffet and their leader demanded of Sullivan that he and his bartenders hand over all the bottled goods and stand back while they helped themselves to the draught beer.

BRITISH STEAMER IS SUNK; TWO HUNDRED MAY HAVE PERISHED

LONDON, Jan. 1.—Between 75 and 200 persons, many of them helpless women and children, are believed to have perished when a submarine sank the Peninsular & Oriental liner Persia, south of Crete, Thursday.

Only four boat loads of survivors were reported to have cleared the sunken vessel. These landed at Alexandria today.

The 7,974 ton steamer, third largest English vessel to fall victim to submarine warfare, carried 231 passengers, including 86 women and 25 children, and a crew of over 100.

With news that only four boats cleared the ship, fears of grave casualties grew apace.

Advices received here said that the Persia was sunk southeast of Crete. First reports left doubt as to whether the ship was given warning, or whether she attempted to escape.

The Peninsular offices stated they had had no word concerning the Persia since Tuesday, except for a brief dispatch that she had been sunk, probably with large casualties.

The Persia was en route from London to Bombay. She was one of the Peninsular & Oriental fleet trading between England and the Far East.

Slightly smaller than the Ancona, recently torpedoed, she was of 7,974 tons, 495 feet long, with 55-foot beam.

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SALOONS SELLING NEAR-BEER; LUNDIN WILL INVESTIGATE

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When Sullivan refused, a number of men made a rush for the bartenders, and a general melee was on the verge of breaking when Sullivan whipped out his gun.

"I'll shoot the first man over this bar!" he exclaimed. "Now, get out!"

And they got. When the place reopened, a few straggling New Year's eve revelers with a "hang-over" hastened in to find out what was doing.

"Lifestaff" on Sale "Got anything to drink?" was the universal question.

"Sure," the bartender truthfully replied. "Lots of it."

SEATTLE GETS REAL TOUCH OF WINTER

With two inches of light, slippery snow everywhere, the Happy New Year babe virtually skidded into Seattle on its little ear.

Copper W. D. Riley and Copper Ed Peterson were standing near the police station entrance early Saturday morning exchanging the season's felicitations.

Suddenly, in a most unaccountable manner, Riley's No. 11 trilby flew from their moorings and took a line of flight skyward.

Two Patrolmen Hurt Riley juxtaposed. That is to say, his nose gouged the pavement.

Riley's peculiar antics so surprised Peterson that he uttered a startled exclamation and was himself precipitated to the asphalt, breaking his arm.

Three other patrolmen, returning to the station to report off duty, saw the occurrence, and, in endeavoring to get up speed on the slippery sidewalk, fell flat on their faces.

The whole equilibrium of Seattle was turned topsy-turvy during Friday evening's celebration, and he who did not get a fall during the night or this morning was a rare being.

Sleigh on Streets And Seattle's first "white" New Year's celebration in years and years was set ago today.

Snowballing—skating—coasting! Oh, yes, and SLEIGHING!

U.S. CONSUL ABOARD LOST LINER; FACE NEW CONTROVERSY

WASHINGTON, Jan. 1.—America was face to face today with a new and most serious submarine controversy, by reason of the sinking of the English liner Persia by an undersea boat.

Coming hot on the heels of virtual settlement of the Ancona case, news of her destruction, with Consul R. N. McNeely of Aden, Arabia, aboard, renewed the tension in official circles.

A state department cablegram from Consul General Skinner, at London, reporting the sinking of the liner Persia, said "the ship was sunk by a submarine while approaching Alexandria."

Skinner's report said: "Nearly all aboard perished."

Secretary Lansing said he would await fuller official advice concerning the Persia before taking any action, but in the meantime would make special efforts to learn if McNeely perished.

The state department did not disguise the fact that the news may have tremendous importance, as bearing on submarine disputes with the central powers, which had been thought to be practically settled, with receipt of the Austrian Ancona note and with Germany's pledge not to make unwarned attacks on passenger ships.

While officials were amazed at the torpedoing, in the wake of Austria's Ancona agreement, they were disposed not to discuss the case until full details are received.

They were especially interested to know the nationality of the attacking craft, as to whether the Persia was given warning, and her passengers an opportunity to reach safety, as America insists must be done under the rules of international law and humanity.

If the attacking vessel was Austrian, it is expected Austria will excuse the incident on the ground that her new orders for conduct of submarine warfare had not yet reached the commander, inasmuch as the incident occurred the day after the Ancona reply was handed to American Ambassador Penfield at Vienna.

SEATTLE GETS BIG CONTRACTS

Reports from the East assert that the Seattle Construction and Dry Dock Co. has been awarded the contract for the building of ten large steel cargo carriers.

J. V. Paterson, president of the company, recently went to New York, where he submitted bids for the construction of the vessels.

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DRIVES A DOG TEAM THRU STREETS

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City General Fund Will Get Fines From Blind Pig Arrests

Blind pig fines in police court will pour into the general fund of the city.

So the city officials figure that there is a nice chance of a little revenue to apply on the \$350,000 that annually rolled into the coffers from liquor license revenues in years gone by.

Ordinances have been framed that practically duplicate the state dry law fines, and the man who violates them in the city stands a chance to be prosecuted by both state and city.

The saloon license revenue dropped to \$215,000 during 1915, because many proprietors gave up business rather than take out new licenses.

CENTRAL POWERS HAVE DOUBLED UP

BERLIN, Jan. 1.—The Tageblatt today estimated that the central powers have conquered territory almost as big as Germany.

FAKE DRUNKS THERE WERE HOWEVER, BY THE HUNDRED

That was one of the curious bits of psychology of the night.

Youngsters just beginning to shave did their best to stimulate a jag and got away with it in poor shape, mostly. Of course, they had to demonstrate what hardened roustabouts and stiff drinkers they were.

HENRY FORD BACK SUNDAY MORNING

NEW YORK, Jan. 1.—Henry Ford is not expected in port until tomorrow. He is expected to arrive tonight.

It's like keeping up appearances of illness a reasonable time after a fellow gets his mother to send a compulsory absence notice to the school teacher—as we did when we were kids.

If there's anything more tragic than a grown-up boy trying to act drunk, it is the girl who simulates intoxication.

POLICE GIVE GILL NEW YEAR'S TOOT

The police department band made its annual New Year's call on Mayor Gill Saturday morning.

Bob-sledding is the thing, and "stummik flops," on the hill sides. Kids found keen sport in the snow all day, and large coasting parties of "old folks" turned out to enjoy the novelty.

Seattle is enjoying more snow Saturday than she has seen since March 19, 1915, when three inches fell. The weather bureau reported a measurement of 1.8 inches Saturday morning.

DANCING WILL BE A FEATURE HEREFTER IN CAFES OF HOTELS

Beginning Saturday, New Year's night, the Butler cafe will have dancing in connection with its grill, according to announcement by Manager A. Cheshire Mitchell.

Some sang. Others tried to dance. Some gave college yells.

The Butler management passed out paper hats and a couple of enterprising young merchants sold a lot of toy balloons and serpentine.

BE CAREFUL ON THE ICE

Skaters! Beware the ice! Weatherman Salisbury issued a caution Saturday.

The thermometer stood then at 31 degrees and was slowly rising.

With two inches of light, slippery snow everywhere, the Happy New Year babe virtually skidded into Seattle on its little ear.

Weather Forecast

Tonight and Sunday, unsettled weather, probably occasional snow; continued cold.

A Good New Year Resolution

"I will read the ads in The Star carefully every day and take advantage of the opportunities to save money which they present."

If you will make this resolution and adhere to it, it will mean the saving of many a dollar during the coming year on things that you must buy. And a dollar saved is as good as a dollar earned—in fact a little better.

DOWNTOWN SCENES INDICATE THAT SALOONS HAVE GONE FOR GOOD

BY JACK JUNGMEYER The saloon will never come back in Seattle. Even the wettest of the wet admit that today.

Last night demonstrated that prohibition was no fluke in Washington. It represents the preponderance of sentiment.

Real drunks were exceedingly few on the streets. Old Bacchus couldn't stage a real jamboree, such as was expected, even as a curtain-

closer. Seattle wrung him out as they rang in the new.

And they had their last audience. There are few things more ridiculous than the sad plight of the fellow who is trying to convince the disinterested passerby that he is carrying a terrific "load," and that he is ready for the most devilish prank.

And the trouble with that kind of jag and got away with it in poor shape, mostly. Of course, they had to demonstrate what hardened roustabouts and stiff drinkers they were.

Perhaps the snow had something to do with it. You can't show much speed when you have cold feet, literally.

On the 2 o'clock "all-night" Baller's car, which last year was wrecked by belated roustabouts going home to roost, there were just three "drunks" last night, according to the astonished conductor.