

EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE SEATTLE STAR

Member of the Scripps Northwest League of Newspapers. Published Daily by The Star Publishing Co. Phone Main 4100

By mail, out of city, one year, \$5.00; 6 months, \$3.00; 3 months, \$1.50. By carrier, city, 5c a month. Entered at Seattle, Wash., postoffice as second-class matter.

MISCELLANEOUS INTERVIEWS ON THE OUTLOOK FOR 1916

By Allman



A SUMMER SAUSAGE PROPRIETOR OF THE BON TOM DELICATESSEN, SAYS, "THE HOLES IN CHEESE WILL BE MUCH LARGER DURING 1916. OWING TO THE DEMAND FOR THIS PRODUCT IN THE MANUFACTURE OF BULLETS IN EUROPE."



R. LILLIAN RUFFLE, SAYS SHE HAS ALMOST COMPLETED A NEW FACE CREAM FOR 1916 THAT WILL KEEP ONE FROM TURNING RED AT A MUSICAL COMEDY



OLD FARMER PERKINS, SAYS, THE OUTLOOK FOR 1916 IS VERY PROMISING. HE THINKS THEY'LL GO BACK TO BUILDIN' SIX CYLINDER CARS INSTEAD OF TWELVES BEFORE THE YEAR IS OUT



MISS TILLY PANCAKE, SAYS SHE IS UNDECIDED WHAT SHE'LL DO ABOUT LEAP YEAR. SHE HAS SEEN NOBODY THAT SHE'D HAVE EXCEPT A YOUNG COLLEGE FELLER AND SHE DON'T FEEL STRONG ENOUGH TO SUPPORT TWO



J. SEYMOUR PATCHES, SAYS, "SOMETHING SHOULD BE DONE TO HELP CONDITIONS FOR 1916. A MAN CAN'T SAVE AS MUCH THESE DAYS AS HE COULD WHEN HE WAS OUT OF WORK"



Mlle. FURTOP, IS SOMEWHAT DISCOURAGED WITH THE OUTLOOK. SHE SAYS, "WOMEN'S CLOTHES CAN NOT BE MADE TO LOOK WORSE THAN THEY DO AT PRESENT"



MADAM VERA TEALBAVES, SAYS, IT'S A SHAME THE WAY THEY'RE WASTING MEN OVER IN EUROPE AND SHE'S GOING TO TAKE THE BIG LEAP THIS YEAR IF SHE HAS TO DO THE PROPOSING.



A CERTAIN WELL KNOWN CONGRESSMAN CAME OUT STRONG YESTERDAY IN FAVOR OF PREPAREDNESS - HE PUT SEVERAL CASES IN HIS CELLAR AS THERE IS SOME TALK OF THIS STATE GOING DRY IN 1916

A MESSAGE FROM THE OLD YEAR

ETERNITY HALL, Eternity, Dec. 31.—A copy of Polonius Old Year's advice to his son, Laertes Nyneteen Sixteen, was presented to The Star correspondent by Father Time here late last night. It reads:

"My son, I stand upon the threshold of Oblivion, wherein I soon shall vanish, never to return. My legacy to you is a sadly disorganized world; and I trust that you will faithfully and better administer it than have I. You will have many things to contend with, but take them easy. A menagerie, led by a Donkey, an Elephant and a Bull Moose will chase the Winged Rooster of Victory up and down your days to the jaws of November. Heed them not.

Men with peace missions they don't know what to do with will try to settle a war being fought for reasons no one has discovered. Let them go.

The Panama canal may slide all over South America, and Colonel Goethals' conversation will sound like a frequent reference to the Gatun dam. Let him alone.

Cupid may pretend to scorn Romance and be engrossed in Eugenics. Tell him that Europe needs babies.

Let the War Dogs chase their own tails until the Peace Dove sheds some of its court-plaster. Then cautiously look about and see what you can do to fix things up. George Bernard Shaw, Theodore Roosevelt, William Howard Taft, Lord Northcliffe, W. J. Bryan and Vesuvius are subject to eruption at any time. There's nothing you can do to stop any of them. Remember that styles, suffrage, the tariff and sample mustaches you have always with you.

Do the best you can with all these things and remember that however powerful and able you feel in this, your youth, on the 366th day of your reign you will be weary and old and worn. Your robes, once white, will be as flapping rags about your withered legs, your hand palsied, your step halt, your eyes dim. You will die; and the World will go on. So take it easy, and don't get excited. If you sigh for a Place in the Sun, let it be on a park bench on a summer afternoon. Do these things in calm judgment and you may accomplish more than you expect.

Outbursts of Everett True



THEY'VE FINED A New Yorker \$100 for driving an auto one-handed, with an arm around a woman's neck. They think it's dangerous in New York. But you should see 'em drive in Seattle with both arms around a woman's waist.

Pale, Sallow Cheeks

show that the blood is impoverished and that the stomach is not properly assimilating its food. In fact a woman's physical condition always shows in her face. Paleness, blotches, pimples, sallowness or dull eyes all

Tell the Need Of

Beecham's Pills. Women who are subject to these conditions should not fail to avail themselves of their prompt and beneficial effect. Beecham's Pills are prepared to furnish the necessary relief. They clear the system of impurities, gently stimulate the liver, regulate the bowels and tone the system. Their mild and thorough action quickly rid the skin of blemishes, improve the circulation and help the digestion. Every woman should know the comfort, and experience the help of

Beecham's Pills

Sold by druggists throughout the world. In boxes, 10c., 25c. Directions of Special Value to Women with Every Box.

"Toll ye the church bells sad and slow, And tread softly and speak low, For the old year lies a-dying."

THE WARNING BY "THE FATHER"

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-TWO years ago, President Washington, the Father of the United States of America, addressed congress in these words:

"The United States ought not to indulge a persuasion that, contrary to the order of human events, they will forever keep at a distance these painful appeals to arms with which the history of every nation abounds. There is a rank due to the United States among nations which will be withheld, if not absolutely lost, by the reputation of weakness.

"If we desire to avoid insult we must be able to repel it. If we desire to secure peace—one of the most powerful instruments of our prosperity—it must be known that we are at all times ready for war."

To President Washington's appeal the second congress of the United States responded by passing ringing resolutions pledging itself to provide adequate defenses. How well it kept that pledge was shown in 1812, when our infant republic sent to the front nearly 600,000 well-equipped soldiers and successfully resisted the British legions.

President Wilson has made the same appeal to the 64th congress. In 1793, the United States was an impoverished nation, struggling to win its "place in the sun." It could ill afford the cost of preparedness. Today, it is rich and mighty; the cost of carrying out the administration's preparedness measures, comparatively speaking, would entail much less a sacrifice than was gladly made by the second congress and the people of the United States in 1793. Is America less patriotic now? The answer lies with the 64th congress.

"Two ways I look At you I present; one seamed with old, And gray with looking on the frozen past; One fresh as morn and fronting days to be."

IT IS EVOLUTION

LOYD-GEORGE, long-time champion of the masses and as near a union workman as a fellow can be and not actually carry a hod or wield a hammer, begs the British labor unions to save the country, by permitting women to work in the war munitions shops.

The British lion is down on his knees begging labor unions to PERMIT WOMEN TO WORK! One way or another, it is a demonstration such as this world has never before seen.

The kaiser has started things that no power on earth can stop, among other things the demonstration that the people and not royalty have the power. Governments are going to be born anew, and WITH THE CONSENT OF THE GOVERNED.

The Star Circle

Three Barstow Girls Pose for Their Picture; Here It Is



CLARA, EDITH AND ANNA BARSTOW

All the Circlettes probably have heard of the three Barstow girls. And here they are, Clara, Edith and Anna Barstow, aged respectively 15, 19 and 13 years. All three are long-time members of the Circle and during their time of membership have won many prizes. Their specialty seems to be literary work and their stories are decidedly original and good. Each week, regularly, their work is sent in to Uncle Jack, and it is rarely second best. Uncle Jack wishes to congratulate the trio of little Circlettes, and hopes that they may remain members of The Star Circle for a long time to come. The girls live at 1524 10th ave.

Bob Suggests the Contest for Next Week; \$1 Is Prize

Acting on the suggestion of Robert Boryer, Jr. (you'll find his letter elsewhere in the Circle), Uncle Jack will hold another short story contest.

The subject is: "Should the Name of Mt. Rainier Be Changed?" This question has been the subject of many fiery debates between Seattle and Tacoma boosters, and of late the Tacomans have taken great action toward gaining their ends, with little result. The rules for the contest are: Do not let your story exceed 200 words. Write on one side of the paper only, signing your name on the other side. Pen or pencil may be used, pen preferably. Be sure that your essay reaches Uncle Jack before 3 o'clock Friday afternoon. The prize is \$1.

NOTICE

Because one of The Star's printers forgot to put the contest for this week in the Circle last Saturday Uncle Jack's boys and girls have no contest to solve. But this week we have a dandy contest, even better than the one left out.

UNCLE JACK GETS LETTER FROM BOB BORYER, JR.

In the mail Friday Uncle Jack received the following letter from Robert Boryer, Jr., of 157 26th ave.: Dear Uncle Jack:

I wish to thank, thru The Star Circle, the one who was kind enough to send me a book entitled "Frackles," and signed "A Star Reader."

Here is another suggestion for a contest. Let the Circlettes write upon a subject so generally spoken of in the state of Washington: "Should the Name of Mt. Rainier Be Changed?"

I belong to the freshman class of Franklin high school, and our English teacher, Miss Bennett, and the class, are very much interested in the Circle. The prize essay is read to the pupils each Monday by our teacher.

Yours respectfully, ROBERT J. BORYER, JR.

DON'T BLAME IT



"I went down to the sea again yesterday."

"Did it recognize you?" "Yes—it waved to me."

Here's Second Article on the Birds Written by Edwin Nelson, Game Warden

Here is Edwin Nelson's second article on bird-life. Edwin, who is member, is captain of the Junior game wardens of King county, boys who are doing a great deal of good work in protecting our birds.

FEEDING THE BIRDS By Edwin Nelson

Birds, as a rule, will eat just about anything during the winter. Anything you may have about the house, such as scraps of food and crumbs, will be greatly appreciated by the feathered folk, and if you make a practice of feeding them during the cold days you will soon have a regular congregation to attend to, and the feeding will be no drain upon your finances.

The best food for the birds during the winter is grain. Bread crumbs are also good, and a little piece of suet tied to a limb of some tree, and hanging a few inches from the ground, will soon have the birds flocking to it. The Fisher Flouring Mills has very kindly donated a ton of grain, sacked in little packages, for the use of Game Warden Rief.

Mr. Rief has distributed these throughout the various schools of this city so that the pupils may lend a hand in helping out the work of feeding the birds during the cold months.

If your school has not received any of these packages go to your principal and tell him about it and I am sure that he will procure the grain.

Many robins remain here thru-out the whole year, as the winters

in this vicinity are usually mild, but once in a while there comes a real cold snap, such as we have had during the last week, and

Mr. Robin is hard put to it to find his daily bread. So I hope that all boy and girl readers of The Star Circle will do their best to feed their little feathered friends during the winter.

COAL COMPANY FORMS TROOP

A troop of Boy Scouts has been organized in Cokedale, Colo., identified with the Carbon Coal & Coke Co. The scoutmaster is a millwright and carpenter and the troop committee includes in its list a chief clerk and chief electrician.

E. F. Davis, state executioner, has executed 180 persons in New York state prisons.

Advertisement for RUPTURE Can Be CURED! featuring a man in a suit and a woman in a dress. The text describes a medical condition and offers a cure. It includes a testimonial from Mr. John T. Custard, Lamar, Mo., and a coupon for a free trial offer. The coupon asks for name, address, and city, and promises to send a trial offer for the Schulling Rupture Lock.

THE QUESTIONS OF A WIFE

I DANCE THAT I MAY NOT THINK

I wonder, little book, if it be because we women have so many heartaches that nature has endowed us with the power to smile when our tears are at the edge of our eyelids, and simulate joyousness when our hearts seem breaking.

After we left the church at Mollie's wedding, and had gone back to the hotel where the reception was to be held, Dick got hold of me and said: "For God's sake, Margie, let's go home, I can't stand this."

"I can," I answered with a laugh that even made me shudder a little. "I not only can stand it, but I can dance it—watch me for the next hour or two. Besides, Dick, if what the dear blundering poets say be true, your home and mine are not in the same place. We can't go together."

"What's Dick looking like a Death's Head at a Feast for?" asked Jim Edie who had just come up to dance with me.

"I was just explaining to him that home was where the heart is—"

"And your home is here?" interrupted Jim with a rising inflection. "Yes, my heart seems to be in my toes tonight as I listen to your music, Jim. Come on, my friend, let's give them an exhibition of terpsichorean art that will make them sit up and take notice."

"Have you suddenly gone mad, Margie?" asked Dick in an undertone.

"Yes, I think I have," I answered, "at least I am going to try to be mad as you call it, just for tonight."

"Then dance with me," he pleaded.

"Pardon me, Dick, you and I don't dance to the same measure any more. Even you must acknowledge that we have grown out of step."

"Poor old Dick never did know how to dance," said Jim, who had evidently overheard my last sentence.

"But," I remonstrated in a laughing manner, "he seems to think, Jim, just because I am married to him, I must try to dance, not as he dances, but with him alone, and I am going to try and be a very good wife from now on. I am going to follow the pace he has set in everything."

"That'll certainly be going some, old man," called Jim, gayly as we danced a waltz.

"I must not think of that letter," I kept repeating to myself, when all at once I was aware that Jim was saying something to me. He stopped in the middle of the ball room floor and said impressively: "Margie Waverly, do you know that I'm talking to you?"

"Pardon me, Jim, I guess I was too engrossed in the dance."

"Yes, you were—not. My dear lady, you don't even know you are dancing, as you never danced before. I have been doing stunts with you that outcastle the Vernon Castles; you have been like so much thistledown that has fluttered here and there, as I wished. Neither are you aware that you are the most beautiful woman in the world, that the poor bride isn't in it, and that every one is talking of your beauty and grace. Margie, I have always thought you a little too spirituelle, a little too intellectual, but tonight you measure up to the standard of feminine fascination raised by one of the most famous lawyers in America."

"What was that?" I asked mechanically.

"Two parts spirituality, three parts intellectuality and ninety-five parts anatomy."

"Jim, you're impossible," I murmured, holding up an admonishing finger.

"And you, my dear lady, are irresistible," he answered. "I see by old Dick's face that I am making him green with jealousy, and I should worry as long as I have the prettiest woman in the room in my arms."—I looked up quickly—and all the world, our world, to watch us dance," he added calmly.

I guess that all men are adept at the game of flirtation. History has called us "coquette," little book. But coquetry is only a woman's weapon of defense. (To be continued.)

RAILROAD IS OUSTED

The port commission was Friday granted a permit by the board of public works to use a right-of-way covered by the board's belt line franchise on Whatcom ave. between Stacy st. and Hanford st. At the same time the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway was given 20 days in which to remove their tracks on this strip, constructed under a permit.