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# EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE SEATTLE STAR

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## A Good Way to Start Off This Year of Promise

A special committee of the Commercial club has reported in favor of consolidation with the chamber of commerce, and other Seattle organizations. It has advanced tentative plans for a basis upon which such a consolidation would be agreeable. These plans contemplate the collection of a fund for fostering and promoting industries in Seattle.

The Seattle Commercial club has always stood for high principles. The club has been a strong ally of those who have battled for the right. And The Star believes that now the Seattle Commercial club has an opportunity to do one of the biggest things in its history by consenting to such a consolidation as proposed, PROVIDING THE CONSOLIDATION CAN BE ARRANGED ON A PROPER BASIS.

What a wonderful step, right at the outset of what all believe is going to be one of the best years Seattle has ever had, if all the organizations which are now working, individually, for the betterment of our city, could join hands in an honest spirit of civic patriotism!

To make this possible, the chamber of commerce must give up its old foggy, standpat ideas, and must agree to a more democratic plan of organization than that under which its own affairs have been conducted. The majority must rule. The little fellow must have his say as well as the big fellow. Matters of civic interest must be threshed out in the open, where everyone can be heard. These things are fundamental. Without them no effort at getting together can succeed.

The Commercial club, if its members can satisfy themselves that the proposed merger is to really be a process of organization, and not a process of absorption, should yield sufficiently in its attitude of independence to make negotiations possible.

And the name of this great, virile, patriotic body that is going to boost for Seattle as nobody ever boosted before, should not be "The Seattle Chamber of Commerce." Neither should its name be "The Seattle Commercial Club." To the membership of the latter club, the first name would hardly be acceptable. And vice versa.

Why not, if this consolidation can be put thru ON THE RIGHT BASIS, forget the past? Why not put out of our heads all petty jealousies and quarrels? Why not all get together—merchants, and bankers, and manufacturers, and doctors, and carpenters, and lawyers, and financiers, and working-men—and put a shoulder to the wheel.

Why not LABOR for the advancement of our city under a name that will carry no thought of past rivalry.

Such a name, for instance, as THE SEATTLE CIVIC CLUB!  
HOW DOES IT SOUND?

## COURTESY ON STREET CARS

THE Seattle Electric Co., in its pamphlet distributed to street car patrons, this week publishes a dissertation on "Courtesy." It is worth reading. It follows:

Courtesy is not a sideline in business. It is part of every man's work. In the street railway business it is just as important as collecting fares or keeping on schedule. We think that SAFETY comes first, but SERVICE is a close second, and COURTESY is a fundamental principle of service. It is not easy for a trainman to work all day, meeting all sorts of conditions and all sorts of people, and keep his courtesy up to 100 per cent during the rush hour in the evening. Many a man in other work would acquire a grudge and lose his good manners at half of what the trainman encounters each day. Two-thirds of the complaints about street railway service are due to the imperfection of the human element. So we ask you to help our men in COURTESY, by extending a little of it when you deal with them. Each of them is just a man, simply a human like you are. Give him the benefit of the doubt. Then, if his conduct is wrong, bad, disagreeable, send in a report. If it is extra good, especially courteous, report that. You do yourself and the community a service when you write us a letter of commendation or criticism.

## RAISES SOME OF THE DEAD

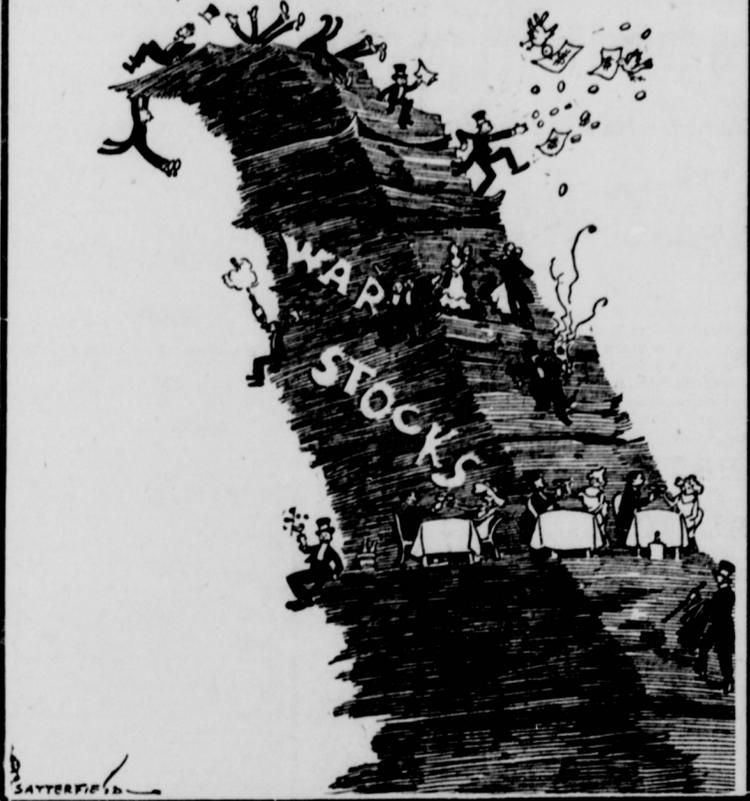
THEY say that some charitable ladies of Houston recently visited a bereaved woman and gave her \$25 to pay her husband's burial expenses. The money was in silver coin and dollar bills. One of these angels of mercy found after she left the house that she had dropped one of her gloves. She returned to get it and upon opening the door she beheld the corpse sitting up counting the money. Can you beat it?—Houston paper.

Nothing particularly remarkable about this. Twenty-five dollars in spot cash would bring many a corpse to life these days.

DALLAS COURTS convicted a man of robbery with deadly weapons and sentenced him to 99 years in the penitentiary. He was then tried for assault to murder and given 15 years on top of the 99. Evidently the once wild and woolly Texas is getting too civilized for the old time gun-toter and all-round bad man.

VILLA SAYS one of the generals to whom he resigned command was a Chicago dishwasher, five years ago. Mexico's the country of opportunities.

## The Leaning Tower of Pleasure!



## HERBERT QUICK SAYS:

Caste in Our Army and Navy a Threat to Democracy, Says Herbert Quick.

BY HERBERT QUICK  
I have been studying with intense interest the reports of the uprising of the spirit of democracy in the French people as a result of this war. It has reached almost to the high tide attained by it during the French revolution. Instead of greeting an acquaintance as "Monsieur Guillaume," a Frenchman now is likely to say "Citizen Guillaume." "Monsieur" is the same thing as our "Mister," which means "Master." It compliments the person addressed by the assumption that he is a "gentleman" in the historic sense rather than the moral sense. One may say that it is only the over-critical mind which can object to the purely historical implication of "My Lord" or "Master."

OUCH! BACKACHE! RUB LUMBAGO OR STIFFNESS AWAY  
Rub Pain From Back With Small Trial Bottle of Old "St. Jacobs Oil"

When your back is sore and lame or lumbago, sciatica or rheumatism has you stiffened up, don't suffer! Get a small trial bottle of old, honest "St. Jacobs Oil" at any drug store, pour a little in your hand and rub it right on your aching back, and by the time you count fifty, the soreness and lameness is gone. Don't stay crippled! This soothing, penetrating oil needs to be used only once. It takes the pain right out and ends the misery. It is magical, yet absolutely harmless and doesn't burn the skin. Nothing else stops lumbago, sciatica, backache or rheumatism so promptly. It never disappoints!

SALTS FINE FOR ACHING KIDNEYS  
We Eat Too Much Meat, Which Clogs Kidneys, Then Back Hurts and Bladder Bothers You.

Most folks forget that the kidneys, like the bowels, get sluggish and clogged and need a flushing occasionally, else we have backache and dull misery in the kidney region, severe headaches, rheumatic twinges, torpid liver, acid stomach, sleeplessness and all sorts of bladder disorders.

When You're Well KEEP WELL  
Another Article in The Star's Health Campaign Being Conducted With Cooperation of American Medical Association  
WEARING OUT  
Why are so many men dropping out at 50, when they should have been at least 20 years more of active, productive life? Because most men are wearing out the physical machine at too fast a rate by the strain and worry incident to modern economic conditions; by the misuse of alcohol and tobacco; by insufficient exercise and faulty elimination; and by irregular and insufficient sleep. At the time when most men who commit these excesses believe

## THE CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

DO ALL WOMEN COME TO THE DESERT OF LOST ILUSSIONS? "I am the happiest girl in the world, Margie," whispered Mollie, as I went upstairs to help her change from her wedding to her traveling dress. Nothing she could have said could have affected me as those words for immediately that never-to-be-forgotten night before my marriage unrolled itself before me—that night when Dick came at my call, and we went motoring thru the deserted streets under the dripping tree branches and darkness—let it queer, little book, that everything joyous has always come to me in the rain—he smothered me in his arms and told me again and again that he loved me. I, too, at that time, was the happiest girl in the world. I looked at Mollie in commiseration. How much she had to learn; how her heart would ache and her soul would grieve before she would come to understand that happiness was not of this earth. We poor mortals are so constituted that, while we can have moments of ecstasy and bliss, hours of joy, days of pleasure, and perhaps months, when we relax into a kind of stupor we may call content, we can never be perfectly happy—why, little book, that emanates something that can only be imagined, and the awful part of it is that we wear our very souls out in longing for it. I knew that when Mollie said she was the happiest girl in the world, that by that same token I was most miserable. We were as far apart as the poles, and yet we were separated only by a few years of wedded life. "And you, dear Margie, have helped me to attain this happiness," she whispered. "You have shown me that marriage is a royal progress in the garden of love and faith." "My God!" I thought. "Is that how my lot has looked to the outside world? If that be true, then it is also probably true that millions of other women are walking thru their lives as gnomes, and yet their smiles, are making those about them think that they are dancing across the flowery paths of Eden's garden." Mollie seemed determined to be confidential. "Margie," she said, "I want to tell you that when we were first married to Dick, I determined not to love you. You know I was very fond in a childish fashion of Eleanor Fairlow. I felt that you had come between her and Dick. You see, Margie, I blamed it all to you. It never entered my mind that Dick had the cleverness to see immediately how much you were Eleanor's superior. That, having seen you, he must have won you, if possible. "Margie, I am what I am tonight because you have done what I might become, broad-minded, unselfish and sympathetic. I can love with greater capacity because I have seen how it is possible for you to love." I simply broke down and cried. Mollie, dear girl, thought I was overcome by her compliments, protestations of love and the thought of her leaving me. But, little book, strange as it may seem, I was not crying over the tragedy that I had yet to face, when I allowed myself to think of that letter, but of all the little hurts and the big griefs that would come to that happy girl, whose arms were about me, before she would reach the place where I was standing. Perhaps, little book, she will never come there. God grant she will never know that desert of lost illusions. Anyway, if one has delirious joy for even a short time, it may make life worth living, even if one has paid forevermore. (To be continued.)

## REAL ESTATE LOANS

Lowest Rates  
No Commission  
Prompt Service  
Straight mortgage loans in paved districts.  
Annual payment loans.  
Monthly payment loans.  
Interest charged on unpaid balances only.

## TEST AEROPLANES

Experiments to prove the safety and faultless construction of four new aeroplanes being built for the Northwest Aero club, for use here, are to be made at the Boston Institute of Technology in accordance with orders given by W. E. Boeing, the club's president.

## CHAUNCEY WRIGHT The Restaurant Man

Will open the finest lunch room and bakery west of Chicago in the 42-story L. C. Smith Building, January 15th.

## SAVE YOUR TEETH OHIO CUT RATE DENTISTS

207 University St. Opposite Fraser-Petersen  
Teeth extracted absolutely without pain free from 9:30 to 6 p. m. daily.  
Cement Filling, 25c. Gold Crowns, \$3  
Nothing but the best material used—guaranteed for 15 years  
Amalgam Fillings, 50c to \$1.00 Best Gold Crowns, \$4.00  
Gold Alloy Fillings, \$1 to \$1.50 Best Bridgework, \$4.00  
Examinations Free. Full Set Teeth, \$35.00  
Lady attendants at each chair.

## CYNTHIA GREY'S ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

Dear Miss Grey: Some one wrote that sterilization should not be practiced under any condition whatsoever, and I disagree. Sterilization is right and just if the government—I mean the officials—does not use it for purposes other than the betterment of the people. I mean by weeding out the mentally unbalanced, and thus making that generation stronger both mentally and physically. Higher education is all that can kill immorality among men and women, and can this education come to the children of people who are hopelessly mentally or physically unbalanced? No, it cannot! What would these degenerates do but poison the minds of the children of the healthy people. Then, consequently, some of the weaker ones would fall, and the mercury of education would not rise to its maximum height for that generation. Practical experience also gives us an example. A bad berry spoils a whole box, but if removed early, it leaves the box good. Another remedy I might suggest is the confinement of the people who are guilty of immorality; but for myself, I would prefer to be sterilized rather than deprived of my freedom. ZOA.

Dear Miss Grey: Until those who write so much on the subject learn just what sterilization is, that there are no effects upon the subject other than the loss of fertility, many will still rise to condemn it. Many worthy people are voluntarily seeking sterilization rather than bring defective or unwelcome children into existence. When human beings use the intelligence in breeding men that they use in breeding cattle and animals, the world will have progressed indeed! No one claims that sterilization is "The cure-all." It is simply a remedy. Would you not try to cure tuberculosis, typhoid or malaria, because, forsooth, the cure of a case does not remove the cause? Is it logical to condemn any remedy because it does not remove the cause of the disease? Science aims to do both—remove the cause where possible and a cure each case as it occurs and cure each case as it occurs for the existence of an innumerable host of defectives, which he and his offspring are capable of producing. C. L. A.

## Outbursts of Everett True



Q.—I am a girl of 18, and there is a young fellow of 20 who annoys me considerably by calling on me all the time. I have given him numerous hints to stay away, but he doesn't seem to take them. Please advise me what to do. M. E.

A.—If you haven't enough tact to handle a simple problem like this, you are to be pitied when you bump up against the real problems of life. Either tell the young man frankly that you cannot see him, or ignore him by remaining in another part of the house, or go out when he calls. If he isn't a fit candidate for a feeble-minded institute, he will soon take the hint, I assure you.

Q.—Will you be so kind as to answer the following: Will the time come when medicine will not be used? A. B. C.

A.—Who can say when, if ever, will dawn such a wonderful era? Although the trend of modern thought seems to be slowly, yet surely, removing many of the obstacles in its way, it would be impossible for any one to answer your question definitely. The Christian Scientists are working for such an era, and they believe it will come.

YOUR SICK CHILD IS CONSTIPATED! LOOK AT TONGUE  
If Cross, Feverish or Bilious Give "California Syrup of Figs."

No matter what ails your child, a gentle, thorough laxative should always be the first treatment given. If your little one is out-of-sorts, half-sick, isn't resting, eating and acting naturally—look! Mother! see if tongue is coated. This is a sure sign that it's little stomach, liver and bowels are clogged with waste. When cross, irritable, feverish, stomach sour, breath bad or has stomach-ache, diarrhoea, sore throat, dearly love's pleasant taste. Full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups printed on each bottle. Beware of counterfeit fig syrups. Ask your druggist for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs"; then see that it's made by the "California Fig Syrup Company."

Coliseum Theatre—the world's largest photoplay house—will open Wednesday, January 5.