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Where We Mixed In

ABOUT eight months ago, President Wilson received popular endorsement for his declaration that the people of Mexico should be "permitted to settle their own troubles themselves, if they could."

And every American familiar with Mexican affairs pronounced that "if" the biggest "if" that ever confronted a people.

The trouble with the Mexican people is that they've never enjoyed a real self-government and are not capable of it.

Diaz government was never nearer real self-government than is the government of Abyssinia.

Diaz government was simply monarchial tyranny wearing a flimsy mask of republicanism, and that is the form that has been finally aimed at by every so-called revolutionary leader since the heyday of Diaz, with the exception of the robber, ravisher and murderer, Villa.

Mexico has no hope of self-government save thru awful sacrifice for and unwavering loyalty to Villa's policy of arbitrarily partitioning the lands and unceasingly combatting the foreign looter.

What would be the actual condition of Mexico, were peace to come to her tomorrow, with "De Facto" Carranza solidly established in the presidency?

Carranza and his family and their relations would soon be fat with spoils, and they would determine the election results. Wall st. would dictate the value of Mexican money and property.

Foreigners would be owning the best ranches, and pretty much all the best stores, mines, factories and transportation facilities.

The great bulk of the populace would be just what they were under Diaz's club and as far from self-government as they were under the Spanish conquerors.

Their portion of self-government would be the self-restraint and self-debasement of slaves, and only by some such thing as intervention, by the United States, for instance, can they be aroused to unite and suffer and fight for real self-government.

In Mexico the matter of self-government is and has been an issue between the masses and the classes, the latter represented by a Diaz, a Madero or a Carranza.

Attempts at constitution-making are stirred up and constitutions cooked up by the classes that are fat and comfortable in their holdings or corrupted by foreign interests.

The alternative for the masses is to stand in with a villain like Villa, who has given bloody earnest of his sincerity by hanging many representatives of his domestic classes and by perpetrating such slaughters of foreigners as the recent one in Chihuahua.

When President Wilson recognized Carranza, he went back, positively, on his policy of letting the Mexican people settle their own troubles.

He recognized the classes. He deservedly won the hatred of all Mexicans honestly and patriotically struggling for self-government.

The latter were justified in looking upon recognition of the ornamental, non-belligerent Carranza as "playing politics," and the massacre of Americans on Mexican soil is legitimate fruit of Washington's mistaken policy.

The consensus of American public opinion holds Washington accountable, no matter how strong its explanation, or how reasonable its excuse.

It threw overboard its policy of letting the Mexicans settle their own troubles themselves, and took sides.

It upheld a de facto government that does not govern and one in which the Mexican masses can not see the smallest seed of self-government. Put the American masses in the place of the Mexican masses and they, too, would massacre hostile foreigners and follow a Villa, if no other leader appeared with the courage to fight and the inclination to divide the legitimate spoils.

Taft came mighty near forcing Mexico to make a first attempt toward self-government when he lined the border with United States troops and made a bluff toward a raid.

Wilson might have done it had he, instead of merely complimenting "de Facto" Carranza on holding something that he hadn't got, thrown the states wide open to the purchase of war tools by all Mexican parties.

The latter course would have been letting the Mexicans settle their own troubles themselves, in the shortest time and with the least damage to their neighbors. We have taken sides—and bleed, naturally.

A Three-Mile Hike in the Snow

DID you walk to work this morning? So did we. THREE MILES!

Down near the foot of Queen Anne hill we happened across two or three street cars, idly shifting back and forth. We asked a motorman if he was going downtown. He threw back his head and laughed long and loud. We had already walked a mile in snow up to our knees, and we were right on the edge of a mighty big peeve.

The motorman said: "We've been right here all night, trying to go back and forth in this one block to keep it open."

We met a lot of other conductors and motormen in the same fix. We saw scores of men, with shovels, trying to keep the tracks clear. They had been working all night. But they laughed and joked back at us as we grumbled, in passing, that it was beastly weather.

We met a Ford delivery wagon coming up the street car track, which was the only partially cleared space in the street. We were making use of this space ourselves. The driver honked his horn. Snow banks were hip-high at the sides of the track.

"Get out of the way," shouted the man in the Ford.

"Do you think you own this street?" angrily retorted a man at our side.

"Why don't you walk on the sidewalk, where you belong?" the driver came back.

We laughed again, and floundered into the snowbank with all the abandon of a small boy as he passed.

Our grouch was fast disappearing. We reached the office, finally, in a rosy, tingling glow. We're feeling better, right now, than we have felt in weeks.

A popular thing to do, of course, when the street cars fail and thousands of people walk weary miles, is to find fault with the street car company. The street car company deserves nothing like that, however, today. It deserves, instead, the thanks of the community for its prompt and heroic efforts to give service. It failed, we know. But it made a beautiful fight out of it.

There isn't any moral in all this except that one is always better off for looking at the bright side of disagreeable things.

Letters To Cynthia Grey

Q.—Recently I learned the whereabouts of a girl I used to know in school. I would like to renew the acquaintance. Would it be proper to call her on the telephone? Should I ask permission to call upon her, or is it her place to invite me?
M. R.

A.—It is proper to call her up by telephone. In the conversation

Q.—Is it necessary to answer an invitation to a card party?
SETH.

A.—Invitations to a card party require an immediate and definite answer, because the hostess must provide for a definite number of guests and see that all her tables are filled.

Q.—Please print a real good recipe for Welsh rabbit.
RAREBIT FIEND.

A.—Make three slices of buttered toast and cut each slice in two pieces. Moisten slightly with hot water, and set in the oven on a hot platter. Pour 1/2 cupful of milk into a double boiler, and when it reaches the boiling point, add two cupfuls of grated cheese and stir until smooth. Stir in the yolks of two eggs beaten with 1/2 teaspoonful of salt and add a touch of red pepper. When the mixture thickens, pour it over the toast.

Q.—I am short and much too stout for my height. Can you tell me how to reduce my weight?
PEG.

A.—Superfluous flesh is for the most part the result of partaking too freely of starchy and sweet foods, and lack of exercise. Reduce the amount of food taken at each meal. Do not eat sweets in any form, nor the starches found in bread and potatoes. Avoid fats, butter, oils and milk. Take cold baths daily. Walk three miles daily. Weight will decrease in proportion to severity of the regimen, but will doubtless return when the individual becomes careless and abandons the dietary.

Q.—Can you explain how the custom of throwing old shoes and rice at a newly married couple originated, and oblige
E. T.

A.—Once upon a time the seller of a piece of property gave the buyer his shoe when a sale was made. In token that the bargain was completed. Since daughters were then transferred to husbands exactly as if they were the father's property, the custom of throwing an old shoe after the bride was inaugurated, and it survives upon a bride, it represents the moment when she is giving up all claim to the daughter.

NOSTOMACHPAIN, GAS, INDIGESTION IN FIVE MINUTES

"Pape's Diapepsin" is the only real stomach regulator known.

"Really does" put bad stomachs in order—"really does" overcome indigestion, dyspepsia, gas, heartburn and sourness in five minutes—that—just that—makes Pape's Diapepsin the largest selling stomach regulator in the world. If what you eat ferments into stink-burn lumps, you belch gas and eructate sour, undigested food and acid; head is dizzy and aches; breath foul; tongue coated; your insides filled with bile and indigestible waste, remember the moment "Pape's Diapepsin" comes in contact with the stomach all such distress vanishes. It's truly astonishing—almost marvelous, and joyful in its harmlessness. A large fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin will give you a hundred dollars' worth of satisfaction or your druggist hands you your money back.

It's worth its weight in gold to men and women who can't get their stomachs regulated. It belongs in your home—should always be kept handy in case of a sick, sour, upset stomach during the day or at night. It's the quickest, surest and most harmless stomach regulator in the world.

LAND CONVENTIONS

DETROIT, Mich., Feb. 2.—Detroit will entertain more than 200 conventions during 1916, according to figures announced today by the Detroit tourist and convention bureau.

SPEEDING WITH THE CARR'S



NO. 7—THE FIRST BLOWOUT

FITZGERALD OWNS ONLY A FORD, BUT HE KNOWS CITY FINANCES ALL WAY FROM SOUP TO NUTS

Cecil B. Fitzgerald is only a Ford, but as the old fellow said: "You don't have to be a hen to know if an egg is good or bad."

By the same token, it isn't at all necessary that Fitz, as he is commonly known, should ride around in a Packard to know a good deal about finances.

An expert accountant by profession, Fitzgerald knows the finances of the city of Seattle from soup to nuts, or rather, from Hi Gill to Oliver T. Erickson and back again to Austin E. Griffiths.

He is chairman of the finance committee for a year in the city council, and he could figure out occasionally his eyes shut. He can talk to you about serial bonds till you're dizzy.

And Fitz was born in Oshkosh, too—Oshkosh, Wis. He quickly overcame this handicap, however, for he reached Seattle when quite a youngster, soon becoming one of the best known natives of Ballard, Baseball Player.

In the suburb of shingle mills, Fitzgerald acquired various claims to fame. He was champion amateur boxer of the Northwest in 1903, and captain of the champion ship baseball team of Ballard in the Puget Sound Amateur league in 1905 and 1906. He's quite a sprinter and is now running for a second term in the council.

Fitz used to manage Harry Trout's Loyal Heights line, and consequently knows a thing or two about car line finances, too. Besides, he is married and has four children, and therefore knows something about domestic finances.

Ballard Wanted Him
Fitzgerald had little or no political ambitions until one day the people of Ballard decided they ought to have some one in the



Cecil B. Fitzgerald

council. Austin E. Griffiths had resigned in the fall of 1913 from the council to run for mayor, and there was therefore a vacancy to be filled by the other city dads. So Ballard citizens called a meeting. They fussed around a while and couldn't agree on whom they wanted. Finally some one suggested Fitzgerald. That settled it. And so Ballard pulled for Fitz, and Fitz landed.

The following March he was elected by the people's vote, and now he's up for re-election. He has generally supported the municipal ownership program, taking it, however, in a calm and unimpassioned manner. In the recent tax squabble on the budget, Fitzgerald consistently voted for the so-called "low levy" until he saw an opportunity to end the fight by compromise, and voted for two of the three disputed items and thus presenting a budget to Mayor Gill, which he signed.

This is the sixth of a series of articles telling about the 13 councilmanic candidates now asking for the votes of the people.

OUR JUNIOR OFFICE BOY

n. y., friday—some men are good lawyers & some others are good runners, which makes it hard to tell which is which, a drummer from omaha told a man here the

he joins some other men who was hunting for peeces of there houses and stores and things & they traveled about 20 miles when they met a man who lived in the same town



other day while he was giving the oo to new spring & summer goods in a hoiseable house

from where they had just come from

is that so mr hanley, replied the other man

hello, bill, 1 of the men said to him, & he was laying on the ground looking purty tired & hungry

yes, said the drummer, i found that out last summer 1 day when i was out in kansas

how did you get out here bill, they inquired, did the sikione blow you clear here

they was having a big sikione there the day before i reached the town & the town was all blowed away, that is the most of it, so i says to my self i cant sell no goods here & there aint no trane out untill tomorrow so i will get a eyeful of what the sikione done

no, i outrun the blamed thing johny

A LETTER FROM M'GILL

Editor The Star: Recently you published a series of articles written by Mr. Jack Jungmeyer, relative to the co-operative shingle movement, and mentioned my name and published my picture in a very complimentary way in that connection.

I desire to thank you for the boost for practical co-operation and the encouragement afforded our fellows, who are putting ten long, hard hours a day in the mills, producing an honest and necessary commodity.

I need not tell you that all over the state, in our industrial localities and among the workers, The Star is regarded as the paper of the great Common People.

May your vision, and your leadership, and your genuine success, increase continuously. Sincerely yours, OSCAR H. MCGILL.

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ANNOUNCEMENT

By far the greatest journalistic feat ever accomplished, outside of the memorable occasion when C. Larance had Sergeant Wallace manufactured for killing purposes and then grabbed off Tommy, the Artist, leaving Scotch Teabonhead and Tom Dillipies to bite their fingernails, has been accomplished by the Knotty Editor. He has secured the services of the world renowned Flossie Film Flam, movie picture critic extraordinary, answer the questions of the 65,742, 849,321,452 readers of this column about any one who appeared in the movies, from Hi Gill up. WATCH FOR IT IN TOMORROW'S ISSUE.

CRACK THIS NUT

(From the Deer Park, Wash. Journal.)
The killing of Birdeen Peterson, aged 24, by Miss Olga Angevedt, age 21, at Starwood last week was accidental, a coroner's jury found. She shot herself and took poison and has recovered.

WHAT NEXT?
This game of politics is certainly great. Now comes Hugh Caldwell, the pet of the Morning Grouch, and says C. B. Vandell of the Chamber is after him. Next we'll hear even the O-W. kick at Vandell. Carry the idea further, and Doc Matthews will be kicking at the Hattier club. Bryan will be roasting Henry Ford; Tom Murphine will denounce progressive legislation; Bradford will knock the system of private practice while in public employ, and Roosevelt will be against a third term.

PEARLS OF WISDOM

BY THE K. E.
Insomnia is contagious when the baby has it.
Pulmonary disorder is frequently caused by an upper berth in a Pullman.
In a dry state, do not despise the cellar as too lowly. It is uppermost in some people's homes.

SAYS EVERETT TRUE'S SISTER

The absence of Jack often makes her heart grow fonder for Jim.

IF YOU CAN'T DEPEND ON YOUR FRIENDS TO TELL YOU, WHADDAYA GONNA DO?

(From the Bloomington, Ill. Record.)
When pulling out for Glen Haven with the freight wagon Thursday morning, Norm Watriss was notified by friends on the street that his nose was frozen. He gave up the trip, after explaining that it had started to freeze three times that morning.

THRU WITH HER



"When sister got married, mother threw an old shoe after her."

"What fer?"
"Dunno. I gues it means she ain't got 'n' spank her any more."

THE FRIEND IN NEED

From a letter to the editor by a subscriber: "Sir: Anent the discussion of the milk bill, let us go to the fountain head....."

COMING TO FRONT

Tom Murphine, candidate for corporation counsel, held a meeting in the offices of Revelle, Revelle & Revelle the other night. He was speaking about the need of getting the voters out to register.

"Whol' volunteered in this work in the rear, he said: "You ought to come to the front without hesitation."

"I kin hear just as well back here," replied the young fellow.

Won't somebody kindly sing that beautiful ballad entitled, "There's No Place Like Home?"

RUB OUT RHEUMATISM WITH "ST. JACOBS OIL"

Get a Small Trial Bottle---Rub Pain, Soreness, Stiffness Right Out of Joints and Muscles---Instant Relief! Best Liniment, Doesn't Blister

Rheumatism is "pain only." Not one case in fifty requires internal treatment. Stop drugging. Rub soothing, penetrating "St. Jacobs Oil" right into your sore, stiff, aching joints and muscles, and relief comes instantly. "St. Jacobs Oil" is a harmless rheumatism and backache liniment which never disappoints.
Limber up! Quit complaining! Get a small trial bottle of old, honest "St. Jacobs Oil" at any drug store, and in just a moment you'll be free from rheumatic pain, soreness, stiffness and swelling. Don't suffer. Relief awaits you. "St. Jacobs Oil" has cured millions of rheumatism sufferers in the last half century, and is just as good for sciatica, neuralgia, lumbago, backache, sprains,