

# The Seattle Star

Member of the Northwest League of Newspapers

Published Daily By The Star Publishing Co., Phone Main 3403

Entered at Seattle, Wash., Postoffice as second-class matter July 12, 1905. Paid for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Act of October 3, 1917. Accepted for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Act of October 3, 1917. By carrier, city, 18¢ a month.

## The Star and Mayor Gill

**T**HE STAR believes Hi Gill should be defeated for Seattle's good. His reelection at this time, instead of promising PROGRESS FOR SEATTLE, threatens just the opposite. His reelection means two more years of wrangling with the council, two more years of do-nothing, two more years of turmoil at the city hall, AND THE TAXPAYERS MUST FOOT THE BILL.

During the past two years there has never been a time when, as Gill says in his speeches, The Star said he had made good.

The Star said: "Gill has been as good a mayor as it believed he would make when it supported him as the lesser of two evils two years ago."

Gill says The Star all of a sudden turned against him. As a matter of fact, The Star MONTHS AGO told of the return to Seattle under Gill and his present police chief, of gamblers, of vice, and of petty grafting. It told of these things months ago—at a time when Gill, taken at his word, was not even considered a possible candidate for mayor.

The Star told about Gill's chief, who made a public exhibition of himself in a drunken wine party at a local cafe, and of the chief's visit to a cabaret girl's room in a downtown hotel at 2 o'clock in the morning.

The police issue, as against Gill, is nothing sudden. The Star did not suppress any of the facts at any time. Neither did The Star keep up an incessant howl about it.

**WITH GILL'S WORD PLEDGED THAT HE WOULD NOT RUN AGAIN, THE STAR FELT THE EVILS WOULD DISAPPEAR IF THE RIGHT MAN COULD BE ELECTED AS HIS SUCCESSOR.**

The state now is dry. This offers more chance for petty police graft than ever before. Seattle doesn't want silly prosecutions nor any persecutions under this law. Neither does Seattle want police grafting and police favoritism shown under this law.

There is no occasion whatever to become puritanical about it. Neither is there any occasion whatever for Seattle to return to the old vice battle-fields.

**IN THE OPINION OF THE STAR, THE PASSAGE OF THE DRY LAW MAKES IT IMPERATIVE THAT SEATTLE SHOULD HAVE IN THE MAYOR'S CHAIR A BROAD-GAUGED MAYOR—AN OPPOSITE TYPE FROM MAYOR GILL.**

In this year of 1916 Seattle is entitled to a 1916 model mayor.

Seattle is entitled to a chance to make substantial progress in municipal affairs. THE STAR BELIEVES THE ELECTION OF GRIFFITHS WILL BE AN IMPORTANT STEP IN THAT DIRECTION.

**NETHERLANDS, FINANCIALLY speaking, is like a little bank squeezed in the heart of Wall street, where it is kind of handy like. The little Dutch kingdom contains more gold than ever before in its history, and its banks are simply running over with money since the war started.**

**YOU'LL SEE Italy take more interest in the war now. Austrians are dropping bombs on her cathedrals now.**

## Letters To Cynthia Grey

**Q—Do you believe that a person ever has what you might call bad luck?**

A—Have had a canary bird given to me twice. The first one got away, and the other died the second night I had it. I took the best care of them, but still I believe there was some reason for this. Do you think I have had bad luck with birds?

**HOUSEWIFE.**  
A—I do not believe it would be possible to establish any such proof. Should you get another canary bird, provided that it was healthy, and placed in a sanitary, secure cage and cared for properly, there would be no reason why you should not keep it the same as any one else.

To me, luck is merely a habit of mind. Nevertheless, many persons who would hate to be considered superstitious, talk of their luck. It is interesting, too, to note that these same people always regard

their successes as the just reward of their own merit. If one's failures are due to "bad luck," rather than lack of responsibility for one's own conduct, it must necessarily follow, then, that one's successes are due to "good luck," and not to any personal effort on the part of that person.

**Q—I would like to locate a man who is purposely keeping his whereabouts secret. Please suggest how this may be done.**

**A STRANGER.**  
A—The only way to find such a person is thru the police department. In order to have the search made, you would have to present some legal paper showing your authority for making the request.

**Q—Several times during the past few weeks I have missed money from my purse. I am afraid one of my children has taken it. Is there**

anything I can put on the coins, so that when he takes them his hands will show the stain?

**WORRIED MOTHER.**  
A—Do not lay traps for your children. You wish to be certain, of course, before accusing them, but it is much better to have them confide in you voluntarily than to accuse them. Have a frank talk with each one, telling him how you have to use so much money, and ask his co-operation in saving. To accuse one of them unjustly would be worse than the loss of the money.

**Dear Cynthia Grey: In answer to "Bungalow," the man from Manila, who works like a Turk and thinks like a one also: The little faults and evils he finds in others are merely reflections of himself. If they weren't in him, he couldn't see them. His brain stopped growing the day he left the U. S. A.**

The girls are neither man crazy nor cheap; merely trying to pick out a harmonious life companion, but the picking is hard.

Men are at a premium, but they are throwing ginks and boobs away with yeast cakes. Sometimes these disguise and happen to palm themselves off for men, but as soon as found out they are ditched, as he must know living is high these days.

He wants to inspire confidence and get all out of life there is in it. If he will follow this recipe he will get it:

We have only a certain amount of time to put in on this earth; the more of it we spend looking for good, the less we will have for fault-finding and evil. We get just what we look for in this life. Eliminate all evil thoughts, and you will choke or starve the devil to death. IKE.

**Q—I am 19 years old. A very honorable, well-to-do young man, one year my senior, is in love with me. Do you think, if I really tried, in time I could learn to love him? I care nothing about him at the present time, except as a friend.**

**D. E.**  
A—Why try? The tender plant of love will not stand forcing. It soon becomes the victim of blight and withers away.

Mr. Chas. Schell, 432 Church st., notes.

## Shoulder-to-Shoulder

**U**SUALLY there are two sides to a question, and with three big newspapers bucking one another in the same field, the reading public may be reasonably sure of getting all the arguments in favor of and against both sides.

It is significant, in the matter of the fight against the Northwest tourist rates, that the three city newspapers here take the same view of the situation—the view that there is only one side to the question—and that the three are united in a common cause, for justice.

When The Star took the initiative, weeks ago, and summoned the citizens of Seattle and the Northwest together for a determined campaign against the Harriman tourist monopoly, it felt certain the other newspapers would follow the lead as a matter of course.

And they have. The Star feels that it was a commendable move on their part.

The Star welcomes them as its allies in the battle to wipe out an unjust, discriminating schedule of fares that keeps thousands of travelers out of the Northwest, out of Seattle, out of our hotels, our department stores, our realty offices and our banks.

## Happiness License Bureau

**D**IVORCE licenses are advocated by Prof. Joseph Johnson, dean of the School of Commerce, New York university.

Prof. Johnson is a financier, and an authority on banks. He looks at marriage as a social contract. In his opinion, "It is not an exaggeration to say that three-fourths of all human misery would pass away and be forgotten if we could end our marriage obligation when love ceases."

Just So and May Be. And perhaps, if we could license away all our other obligations, the remaining one-fourth of all human misery would disappear, and we should have a world with nothing but happiness in it.

Please, somebody, hurry up with that universal anti-misery license bureau.

## A Steer for Henry

**W**E would like to suggest to Mr. Ford that, instead of putting up a bunch of money to oppose President Wilson's preparedness plan, he might devote a little of his superfluous wealth to a war on the gasoline trust.

If gas keeps on going up at the present rate, Mr. Ford's little machine will be as useless and unmarketable as a teddy-bear.

A little commercial preparedness, if you please, Henry. What say?

**UNDER THE wording of the Lusitanian settlement, Germany and Uncle Sam agree that Germany has given up submarine warfare, but it'll take something stronger to make Great Britain believe it, you bet.**

**CAPT. GILMER, commandant of the 12th naval division, says that Japs are gradually being weeded out of the United States navy. Another gross insult to Japan's honorable honor!**

## A Novel a Week

A standard, high-class, book-size novel, complete this week in this paper. No more waiting; a full installment will come to you every day.

This is a part of a book-sized, popular novel being run complete this week in this newspaper. Others are to follow from week to week, beginning each Monday and appearing each Saturday. A COMPLETE NOVEL EVERY WEEK! If you want back copies of the paper, or if you are not a regular subscriber and wish to take advantage of this feature, call this paper's circulation department.

## CHAPTER IV. The Scotswoman's Tale

"WELL, last week," Vendome began, "I dined with a friend, who is paying a guest of a dear old lady. Several others were at the table—also paying-guests, I presume. One, a Mrs. Melvor, was a tall, gray-haired woman of exceedingly striking appearance. She wore dark glasses, and I learned afterward, was blind. During the course of the meal the conversation turned upon jewels, and presently some one referred to the recent sale, in Paris, of the crown jewels of France.

"Where?" she asked, and Mrs. Melvor remarked: "No," said I. "A large portion, I believe, disappeared during the French Revolution—stolen or carried away by some loyal friend of the king—and have never been recovered."

"Mrs. Melvor nodded. "And for them the French government has searched for years, and is still searching," she said; "and, all the while, they lie concealed in this country."

"Where?" she inquired of the hostess. "Where they have been for more than a hundred years—in Virginia; hidden and lost. The man who brought them to America and concealed them against a time when a Bourbon would once again rule in France, died in their defense, and his secret died with him."

"How did you learn it?" I asked. "I dreamed it!" "You mean that you are a clairvoyant?" I corrected. "I think so; at least it has been tested scores of times, and the vision, if it is a vision, never yet lied. I cannot explain it—it just is. Possibly the fact that I have been sightless from birth may have something to do with the power, and with the vividness of my vision."

She turned to me. "You, sir, are a diplomat, and as such would be interested in returning the jewels to France—shall I tell you what I saw?" "Pray do!" said I—and all the table listened.

"Mrs. Melvor paused a moment, and then began: "I shall give you briefly the direction how to find the jewels. Somewhere in Virginia is a place called Land's End. It is uncultivated. Once it was owned by a Frenchman. The house is still standing, the fallen to decay. The hall runs directly thru the house and opens, at the rear, upon a square porch. Around for a considerable distance is turf. Directly in line with the rear door, and 50 feet away, is a huge chestnut tree. One hundred and fifty-three feet northwest of this tree is a depression in the turf. In the center of the depression, at a depth of six

# THE RED EMERALD

Written by John Reed Scott—Copyright, 1914, by John Reed Scott  
NEXT WEEK, "THE RANCH AT THE WOLVERINE"

"The skeptic is converted!" Natalie laughed. "I am converted—simply open to conviction, and ready to be convinced."

"Very well!" said Singleton. "We will go up to the place and investigate tomorrow."

## CHAPTER V. Recognized

They had their coffee on the piazza. The Singletons remained a while; then Carter went in to his accumulated mail; Betty followed him a little later. "You seem to have been deserted!" Natalie smiled.

"It's particularly thoughtful of them," said Vendome. "I had not meant it quite that way!" she flashed. "I should call it thoughtless of them."

"Nevertheless, it is very pleasant to be with you again," he said. "You are just like the rest," she reflected. "I did think that you were a bit different, but, alas! my doll is stuffed with sawdust, after all."

"It's something to be your doll!" he said, with affected seriousness. "Oh, you beautiful doll!" "You great, big, beautiful doll!" she sang.

"Am I beautiful?" he asked. "Beautiful as a dream! And, apropos of dreams, what, seriously, do you think of Mrs. Melvor's vision?"

"It is singular, when taken with the portrait, Land's End, and all the other coincidences."

"If we should find the jewels, you would restore them to the French government?" "Certainly, if they are the crown jewels of France."

"Why? There is nothing in the box to identify them?" "The jewels themselves—their own best identification—their cutting, setting, and so on."

"There is a record of them extant?" "Yes!" he said. "I spent an afternoon in the library of congress, looking up the matter. I found that in 1791, by act of the assembly nationale, a list of all the crown jewels—at that time kept in the Garde-Meuble—was made by M. Delattre, a deputy from the department of the Somme. This report and list, containing over 300 pages, is in existence. One year later, the Garde-Meuble was looted in the night, and the major portion of the jewels stolen, including the famous Regent diamond, and the equally famous Red Emerald, the signet of the kings of France since Francis the First. Only two of the thieves were captured. To save their lives, they revealed where their share of the plunder was hidden. Some years later, an anonymous letter came to the authorities to the effect that if they would dig at the foot of a certain tree, in the Allee des Veuves in the Champs Elysees, they would find the Regent. They dug there, and they found it. The Red Emerald has never been found. So, you see, there is an absolutely accurate list and description by which every jewel can be identified when recovered. When identified, they are the property of France."

"The portrait!" exclaimed Betty. Her husband nodded. "Did the Marquis de Chavenais have anything to do with the disappearance of the crown jewels of France? Is there a connection between the jewels, the marquis, and Land's End? What do you think of it, Orme?"

"That it will bear looking into," Vendome answered.

## 'CASCARETS' SET YOUR LIVER AND BOWELS RIGHT

They're Fine! Don't Remain Bilious, Sick, Headachy and Constipated.

Best for Colds, Bad Breath, Sour Stomach—Children Love Them.

Get a 10-cent box now. Be cheerful! Clean up inside tonight and feel fine. Take Cascarets to loosen your liver and clean the bowels and stop headaches, a bad cold, biliousness, offensive breath, coated tongue, sallowiness, sour stomach and gases. Tonight take Cascarets and enjoy the nicest, gentlest liver and bowel cleansing you ever experienced. Wake up feeling grand—Everybody's doing it. Cascarets best laxative for children also.

## EVERY BUSINESS

Has a beginning, and to begin requires money. Many a business has been started with a Savings account.

Have you one?

Interest 4%

## UNION SAVINGS & TRUST CO.

OF SEATTLE  
Capital and Surplus \$800,000

JAMES D. HOGE, President.  
N. B. SOLNER, Vice President and Trust Officer.

HOGE BUILDING  
In the Heart of the Financial District

## For Pile Sufferers

Sample Package of the Famous Pyramid Pile Treatment Will Do for You.



Pyramid Pile Treatment gives quick relief, stops itching, bleeding or protruding piles, hemorrhoids and all rectal troubles, in the privacy of your own home. 50c a box at all druggists. A single box often cures. Free sample for trial, with booklet, mailed free. In plain wrapper, if you send us coupon below.

FREE SAMPLE COUPON  
PYRAMID DRUG COMPANY,  
229 Pyramid Bldg., Marshall, Mich. Kindly send me a Free Sample of Pyramid Pile Treatment, in plain wrapper.

Name.....  
Street.....  
City..... State.....

Dear Cynthia Grey: In answer to "Bungalow," the man from Manila, who works like a Turk and thinks like a one also: The little faults and evils he finds in others are merely reflections of himself. If they weren't in him, he couldn't see them. His brain stopped growing the day he left the U. S. A.

The girls are neither man crazy nor cheap; merely trying to pick out a harmonious life companion, but the picking is hard.

Men are at a premium, but they are throwing ginks and boobs away with yeast cakes. Sometimes these disguise and happen to palm themselves off for men, but as soon as found out they are ditched, as he must know living is high these days.

He wants to inspire confidence and get all out of life there is in it. If he will follow this recipe he will get it:

We have only a certain amount of time to put in on this earth; the more of it we spend looking for good, the less we will have for fault-finding and evil. We get just what we look for in this life. Eliminate all evil thoughts, and you will choke or starve the devil to death. IKE.

**Q—I am 19 years old. A very honorable, well-to-do young man, one year my senior, is in love with me. Do you think, if I really tried, in time I could learn to love him? I care nothing about him at the present time, except as a friend.**

**D. E.**  
A—Why try? The tender plant of love will not stand forcing. It soon becomes the victim of blight and withers away.

Mr. Chas. Schell, 432 Church st., notes.

Free Examination  
LADY ATTENDANT  
22-c. Gold Crowns, \$5.00  
Bridgework, tooth, \$5.00  
Porcelain Crowns, \$5.00  
Gold Fillings, \$2.00  
Silver Fillings, \$1.00  
Best Rubber Plates, \$5.00 and up.

25 percent reduction from the above regular prices for February only. We do exactly as advertised. All work guaranteed 15 years.  
Cor. of First and Pike  
Opposite Old Public Market  
Laboring People's Dentist  
J. R. VAN AUKEN, Mgr.

## Start It Today

Reads all the other good things this paper will give each week, a standard-proving novel. Nothing better for evening reading.

## CHAPTER VI. Land's End

The next day it rained. There could be no trip in search of the hidden treasure and the two young women professed themselves greatly disappointed. If one could have peeped in on them, however, as they sat and chattered in Betty's room, he would have thought they were having a highly interesting morning.

And they were. Natalie, fresh from a successful Washington season, had many a tale to tell. And her friend listened with happy interest, for it was the girl's first season since her husband's death of the pleasures of life. It gave Betty real joy to see her so bright and like her old self again. For Natalie's mother had married her off before her 18th birthday to a millionaire far older than herself.

Tremaine had long since died of the pleasures of life. He had taken up his hobby—raising melons—so, utterly selfish, he had buried himself, and Natalie, too, in the center of a mammoth melon patch.

Unwilling to exert himself in any way, he also refused Natalie the few pleasures she might have enjoyed by visiting alone among her girlhood friends. Even in her own home, her husband treated her as a child. He allowed her none of the prerogatives due the mistress of his home.

A wife who possessed none of the dignity of wifehood. Many a time had poor Natalie to blush in shame at being reprimanded before the servants. So her married life had been anything but happy.

Betty knew this. She had visited Natalie once in the melon patch and never repeated the experience. So, she knew Mr. Tremaine had loved his beautiful young wife and that much of his unpleasantness was due to a secret fear of the girl's meeting and learning to love a younger and more congenial man. Singleton was not shockingly grieved when she heard of Tremaine's death.

And as she listened to Natalie's happy chatter now, Betty let her dreams follow Orme Vendome. She was a wise little soul. She knew that a beautiful girl rich as Natalie would be far happier remarried—only it must be to the right man. Orme had much to offer the woman he made his wife, but, a little little matchmaker that she was, she said no more to Natalie on the subject.

As for Vendome, he spent the morning writing letters, and thought grimly of Blake and the story Mrs. Tremaine had told him the night before. He had no wish to use his official knowledge of the scoundrel, but if the Englishman dared to continue to annoy Natalie he would do it. And he had a feeling that Blake would realize this could be but know of the diplomat's presence at Rosemont.

So it was quite willingly that he seconded Singleton's proposal that they lunch alone at the club, in spite of the fact that it would probably mean he would not see Natalie again until dinner. They would likely get hung up in some sort of game for the afternoon, but there was more than a chance that Blake would be in evidence, and Orme was not averse to having him know that Rosemont harbored another guest besides Mrs. Tremaine.

The clear off, after several attempts, decided in the afternoon to become a fact.

"Is it an 8 o'clock start in the morning?" Singleton asked, at dinner.

"On the contrary, I'm ready to start at 7 if you and Mr. Vendome are willing," Natalie answered, looking at her host.

"Seven o'clock be it!" Singleton replied. "Hey, Orme?"

"Make it 6:30 sharp," Vendome replied. "I hate to miss the sunrise."

"We'll start at 8:00," Betty retorted. "We can't be in the car, because we haven't one—owing to the local dislike for them, and Carter's dislike in particular. Hence we shall drive, with Mr. Singleton as the driver, the coachman being undesirable in the present instance."

At 8:00 o'clock next morning, with a clear sky and the air snappily fresh, they started.

The first 20 miles was over a limestone pike, and they made it easily in two hours. They then turned into a side road, and the going became positively bad; where it was not washed by the recent rains, it was a mass of deep mud due to the bone-headed supervisors, whose idea of road making was to dig out the ditches and throw the dirt into the track, and always to wait until well into autumn before doing it.

"How much farther is it?" Natalie asked.

"Just over the hill is Springberry, the Singletons place," said the host. "Land's End is beyond—nearer the river. That is how it gets its name!" he exclaimed. "I was stupid not to think of it before; the river there makes a big reverse bend, and then straightens. Land's End lies in this bend."

"They crossed the hill, and Springberry lay beyond, a substantial dwelling built of solid timber, in the style of a century ago; comfortable and plain.

"The Singletons used it for a summer home many years ago—before 'The White' came into fashion. Then it was turned over to the farmer, except two rooms downstairs which are always held ready for the master or his guests. I usually occupy them several times during the gunning and fishing season."

The road led by the house and on thru the farm to Land's End. Williams, the farmer, happened to see them coming, and recognizing the horses, hurried forward to meet them.

"How do you do, Mr. Singleton!" he said.

"We shall not stop now, Williams," Singleton answered, as the man went to the horses' heads. "It may be we shall be back presently, however. We are going to Land's End. No one living in the house, is there?"

"Not in the house, sir," Williams replied. "There are a couple of negro families squatting in cabins nearby."

"I wish you would fetch a pick, a shovel, and a crowbar, and come along with us to Land's End," said Singleton. "We'll drive on slowly."

"Very well, sir."

"Williams is perfectly safe," Singleton explained—as the answer to Vendome's thoughts—when they had driven on. "The family has been in the Singletons employ for generations."

The road terminated abruptly, and a faint track continued thru the timber—made by the passage, at rare intervals, of a vehicle of some sort. Even this was indistinct at places. Huge trees were on every side.

For almost a mile the track wound in and out thru the forest; then the timber suddenly thinned, and they saw the house directly ahead, with a few great oaks about it.

"Land's End!" said Singleton. (Continued in Our Next Issue)

## EVIDENCE IS GONE; DRUGGIST FREED

Carl Hensinger, proprietor of the Stewart Street pharmacy, 109 Stewart st., has beaten the first of three cases in Justice Brinker's court for alleged liquor law violations.

Evidence—a bottle of whisky—vanished from the sheriff's custody. It was testified at the trial Monday, and the state's principal witness has disappeared.

Charles C. Berryman, formerly proprietor of the Alaska bar, Third ave. and Jefferson st., was fined \$100 for violating the liquor law.

## PROF. BROWNE DEAD

Professor Frank J. Browne, state superintendent of public schools under Gov. Rogers, died Sunday in California. He came to Seattle in 1890 and was identified with public education here for years. Funeral services will be held in Seattle late in the week.

# FOLGER WEEK

Coming Soon

Take advantage of it by placing advance orders for Coffee to be delivered

March 6th to 11th

## FOLGER'S GOLDEN GATE COFFEE

in a class by itself—the highest standard in America—the only 45c Coffee on the market—the only 45c quality.

Ring up your grocer now and place your order for delivery at reduced price.

J. A. FOLGER & CO. SAN FRANCISCO

45c COFFEE 45c QUALITY