

MAYOR APPOINTS NEW CHIEF

BECKINGHAM NAMED TO SUCCEED LANG

DO NOT MISS IT!

The Seattle Star

LAST EDITION

There is something mighty interesting on The Star editorial page today. Turn to page 4 and read the very first editorial. It's a humdinger. Who wrote it? Well, that's the surprise.

THE ONLY PAPER IN SEATTLE THAT DARES TO PRINT THE NEWS

VOLUME 18

SEATTLE, WASH., TUESDAY, APRIL 11, 1916.

ON TRAINS AND NEWS STANDS, 6c ONE CENT

It rained this morning. It rained this noon. But cheer up, folks. Here comes George, the weather man, and says: "Fair tonight and Wednesday." Can you beat it?

New Council Fails on First Test of Municipal Efficiency

USUALLY some one councilman out of our nine will be right on any proposition. However, the clash Monday over the firing of three committee clerks showed them all—nine of them—wrong. Judge Moore, one of our "strong councilmen," who resigned from the council efficiency committee because he didn't get the clerks fired, was wrong. Councilman Erickson, who refused to vote, putting it up to the other councilmen to "skin their own skunk," as he termed it, was wrong. This being a public skunk,

and Erickson being a public official, he was duty bound to help do the skinning. It seems plain that the council could easily get along without the three clerks, and if the council is going to get anywhere on cutting out waste and inefficiency in municipal affairs, there is no item too small to be overlooked. All of the councilmen showed political motives in their votes yesterday. They did not handle this matter as if it were a straight business proposition, and that is just what it is.

MAN AND GIRL DIE TOGETHER

Mystery in Walla Walla Tragedy; Was It Murder Suicide?

HE WAS 50; SHE ONLY 18

WALLA WALLA, April 11.—The mysterious deaths of Mary Hawn, 18, and C. M. Frazier, 50, continue to baffle the police today. Evidence indicated a suicide pact, or a murder and suicide, but no motive could be found. Frazier was Miss Hawn's step-grandfather. His daughter had married her father. The girl was a student at St. Vincent's academy. Frazier had been paying her tuition, and apparently manifested a fatherly interest in her. The bodies were found lying, fully dressed, on a bed in the Grand hotel last night. Two capsules containing a white powder indicated the girl had swallowed poison. A slight abrasion about her throat, however, led to the belief that she was strangled or forced to swallow the poison. Frazier was lying with his head toward the foot of the bed. He had blown out his brains with a revolver, using a blanket to muffle the report. Both apparently had been dead several hours when the bodies were found. Two notes served only to deepen the mystery. Both were in the man's handwriting. This, the police thought, further strengthened the murder and suicide theory. A note beside the girl said: "Notify Mrs. Nellie Hebbs, 410 South Toppensish ave., Toppensish, Wash." The man's note said: "Dear Daughter: This is to say goodbye. I hate to do this, but am powerless to prevent it. You will find my papers in my satchel. May God forgive me." Frazier was a traveling man. He owned a restaurant in Prosser, Wash., and some stock in an Idaho mine.

WHAT IS IT LIKE TO BE A VAMPIRE?

"It's Just Hard Work," Declares Theda Bara, Famous "Love Pirate" of Movieland, in the first of her written articles for The Star on "The Heart of a Vampire."

This is the first of a series of articles Miss Theda Bara has written for The Star. She has referred to these articles in a letter to the editor of The Star as "Things That Are in My Heart." This paper, learning that Miss Bara was desirous of correcting popular impressions of her vampirish work in the movies, extended her an invitation to write her story for The Star. She gladly accepted.

BY THEDA BARA

Written Especially for The Star. Would you like to be called a "Love Pirate," "the Ishmaelite of Femininity," "a Vampire"—in short, "the woman with the most beautifully wicked face in the world?" That is what people call me because of parts I play in the Fox



Theda Bara

Film corporation's productions of "Carmen," "A Fool There Was," "The Clemenceau Case," "Sin" and "The Devil's Daughter." "Pretty nearly every person in the country has told me that he or she thinks of me and NOW, FOR THE FIRST TIME, I AM GIVEN AN OPPORTUNITY TO TELL WHAT I THINK OF MYSELF!"

Vampirism Is Hard Work, She Says

Vampirism, such as I do, is the HARDEST KIND OF HARD WORK. I am imbued with the character and lose myself in it. Complete exhaustion follows my day of work. A year ago, when my name was displayed on the billboards for the first time, the American people did not know whether it was a new tooth paste, soap or a malady. Now when they see it, they invariably say, "THE HUMAN VAMPIRE." It is not pleasant to be so described. When I first heard myself referred to as "the vampire woman," I was heartbroken. All my ideals were shattered. I felt I was that against which every woman's hand is raised. I was held up as one who DE-LIGHTED IN THE LURE OF DESTRUCTION AND EVIL DOING. Described as Most Cruel of All Women. People asked what manner of woman I could be. One woman



Theda Bara

wrote this description of me: "Her hair is like the serpent locks of Medusa, her eyes have the cruel cunning of Lucretia Borgia, TILL NOW held up as the wickedest woman of the world; her mouth is the mouth of the sinister, scheming De-lilah, and her hands are those of the blood-bathing Elizabeth Bathory, who slaughtered young girls that she might bathe in their warm life blood and so retain her beauty." "Can it be that Fate has reincarnated in Theda Bara the souls of these monsters of mediaeval times?" Hardly a day passes that the postman does not bring me letters written along similar lines. MANY OF THEM ATTACK ME (Continued on page 7)

SEIZE BIG CARGO OF BEER HERE

Shipped From California and Loaded on Scow in East Waterway.

1,000 CASES ARE TAKEN

What is believed a flagrant violation of the "dry law" was discovered Tuesday morning, when 1,000 cases of beer were seized, after having been loaded onto a scow Monday night at Pier 9. The seizure was made at the old Birch-Harrison mill, at the north end of Harbor Island. The arrest of W. X. Russell, Seattle merchant, and J. J. Fredericks and Walter Shelton, laborers, followed. The beer bore the trade mark of the Rainier Brewing Co., a former Seattle concern, now located in San Francisco. It had been consigned to Ketchikan, but, according to the police, this address had been scratched off most of the cases. The beer was packed in pasteboard cartons of 12 bottles each. The three men are being held on a charge of having more liquor than allowed by law in their possession, but Deputy Prosecutor Patterson is investigating the case and in all probability will file a state charge. The men declared the liquor was carload of beer, was making its way up East waterway. Sergt. Smart, with Sergt. Melvin and eight patrolmen, gathered on the shore and watched all night for the landing. The police patrol boat, with two officers aboard, also searched the unsuspecting booze scow. Authorities were informed Monday at midnight that the scow, carrying approximately a carload of beer, was making its way up East waterway. Sergt. Smart, with Sergt. Melvin and eight patrolmen, gathered on the shore and watched all night for the landing. The police patrol boat, with two officers aboard, also searched the unsuspecting booze scow.

5 U. S. TROOPERS SHOT IN BATTLE

SAN ANTONIO, April 11.—Five U. S. troopers were wounded fighting Villistas at San Queritimo according to reports today from Brig. Gen. Pershing. He submitted the following casualty list: Private Thomas Brown, shot in cheek, back and shoulder. Private Joseph G. Bennett, shot in ankle. Private Joseph Garbell, shot in arm. Private Peter W. Gardner, shot in left arm.

CALLS CONFESSION OF THEFT A 'DREAM'

SAN FRANCISCO, April 11.—The confession by Jas. Moran that he and a pal participated in the \$1,500,000 registered mail robbery in New York was a mere dream, according to Post-office Inspector Stephen H. Morse today. Morse declared Moran was not released from San Quentin prison until March 25, more than a month after the New York robbery was committed.

RIEF EXONERATED BY COMMISSION

Game Warden Harry Rief is absolved, Tuesday, of charges of incompetency and dishonesty, the county game commission having heard all the testimony during several sessions. The commission recommended to the state game warden that Rief be not removed. The only point to some paragraphic lines is a period.

SENATE ASKS A REPORT ON 'GAS'

WASHINGTON, April 11.—The senate today unanimously directed Attorney General Gregory to bring in a full report of his investigations of the Standard Oil Company and other oil interests charged with boosting prices and fixing discriminatory rates.

HORSE HAS NICE LEAD WINDPIPE

Meal Ticket for 'Hoss' Trading Owner, State Charges.

GASPIE IN HIS THROAT

"Hoss trading" received a serious setback in Seattle Tuesday, when J. Pettvoll, owner of "Bob," a handsome the wind-broken bay, was found guilty of falsely representing the animal's value and was consigned to a county jail cell. Pettvoll was an auctioneer at the Kentucky Sales Stables for several years. Some time in 1914 he got hold of "Bob's" windpipe had collapsed, the horse was a fine animal. Pettvoll had a piece of gaspie installed in "Bob's" neck, in place of the broken respiratory organ, and sold the horse to George Morgan, a florist. "Wouldn't Sell Him Back" When he tried to buy him back, Morgan refused to accept his terms. Friends had told Morgan that Pettvoll would pay more than the original purchase price, because he considered "Bob" of great value as a "meal ticket." So it turned out. Pettvoll bought "Bob" from Morgan, paying more than Morgan did for the horse. He then sold "Bob" to N. J. Liljeblad, so the testimony in Judge Mackintosh's court showed. Liljeblad drove the horse a block and he began to wheeze. He returned and demanded the money back. Pettvoll told him he had sold "Bob" on commission, and gave the "commission" money to the buyer, with his note for the balance. Liljeblad still has the note. January, 1915, "Bob" was again sold, this time to A. Christopherson, of Lynden, Wash. Pettvoll bought him back for less than Christopherson paid, plus the usual note. "Bob" is Sold Often In October of the same year "Bob" was sold to Ray T. Smith, principal of the Leschi school, then to Ben Smathers, of Everett, and later to Jacob Jacobsen, of Portage. That was the last sale. Deputy Prosecutor Summers got hold of "Bob," took him to Woodland park, where he shot him to death in the monkey house in the zoo, on December 23 last.

NEW CHIEF SAYS HE WILL PUT END TO 'BLINDPIGGING'

Charles L. Beckingham, former county commissioner and until two months ago teller in the city treasurer's office, was named by Mayor Gill Tuesday noon to succeed Chief of Police Louis M. Lang, whose resignation the mayor had demanded in a letter written earlier in the day. Beckingham will be sworn into office as soon as his \$10,000 surety bond is arranged Tuesday afternoon. Beckingham received the appointment, according to Mayor Gill, because of his knowledge of police conditions in Seattle. He is 41 years old and is unmarried. He lives with his mother at 607 15th ave. N. Beckingham went into conference with Mayor Gill immediately after Lang was asked, at 10 o'clock Tuesday, to resign. The conference ended at 11:35 and the mayor made the announcement that Beckingham had been appointed.

DECLARES HE WILL STOP BOOTLEGGING

"The one thing I think the police department ought to do is to stop bootlegging in Seattle," Charles Beckingham said after his appointment as chief. "I have no other ideas at present about running the department. I will have to see first just how things have been left by Chief Lang. "Every man, woman and child in the city knows that it is a simple matter to get liquor. I think something can surely be done by the police department to stop the illegal trade. The drug stores ought not to get away with the stuff they are pulling now." "I therefore request that you tender me your resignation, the same to take effect immediately. "You will turn over the office and such funds on hand belonging to the city to Inspector M. T. Powers, taking his receipt therefor. "H. C. GILL." A Record of Turmoil Lang's record in the police department has been one of continual turmoil. Shortly after taking office, Mayor Gill wrote a letter to him, which was made public, in which the chief was severely condemned for orders he had issued to the police. Probably the most serious charge brought against Lang had to do with his public exhibition in drunken company at Tate's cafe, last summer, followed by the chief's visit to a cabaret girl's room at an early hour in the morning. The council, by unanimous vote, found him guilty of conduct unbecoming an officer, and Lang offered as an alibi that he went to the girl's room to unearth a police plot against him.

WHAT DO YOU PLAN FOR THE EVENING?

THEATRE? Dance? Card party? Social?

It doesn't make much difference which. You can still find a good deal of additional enjoyment each evening by reading the latest installment of the novel-a-week in The Star.

Next week, a story of the North will hold the boards. Young school teacher. Big, lonesome woodsman. Kidnaped, held by force, the girl rages against the lonesome North. Given freedom, she longs for the wild, open country—and the big, strong woodsman. Don't miss it. FIRST INSTALLMENT NEXT MONDAY. Its title is: "North of Fifty-three."

Gilson Gardner Visits Roosevelt at Oyster Bay; He's Still Wondering, After 4 Hours' Talk, if Teddy Is a Candidate

WASHINGTON, April 11.—Four hours spent at Oyster Bay in the company of Theodore Roosevelt left me wondering whether or not he would accept the republican-progressive nomination for president. Certainly he will not if there is any question about the public and the politicians wanting him. Too little emphasis has apparently been laid on the paragraph in the colonel's statement from Trinidad, in which he said that the public must have in its mood something of the heroic, if it wants him. "If the people of this country want peace and profits at the price of honor, they don't want me." "This is how the colonel shot it at a republican congressman who had come to tell him that "perhaps we may nominate you." For 15 minutes, the colonel laid down the law to his congressional visitor in true Mosaic fashion. "If there are any doubts in

your mind," the colonel went on, "please resolve them in favor of not nominating me. If I am by any chance to be the nominee of the republicans or progressives, or both, it can be only with the understanding that the country is in the mood to make any sacrifices to maintain its honor as a nation. "I said in Trinidad that if it wanted me the public must have something of the heroic in its mood. What I meant was, that the country must be willing to consider duties as well as rights and to face the possibility of sacrifice and self-denial in undertaking such tasks as duty might impose. "As president, or candidate for president, I should recognize but one kind of citizenship and one allegiance. If the country isn't ready for this kind of a candidate, then I am not the man to run." And there was much more to the same effect with quite plain talk on the subject of the colonel's entire unconcern whether or not he alienated a large number of foreign-born voters. The republican congressman went away somewhat dazed.

What has Colonel Roosevelt in his mind when he talks of duty, sacrifice and the heroic mood? Next that this country would be jumped into the European war on the day following his inaugural (assuming that the election had gone that way). Far from it. I am convinced that the colonel would do his utmost to keep the country out of war. But he would make no threats he was unwilling to back up, and he would insist with all the power at his command, that the country adequately prepare. He is convinced that the country is in great danger of drifting stern-foremost into a war for which it is not in any way prepared. He feels this so deeply, that he is willing to take the nomination and make the fight, if he is called upon to do so.

Less than a year ago, Colonel Roosevelt had banished from his mind any idea of ever again running for the presidency. He talked to me at that time, very frankly on the subject, expressing great satisfaction in the sense of freedom which came with the renunciation of future office. He could say exactly what he thought on any topic. He was no longer bound to consider the fears of timid political associates who might be harmed by his utterances. He had burned his bridges, and was enjoying all the liberties of private life. It is not a serious breach of confidence to say that Mrs. Roosevelt hoped this condition would be a permanent one. She is not happy at the prospect that her husband may be drafted for the political war. Oyster Bay has again become a news center. Six months ago, the New York papers were content to cover it by telephone or by an occasional call at the 42nd street building, or at the Metropolitan office. Now there are six grizzled political reporters permanently camped at the Oyster Bay inn, and the telegraph company has been putting in extra loops and getting experienced operators on the job.