

# EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE SEATTLE STAR

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## Wise and Otherwise

**KNEW HIS JOB**  
It was Easter eve, on last year, and the dear young thing, who had been receiving long but somewhat unsatisfactory visits from the very young man, decided she might take a chance. Robert had brought her a splendid Easter lily. "I'll give you a kiss for that lily," she promised, blushing.

The exchange was duly, not to say happily, made. Robert started hurriedly toward the door.

"Why, where are you going?" asked his girl, in surprise.

"To the florist, for more Easter lilies," he replied.—Life.

**FROM EXPERIENCE**  
The question was given to the class, "Why does a cow need two stomachs?" and little George's answer savored of experience:

"So that when she has an ache in one of them she can use the other."—Ladies' Home Journal.

**STRATEGEM**  
Mrs. X—Bothered with time-wasting players, are you? Why don't you try my plan?

Mrs. Y—What is your plan?

Mrs. X—Why, when the bell rings I put on my hat and gloves before I press the button. If it proves to be some one I don't want to see, I simply say: "So sorry, but I'm just going out."

Mrs. Y—But suppose it's some one you do want to see?

Mrs. X—Oh, then I say, "So fortunate, I've just come in."—

**INCOMPLETE FLUSH**  
"Miss Gilroy," exclaimed the young man, "offer you my hand and heart."

"Yes," replied the knowing young woman; "but from here the hand looks to me like four cards that the heart won't better."

**TOO MUCH WORK**  
The "one-gallon" customer drifted into a country store in Arkansas. "Gimme a nickel's worth of safflower," he drawled.

The clerk poured it out and pushed it across the counter.

"Charge it," said the customer.

"What's your name?" asked the clerk.

"None," replied the customer.

"Take it for nothing," said the shopman. "I wouldn't write safflower and 'None' on the ticket for 5 cents."—Ladies' Home Journal.

**AN EXCEPTION**  
"Remember, my son," said the father, "that politeness costs nothing."

"Oh, I don't know," returned his hopeful. "Did you ever try putting 'Very respectfully yours' at the end of a telegram?"—Ladies' Home Journal.

**HOW TO MAKE MONEY**  
Rosie Kookoo of Souphonia, N. J., writes: "It is very easy to make extra money. With the money I make extra I can go to a movie show and buy a newspaper occasionally. It's very simple. It's like this: Everybody knows what a nuisance it is to pick pins out of a shirt when it comes back from the laundry, so I make little pins made out of wax, and sell them to the laundries. When the shirt comes back all you have to do is slip the shirt in a wash tub of hot water, which will naturally melt the pins, thereby you avoid the trouble of searching for them."

**HAVE HIM DRY CLEANED**  
We wash everything but the baby. Sacramento laundry, Phone 104. Front and O. sts.—Adv. in Sacramento (Cal.) Union.



**Forty-five cent coffee costs ten cents a pound more than thirty-cent coffee.**

**A pound makes thirty cups, so the ten cent difference makes a third of a cent a cup.**

If you drink three cups a day—that's one cent to pay for fragrance, delicious aroma and the satisfaction you will find in Folger's Golden Gate Coffee.

**45c Coffee 45c Quality**

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**THE OLD ACROBAT IS HAPPY OVER THE REAL TOBACCO CHEW**

SEE WHAT HAVE YOU FOUND THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

YES! GOT IT TUCKED AWAY IN MY CHEEK. JUDGE, IT MAKES ME YOUNG AGAIN!

HE used to switch tobacco every few weeks. Then a friend gave him a little of W-B CUT Chewing—the Real Tobacco Chew, new cut, long shred. Steady user now.

Quite the regular thing. A man is glad he found it, and just naturally passes the good word along.

"Notice how the salt brings out the rich tobacco taste!"

by WEYMAN BRUTON COMPANY, 50 Union Square, New York City

## Preparedness for Peace

AMERICA isn't really prepared for existence, let alone for war! Our haphazard industries are about as well co-ordinated as a bunch of boys playing duck-on-the-rock in a vacant lot.

That's the reason for the "census of industry" now under way, by request of the president and under the auspices of the committee on industrial preparedness of the naval advisory board.

We haven't any special reason to sneer at the inefficiency of our army bureaucracy, for this inefficiency is no more marked than that of the nation at large in its daily life.

We must mobilize the nation—the entire hundred million—before we can hope to cope with any European power either in war or peace; for, altho we admit that Europe is war-mad, we must not overlook the war-method in her war-madness.

There are no "false starts in Germany today; every step is forward if possible of backward if necessary—but never sidewise.

About two moves out of every three we make in these United States are useless, or unnecessary, or harmful. If you don't believe it, ask any candid factory executive—he'll tell you there's a whole lot of waste energy in this land, from the hand that rocks the cradle to the hand that signs the checks.

And when American industry is organized and run on an efficient basis, let's keep it that way—as it WILL be kept.

If we can prepare the United States to support a war, we can prepare it NOT to support poverty, and wage-slavery, and injustice.

If we "organize" for the good of the NATION, we can "organize" for the good of the POPULATION!

Let's do it!

## Next Week "THE UNAFRAID"

By Eleanor Ingram

# "THE CRIME DOCTOR"

(Continued From Our Last Issue)

EVERYTHING through the shoe was ultra-sanitary. No shod nor thread made for dust on the linoleum, no picture harbored it on the glazed paper. Walls and floors were of the same uncompromising type upstairs and down. Yet, when it was taken thru one of the numbered doors above, hothouse flowers bloomed in glass bowls on glass tables, and the bedroom ware was glass again. The very books were bound in glassy vellum; there was a pile of them beside the bed, in which a very young man, washed in bandage, lay reading under the green glass shade of an electric lamp.

The doctor expressed his sorrow for the occurrence downstairs; the patient, scarcely looking up, said that since he could not have moved to save his life, he had gone on reading all the time; and they left him at it.

"That," whispered the doctor on the landing, "is a young fellow who will one day be—well, never mind! Until he came to me, he had never, of his own free will, read anything but a bad novel or a newspaper; he is now deep in the immortal work of another weak young man who was swayed by strength, and is himself for the time being under Doctor Johnson's salutary thumb."

"What was his weakness?"

"A passion for setting places on fire. He started it as quite a small boy; they licked it out of him then. All his boyhood he went in fear of the rod, and it kept him straight. Only the other day he goes up to Oxford, and promptly sets fire to his rooms."

"Some form of atavism, I presume?"

"A very subtle case, if I were free to give you its whole history. I should be even more interested in your treatment."

"Well, I needn't tell you that he's hand-picked for burns; but you might not guess that he has come by this lot since I've had him, if not almost at my hands."

"Nonsense, man!"

"At any rate, I'm responsible for what happened, and it's going to cure him. It was a case of undisciplined imagination acting on a bonnet with just one bee in it. He had never realized what a hell let loose a fire really was; now he knows thru his own skin."

The statesman's eyebrows were like the backs of two mutually displeased cats.

"But surely that's an old wives' tale," pushed beyond all bounds.

"Pushed further than I intended, Mr. Vinson, I must confess. I only meant him to see a serious fire. So I arranged with the brigade to ring me up when there was a really bad one, and with my man to take the boy out at night for all his walks. There was another good reason for that; and altogether nothing can have seemed more natural than the way they both appeared on the scene of this ghastly riding school affair."

"I know what's coming!" cried the home secretary. "This is the fellow who dashed in to help save the horses, and got away afterward without giving his name!"

"That's it. He says he'll hear those horses till his dying hour! Well, can take no credit for the very last thing I should have dreamt of allowing; but I fancy the odds are fairly long that the tempter element will never, never again tempt our young friend upstairs!"

They had drifted down again during this recital; and he who had led the way stood staring at the crime doctor, with that intent inscrutability which was one of Topham Vinson's most effective masks.

"Doctor Dollar, I should prefer not to ask you to show me or tell me any more. I know a good man when I see one, and I know good work when I catch him at it. Perhaps that was necessary in the case of such extraordinary work as yours; yet you say it was a sheer coincidence that I caught you at it tonight—or rather that such tough work was waiting for you when we got here?"

"Do you still doubt it? Why, you yourself insisted on coming round to see the place in the middle of this blessed night!"

"Exactly. That establishes your second coincidence; but with all respect, doctor, I don't believe in two of the same sort on the same night to the same two people!"

"What was the other coincidence?" demanded the doctor, huskily.

"Your catching my old pickpocket with my watch—and letting him off! Come, doctor, do one thing for me, and I'll do all in my power for you and your great work. Show me the fellow who sneaked my watch."

"Show him to you? What do you mean?"

The doctor had not started. But the injured eye showed its injury once more.

"It was one of your patients who picked my pocket," said the home secretary, with as much confidence as he had known it all the time.

"So you want to see him—now?"

"I do. But it shall end at that—if I do see him. That won't nip my good-will in the bud!" It was obvious what would.

"You shall see him," said the doctor. "But there are difficulties you perhaps can't quite appreciate. It means giving away a patient—don't you see?"

"Perfectly. It seems to me a very proper punishment, since it's all he'll get. Yet you don't want to lose your hold. Couldn't you send him down here on some pretext, instead of taking me up to him?"

The crime doctor's face lit up as if by electricity.

"I can and I will!" he cried. "Wait here, Mr. Vinson. He's another reader; he shall come down for a book!"

And within one minute of the doctor's departure, and one second of the patient's prompt appearance, a certain small suspicion had been confirmed.

"I think we've met before, my man," Vinson began. His man started staggily—was altogether of the stage—a boarded scarecrow in rags too ragged to be true. Vinson found the switches and made more light. "Not half a bad disguise," he continued, "whoever you may be! I suppose they're supplied on the premises for distinguished patients?"

"How do you know it's a disguise?" croaked the hairy man, with downcast eyes.

"Well, you don't look a distinguished patient, do you?" said the home secretary airily. "On the other hand, your kit looks to me as if it would fall to pieces but for what the ladies call a foundation—eh?"

And he swooped down on the ragged talls as their owner turned a humiliated back. And the "foundation" was a perfectly good overcoat turned inside out; moreover, it was a coat that Topham Vinson suddenly remembered, as he shot up to his full height and then stood deadly still.

The pickpocket had not turned round. But his wig and beard lay at his elbow on the mantelpiece; his diminished head had sunk into his hands; and the electric light blazed upon a medalion of silver hair, up above one burning ear.

## Walk to Your Work

DON'T coddle yourself. If you live within three miles of your place of business, whether you are a shop worker, an office man or woman, or even an out-of-door toiler—walk to your work.

Too many of us, quick to adopt every fresh convenience, forget that the most precious possession of all, HEALTH, is endangered by the softening luxuries of present-day civilization.

It is the usual thing, especially in our larger cities, for us to climb aboard a stuffy, ill-ventilated street car and ride to business; sometimes only a matter of a dozen blocks.

Walk to your work. Fill your lungs with clean, fresh air; throw off the lethargy of the night's sleep; brace your shoulders AND WALK!

This business of riding every distance covered by a few city blocks is a custom that belongs in the class of French cookery, hermetically-sealed bed chambers, and such.

Don't coddle yourself!

## The Court-Martial Idiocy

RED TAPE has again made a joke of Uncle Sam's army. Right now, when the whole country is lauding Col. Slocum as a hero for entering Mexico in pursuit of Villa without orders, a court martial at Fort Sam Houston, Tex., finds Lieut. John E. Mort, who led his men across the border near Brownsville to rescue comrades captured by Mexicans while in swimming, guilty and sentences him to a reprimand.

But to most Americans that reprimand is as good as a cross of honor.

## By E. W. Hornung

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"Doctor—Dollar!" exclaimed Topham Vinson. And the ingenious ring of his own startled voice added to his sense of outrage. . . . It was only to get at you—you know that!"

It was a hoarse voice muttering to the wall, in a dire discomfiture that had its effect on the insulted minister.

"So that was your weakness!" The plain comment was icier than any sneer. "Picking and stealing—and your hand still keeps its cunning!"

"Yes. That was how my wound had taken me." There was less shame in the hoarse voice, thanks to the bracing coldness of the other. "It started in the field hospital—orderlies laughed and encouraged me—nurses at Netley just as had! Everybody treated it as a joke; the doctor used to ask for his watch or his handkerchief after every visit; and the great score was when he thought I had one, and it was really the other—or both—or the keys out of his trousers pocket! It amused the ward and made me popular—made me almost suicidal—because I alone knew that I couldn't help doing it to save my life. . . . And the rest you know."

"I do, indeed!"

"This beastly kit, I had it made on purpose so that I could run after you one minute with what I'd taken from you the minute before! It was a last attempt to gain your ear—to get you interested. And now—"

"And now," said Topham Vinson, with a kind hand on the bent shoulders, yet a keen eye on the bent head—"and now I suppose you think you've put the lid on it? So you have, my dear doctor—on any sneaking doubts I had about you! You've struck a job after my own heart, and you've led me into it as I never was led into anything in my life before. Well, you've just got to keep me in it now; and I'm conceited enough to believe I shall be worth my place. Don't you think you might turn round, Doctor Dollar, and let us shake hands on that?"

One Possessed  
Lieut. Gen. Neville Dyson, R. E. V. C., was the first really eminent person to consult the crime doctor by regular appointment in the proper hours. Quite apart from the feat of arms which had earned him the most coveted of all distinctions, the gigantic general, deep-chested and erect, virtue in every silver-woven hair of his upright head, filled the tiny stage in Welbeck at, and dwarfed its antique properties, as no being had done before. And yet his voice was tender and even tremulous with the pathetic presage of a heart-break under all.

"Doctor Dollar," he began at once, "I have come to see you about the most tragic secret that a man can have. I would shoot myself for saying what I have to say, did I not know that a patient's confidence is sacred to any member of your profession—perhaps especially to an alienist."

"I hope we are all alike as to that," returned Dollar, gently. He was used to these sad openings. "I ought not to have said it; but it hardly is my secret, that's why I feel such a cur!" exclaimed the general, taking his handkerchief to a fine forehead and remarkably

fresh complexion, as if to wipe away its noble flush. "Your patient, I devoutly hope, will be my poor wife, who really seems to me to be almost losing her reason—but with that the husband quite lost his voice."

"Perhaps we can find it for her," said Dollar, despising the pert professional optimism that told almost like a shot. "It is a thing more often mislaid than really lost."

And the last of the other's weakness was finally overcome. A few weighty questions, lightly asked and simply answered, and he was master of a robust address, in which an occasional impediment only did further credit to his delicacy.

"No. I should say it was entirely a development of the last few months," declared the general emphatically. "There was nothing of the kind in our 20-odd years of India, nor yet in the first year after I retired. All this—this trouble has come since I bought my house in the pine country. It's called Valsugana, as you see on my card; but it wasn't before we went there. We gave it the name because it struck us as extraordinarily like the Austrian Tyrol, where—well, of which I had happy memories, Doctor Dollar."

His blue eyes winced as they flew thru the open French window, up the next precipice of bricks and mortar, to the beetling skyline of other roofs, all a little softened in the faint haze of approaching heat.

It cost him a palpable effort to bring them back to the little dark consulting room, with its cool slabs of aged oak and the summer fernery that hid the hearth.

"It's good of you to let me take my time, doctor, but yours is too valuable to waste. All I meant was to give you an idea of our surroundings, as I know they are held to count in such cases. We are surrounded in pine and fir. Some people find trees depressing, but after India they were just what we wanted, and even now my wife won't let me cut down one of them. Yet depression is no name for her state of mind; it's nearer melancholy madness, and latterly she has become subject to—delusions—which are influencing her whole character and actions in the most alarming way."

"We are finding it difficult, for the first time in our lives, to keep servants; even her own nephew, who has come to live with us, only stays in for my sake, poor boy! As for my nerves—well, thank Heaven I used to think I hadn't got any when I was in the service; but it's a little hard to be—to be as we are—at our time of life!" His hot face flamed. "What am I saying? It's a thousand times harder on her! She had been looking forward to these days for years."

Dollar wanted to wring one of the great brown, restless hands. Might he ask the nature of the delusions?

The general cried: "I'd give ten years of my life if I could tell you!"

"You can tell me what form they take?"

"I must, of course; it is what I came for, after all," the general muttered. He raised his head and his voice together. "Well, for one thing she's got herself a ferocious bulldog and a revolver."

Dollar did not move a doctor's muscle. "I suppose there must be a dog in the country, especially where there are no children. And if you must have a dog, you can't do better than a bulldog. Is there any reason for the revolver? Some people think it another necessity of the country."

"I'll do with us—much less as she carries it."

"Ladies in India get in the habit, don't they?"

"She never did. And now—"

"Yes, general? Has she it always by her?"

"Night and day, on a curb bracelet locked to her wrist!"

This time there were no professional pretenses. "I don't wonder you have trouble with your servants," said Dollar, with as much sympathy as he liked to show.

"You mayn't see it when you come down, doctor, as I am going to—"

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## Splendid Laxative for Elderly People

Has Been Prescribed by Well Known Physicians for Many Years

The infirmities of age are especially manifest in a tendency to constipation, and call for treatment that will afford relief in an easy, natural manner. The rapid action of cathartic remedies and purgatives that shock the system should be avoided, more especially as the relief they offer is only temporary and is usually more than offset by disturbance to the vital organs caused by their violent action.

Nearly thirty years ago Dr. W. B. Caldwell, Monticello, Ill., prescribed a compound of simple laxative herbs that has since become the standard household remedy in thousands of homes. It acts easily and gently, yet with positive effect, without gripping or other pain or discomfort. Mrs. Rachel Allen, Galesburg, Kans., is seventy-one years old, and after using a bottle of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, wrote that it had done her a world of good and that she intends to keep it in the house always.



MRS. RACHEL ALLEN

Druggists sell Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin for fifty cents a bottle. It is a splendid remedy and should be in every home. A trial bottle, free of charge, can be obtained by writing to Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 454 Washington St., Monticello, Ill.

# Resinol

### the easy way to heal sick skins

Resinol Ointment, with Resinol Soap, usually stops itching instantly. Unless the trouble is due to some serious internal disorder, it quickly and easily heals most cases of eczema, rash, or similar tormenting skin or scalp eruption, even when other treatments have given little relief. Physicians have prescribed Resinol for over twenty years.

Resinol Ointment, with the help of Resinol Soap, clears away pimples and dandruff. Sold by all druggists. For trial size free, write to Dept. 11-R, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.



## Cynthia Grey's LETTERS

Q.—Does a young lady need to return gifts presented to her at showers if she has broken her engagement? H. R. M.

A.—No.

Q.—What can be done when a person signs your name to an express receipt and takes your goods? VICTIM.

A.—If a person signs for a parcel and does not turn it over, he or she is guilty of theft and should be reported both to the express company and the police.

Q.—I am a man 28 years old, and have lived in your city for the past four years. During that time I have read your letters, but never dreamed that I should ever write to you about anything. But here I am, at the end of my rope.

I find myself deep, deep in love with a married woman. As it happens, her husband is my close business associate, and I am at her house constantly. It is only during the past four months that I have discovered the lawlessness of my heart. Since that time I have been endeavoring to steer clear of Satan's net, but, being a bachelor, the husband, unsuspecting, insists that I spend the greater part of my leisure time at his happy fireside.

His wife is a good woman, and I know this feeling I have for her is love, not infatuation. I love her so much that I would do anything for her. She is never out of my mind, wherever I go. Am I a hypocrite? Is it right for me to love her so? A BACHELOR.

A.—There is a theory that we love what is lovely and hate what is hateful, in spite of ourselves. If you love the woman in the best way, you also respect her, and wish her to remain high in the estimation of others, and therefore you will not betray your feeling to her or to any one else.

This is the old-fashioned way in which a real gentleman faced the most wretched of sentimental entanglements, and it remains the finest way, even when opposed to the most exalted of the modern affinity nonsense.

If you really feel that Satan is stronger than your honor or your manhood, why don't you decide to take up a course in one of the foreign languages, or an up-to-date business course, evenings? This would offer a very plausible excuse for your absence from your friend's fireside; it also would take your mind off the woman and benefit you as well.

Q.—I am a girl of 22. Have been going with a young man of 26 for nine months. He has gotten me in trouble. He promised to marry me, but he refuses to do so now. Can he be made to marry me? Answer soon. A. F.

A.—No; this "excuse-for-a-man" cannot be compelled to marry you, because you are of age, and supposed to be competent. Look out for yourself. What a pity that you did not find out about the law before you trusted the man too much. The number of letters I receive from girls in your position is nothing short of tragic. I wonder why one girl cannot profit by another's experience! I wonder if some other girl will read your experience, set down here in black and white, and will cause her to ponder and then turn back! I hope so.

Q.—Please tell me the present population of Germany.

A.—The estimated population of Germany, according to the World Almanac for 1916, is 64,900,000.

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