

# EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE SEATTLE STAR

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## COLYUM

AIN'T NATURE WONDERFUL!  
Unnatural Walk by Gene Ahern



This is probably the most remarkable nature picture we've ever taken. It shows a small in action. We had to use a moving picture speed camera. The snail was at a frog "hop" and in on his way home. He figured that slow as he is, it would be better to walk home than wait for a suburban car. He's humming a popular song that he heard at the dance called "After the Ball Was Over." He's been on his way home for 25 years, and is only about half a mile from home now. He will get there about 40 years hence. But even at that rate the snail would reach the White House before Henry Ford. What a reach of a butcher boy the snail would make!

LIKE HER?



How do you like this picture? We print it because we know it will kinder brighten up our drab department today. We assume that it is an advertisement picture—we don't know. Somebody clipped it out of a fashion paper and sent it in the mail to us today. As for us, we admit we rather fancy it.

It is reported Postoffice Humphrey made a speech in Virginia for the republicans. Sure, all the republicans in Virginia are confined to those who used to be postmasters before Wilson came in. Birds of a feather, you know, swim in the same postoffice sites.

**OPTIMISM A Definition**  
Optimism is the feeling that hard luck is never going to come to you, you know darn well that it will.

## JOHNNY WRITES AS FOLLOWS :-



n. y., thursday—lots of fellers believe in sines of all kinds which they says helps them decide the Bottie kwestions of life

I know I pote who has to flip up a nickle every time he wants to do anny thing to see weather he had otter do it or not, but then some times he cheats his self & flips a 2nd time if the 1st dont root him

there is an other guy in our ofis who will hop rite off his car in the morning if he sees a cross eye person & walk down to work which makes him late

but the prize package of sine belevers was up in the kortroom the other day wanting the matrimonial shackles cut offen him well, said the judge, if you didnt love the girl why did you marry her

It was this way, the pore nut said, I knowed 2 sisters and I was named mary who I loved very much who I didnt love no very much and I married anna

well, why didnt you marry mary, inkwired the judge I was going to, but a cigar prevented it

how was that, the judge said 6, I was on my way to there home I evening to propose to mary & a black cat ran across the sidewalk & I went back to start all over again, for thats a sure sine of bad luck

then when I got started the 2nd time, I was rite on my way to there home I seen a cigar lying on the ground & it was a new 1 so I picked it up & when I looked at it I saw on the band as clear as day, "Have anna"

well, what then, the judge kept on I coddent back otter then for the girls were at the winder so I had to go rite in & I coddent get that have anna sine otter my head so I thought I mite as well do what the sine said and have anna so I proposed to her

and now I dont want to have her anny more because I found otter that was only a name of a city & wasent any sine atall Johnny

## O Cannon, Where's Thy Sting?

THE glories of war are departing, you can take it from any of the soldiers in the "Harvard regiment."

The unfeeling bureaucracy is making it as hard as possible for these student patriots to become real soldiers.

Official red tapers are crushing youthful enthusiasm and trying to fashion Young America in the mould of Mars.

They've taken away their neckties!

As his curling forelock to Napoleon Bonaparte—as his shuffling foot to Charlie Chaplin—such is his swell cravat to a Harvard youth.

And now the order has gone forth that neckties must not be worn with uniforms!

President Wilson—or Secretary Baker, or whoever it is that is committing this edict of vandalism—

In the name of youth and the Crimson we appeal to you to let those students wear their neckties!

Have you no respect for the traditions of Hah-vud?

## Shocking

MR. ZABRISKIE—Edward C. Zabriskie—is principal of Washington Irving high school, which is in the city called New York.

Mr. Zabriskie has lately been throwing a fit because of what he terms the "inflammatory, unpatriotic talk" uttered at meetings of the Labor Forum in his hallowed hall of learning.

Horror upon horrors, somebody had recited a parody on "America."

Mr. Zabriskie may or may not be suffering from the delusion that "America" is our national anthem—but, anyway, here is the "parody" that shocked him:

My country, thou shalt be  
Sweet land of liberty  
Where justice reigns;  
When darkness turns to light,  
When wrong is turned to right,  
When truth asserts her might  
And breaks her chains.

## Next Week "Nothing But the Truth" By Frederick Isham

CHAPTER I  
By Help of an Auto

WILFUL? Of course, Delight Warren was wilful. Possessor of American gold in quantities sufficient to dazzle even European royalty, Delight Warren, young, beautiful, about to be wed to the man of her own choosing, could afford to be wilful.

But never was Delight so very wilful as that day in Paris when word came from Montenegro that Lieut. Michael Balsic, her fiance, had had the misfortune to break his ankle, and therefore could not make the journey to Paris, where, except for the presence of the groom, the wedding stage already was set.

The message, tragedy itself for Delight, was a secret source of satisfaction to Delight's aunt and uncle, under whose care the girl had been since the death of her parents.

They had heard things, had aunt and uncle. Gossip had been busy in more than one European capital making Lieut. Michael Balsic's name synonymous with frivolity. Then, too, Montenegro was a land of semi-savagery where men ruled by force and women obeyed their fear. For instance, there was Count Stefan Balsic, Michael's brother; aunt and uncle had been told he was a veritable barbarian.

"Of course now the wedding is postponed," Delight's aunt said to her. "With a broken ankle Lieut. Balsic will not be able to travel for several weeks, and you know your uncle must be back in New York by the 15th. I shall not think of your remaining in Paris alone, Lieut. Balsic, when his ankle heals, will have to come to America to claim you."

Once in New York, Delight foresaw there would be aunt's and uncle's opposition to Michael to overcome anew; there would also be the difficulty of Michael coming so far.

It was the supreme test of Delight Warren's wilfulness. Since the disabled Michael could not journey to Paris, she would journey to Montenegro. Once there, Michael would send his people to meet her and take her to his home. She would telegraph her fiance to him. It was only that morning, a few hours before the tragic message heralding the broken ankle had arrived, that Delight, strolling along a Paris boulevard, had met Jack Rupert, driver of American racing

motors. "You do not remember me, Mr. Jack Rupert, but we met at Mrs. Gerard's house last year," the girl had greeted the American. "You had just won an altogether astonishing motor race against an aeroplane."

"I don't remember forgetting you, Miss Warren," Jack Rupert had replied.

"I am astonished to find you so far from Broadway," she declared.

"I ain't calm about it, myself," was the disconcerted admission. "But I had a smash, and Mr. Gerard figured out that I was due to rest. So I'm going to a name on the map written Montenegro, to get the contract for building some automobile stages for the government. Not that Mr. Gerard wants to build the stages, but we want the advertisement."

"Montenegro!" the girl exclaimed. "Why, I am to be married to a gentleman from there?"

So when Delight, out of her wilfulness, decided to go to Michael, what wonder her first thought was that Rupert, Jack Rupert of lower New York and the automobile race track, Rupert of the caustic tongue and uncertain temper, Rupert was to make the trip to Montenegro in his car. Why could she not go along as passenger?

The answer lay with Jack Rupert. "There ain't no loss of dignity in a motor race becoming chauffeur to such as you," he said, when she sought him out and explained her dilemma.

And so the journey was made to Crnagora, where Delight expected a servant of Michael to meet her. He smiled and nodded, producing a letter. She tore it open eagerly. There were only a few lines, in Michael's florid and caressing style. He thanked her from his heart for her angelic confidence in him; he would pass his life repaying it. He urged her to start immediately; the drive was long.

Delight raised a glowing face from the reading and gave her hand to Rupert.

"I can't see any special reason why I shouldn't drive you to the place you're going," Rupert said. "That is good of you," Delight answered. "But—please do not. I am perfectly safe."

## "THE UNAFRAID"

CHAPTER II  
The Man of the Balkans

Gray, bleak mountains! Narrow roads clinging to the rocks! Thru the wild country Delight had traveled hour after hour, until noon afternoon neared sunset.

"Is all Montenegro like this?" the girl was asking herself, when the carriage halted with an abruptness that flung her forward in her seat. A sharp command was ringing in the air. The road was wider here, and on it were halted a dozen riders, closing the way with wall-like finality.

The leader of the men rode up alongside the carriage. "I am Stefan Balsic," he announced. "Does the name mean anything to you?"

The girl shrank, paling. This was the man around whom centered so many sinister tales, the brother who denied Michael ever so small a share of his wealth, who even interposed his influence to prevent the younger man's advancement in army or state. But she controlled herself.

"Since I have traveled from America to become the wife of Lieut. Michael Balsic, naturally I have heard of his brother," the girl answered. "The afternoon is all past ended; please let us pass. This would be a fearful place at night."

"More fearful than you can guess," he returned. "Miss Warren, Michael will not have left you ignorant that he and I are enemies. How I knew you and why I have been awaiting your coming does not matter. I cannot let you pass to him."

The American girl uttered an indignant cry, the blood pouring into her face. "You will not let me pass! How can you control me? You have no right, no right!"

## A Grave Subject

TOO many people dig their graves with their teeth! Evidence has accumulated rapidly in recent years to show that the proper care of the teeth is a much more important factor in general hygiene than had been suspected heretofore.

Everybody, of course, knows that the decay of one's teeth, if not promptly checked, leads to untold suffering and nervous strain, and places an undue work on the digestive organs as a result of improper chewing of one's food.

It is now clear that in addition to these obvious dangers we must reckon with the fact that decayed teeth and infected gums furnish the "easiest way" into our systems for disease germs.

Numbers of unexplained cases of disease are now known to be caused by mouth and tooth infections.

Sometimes these infections are the real cause of our old arch enemy "rheumatism." Sometimes they cause serious heart, arterial and kidney diseases.

Sometimes, and not infrequently, they cause death!

## At Last—Definition of Highbrow

MOST everybody uses the word "highbrow" once in a while, thinking so to imply that he or she wouldn't want to be one, yet hoping secretly that his hearers believe him to be the real thing. Hardly anybody, however, could tell exactly what it is to be a highbrow.

When Prof. Brander Matthews of Columbia university, who is supposed to know as much about the uses of words as any man in America, tried to define "highbrow" the other day, he took a thousand words to do it. Two or three of his sentences run:

"A highbrow is a person who has an habitual attitude of contempt toward that which is popular. He has not been educated enough to know that in all the arts the really good things, the vital things, have always been popular. Of course, that does not mean that all popular things are good or vital. The highbrow is a person who, generally, is educated beyond his intelligence."

NOW—who wants to be a highbrow, anyway?

## By Eleanor Ingram

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By J. B. Lippincott Co.

"You force me to turn back on your return. This building is a church; a priest is waiting."

"What?" she asked, aroused to hope. "Take me to him!"

He looked at her with an understanding compassion rather than hard, and brought her across the threshold of the poor little edifice. A white-haired, white-bearded man moved forward in the light.

"My father, you will help me," she cried. "You will not permit this thing—this crime? I will make your church rich; only keep me here."

Her wide eyes besought him; she broke off, expectant. The old man met her gaze with a smile of embarrassment, moving uneasily. To Count Balsic he looked with habitual dependence on the master's guidance.

It was a strange unreal marriage. The girl rested against the arm whose touch she hated, only semi-conscious, passive from exhaustion. Stefan Balsic made the necessary responses in the language of the Greek church, and guided his companion thru the ceremony meaningless to her.

Montenegro is a country of simplicity. Wealth is not generally known or coveted. In all the land there was no such house as that of Stefan Balsic. It was one of those Turkish castles snatched from the Moslem in the youth of Prince Nicholas.

Delight, arrived at the castle, received a kaleidoscopic impression of color and light, of rooms successively passed; then, accompanied by Stefan, she entered a low, horseshoe-arched door.

"These were my mother's chosen rooms," said Count Balsic. "I give them to you."

She steeled herself, catching the back of a curious chair inlaid with dull mosaic.

"Please go away," she articulated. "Please go."

He looked at her with the penetrating comprehension that left her no secrets.

"You are in a tower with but one door of communication with my house, madame," he held out his hand. "Here is the key to the door. My servants will bring what you desire."

He had reached the door when her voice halted him.

"Is there no woman in this place? None? Not even a peasant?"

"Yes," he slowly replied. "There is one. Wait."

There was a divan that circled all the room. On it Delight threw herself and hid her face among the pillows. Long afterward, she heard the tinkling of the silver-tasseled curtains, and started up from a state between stupor and sleep. Something hard was pressed in her shut hand; it was the key, and she had forgotten to lock the door. Dazed, she turned that way.

A girl-child was standing in the room, a girl of perhaps 16 years; dressed with the extravagant brilliancy of the country in a scarlet petticoat, bodice of fine white linen, and graceful sleeveless coat of pale-blue cloth embroidered lavishly with silver.

"Who are you?" Delight demanded, essaying French on the faint chance of being understood.

The answer came in English, quaint, but pure: "Madame, I am Irenya Lesendra, second cousin of Capt. Danilo Lesendra. He made one of the party that brought you here. Some day we are to be married."

"You love him?" the American crossed the room catching the other's hands. "Oh, then, help me a little! I am married to a man I hate, a man I have seen but once before tonight."

The girl drew back, her glance bewildered and grave.

"I am here to help madame. But many of our women marry husbands they have never seen. She whom Lord Stefan takes for his wife is honored. And she who is

## When You're Well KEEP WELL

Another Article in The Star's Health Campaign Being Conducted With Co-operation of the American Medical Association

### OVERWORKED MOTHERS

"No one knows how many mothers are at work for gain outside their homes."

This fact is brought out in a report of the children's bureau of the United States department of labor, which says that it is impossible to determine the relative importance of the high death rate among babies of working mothers until it is known how many mothers there are at work in industry.

Investigations, however, have revealed an average infant death rate of 34 out of every 1,000 babies in a steel-making and coal-mining town, as against a rate of 84 out of every 1,000 in a residential suburb.

The more favorable the civic and family surroundings and the better the general conditions of life the more clearly are they reflected in the lessened infant mortality.

The report goes on to show that no deductions can be made about the relation between the general infant mortality rate and the industrial employment of women until the facts about the number and proportion of mothers at work contained in the census returns are made available by tabulation.

It has been shown, however, that of all babies that die during the first year, 40 per cent die within the first month. This is due in most cases to the fact that the mother did not receive the proper prenatal care or was overworked right up to the time of the birth of her baby.

DO YOU KNOW THAT—It is frequently the warning signal of tuberculosis?

## INCREASE WAGES

PORTLAND, May 15.—The Crown-Willamette Paper Company today announced an increase of 10 per cent in the wages of all its employees dating back to May 1.

The increase affects 1,700 men in the three mills of the company at Oregon City, Lebanon and Camas, Wash. It will amount to \$11,000 a month.

## ALBERT HANSEN

Jeweler and Silversmith  
810 Second Ave., Near Madison

## FREE DOCTOR

This means that any man, woman or child may consult the ex-Government Physician and get a prescription without charge. All that we ask is that you patronize the RIGHT DRUG CO.

1111 First Ave.  
Between Spring and Seneca  
109 Washington St.  
Near Second Ave.

## WING A ZEPPELIN

COPENHAGEN, May 15.—A Zeppelin airship, badly damaged, passed the island of Fodje Friday, and was settling slowly towards the water when she disappeared in a fog bank, according to the skipper of a Danish vessel arriving here today.

The Zeppelin evidently had been hit by the guns of a flotilla of destroyers which was pursuing her.

## CAPTURE A TRENCH

PARIS, May 15.—French troops have captured a first-line German trench near Verdandevillieres, it was announced today.

## KC BAKING POWDER

Passed by the Board of Censors

1st—The manufacturer with the rigid tests of the laboratory and factory.

2nd—The wholesale grocer with his high standing and desire to handle only reliable goods.

3rd—The retail grocer who desires to handle only those brands he knows will please his customers.

4th—The food officials with their rigid laws for the purity and wholesomeness of food products.

5th—And most important, you, the housewife with your desire for purity, efficiency and perfect satisfaction.

ASK YOUR GROCER — HE SELLS IT

25 Ounces for 25¢

(More than a pound and a half for a quarter)

## Letters To Cynthia Grey

Q—I am in love with a girl with whom I have kept company for several years. My chief trouble is that I can't get along with her father. He is very cross and scolds his daughter after I leave. This naturally hurts me and I would give anything on earth to gain this man's good will. May you can think of a plan. MAURICE.

A—Find out in conversation what the father is most interested in and inform yourself on that subject. Then your talk will interest him. Correct faults of manner, if you have them. Prove yourself to be industrious in business, courteous and well posted on topics of the day. Your progress may be slow, but you will be bound to win the girl's father over in time.

Q—Where should I go or write to obtain information concerning the licensing of chiropractors and other druggish healers? G. L. J.

A—To the state medical board.

Q—Kindly publish a soap mixture to be used for scrubbing carpets. HOUSEWIFE.

A—A good compound for cleaning carpets, rugs and other heavy fabrics is made by boiling 2 bars of white soap chipped fine in 2

gallons of water for 15 minutes. Add 4 ounces of borax and 8 ounces of washing soda and stir well. Then add 4 gallons of cold water and ½ pint of wood alcohol. Make this paste the day before using. Sweep the carpet clean, scrub a small section with the soap paste and warm water, rinse with clear water, and wipe with a clean, soft cloth.

Q—Have you a recipe for sweetened raised dough that can be used for suchen or coffee rings, which gives exact measures of all ingredients? P. O.

A—Dissolve 2 cakes of compressed yeast in ¼ cup of water; add 1 cup scalded milk and flour to make a sponge. When sponge is light add 1.3 cup melted butter, ¼ cup sugar, ½ teaspoon salt and 1 beaten egg, with flour to make a very stiff batter; beat thoroughly. Let rise again; then spread in a buttered pan, cover and let rise. When ready for the oven, brush over with beaten egg and dust thickly with sugar and cinnamon, and bake in hot oven. A grating of lemon rind may be added to the dough.

Q—We are several young men wishing your advice on a comical

## REAL PAINLESS DENTISTS

In order to introduce our new (whalebone) plate, which is the lightest and strongest plate known, does not cover the roof of the mouth; you can bite corn off the cob; guaranteed 15 years.

Gold crown ..... \$3.00  
115 set of teeth (whalebone) \$8.00  
110 set of teeth ..... \$5.00  
Bridge work, per tooth, gold \$3.00  
White crowns ..... \$3.00  
Gold fillings ..... \$1.00 up  
Silver fillings ..... .50c  
Platina fillings ..... .75c

All work guaranteed for 15 years. Have impression taken in the morning to get teeth same day. Examination and advice free.

Call and See Samples of Our Plate and Bridge Work. We Stand Behind Our Work.

Most of our present patronage is recommended by our early customers, whose work is still giving good satisfaction. Ask our customers who have tested our work. When coming to our office, be sure you are in the right place. Bring this ad with you.

OHIO Cut - Rate Dentists

207 UNIVERSITY ST.  
Opposite Fraser-Paterson Co.