

# EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE SEATTLE STAR

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## 6DX COLYUM

Who is Chaplin? You may shuffle your feet and snort. You may wiggle your mustache and wave your cane. But here's the truth about Chaplin. His real identity has been discovered. Chaplin is a chap who makes eyes, on Fifth ave., near Pike st.

### LENNON'S IDEA OF WASTED EFFORT

FIFTY CENTS A PAIR BUT ITS CHEAPER TO BUY FIVE PAIRS—IT'LL ONLY COST YOU FOUR DOLLARS!



### SELLING STOCKINGS TO MERMAIDS

This is General Patton's college girl at this season of the year: "Raw! Raw! Raw! Straw!" How does it happen to one who has written a movie scenario with Paramount playing Carrie Nation? Besides Albert Lawrence, the Star office boy, Norman Hackett and Phoebe Hunt also appear at the Orpheum theatre this week. They both give Al fine support, according to Al's frank admission.

### OUR OWN TRAVELOGUES

NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.—You are probably surprised that, along with New York, San Francisco and other of the metropolis, we select the village of New Rochelle for a top-of-the-line position in this delightful series. Let it be known that New Rochelle is entitled to preferred position because: (a) It has the greatest per capita wealth in the country. (b) Nobody who lives in New Rochelle does any work. (c) All the maid servants know "Ed" Southern well enough to call him "Eddie," and they sing "Hello, Hello" when they are hanging out the family wash. But why? You urge, dear Reader. Rochelle is the center of art in America. Actors dwell there in their well known peace and domesticity. Every vaudeville in the world owns a home in New Rochelle. No more audience persons are permitted to hold property there. One peculiarity of the grocery stores is that they sell no eggs. (This is very deep stuff and you've better think it over; they sell no eggs.)

### LYEN? OR MRS. LYEN?

While the attorneys may pour forth hours of oratory and legal phraseology in the Lyen matrimonial case at Everett, the question at issue can be summed up in just two words, as follows, to wit: "Who's lya?"

### WHAT THEY MAKE A HUNGRY MAN THINK OF

Pancho Villa—Chili Con Carne. John D. Rockefeller—Dry toast. Theodore Roosevelt—Corn on the Cob. Kay Laurel—Eggs Benedictine. Gaby Deslys—Chicken a la King. Billy Sunday—Multiguttate Soup. Postoffice Humphrey—Pork.

### TO INSPECT CADETS

University cadets will be inspected by Capt. Tenny Ross, of the U. S. army general staff, Thursday.

## Congress Will Obey Your Orders

"VIGOROUS and unrelenting prosecution to regain all land, water power and mineral rights secured from the government by fraud," was recommended by the main report of the commission on industrial relations. This is the report by Basil M. Manly, whose astounding revelations concerning tax evasions by the rich are now running in this paper. In the above paragraph Manly refers to the national natural resources which the grabbers have already got. Probably the public can never recover much of this booty. But that is no reason for handing over the remainder of our valuables to the privileged interests. It is easy enough to sit up and take notice of our past mistakes, when an earnest investigator like Manly points them out. And it is just exactly as easy for most of us to sit bound, gagged and blindfolded to other big steals—WHILE THEY ARE IN THE MAKING! Just now certain corporations are in the very act of snatching one of the nation's few remaining sources of natural wealth—the water power sites. They are bound to get every last inch of the public water power territory—IF YOU DON'T WATCH OUT!

A type of water power designed to rob the public of millions of dollars a year for all time has harassed congress for a decade. Bills have failed to pass both houses—because they were not bad enough to please the grabbers. But now there is A BILL SO BAD THAT THEY ARE ALL OUT FOR IT. This is the Shields bill. Never has more expensive lobbying been done in Washington, never has more high priced publicity work been plastered over the country, than that used to bolster up the Shields bill.

Even the national conservation congress, assembled in Washington May 2, was called to create public sentiment for the Shields bill, according to Gifford Pinchot, and other delegates who have been fighting frantically to preserve the public rights in water power sites.

James R. Garfield, former secretary of the interior, urged the conservation congress not to commit itself to any specific legislation on the ground that it would be unwise to determine whether pending bills are right or wrong, when few members knew the details of the measures.

That is just what's the matter with most of us. WE DON'T KNOW! And just because we will not take pains to find out, we are in a fair way to give away millions to people who do not need it half as much as we do ourselves.

Just remember that every time you let a big corporation rob you—that you have got to make up that loss, somehow, out of your own pocket, out of your own earning ability, by your own head or hand work.

You give away your little extra savings, your poor little share of luxury, that a few may have ten times more luxury than they can use. You work hard all day that some may never work at all! Government owned water power means cheap electricity. The corporations will make it high priced electricity.

**YOU WILL LOSE BY THE DIFFERENCE!**  
Write to your senators and representatives and tell them that if the Shields bill gets thru congress, THEY WILL LOSE YOUR VOTE!  
These men were sent to Washington to do your will. Make plain what your will is about the Shields bill, and mighty men tho they be, they will never dare to disobey your orders.

## Japan Making Ready!

WHILE congress is taking the attitude that it is impossible to defend the Pacific coast from invasion and that it is unnecessary to train men to repel invaders, all accurate information leads to the belief that Japan is preparing. The Marshall Islands have recently fallen into her possession and our military information department in Washington learns that the Japanese engineers and the army officers are working night and day constructing new fortifications. These islands are 2,600 miles nearer our Pacific coast than is Tokio. In a book circulated by the National Defense association of Japan are many statements which should be read thoughtfully by patriotic Americans. Here is one about the Panama canal:

"Americans boast of their Panama canal, but it is only too ridiculously simple for us to dynamite it effectually at the cost of an old steamship loaded with explosives, or the canal may be instantly dynamited by our people who are living near it and before anything can be done by the United States navy our ships will be in full possession of the important points."

It is estimated by military authorities in Washington that the Japanese have on our soil, or in Mexico and British Columbia, adjoining the United States trained soldiers numbering 271,000—eight times as many as our entire mobile army in the United States. There are, it is estimated, 61,000 trained Japanese soldiers in Oregon, California and Washington; 100,000 in Mexico; 55,000 in the Philippines and 35,000 in Hawaii.

Only a small portion of the mobile army of the United States is west of the Rocky mountains. A much less proportion of the United States navy is in Pacific waters.

It is quite unnecessary to discuss the Japanese plans for capturing Manila by landing on the fortified shores of Lingayan bay on the north and Balayan bay on the south, or Lamon bay on the east. No one seriously contends today that the fortifications at or near Manila would be of any value in holding the Philippine islands. On the contrary, the only hope would be that American officers might destroy the guns and ammunition before they fell into the hands of an enemy.

The United States has fortifications at Pearl Harbor in the Hawaiian group, but the war department does not conceal the fact that there is not ammunition enough in that station to work the guns there for 24 hours.

While congress dawdles and the Micawber population waits for something pleasant to turn up, the possible enemies of the United States are making ready.

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

(Continued From Our Last Issue)  
Delight sank down. Since she was alone, she pressed her hands across her eyes. "He told the truth," she insisted to herself. "He told the truth. Michael could not do that—not Michael!" Then came a day when Delight met Danilo, not at the foot of the staircase, but on the balcony itself. He had come there, not by invitation, but as the by right. Nor was it the Danilo Lesendra who had told the story of his mother's treachery. It was an enemy who scowled at Delight. "Capt. Lesendra?" she uttered, stupefied. "Madame! I offer the apology of necessity for this intrusion." "What has happened?" "Only what you wish and have arranged, madame. The king's men will be here within an hour." "I arranged? How could I—a prisoner?" "By your fellow countryman Rupert who has supplied Michael Baisic with that which his greed covets—the ruin of Count Stefan." "I? No!" "You have brought charge against him of abducting you for his own purposes. He cannot defend himself or state the motives which justified him without publishing Michael's dishonor. That he will not do. He chooses himself to bear the charge of lawlessness, rather than have the stain of treason black on the old name for all time." "After all, he did take me by force," Delight flashed out to her bewilderment and dismay. "That charge is true, whoever brings it." He met her frightened eyes, his own eyes dark with scorn. "Madame, if you had brought only the charge that was true, it would have been warfare, so honest. But you have charged falsely also." "I have not charged at all," she protested, stung to defense. "Capt. Lesendra, if Lieut. Baisic has appealed to the law of this country for my rescue, am I to blame? It was not with that message I sent Mr. Rupert to him. I can do nothing. When I am gone to America your Montenegro will forget me in a month. Your king loves Count Baisic; he will pass by this." "He would, if Count Baisic obeyed him," said Lesendra. "What—do you mean?" "That the Baisics are ill to drive. Count Stefan declares no woman has called his shall be taken from his name hands. Pride has gone mad in him. He will set you free in his own time, but he will defy Nikolaos to carry you into Russia before he bends his head to Michael and suffers you to be taken." Dumb she gazed at him. But Lesendra had not finished. When her confusion cleared, the girl read purpose in the strong young face. "What will you do?" she asked, faintly. "You mean to do something—what?" "I mean to do what he should do, and has forbidden," said Lesendra. "I mean to take you by force, madam, to where the king's envoy will not find you. Without your witness there is no proof." "Count Baisic will never forgive you," she cried. "He never will," Lesendra answered. "But he will be saved."

# "THE UNAFRAID"

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CHAPTER VIII. The Silver Cup  
The king's envoy came sooner than Danilo expected. Near 5 o'clock that afternoon an automobile scudded up the mountain road. Jack Rupert was the machine's driver. Beside him sat an eagle-eyed, gaunt-faced old man, Sir Robert Owen, England's representative in the Black mountain country, altho the emissary of Montenegro's king in this instance. Dinner was an elaborate affair. Not of Montenegro had Count Baisic learned his way of life, nor altogether in Paris or London; the medieval richness of old Russia was native here also. But it was not at the table that the king's envoy halted to gaze; it was at the girl who stood beside Stefan Baisic. "Sir Robert Owen, let me present you to my wife," said the host. "Mr. Rupert, you need no introduction." "You are very welcome to a house in the wilderness, Sir Robert," Delight spoke in her turn, carefully natural. The old man stood quite still, looking at her; and Rupert looked at them both. No dinner table on the continent could have shown a more conventional hostess than this lady whose pale-gold gown seemed to gather and hold the light in its folds. Here was no sign of the disheveled captive of romance. "Countess!" Sir Robert stammered. "Countess—?" "Madame, what is this?" demanded Count Baisic. "The Albanian who served you poured something in the cup." "As the Albanian fled from the room, Lesendra sprang to the door and was gone. Outside, the castle woke to tumult as he passed. Count Baisic put his arm about the trembling girl. Rupert stooped and recovered the silver goblet. It was very deep; at least a third of its contents still remained when he set it upon the table. "As to the coffee's poisonous character, Sir Robert, we will have it tested," said Stefan calmly. "How could the man know which cup you would take?" questioned the Englishman. "Count Baisic motioned a servant to remove the cup, adding a brief direction before turning to his guest. "I beg your pardon, Sir Robert. An old promise makes me choose this cup and no others use it. The man has been in my house long enough to learn that fact and make use of it. Ha!" A single shot had rung out. Delight uttered a low cry. No one doubted the meaning of the report; not the fusillade of pursuit, nor the random fire of a quest, but the single shot of certainty. Lesendra had found. Count Baisic took a cigaret and lighted it. "Madame," he said, "are you well enough to remain with us, or would you prefer to retire until tomorrow? Our friends will still be here, then." Delight was very pale and shaken by the knowledge her word had condemned a man to death. But she met Count Baisic's eyes firmly. "Thank you, I will stay," she answered. She comprehended that Stefan believed his brother guilty of plotting the cowardly crime with the Albanian. There was a long pause. The servants brought fresh coffee, and retired at a gesture by the master. Sir Robert sat musing, troubled and uncertain. "Countess," the Englishman at last said, "you saved your husband's life, just now. May I ask whether you acted as a Christian or a wife?" "As both," she answered with dignity. "I have been told that you have reason to hate and fear your husband. That is not true?" "You choose a curious subject for discussion in my home, Sir Robert," Stefan Baisic commented. "Yet let me not restrain you; if you desire more freedom with my wife, I will leave you together." "Stay," the old man urged. "Count Baisic, I seem to repay your hospitality with insult, yet I was chosen to come here because I am your friend. There has been grave deception practiced on your king, unless much lies beneath the surface of your household. Stay, but let me beg the countess to reply to questions not put willingly or wilfully." "Answer him, madame." "Yes, sir," complied Delight. "Countess, Lieut. Michael Baisic has brought to Cetinje a story that you were on your way to marry him, when Count Baisic abducted you and forced you to become his wife against your will. He told the king you were cruelly and harshly used, your husband venting on you the feud-enmity toward his brother. He said that as a rebellious prisoner, you were made to suffer." "Delight stopped him by rising to her feet, scathed with shame and anger. "Do I look so?" she challenged. "Do I look such a spiritless creature that I would be here now if I were treated so? Do you see in me the traces of cruelty and harshness? As Count Baisic treats me in your presence, so he treats me when alone. But—much of the rest is true. I was engaged to Lieut. Baisic and was on my way to become his wife when Count Baisic took and married me; yes, by force. He will not tell you his reason for that violence. I know it, and it was not for feud or cruelty. I—" she faltered for an instant. "I believe he was mistaken in that reason. But thinking as he did and does, I say he acted honorably and justly." "Countess, I am empowered to take you back to Cetinje with me." "America, what?" she asked simply. "To undo what has been done by violence, that you may return to your friends in America, where you can—ah—have your marriage set aside—in short, by divorce." Delight winced. My friends in America will hear from me simply. I am ready to return," she stated. "When the time comes that we are awaiting every day, when another dupe is settled, Count Baisic has already promised to set me free in that manner. There is no need for two governments to concern themselves with the matter. I thank you and the king, but ask you, things being as they are, to let all be. Count Baisic can best govern this affair and I am content with his decision." "I am heartily glad of this end," Sir Robert made reply. "I hope good may come of evil, in all things. Count, if you can forgive me this ungracious errand we will rest here tonight and ride back tomorrow." "I am not forgiving, but the errand was not yours," Count Baisic returned. "What now Danilo?" Lesendra re-entered the room. "The dog that drank the coffee is dead sir," Danilo said. "Very well. You spoke, madame?" "I—no!" Delight rose hurriedly. "I will go to my rooms, please, if all is over. I am tired, very tired!" As on so many evenings, Delight and Stefan Baisic walked side by side to the door of her apartments. There they stopped. "You are more generous than wise," he said brusquely. "You should have confirmed Michael's story and asked to be taken to Cetinje." "You would not have let me go," she asserted, too weary for argument. "What do you hope to do?" She met the challenge fairly, flashing flint-spark to his steel. "I mean that I do not believe Michael guilty of slander and murder. The Albanian tried to kill you because you had him shamed and punished this dawn. You are wrong in all you believe of Michael; wrong, wrong! But because you believe so, I will not marry him until your own investigations have proved him innocent. Until then, I will stay in your house. I will not ruin you by trying to leave it; for you could not give me up even to the king." "No, never! Not if I had to carry you into Russia, an outlaw. No man takes from me a woman I call mine, tho when the time comes the choice shall be yours to go or stay."

## By Eleanor Ingram

By Eleanor Ingram  
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made so hard? Suddenly her desire to talk the affair over with Rupert vanished. She read in his face disbelief in Michael. "That will be all," she said. Rupert's reply was a declaration. "I'm going to train in this camp for a while," he said. "I'll be where you can signal for me, any time." The American stopped to salute Irenya, on his way out. She rose to answer him. "You are to me as if I were, too, a great lady," she stilled. "Will you be always so to me?" "Were you supposing I was Italian to start something different?" "Would all men of your country be so to me?" "They would, Miss Lesendra, if they wanted to live." "Would you then kill them?" "By the dozen," said Rupert, without a smile. Lesendra and the count were in the arcade, when Rupert came down the twisting stairs from the balcony. Lesendra was about to mount his horse. The count was in the act of bidding his kinsman good-bye. "You have visited Michael's village, I believe," said Stefan. "I visited a little more than I enjoyed," returned Rupert. "I didn't like the population any. There was a made-in-Germany Italian that the lieutenant said he brought from Serbia, a man called Josef—" "An Austrian," corrected Count Baisic. Rupert accepted the information with a nod, and made no attempt to finish his remark. He understood that to both Lesendra and Stefan Baisic there was a startling significance in the presence of the man Josef in Michael's house. "When the Paris-to-Rome endurance flight was held, I was picked out as having yellow streaks, for the only time," drawled the aviator, irreverently. "It occurred to somebody that he could make a pot of money by paying me to throw down my people by queering my machine and quitting early in the race. The man forgot to tell me his name—maybe he didn't give him time. But I identified him without taking any thumb-prints when I met Mr. Michael Baisic." Lesendra's horse plunged with impatient fretting to be off. The young officer swung himself into the saddle with a last gay salute, and was gone. (Continued in Our Next Issue)

## Cynthia Grey's LETTERS

Q.—I am a young mother of 23 and have four babies, two dead and two living. The two living are under 3 years of age. I am not strong, so I got work keeping house for a single man. I do my work and behave myself, but the neighbors shun me and pass my employer without speaking to him. He is so good to the babies and treats me with all the respect in the world. Should I put my children into a home and get some other kind of employment, or should I just stay here and let the neighbors worry? WORRIED MOTHER.

A.—In making this effort to keep your little ones with you, you are fulfilling your mission and living up to the highest ideals of motherhood. The great, big, broad thinking world does not condemn you and has no praise for your efforts. My dear woman, do not know that wherever you go, or whatever you do, there are those who will criticize you? Because there is the good and bad element in every community, you cannot live to please every one. Just as surely as you attempt it you will lose your individuality. Without that, you can have no definite purpose in life. It is unpleasant for you right now; but when these gossips find that you "dare to stand alone" they will tire of their persecution and seek a new victim.

Dear Miss Grey: I would like to hear your opinion, as well as that of your readers, on Mrs. Liggett's idea of "breeding" the human race. I am the mother of three children and am expecting my fourth child. So I consider myself capable of discussing the subject, as far as pain is concerned. We mothers who have had several children have had different experiences each time; but never one without pain. True, there are some of us who are not tortured, but we have all experienced agony, and, indeed, some of the most ignorant of us have lost our lives in the ordeal. There is no human being, unless it be a freak of nature, who is not conscious of physical pain, but the more we observe the laws of nature and follow them closely, the more we are able to resist pain.

REFINEMENT AND CULTURE should aid us in enduring pain. The fear of pain has killed many a person, not actual experience. Who can say that fear is a refined trait? Society people are supposed to possess more refinement than those of us who live natural lives. Society renders us unfit to become mothers. It is too much to stand the nervous strain of living up to its silly, unnatural conventionalities and bear children, which is as natural as any of the other functions of the body.

What we call civilization may be responsible for the agony of producing life. It is, at least, according to Mrs. Liggett. But are we to propagate the human race in this age and keep them civilized? To me, this woman's idea is unkind, unjust, unchristian and cowardly. I shall not attempt to say anything about the sacredness of the ordeal, as I don't know anything about that part of it. One thing is true. We do not forget the physical agony we go thru, but it is said in its favor, cannot live it over and feel its actual torture, as we can mental pain. That is what makes mental pain just as deadly, if not more so, than physical pain.

AN EXPECTANT MOTHER. A.—I heartily endorse your sentiments, and if any other readers care to write their opinions on this subject, I will be very glad to print them.

Q.—We have moved far out in the country and will remain here for a year. I cannot give my complexion the care it has always had and I find that I am getting enlarged pores. Can you give me a simple remedy for this? DORA. A.—For enlarged pores, use camphor water, which has the advantage of being inexpensive. A good wash consists of 1/4 ounce borax, 1 pint camphor water (not spirit of camphor), and 1/2 ounce of glycerin. Another excellent preparation consists of 1 dram borax acid and 4 ounces witch hazel, to be applied after washing.

For a coarse skin, use a wash consisting of 10 grains tannic acid, 1/2 ounce simple tincture benzoin and 2 ounces elder flower water.

## Potato Doughnuts

retain the moisture several days. An excellent wholesome food when made with the pure

## KC BAKING POWDER

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