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COLYUM

UNDER THE KNIFE
(Very Vers Libre)
He leered at me horribly and then a slimy hand slid o'er my quivering cheek.
A jagged blade flashed downward as a cry.
Once, twice, thrice,
And then it cut into my shrinking flesh!
"I'm sorry, sir," he said,
"But I can't have you
if you don't keep still!"

NOCTURNE

The leprous moon hung over the town.
A man walked crookedly thru an Avenue guarded by tall awl trees.
Their silhouettes sharp and straight,
Like soldiers—
The man stopped before the bolted door
Of a white cottage.
He rapped softly on the panel; then waited.
Thrice he repeated the signal;
And there came no response.
The man turned and hurried on;
The black eyes gathered him into their shadows.
Two glittering black eyes peered thru the white curtains.
They followed the man till he was gone.
And that was all.

—Halmar.

ALBERT HANSEN'S IDEA OF AN ABSOLUTE SNAP

IT NEVER GETS ANY OILING AND I CAN'T UNDERSTAND HOW IT'S WORKS STAY SO PERFECT!



WINDING UP A SUN DIAL

YOUR LAST CHANCE
Well, folks citizens, today's your last opportunity to vote for president in the E. D. K. election. The polls will close after this edition, and the votes will be counted. Tomorrow the world will know whether C. Allen Dale or Harry Thaw has been chosen for president. In the meantime, here's the ballot:

E. D. K. PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION BALLOT
(Vote for one)
Harry Thaw
C. Allen Dale

SOCIETY NOTE

Wanted to Exchange—A shoe. In the melee at the Miami club dance last night, two lady dancers inadvertently traded shoes. One of them is willing to trade back, if the other will call 616X.—Troy (Ohio) Daily News.

PLENTY OF ACTION

Mrs. L. A. Railing was a victim of liven the past week, and we know from experience she had something to do.—The Newville (Pa.) Times.

DANGEROUS HILLS

Distinguished Out-of-Town Guest (speaking at banquet)—Your beautiful little city appeals to me. As we came in on the train, I remarked to my wife, "Ah, my dear, you and I ought to be living on the top of one of these magnificent hills."
Toastmaster (in hoarse whisper)—Go easy; we've got only two hills in town; the insane asylum is on one, and the garbage plant on the other.—Puck.

Like a Boy at 50 Bubbling Over With Vitality—Taking Iron Did It

Doctor says Nuxated Iron is greatest of all strength builders—Often increases the strength and endurance of delicate, nervous folks 200 per cent in two weeks time.

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Not long ago a man came to me who was nearly half a century old and asked me to give him a preliminary examination for life insurance. I was astonished to find him with the blood pressure of a boy of 20, and as full of vigor, vim and vitality as a young man; in fact, a young man he really was, notwithstanding his age. The secret, he said, was taking iron—Nuxated Iron had filled him with renewed life. At 20 he was in bad health; at 45 careworn and nearly all in Now, at 50, a miracle of vitality, and his face beaming with the buoyancy of youth. As I have said a hundred times over, iron is the greatest of all strength builders. If people would only throw away their notions of ordinary and nauseous concoctions and take simple Nuxated Iron, I am convinced that the lives of thousands of persons might be saved who now die every year from pneumonia, grippe, consumption, kidney, liver and heart trouble, etc. The real and true cause which started their diseases was nothing more nor less than a weakened condition brought on by lack of iron in the blood. Iron is absolutely necessary to enable your blood to change food into living muscle. Without it, no matter how much of what you eat, your food merely passes through you without doing you any good. You don't get the strength you become weak, pale and sickly looking just like a plant trying to grow in a soil deficient in iron. If you are not strong or well you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of ordinary Nuxated Iron three times per day, after meals, for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see for yourself how much you have gained.

A Martyr Lawyer

THE name of Harry S. Stokes, a lawyer of Nashville, Tenn., should go down in history along with those of the nation's most illustrious martyre. Stokes was shot to death in cowardly fashion by an opposing lawyer in the taxpayers' suit which Stokes instituted at his own expense in an effort to recover some of the people's money which was stolen by grafters under the regime of Mayor Howse.

Those who doubted Stokes' sincerity in his fight for clean government of his city, can no longer doubt it, since the probating of his will revealed the fact that he bequeathed \$10,000 to his legal associates to be used in carrying on the fight. Stokes had spent some \$20,000 of his own money carrying on the battles which resulted in the ouster of Mayor Hilary Howse and his associates.

"In the event the city hall cases are undetermined when my death occurs," says the will, "I desire my executors to furnish my associates a sum of money not to exceed \$10,000, and this money shall be expended by them as they deem best."

Further, he specified the bequest was to be used in "the cause of good government in Nashville."

In order to protect his family, Stokes took out life and accident insurance policies totaling \$160,000. Some of the companies canceled the policies he carried because of the extreme danger he was in of violent death. Yet this man did not budge an inch from his purpose until the sudden death for which he had prepared cut him off and showed the people what his efforts had meant to them.

Would that there were more lawyers like Harry S. Stokes, fighting for the cause of the people without recompense and despite the threats of assassination.

Some Resemblance

ONCE upon a time we witnessed a "battle royal" in which five buck negroes were penned in a 12-foot ring with instructions to hit the most convenient head as often and as vigorously as possible, the purse going to the last man on his feet.

We were particularly impressed by the tactics of one of the ebony gladiators, who stuck scrupulously to the outer edge of the ring, making an occasional side swipe at an opponent's noggin, until three were down and out and the fourth contestant practically so.

Then the fifth stepped blithely to the fore and administered the coup de grace, copping the prize, with delightful aplomb.

Noting the conspicuous complacency with which London records the tremendous losses to the Germans and French alike at Verdun, we are prone to wonder if John Bull was an "also present" at that darky fracas.

She's Sure After Them

THAT judiciary committee of the house might as well come down out of the tree; the suffragists have got a bead on it, all right.

Gilson Gardner tells us that, instead of demanding things, the Congressional Union for Women Suffrage has adopted "a campaign of sweetness." Members of the committee are being swamped with beautiful bouquets, birthday messages and other delicate, feminine attentions.

Gosh! fellows, you'd better come down and report on that Anthony amendment, for the women have evidently drawn their arrow clear to its barb. We've been studying woman for years and are not bragging that we understand her to the extent of over 7 per cent, but one thing seems to be pretty clear—that she first demands and, failing to get, resorts to just what Correspondent Gardner calls "a campaign of sweetness." And, oh! how often, often we've seen it work!

In these times, when woman feels full of rights, she prefers to get what she wants by demanding, but she has lost no tittle of confidence in the old, old policy of sweet cajolery thru which she got a sufficient part of that apple into Adam. And the house judiciary fellows can bet their hats that it is still fatal in a majority of cases.

An Unpleasant Subject

CRUELTY is always revolting. That is one reason why nice people refuse to discuss it. And so cruelty persists.

But when it can be reckoned as a loss to any community in dollars and cents, cruelty becomes a suitable topic of conversation. Thus the "over-cropped" chicken suddenly appears as an object of deserved commiseration.

"Over-cropped" does not mean much to the average housewife, but to the fowl it means torture—by thirst and by a diet of hot pepper, gravel, grit and oyster shells mixed with a little bran. This stuff added 30,000,000 pounds to the weight of the fowls sold in New York last year, and for it New York consumers paid \$7,000,000, according to testimony brought out in an inquiry conducted by John J. Dillon, commissioner of foods and markets. Evidently, this very unpleasant theme is one with which every housekeeper should be conversant. A gravel diet stops the digestion of a chicken, the meat is poisoned, and it is then a menace to the lives of the consumers.

New York's health department and its commissioner of foods and markets have power to revoke the licenses of dealers who "overcrop" chickens, on the ground that it is a practice detrimental to public welfare.

Every community should have a law of this kind; and the clubwomen of any town should be able to get such an ordinance made, very easily and quickly, on grounds of humanity, economy and health protection.

A Novel "PIDGIN ISLAND" A Week!

By Harold McGrath

"NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH" By Frederick S. Isham A Novel A Week!

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(Continued from Our Last Issue)

CHAPTER III

An Inauspicious Beginning

Behold Bob then, one fine morning, on the little speed-off train that whisked common people—and sometimes a few notables when their cars were otherwise engaged—countryward. Bob had a big grip by his side, his golf sticks were in a rack and he had a newspaper in his hand.

"Aw!—aw!—tell me how far it is to Tonkton?" Bob, glancing back, saw a monole. "Matter of ten miles or so," he responded curtly. He didn't like monoles.

"Aw!" picked up his newspaper that he had laid down, and frowningly began to glance over the headlines. The man behind him glanced over them, too.

"Another society robbery, I see," the latter remarked. "No fiction complete without them nowadays, I understand. Wonderful country, America!"

"Have the paper," said Bob with cutting accents.

"Thanks awfully." The man with the monole took the paper as a matter of course, seeming totally unaware of the sarcasm in Bob's tone.

"T'nk!" The stentorian abbreviation of the conductor made Bob get up with a start.

There were vehicles of all kinds at the station, among them a number of cars, and in one of the latter Bob recognized Mrs. Ralston's chauffeur.

A moment he hesitated. He wanted to think; he didn't want to get to the house in a hurry. Still he had to do what he naturally would do and he started to do it when some other people Bob didn't know—prospective guests, presumably,

ably, among them the man with the monole—got into the car and fairly filled it. That let Bob out nicely and naturally.

"Hack, sir!" said a voice.

"Not for me," replied Bob. "But you can take this up the hill, indicating the grip. 'Ralston house.'"

"Dollar and a half, sir," said the man. "Same price if you go along, too."

"What?" It just occurred to Bob he hadn't many dollars left, and of course tips would be expected up there, at the big house. It behooved him, therefore, to be frugal.

Bob walked away carrying his grip.

What an old hump of a world it was, he thought, when, passing before the one and only bookstore the little village boasted of, he ran plump into Miss Gwendoline Gerald. She had just emerged from the shop with a supply of popular magazines in her arms.

"Glad to see you," said Miss Gwendoline.

Bob remained silent. He was glad he wasn't glad. He dreaded the outcome of that meeting. So, how should he answer and yet tell the truth?

"Well, why don't you say something?" she asked.

"The violet eyes drilled into him slightly. 'Is that all you have to say?'" asked Miss Gwendoline after a moment.

"Let me put those magazines in the trap for you?" said Bob, making a desperate recovery and indicating the smart rig at the curb as he spoke.

"Thanks," she answered. "Make yourself useful." And gave them to him. But his manner puzzled her. There was a constraint, or hold-offishness about him that seemed to her rather a new symptom in him. What did it mean? Had he misinterpreted her "Will you?"

The violet eyes flashed slightly, then she laughed. How ridiculous! "There! You did it very well," she commended him mockingly.

"Thanks," said Bob awkwardly, and shifted.

"Why are you walking?" she persisted. "And with that?" touching his grip with the tip of her toe.

"Save back fare," answered Bob. She smiled.

"Well, I'll lend a hand to a poor, poverty-stricken wretch," said Miss Gerald, indignantly entering into the humor of the situation.

"What do you mean?" With new misgivings.

"Put them"—indicating the grip and the sticks—"in the trap," she commanded.

Bob did. He couldn't do anything else. And then he assisted her in.

"Thanks for timely help!" he said more blithely, as he saw her slip on her gloves and begin to gather up the reins with those firm, capable fingers. "And now?"

He started as if to go.

"Oh, you can get in, too." Why shouldn't he? There was room for two.

"No," he said.

An instant Miss Gwendoline looked at him, the violet eyes incredulous, amazed. Then they became hard like diamonds.

"How charmingly frank!" she said. Then she drew up the reins and trailed the tip of the whip carelessly along the back of her split-top. It sprang forward.

At the top of the hill, instead of following the winding road, Bob started leisurely across the rolling green toward the big house whose roof could be discerned in the distance above the trees.

At the edge of some bushes he came upon a lady—no less a personage than the better-half of the commodore himself.

She was fair, fat and forty, or a little more. She was fooling with a white ball. She was just about to hit the little ball when Bob stepped up from behind the bushes.

"Oh, Mr. Bennett!" He had obviously startled her.

"The same," said Bob gloomily. "Just get here?" she asked.

"Yes. Anything doing?"

"Not much. It's been, in fact, rather slow. Mrs. Ralston says so herself. So I am at liberty to make the same remark."

This didn't require an answer. A white ball went by them, and pretty soon another lady and a caddy loomed on their range of vision.

"Isn't that Mrs. Clarence Van Duzen?" asked Bob.

"Yes. She, too, poor dear, has had to desert hubby. Excuse me, but I can't get away. My answer almost took her breath away."

"So pressed with business."

"Quite so," said Bob absently. "I mean?" He stopped. He knew Dan wasn't pressed by business, and Bob couldn't utter even the suspicion of an untruth now.

"Didn't exactly mean that!" he mumbled.

The lady regarded him quickly. "You didn't happen to see Dan?" she asked.

"Yes."

"His office, I suppose?" Dan had written he hadn't even had time for his club; that it had been

just work-work all the time.

"Where, then?"

"At the club and some other places." Reluctantly.

"Other places?" Lightly. "How dreadfully ambiguous! What other places?"

Bob began to get uneasy. "Well, we went to a cabaret or two." No special harm about that answer.

"And then you went to still some other places?" went on the lady in that same light tone.

"Yes," Bob had to admit.

"Or were you and Dan alone?"

She made it a question now.

"No."

"Who else were along?"

"Dickie—"

"And—"

"Clarence."

She gazed toward Mrs. Clarence, while a shade of anxiety appeared on Bob's face.

"Just you four men!" Mrs. Dan resumed her purring. "Or were you all alone? No ladies along?"

While expecting, of course, the negative direct, she was studying Bob as if gleaming what she could, surreptitiously, or by inference. His answer almost took her breath away.

"Yes."

He was sorry, but he had to say it. No way out of it! Mrs. Dan's jaw fell. What she might have said can only be conjectured, for at this moment, luckily for Bob, there came an interruption.

"Tete-a-tete, instead of teeing!" broke in a jocular voice. The speaker wore ecclesiastical garments; his imposing calves were encased in episcopal gaiters. Mrs. Ralston always liked to dignify her house parties with a religious touch, and this particular bishop was very popular with her.

"I say!" said this person. "What a jolly coincidence!"

"Think so?" said Bob. He didn't find anything "jolly" about it. On another occasion, he might have noticed that the eye behind the window-pane was rather twinkling, but his perceptions were not particularly keen at the present time.

In the room to which he had been assigned, Bob cast off his garments. Then he stopped with his shirt partly off. He wondered how Miss Gerald would look the next time he saw her?

When he had finished dressing, he didn't find any further excuse for remaining in the room. He had to go down and he did.

CHAPTER IV

Trivialities

Luncheon came and went, but nothing actually tragic happened at it. Bob didn't make more than a dozen remarks that failed to add to his popularity.

Then he tangoed, but not with Miss Gwendoline Gerald. He positively dared not approach that young lady. He didn't tango because he wanted to, but because some one set a big music-box going, and he knew he was expected to tango. He did it beautifully and the young lady was charmed. She was a little dark thing, of the clinging variety, and Dickie had gone with her some. Her father owned properties that would go well with Dickie's—there'd been some talk of consolidation, but it had never come off.

"You do it so well," said the little dark thing breathlessly.

"Do I?" murmured Bob, thinking of a stately young goddess, now tangoing with another fellow.

"Don't you adore it?"

"The little dark thing, nestling close as was conventional and proper."

"I might," observed Bob. He tangoed more swiftly. His thoughts

Permanent Relief for Chronic Constipation

Knowledge and Practice of Correct Daily Habit the Great Essential.

Constipation is a condition affecting all classes of all people and can be permanently relieved only by acquiring habits of regularity. The most natural time for the eliminative-process is in the morning when both the muscular and nervous systems are relaxed by sleep and rest. When relief does not come readily, it is an excellent plan to take a mild laxative at bedtime. Cathartics and purgatives, that by the violence of their quick action shock and disturb the system, should not be employed. An effective laxative remedy that is very dependable, and which does not gripe or otherwise disturb the organs involved, is found in a combination of simple laxative herbs known as Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin that can be bought at a drug store for fifty cents a bottle.

MRS. C. C. ALLEN
tress of the stomach after eating. It should be in every household. Get a bottle of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin and keep it in the house to use when occasion arises. A trial bottle, free of charge, can be obtained by writing to Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 454 Washington St., Monticello, Ill.



When You're Well KEEP WELL

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

SICKNESS

That sickness is the first step leading to dependency and the primary cause of poverty is shown by an investigation recently conducted by the Russell Sage foundation in New York City.

The investigation was made among wage earners and charity organizations with a view to knowing how frequently sickness is encountered as a factor in dependency.

It was found that more than 35 per cent of those in need of aid had been brought to their position thru sickness or the responsibility for sickness.

Another important fact revealed was that most of the cases studied belonged to the lower branches of labor and that they were either for the reason that physical or mental deterioration had followed past illness.

In other words, sickness was found to be a factor producing a low grade of labor as well as dependency.

Of the 687 cases of sickness studied, two-thirds were found at the time of the investigation to have been sick more than half a year, and the physician estimated that 295 cases were chronic, while 81 were likely to become progressively worse.

That the prevention of sickness is the most effective blow against poverty and dependency is the recommendation made by the committee making the investigation.

DO YOU KNOW THAT—yesh low fever is a preventable disease and that since 1905 when Uncle Sam got after it there has not been a single case of yellow fever in this country?

furnaces and noisy factories—quite a snare if cacophonous legacy—and Miss Gwendoline had only that day heard rumors that Bob's governor had fallen down and hurt himself on the "street."

(Continued in Our Next Issue)

WANT AUTOS TO HELP CARRY VETS

School children will be asked to furnish several tons of flowers to be used in the Memorial day parade and at the cemeteries on Tuesday, May 30.

Customary exercises will be held in the Hippodrome, beginning at 11:30 a. m., followed by a parade thru the streets. Rev. J. D. O. Powers will read the Memorial address.

Three hundred automobiles are needed to convey old soldiers and their wives in the parade. Bert L. Swezea, chairman of the Elks Memorial committee, asks that all motorists who can spare their cars for that purpose mail their names, addresses, and phone numbers to him at the Elks club or call Main 435.

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