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EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE SEATTLE STAR

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60 COLYUM

A BUSY MAID. "She was married today for the fourth time..." "Who was the gentleman?" "I don't know; she said her maid always kept the record of such details."—Judge.

FEET THAT DIDN'T FIT THE STYLE. "These shoes are too narrow and too pointed," complained the stout man. "But," explained the salesman, "you know they are wearing narrow, pointed shoes this season."

RIGHT IN LINE. "I see," said his wife, "that these baseball players have progressive ideas on sanitation." "How so?" "The paper states that they spent the afternoon swatting flies."

SOFT SNAPS. "YOU COME WALKIN' IN AN YOU SAY HELLO JOE AN I SAY HELLO THEN YOU SAY 'DO YOU GIVE YOUR DOG ANY EXERCISE?' AN THEN I SAY 'YES HE GOES FOR A TRAMP NEARLY EVERY DAY!'"

TRYING TO RING A TOWEL. Illustration of a man trying to ring a towel.

FOR HER. "She had just been vaccinated. 'Now, doctor,' she asked, 'will the spot show?'" "That, madam," answered the doctor, "depends upon you."—Ladies' Home Journal.

FULLY DISCOUNTED. Young Husband—Darling, I have a confession to make. My salary is 50 per cent less than I told you before we were married!

BAD BOTH WAYS. "Charles' mother was reproving him for not being more tidy about his hair, when his uncle, who was very bald, thinking to soothe his feelings, said: 'Charles, don't you wish you were as bald as I? Then you wouldn't have any hair to comb.' Charles heaved a long sigh of resignation. 'No, I wouldn't,' he said. 'There would be that much more face to wash.'—Ladies' Home Journal.

NOT MUCH. "No, you know, I don't feel that I am fit to touch the hem of your garment." "She: 'Well, you wouldn't have to stoop much to do it.'—Puck.

TROUBLE. Mother's got a headache. Brother's feeling lousy. Sister's got a touch of grip. And father's got the bill.

NUXATED IRON. Increases strength of delicate, nervous, rundown people 200 per cent in many instances. \$100 forfeit if it fails as per full explanation in large article soon to appear in this paper.

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. \$15 set of teeth (whalebone) \$8.00. \$10 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.

Call and see samples of Our Plate and Bridge Work. We Stand the Test of Time.

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 you come to our office, be sure you are in the right place. Bring this ad with you.

OHIO Cut - Rate Dentists. 207 University St. Opposite Francis-Peterson Co.

The N. G. Scandal

ONLY a little holiday jaunt of the National Guard to the border; a summer excursion, in fact, and the country reeks with scandal just as it did during the mobilization period of the Spanish-American war. This time it's not embalmed beef and pasteboard shoe soles, but shortage of horses and wagons, of uniforms and equipment, of guns, of food, even. Six hundred Pennsylvania militiamen en route to the border reached Kansas City starving, having had no food for 24 hours nor money to buy it. Kansas City supplied them.

Great spectacle, isn't it? Self-respecting citizen soldiers the recipient of charity; Uncle Sam in the role of beggar!

Besides, there's a little item of \$1,352,761 worth of government stuff supplied the guard missing; disappeared in three years. Some graft; still more incompetence.

If this country must depend upon its state militia, then that militia must be brought and kept up to standard. There's no two ways about that. The personnel of the National Guard is all right, the fault lies in the system of officering the guard. In serious times like this it is folly to call a spade by any other name. Let's be square with ourselves.

The truth is that the officers of the National Guard are, in 90 cases out of 100, grossly incompetent, and principally because of lack of any military training.

The National Guard should be officered by regularly appointed commanders, examined by a military board and paid for their whole time and services. They should be held responsible for government property and for the training and equipment of their commands.

The National Guard is a costly and valuable part of the machinery of war of the United States.

You wouldn't leave the maintenance and operation of an electric power plant, for instance, to politicians, clerks and lawyers, etc., no matter what fine fellows they might be personally. You would hire electricians for the job. Uncle Sam wants trained officers and he sure wants them badly.

Beauty, like chiffon, is good to look at, but it is the good disposition and common sense that wear like "all wool and a yard wide."

Union labor is building a monument to Augustus Pollack, stogie manufacturer at Wheeling. Why not a smoke consumer for his stogies?

Some Good Votes Going to Waste?

CONGRESSMEN who supported the Hay army bill because of the National Guard vote are beginning to believe they stepped on their own feet, so to speak.

The bill gave promise of being politically fruitful. It looked like a rosy-tinted vote-getter. Congressmen had reason to believe votes for the Hay army bill meant votes for them in November.

The bill provided a means to crack open the pork barrel to the tune of over \$50,000,000 a year for equipment and PAY FOR OFFICERS AND MEN of the militia.

Would the militiamen be grateful? Would the 130,000 National Guardsmen give their votes to the congressmen who voted them from \$45 to \$500 a year?

Yes, they probably would! So the national army plan was tossed into the discard and the Hay army bill, so time-serving and political, was placed on the statute books.

Now these congressmen are wondering if they did not leap before looking. The National Guard of the nation, if administration plans do not go awry, will be down on the Mexican border until after the November elections. The guardsmen won't be able to go home to vote for the congressmen who voted for them.

So, the supporters of the "federalization" bill are asking: "What good are 130,000 votes if they are to be wasted on the desert air?"

But Why?

THIS paper has told the story of the Lewis machine gun, a United States invention. Briefly, the government ordnance board turned it down, before the European war; after that war had shown the gun's superiority, the United States ordnance board again rejected it; and now, in trouble with Mexico, Uncle Sam commandeers the Lewis guns turned out by their factories.

This story was interesting and important, but what's more important is the Why? of that board's action.

Was the board's members interested in another machine gun?

Didn't the board know a good machine gun when shown one?

Either that board was prejudiced after a rascally fashion, or it was incompetent. And either reason justifies a clean sweeping of that board. A new secretary of war should use a new broom. That board of ordnance needs some housework familiarly known as "a thoro cleaning up."

A Novel A Week!

The Little Gray Shoe

"JOHN THE FOOL"

A Novel A Week!

(Continued from Our Last Issue)

NOON was near, when I heard a grating under the platform. Then above it arose Laura's head. As she climbed up she nodded tartly. Then, at sight of Clell, her sparkle came. "Ah, M'sieu! So, already, you come to see me. It is good—you have not forgotten."

"I couldn't forget you. I was intending to try to get thru the swamp this afternoon to call at Papa Prosper's."

"She felt real alarm. 'Don't you eve' try that. A Yankee felo! The deep swamp, m'sieu!—she looked about—'This is nothing to it! This little churning on this side Isle Bonne they call John-the-Fool.'"

"Excellent named," I murmured, and she disregarded me. "Don't you eve' go no farther than John-the-Fool. You can always see me here. Always I come to see if Allesandro feed the baron as he should."

The end of the following week I made the second of the reports to Mary which I had promised. The week had not made me more enamored of John-the-Fool.

I wrote her: "That is the name of the place, apparently. There is no longer any place. I am roosting between three trees and a lot of poles thrust into the water on which is the case of Baron John Bernal de Vedrinne."

"You ask me of Clell. My dear, the distance getting nearer between Clell and Virgil does not change. They watch each other across a gulf of hate."

"I was not thinking of the mud grubber—only to discomfort him!"

CHAPTER IV. A Ball and a Betrayal. I had made my first venture into the deep swamp. Laura took me in her green canoe. The deep swamp of Isle Bonne was appalling; I saw Laura smiling at the blankness of my look when I had drunk it all in.

"I am going, m'sieu," she said airily, "to my party?" "Party?" I cried incredulously. "Where on earth?"

She pointed a dripping blade into the sunless depths. "At Papa Prosper's. They all coming—from Africa, and Free Camp, and Basa Basa and Old Cheniere and John-the-Fool."

"Who?" "Oh, everybody. The music was broke at the last ball at La Cheniere, but now Sim, he fixed it. He put two balls in it. Dear Doctor, the baron is not so growly at all you Yankees as formerly. He says let us have a pawty, and serve sherbet anisette and gumbo file."

"Very well," I answered, "we'll go to your pawty."

I went down to the dredge at dusk, when the lean-faced and weary crew was coming off. Clell came down from the crane where he had doggedly mastered the shovel thru the weeks. I got a curious new impression of him, his easy slouch and ease and assertion. Silently they had watched him, Virgil and the big engineer, for the break that never came. But they had not bridged the gulf.

"I feel like celebratin'!"

"Virgil was harassed by other things as well. The men he had hoped for from the city for his night shift had not come. He brought down black men for his fire room and the dynamite crew, and saw them desert, one after another."

"June first," he was murmuring to me, "we'll be thru the last of the dead timber—thru to salt water. I'm going to win, Doctor Dick. I see it now—but last week! Well, I feel like celebratin'!"

"Come to the pawty," I said. "Saturday night. You're all invited."

Alliesandro came to the dredge the next day with many amiable

perb, mademoiselle! And I have a great plan—a small invite them all to Papa Prosper's for a ball."

"A pawty! Then I can wear my gown again. Messieur Williams shall see—"

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Cynthia Grey's LETTERS

Q.—Do you really think it possible that the sun is a ball of fire, as some people suppose? And if it is, what keeps the fire going? ELSA.

A.—Scientists discovered only recently to what the sun owes its heat and light. The sun is shrinking all of the time. Its particles are drawing closer together, and as they hit each other, heat and light are produced. Just as when a light strikes two stones together. Once the matter which makes up the sun stretched out to the edge of the solar system, but that power which makes every particle of matter attract every other particle produced the contraction which made the planets. This process is still going on in the sun, and while it lasts the sun will burn.

Q.—I have been going with a young man for over two years. We were engaged, but he got into a quarrel and broke the engagement. We have made up again now. It seems he doesn't want me to speak to any other boys. I gave up many boy friends before we became engaged, but I like to speak to them in a while. What shall I do? Do you think it worth while to quarrel all of the time? GERTIE.

A.—Quarrels are a poor preparation for marriage. If you two have not the same ideas about what is right under the circumstances of each of you should modify his or hers. If you are not willing to do this, you should not think of marriage, for your after life will be filled with quarrels and bitterness.

Q.—My husband has lost lots of money lately and is greatly discouraged over business. He is as cross as a bear around home and doesn't sleep at night. I can't stand it any longer. It makes me sick to have a grouch around the house and to be kept from regular sleep. Don't you think he ought to be more considerate? Would you advise me to go home to my mother for a time? AGGRAVATED WIFE.

A.—You have strange ideas of a wife's duty at a time like this. Instead of deserting him, you should do your utmost to help and cheer him. His burdens are your burdens—the great big business burdens—not the little imaginary ones you are troubling yourself about.

When you know that your husband's mood is the result of trouble and anxiety, why don't you ignore it completely and talk to him in such an encouraging way that he will sleep at night and be ready to meet the problems of the coming day? Tell him if he loses all he has, you are ready to stand by him and begin all over again if necessary.

A man who is struggling against any kind of adverse circumstances needs sympathy at home, not complaint and tears.

Q.—My father has come to live with me. He is good to me, but does not like my husband. My husband pays all the expenses and as good as can be to both of us. My father is not childish, but he goes against the neighborhood and talks against my husband. Something must be done about it. Shall I sacrifice my husband for my father, who wouldn't realize it was a sacrifice? Or shall I leave a lonely old man to finish his life without his only child? WORRIED DAUGHTER AND WIFE.

A.—Your first duty is to your husband. Do not think of making a sacrifice of or for either of them. Speak to your father about what he is doing. He probably does not realize what he says. Show him how unjust it is. Then do not magnify his talk. You will realize that your father says as the vagaries of an old man.

down among the cypress spikes she shot the pirogue on.

I watched the play of her lithe arms as she swept the needle of wood onward on the unfathomable trail.

"You know the way, mademoiselle!"

She laughed hardly. "Isle Bonne—my island? There is no leaf in its big woods is not my little friend!"

(Continued in Our Next Issue)

WAR'S WOMEN A GRY

Cooks Wanted WILLING, SOBER AND RELIABLE MEN; TEN HOURS PER DAY; WAGES EIGHTEEN DOLLARS PER WEEK AND UP; MUST BE NON-UNION MEN; WILL RECEIVE FARE AT END OF MONTH'S WORK. APPLY ROOM 212 PACIFIC BLOCK, S.W. FRANCISCO, AT ONCE.

NATIONAL MARKET Always has big money saving specials. Butter, Eggs, Olive Oil, Macaroni, Delicatessen and Fancy Groceries. Whipped Cream Chocolates, 50¢ lb. NATIONAL MARKET 405 PIKE ST., NEAR FOURTH

Outbursts of Everett True

