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Too, Too Much

IF UNCLE SAM'S financial advisors are really seriously considering the proposition of the United States guaranteeing a new Carranza loan, they might as well dismiss the thought forthwith, for the American people will not stand for it. We do not ordinarily indorse the notes of our enemies, particularly if we know them to be absolutely void of sense of moral obligation in financial matters.

Carranza has no warrant, considering his attitude for the past two years, to ask a favor of Uncle Sam. Mexico is bankrupt in the worst kind of a way—a moral way. The stocks and bonds of the National Railroad of Mexico guaranteed by the government, are worthless, default having been made in the payment of both principal and interest. Mexico is flooded with a dozen different kinds of fiat money, all valueless. Every ruler for a day has issued his own particular currency and forced it on the public. His successor has promptly repudiated and outlawed it. Just a few days ago, Carranza promulgated a decree declaring void all current money issues except his own. Some of this outlawed money was put out by legally constituted authorities of the Mexican government and should be a sacred obligation of the state. But Mexico recognizes no obligation.

The people of the United States would doubtless respond liberally to an appeal to their charity for funds to feed the starving people of Mexico. Few men would oppose a government appropriation for that purpose. But to guarantee the paper of an ingrate, to furnish money to purchase guns to be turned against our own soldiers; to supply Carranza with funds to carry out his scheme of self-aggrandizement, No!

A Comparison

ON THE eve of the 19th century, the armies of revolutionary France went out to defend her new-found "liberty, equality, and fraternity" against a world of kings. But France's war in defense of the republic developed into a war of conquest under Napoleon.

At the beginning of the 20th century, in 1914, Germany started out on a war tending to spread her "kultur" to other lands. In reverse order, it seems possible that this war of conquest may develop into a defense of Germany's socialized efficiency against a world of individualism.

The France was defeated, her enemies were compelled to adopt, to a degree, France's system of popular constitutional government, and clearing away the junk of feudalism and serfdom, to permit a better social order, the modern capitalist system, to arise in Europe.

The Germany may be defeated, already her enemies are adopting Germany's system of vocational education, universal military training, government ownership of public utilities, and social insurance for the workers, which is the basis of Germany's wonderful achievements.

Sauce for Goose or Gander

SENATE CHAIRMAN STONE of the foreign relations committee is becoming alarmed over prospects of a future industrial war of the nations. He isn't worrying over the dumping of cheap goods or cheap labor upon us, after the war, but fears that the boycott of the entente allies, decided upon in respect of Germany, Austria and Turkey, may be extended to the United States, which will undoubtedly be a greater trade competitor than even Germany.

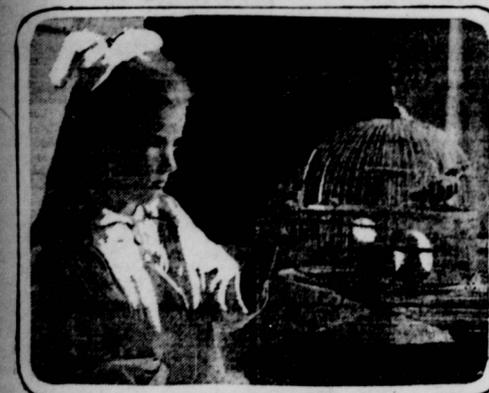
Well, a good many of us are shrieking for higher tariff walls. If we teach the foreigner that walls are good things, we shouldn't complain when he goes to building walls of his own.

War Education

ONE of the most noteworthy, but little mentioned, contrivances in use in the hospitals at the war front in Europe is the electro-magnet. These are so powerful that they draw a bullet from a wound almost instantly. A rifle ball in the leg, or arm, which does not fracture a bone is now considered but a trifle and the wounded man is shortly back in line. This accounts for the large number of soldiers reported as only slightly wounded.

Science is robbing even this awful war of a lot of its horrors.

THIS GIRL MAY BE BABY OF WHITE HOUSE



She is the baby girl of the family of Charles E. Hughes, republican candidate for the presidency, and will be the little mistress of the White House if her "daddy" is elected. The picture shows Miss Hughes with her pet canary in the Hughes home in Washington.

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Always safe and reliable. If it isn't all we claim your grocer will refund your money.
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A Novel "Amazing Grace" "GOOD INDIAN" A Week!

Next Week
A Novel "Amazing Grace" "GOOD INDIAN" A Week!
BY
KATE TRIMBLE SHARBER

CHAPTER I
Peaceful Hart Ranch
IT WAS somewhere in the '70s when old Peaceful Hart woke to a realization that gold hunting and lumbago do not take kindly to one another.

The house stood cuddled against a rocky bluff so high it dwarfed the whole ranch when an ezing down from the rim. A great spring gurgled out from under a huge boulder just behind the house, where Phoebe, his wife, spent long hours in cool retirement on churning day.

Peaceful Hart must have had a streak of poetry somewhere hidden away in his silent soul. He built a pond against the bluff, and the big spring fill it until it sought an outlet at the far end, where it slid away under a little stone bridge. He planted the pond with rainbow trout, and on the margin a rampart of Lombardy poplars.

Behind them grew a small jungle of trees—catapa and locust among them—a jungle which surrounded the house, and in summer hid it from sight entirely.

A tight picket fence shut in that tribute to the sentimental side of Peaceful's nature. Outside the fence dwelt sturdier, western realities. Once the gate swung shut upon the grove, one blinked in the garish sunlight of the plains. There began the real ranch world, and still farther the desert.

There is a saying that the only good Indian is a dead Indian. In the very teeth of that, and in spite of the fact that he was neither very good, nor an Indian—nor in any sense "dead"—men called Grant Injun "Good Indian" to his face.

Because his paternal ancestry went back to no one knows where among the race of blue eyes and fair skin, the Indians repudiated relationship with him. Because old Wolfbelly himself would grudgingly admit under pressure that the mother he had been a half-breed daughter of Wolfbelly's sister, white men remembered the taint when they were angry, and called him Injun.

Phoebe Hart had mothered him along with her own five sons, from the time when his father had sicked and died in her house, leaving Grant there with 12 years behind him, in his hands a dirty canvas bag of gold coin so heavy he could scarce lift it, which stood for the mining claim the old man had just sold, and the command to invest one-half of the gold coins in schooling.

Phoebe had taken him literally. And Grant had learned books and other things not mentioned in the curriculum of the schools she sent him to—and when the bag was reported by Phoebe to be empty, he had returned with inward relief the desultory life of the Hart ranch and its immediate vicinity.

He rode, hot and thirsty and tired, from Sage Hill one day and found Hartley empty of interest. Even the beer he tried left upon his outraged palate the unhappy memory of inflated warmth and great bitterness.

He stared sourly at Pete Hamilton, owner of the little store, who was apathetically opening hat boxes for the inspection of an Indian in a red blanket and frowny beard.

There was a swish of skirts and a young woman entered. She was bareheaded, and carried a door key suspended from a bit of wood.

"Don't get into a perspiration making up the mail, Pete," she advised calmly, quite ignoring both Grant and the Indian. "Fifteen is an hour late—as usual."

By then she was leaning with both elbows upon the counter beside the postoffice—Pete was postmaster as well as storekeeper—bored beyond words—to judge from her tone.

"If I wish you weren't so old, and hadn't quite so many chins, Pete," she complained. "I'd inveigle you into a flirtation. You see how desperate I am for something to do!"

"Let me make you acquainted with my friend, Good Injun—Mr. Injun," Pete considered that she was behaving with tact. "This is Miss Georgie Howard, the new operator." He twinkled his little eyes at her maliciously.

"Say, he ain't got but one chin, and he's only 23 years old." He felt that the inference was too plain to be ignored.

Good Indian looked straight past the girl, and scowled at Pete. "Pete, you're mentally incapable of recognizing the line of demarcation between legitimate persiflage and objectionable familiarity. An ingenious of your particular class ought to confine his remarks to unqualified affirmation or the negative monosyllable." Whereupon he bowed to Miss Georgie Howard, and stalked out.

"I guess that ought to hold you for a while, Pete," Miss Georgie approved under her breath. "You're mentally incapable of recognizing the line of demarcation between legitimate persiflage and objectionable familiarity." "I'll bet two bits you don't know what that means, Pete; but it hits you off exactly. Who is Mr. Injun?"

She got no reply to that. Outside, things were happening. Briefly, Grant had inadvertently stepped on a sleeping dog's paw—a dog of the mongrel breed which infests Indian camps, and which had attached itself to the blanket-ed buck feed. The dog awoke with a yelp, and straightway fastened its teeth in the leg of Grant's trousers. Grant kicked it loose, and when it came at him again, he swore vengeance and mounted his horse in haste.

He called his rope, and, while the dog was circling warily for another chance at him, dropped the loop neatly over its front quarters, and drew it tight.

Outbursts of Everett True



Injun. The Indian stood upon the porch watching calmly the fun. "Viney all time heap mad, you killum," he added indifferently.

"Good Injun," Hagar paused here for greater effect—Good Injun, hee-hee kay bueno! At the last her voice was high and tremulous with anger.

"Good Indian mebbysso all same my boy Wally," Phoebe gave the latter a vicious slap. "No drunk love Good Indian. No drunk!" she hestitated, knowing well the possibilities of her foster son—mebbysso catchum dog. Grant all same my boy."

"Wally boy, heap bueno," Hagar said; and her malicious old face softened as she spoke of him. "Jack bueno, mebbysso Donny all time bueno. Good Injun Grant all time debbill!"

There was a sudden check to Hagar's shrillish clamor. The squaws stiffened to immobility and listened stolidly. Off somewhere a voice was singing.

"That my girl," Phoebe explained. "Where ketchum yo' girl?" Hagar forgot her petulance, and became curious.

"Me ketchum 'way off, where sun come up. My mother's sister's boy have one girl, 'way off where sun come up. My mother's sister's boy die, his wife all same die, that girl mebbysso heap sad; no got father, no got mother. Me send one letter, tell that girl come, be all time my girl."

Hagar's lip was out-thrust again. "Yo' ketchum one girl, mebbysso yo' no more likum my boy Wally. Kay bueno."

"Huh!" Hagar chose to remain antagonistic. "What name yo' girl?" Viney interposed hastily.

"Name Evadna Ramsey." In spite of herself, Phoebe felt a trifle chilled by her lack of enthusiasm. She went back to her butter-making in dignified silence.

Then Lucy, who who longed always for children and had been dejected by fate, stirred slightly. "Mebbysso bueno yo' girl," she yielded, speaking softly. "Mebbysso see yo' girl."

Phoebe's face cleared, and she called, in mellow crescendo: "Oh, Vaid-nice!" Immediately the singing stopped.

"Coming, Aunt Phoebe," answered the voice. The squaws settled their braids upon their bosoms with true feminine instinct, and waited. They caught sight of them sitting there, and their faces settled into more stolid indifference, adding a hint of antagonism even to the soft eyes of Lucy.

"Vadnie, here are some neighbor boys I want you to get acquainted with." Phoebe's eyes brightened the girl to be calm. "They're all old friends of mine—and don't look so horrified, honey!"

Those incorrigibles, her cousins, would have whooped with joy at her unmistakable terror when she found out a trembling hand and gasped faintly, "How do you do?" "Bring some of that cake you baked today, honey—and do brace up!" Phoebe patted her upon the shoulder.

Phoebe caught him again by the arm and pulled him forward. "Grant, you let Hagar go. She coaxed. 'I know you aren't drunk—of course, I knew it all the time.'"

"All right—Mother Hart she tellum mebbysso let you go. But get out—pikeway before I forget you're a lady!"

She scuttled away, muttering maledictions under her breath. The watching group turned and followed her, and in a few seconds the gate was heard to slam shut behind them.

Grant stood where he was, leaning against the milk-house wall; and when they were gone, he gave a short, apologetic laugh.

"No need to lecture, Mother Hart. I know it was a fool thing to do; but when Donny told me what the old devil said, I was so mad for a minute—"

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By B. M. Bower A Novel "GOOD INDIAN" A Week!

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ment by getting slowly upon her fat legs, and grunting a command to the others. With visible reluctance Lucy and Viney rose also, latched their blankets into place, and vanished, soft-footed as they had come.

"Ooo-oo!" Evadna stared at the place where they were not. "Wild Indians—I thought the boys were just teasing when they said so—and it's really true, Aunt Phoebe?"

"They're no wilder than you are," Phoebe retorted impatiently. "Out by the gate rose a clamor which swept nearer and nearer in a tumult of red blankets, flying black hair, the squalling of a female voice, and the harsh laughter of the man who carried the disturbance, kicking and clawing in his arms."

Fighting his way to the milk-house, he dragged the squaw along, followed by the Indians and all the Hart boys, a yelling, jeering audience.

Panting, laughing, he forced her to the top of the steps, backed recklessly down them, and came to a stop in the corner by the door. Evadna had taken refuge there, and he pressed her hard against the rough wall without in the least realizing that anything was behind him.

"Now, you sing your little song, and be quick about it!" he commanded his captive sternly. "You tell Mother Hart you lied. I hear she's been telling you I'm drunk. Mother Hart, you say you heap sorry you all time tellum lie. Quick, or I'll land you head-first in that pond, you infernal old hag!"

Phoebe caught him by the arm. "Now, Grant, you let Hagar go. She coaxed. 'I know you aren't drunk—of course, I knew it all the time.'"

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his face, and then, like a rabbit released from its paralysis of dread, she darted past him and fled up the stone steps into the house. He heard the kitchen door shut, and the click of the lock. He heard other doors slam suggestively, and he laughed in spite of his astonishment.

"And who the deuce might that be?" he asked, feeling in his pocket for smoking material. Phoebe seemed undecided between tears and laughter. Then she told him.

Phoebe's had honed great things from her niece's influence among her six big boys. But the boys did not seem to take kindly to influencing. Rather they found their cousin a fair bait for unlimited teasing. Ever Grant, who upon occasion could assume the most charming of manners, rubbed the Eastern girl the wrong way. He dubbed her the Christmas Angel because of her blonde good looks and it made her furious.

Taken all in all, Vadnie put in several uncomfortable weeks at the ranch before she and the boys came to an understanding. Most of all she missed her girl friends back East, so she rather looked forward to meeting Miss Georgie Howard, in spite of the fact that in her secret soul Vadnie wondered just what sort of a girl this new telegraph operator might be.

But loneliness is a great cure for snobbishness, so when her aunt sent her to the station for a money order, Vadnie proceeded to call upon Miss Howard.

The girls chatted platitudes for an hour or so and devoured a box of chocolates. Then suddenly a shadow fell upon the platform outside the door, and Saunders appeared, sidling deprecatingly into the room, and over to the telegraph table.

"Here's a message," he said, in a limp tone. "If you ain't too busy, and could send it right off—"

"Certainly, Mr. Saunders," Miss Georgie rose, crisp, businesslike operator, and went to the table. She laid her fingers on the key and sent the message, waited a moment for the repeated message, and wrote it down upon its form.

"There—if it's correct, that's all," she told him in a tone of dismissal, and waited openly for him to go.

"Whenever that man comes in here," she observed, impatiently. "I always feel as if I ought to clean house after him. And what does he mean sending 20-word messages that don't make sense when you read them over? There's some nasty business brewing, and I feel guilty, almost, every time I send one of those cipher messages."

(Continued in Our Next Issue)

Q.—Can you please tell me how to distinguish between cane and beet sugar, and if there is any difference in the use? I am told beet sugar is not good for making jelly, that it will not jelly if the beet sugar is used. We have sugar from two different stores. One is finer and sweeter, the other is coarser and more crystalline. There is also a difference in color, the latter has sort of a blue cast.

A.—When highly refined, no one can distinguish between cane and beet sugar, as they are one and the same thing. Between the crude or raw beet and cane sugars there is a great difference, the latter being edible, while the former is not, as it possesses a very disagreeable odor and taste. Cane sugar molasses is good for culinary purposes, beet sugar molasses is not. Cane juice contains "glucose" (reducing sugars), but beet juice does not, the latter contains raffinose and the former does not.

Q.—I have read in several papers that Great Britain cut off Russia credit in this country last year because Russia did not play fair in the Dardanelles campaign, when it invaded Persia instead of helping the allies. What is the truth about this statement, and what are the relations between Russia and England in Persia?

A.—This statement does not appear to be true. What more Russia could have done in the Dardanelles it is difficult to see. Years ago Russia and England agreed to spheres of influence in Persia. "Influence" is the other way of saying domination, and as both have kept to their own sphere, reasonably there appears to be no reason why there should be feeling.

Q.—I am a self-supporting girl of 24, residing with my parents. I have married sisters and brothers, all of whom have children. I carry life insurance in my mother's name. I have a small home (which I rent) and a few hundred dollars. All of the above has been saved out of the money I have earned since I have been working. I should like to know, in case of death, provided I leave no will, to whom these things will go, as I am anxious that all I have should go to my mother and father.

Thanking you very kindly in advance for an answer, I am

BETTY.

A.—If you leave no will, provided you should live, your money and property would revert to your parents if they were living; if not, your brothers and sisters would inherit it in equal shares.

Q.—We are a young couple 18 and 23 years old who are intending to be married in a few months, and proper to be married in a fire station where there are many of the firemen to be invited who will not be able to come unless we can arrange it this way?

Would it be better to invite the people in couples, and should we send one invitation to each couple, or separately? MISS S. EIGHTEEN.

A.—A wedding in a fire station, although quite novel, would be proper under the circumstances. Invitations should be extended to each guest, unless the family is invited, and then one invitation is sufficient, provided the envelope is so addressed.

6X COLYUM

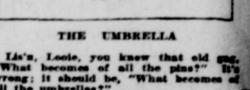
HOW ABOUT THIS? Let the doctors decide. On this troublesome question if you swallow your pride, Will you get indignation?

A gentleman whose beautiful grounds were often visited by the public had an old gardener who was in the habit of showing parties round the beds. At such times he would, in a hurried, gabbling voice, explain the names to the visitors.

"When hearing the exit gate he would, however, suddenly pause and draw special attention to a pretty cluster of modest posies, and then, in a significant tone of voice, exclaim:

"These, ladies and gentlemen, are forget-me-nots."

AIN'T NATURE WONDERFUL? Unnatural History by Gene Ahern



Let's, Louis, you know that old one, "What becomes of all the plums?" wrong; it should be, "What becomes of all the umbrellas?"

Well, Horace, that's a funny way to draw a picture of an umbrella, having it standing without any support.

No, it ain't, Lem; that's right. You try it some time. Take an umbrella and stand it on its tip and you'll see some new economy to a shine that it won't get a chance to fall; somebody will nab it even before you get all your hands off it.

Umbrellas go quicker than money. There's just one case known where a fellow still had the first umbrella he bought 2500 years ago, and had the umbrella buried up with him when he was bagged into a mummy.

New haven't you got a kind of any idea what these "dumb guys are doing and tunneling around in Egypt?"

NO SENCE AT ALL! It costs 3 cents to ride on a Pittsburgh car and 4 cents when you have a bundle. How much would they charge if a fellow got on with a "load"?

A MINOR DETAIL Lawyer's Wife—So your client was acquitted of murder. On what grounds? Lawyer—Insanity. We proved that his father once spent two years in an asylum. Lawyer's Wife—But he didn't, did he? Lawyer—Yes. He was doctor there, but we had not time to bring that fact out.

SOW AND YE SHALL WEED; IN May I worked without a stop; I planted many seeds. And now I have a goodly crop Of weeds.

TWO ARE COMPANY; THREE A HOUSE PARTY. Cops Salute I. W. W. TOPEKA, Kas., July 24.—Children of Iberia, Kas., have asked for removal of their chief of police.

alleging he "equires patrolmen to remove their hats every time they pass the harvest time office of the I. W. W. on Main st."

IT COSTS A LOT OF MONEY TO KEEP THE SCHOOL OF EXPERIENCE GOING. BUT THEY GET THE BUSINESS "Very few American business men speak any language but their own, but they understand English."

The Thin Lady: "I s'pose John is still takin' life easy." The Fat Lady: "Yes; John has only two regrets in life. One is that he has to wake up to eat, and the other is that he has to stop eating to sleep!"

If you have a house to rent, a Star Want Ad will find you a tenant.

COMING "CIVILIZATION"

AS GOOD AS IT LOOKS! "Cream of Quality" Ice Cream is the product of this perfect plant—the largest on the Pacific Coast. We believe our Ice Cream is unsurpassed in Purity, none is more Delicious, and surely none more Wholesome. Telephone your nearest dealer for your home supply.

Seattle ICE CREAM CO. CREAM OF QUALITY