

THE SEATTLE STAR

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Country Registration

THE country voter will have more difficulty to get his vote counted this year than ever before. This is due to the so-called Whitney registration law. Heretofore country voters did not have to register. This year they do. The evil feature of the new law, however, lies in the fact that the registration officers are not obliged to keep any regular hours to accommodate the country registration. Thus, many registration officials in the country happen to be a Hinky Dink type of politician such as would-be boss W. M. Whitney caters to. The county commissioners appoint the country registration officials, and Lafe Hamilton, of course, is hand in glove with Whitney. With this line-up, the registration officials have in many instances found it inconvenient to be at home when some independent voter wanted to register. Many voters will therefore be jobbed out of their franchise this fall UNLESS THEY CAMP ON THE TRAIL OF THE REGISTRATION OFFICIALS. Unless you register by September, you lose your vote in the primaries. In the city, you need not register again if you have voted in the city election last March. If you failed to vote then, you must register again.

Dead But Doesn't Know It

RICHARD A. BALLINGER, who, you remember, was "whitewashed" out of the office of secretary of the interior because he didn't play square with the trust reposed in him by the people of the United States, bitterly assailed the direct primary system in a speech he made yesterday to the Young Men's Republican club. He longed for the flesh pots of Egypt, as it were. He wanted the old convention system back—the old conventions with their filth and stench and rottenness. It peevish Ballinger—aye, it grieves him to his heart's core—that the common man, average clay, or, as he disdainfully expressed it, "the man who does nothing but breathe and eat," should have a voice in nominating officers. That, according to Ballinger, should be left to the higher-ups like himself and Lafe Hamilton, and Boss Whitney. The political grave swallowed Ballinger when he was "whitewashed," and his utterances yesterday showed he is "dead" but doesn't know it.

Educated "Criminals" Might Not Be Criminals!

KANSAS penitentiary has just given diplomas to 31 graduates who had taken a college course in agriculture. Commencement exercises were held in the prison. This is probably the first event of the kind in the history of the world. The work done by the prisoners was the same as that which the Kansas agricultural college offers to its home correspondence students. One hundred prisoners availed themselves of the chance to study. The 31 graduates were students in steam and electrical engineering, carpentry, blacksmithing, agriculture and motor engineering. Some of the graduates will not be released from prison for several years, but the state has already found employment for those whose terms have nearly expired. The existence of this unique body of college graduates indicates a pronounced improvement in modern reform work with criminals. Not even the most enthusiastic reformer can prove that education produces good character. But education does create new ambitions in any man. It proves the futility of crime. It makes a man self-supporting and thus removes the temptation to many forms of law breaking. Governments now spend more money on their prisons than on their schools. The success of the Kansas experiment is an instructive exhibition of the eagerness with which even criminals will seize an opportunity to fit themselves for dignified and responsible places in the community. Perhaps some day society will know enough to pay for preventing crime rather than for punishing criminals.

What Secrecy Does to a Nation's Income

AT THE beginning of the European war the wealth of Great Britain was estimated at \$90,000,000,000, and the total annual income of her people at \$12,000,000,000. Now the same semi-official authorities, in spite of the ravages of war, place the wealth of Great Britain at \$133,000,000,000, and the income of her people at \$20,000,000,000. The reason for this enormous increase in the estimates is very simple. Before the war the British millionaires were concealing their wealth and dodging their income taxes in the same way that our own millionaires are dodging the United States income tax. Now Great Britain has been forced by her necessities to see that every shilling of the taxes is paid and her citizens, seeing her dire need, are also paying their taxes more willingly than ever before. In this way billions that have hitherto been concealed are brought to light. These new estimates of the British wealth and income show the absurdity of the official estimates that have been made of the wealth and income of the people of the United States. The United States census placed the national wealth at \$187,000,000,000 in 1912, and Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo places the national income at only \$20,000,000,000. It is upon this estimate that he bases his contention against Manly's charge that the United States income tax is being evaded to the extent of more than \$300,000,000 a year. The absurdity of McAdoo's estimate is apparent as soon as it is remembered that the United States has more than twice the population and nearly 40 times the area of Great Britain! To clinch the argument, the income of the United States from agriculture is FIVE times as great as that of Great Britain, from mining TWICE as great, from manufactures THREE times as great, from railroads FOUR times as great.

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We destroy annually millions of dollars worth of property and spread many of the dread diseases. We are parasites and pests on the property of the world. We are a menace to society and serve no useful purpose, and are a constant annoyance to the housewife.

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STEARNS' ELECTRIC PASTE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

A Novel "Prudence of the Parsonage" A Week "AMAZING GRACE" Kate Trimble Sharber A Novel A Week

By Kate Trimble Sharber Copyright, 1914, by The Wobbe-Merrill Co.

(Continued from Our Last Issue)

THE whistling man inside left off his music—then I heard his footsteps tramping impatiently across the bare wooden floor. He finally came to the door and looked out. I glanced up, and our eyes met!

"Well?" he said.

He stood perfectly still for half a minute it seemed—making no effort toward a civilized greeting.

"Well?" I responded—as soon as I could.

"This is queer, isn't it?" I looked at him.

"Queer?" I managed to repeat.

"Most extraordinary!"

"I should—I think I should like to sit down!" I decided, as he continued to stare at me, and I suddenly realized that I was very tired.

He moved aside.

"By all means! Come in and sit down, Miss Christie. This station fellow here tells me that you have been disappointed in your train."

Have I answered.

"After this, conversation flagged, until the silence made me nervous. "I should think we ought to be asking each other—questions!" I suggested.

"Questions?"

"About ships—and how long we intend staying—and what travelers usually ask!" I said.

"Why should I ask that—when I happen to know?" he inquired.

"You know—what?"

"That you came over on the Luxuria."

"Yes."

"And that the Oldburgh-Herald sent you—to write up the coal strike?"

"Will you please explain how you know all this?" I asked.

"Mrs. Hiram Walker wrote her son to call on me while I was in New York," he explained in his serious lawyer-like manner, "and he happened to leave a copy of the Oldburgh-Herald in my room."

"Oh! That was quite simple, wasn't it?"

"Quite!"

It occurred to me then that there was no use trying to keep fate's name out of this conversation—and also it came to me that the flowers were no longer a mystery—but before I could make up my mind to mention this he turned to me ferociously.

"You did make a fool out of me!" he accused.

My heart began thumping again.

"What do you mean?" I began, but he cut me short.

"It is this that I can not get over! The thought has come to me that perhaps if I hear you acknowledge it, I might be able to forgive you better."

"Forgive me?"

He leaned toward me.

"If you don't mind, I should like to hear you say," Maitland Tait said, "that you made a fool of me."

"But I didn't!" I denied stoutly.

"I'll say what I do think, however, if you wish to hear it!"

"And that is—?"

"Maitland Tait, you made a fool of yourself!"

"Yes, I know that," he replied.

"Yes, I do. Since when, please?"

"Why, I knew it before I crossed the Ohio River!" he acknowledged, seeming to take some pride in the fact. "I—I intended to apologize—or something—when I got to Pittsburgh, but when I reached New York, on my way here, I saw that you were going to England, too—"

"So you thought the matter could easily wait—I see!" I observed, then, to change the subject, I asked: "Have you been here long?"

"Two weeks! I knew that I should get news of you in this neighborhood, sooner or later."

I instantly smiled.

"I have come here for my first Sunday, you see, but—"

"But you haven't been to the abbey yet, have you?" he asked.

The boyish anxiety in his tone gave me a thrill. Something in the thought of his remembering my romantic whim touched me.

"No, I have just come from there—the lodge—but the old woman at the gates wouldn't let me in."

He looked interested. "No? But why not?"

"The master of the house has just died," I explained. "It would be a terrible breach of etiquette to go sight-seeing over the mourning acres."

Maitland Tait's lips closed firmly. "Nonsense! I'll venture that's just a servant's whim." He slipped out his watch. "Shall I go over and try to beg or bribe permission for you? I'm not easily daunted by their refusals, and—I'll have a little time to spare this morning, if you care to put your marooned period to such use."

"I am marooned," I told him, "and I should like this, of course, above anything else that England has to offer, but—"

Then, after his precipitate fashion, he waited for no more. He paused at the edge of the platform for a low-toned colloquy with Collins—I could easily distinguish now that the liveried creature was Collins—and the two disappeared down the track. After the briefest delay he returned.

"What can't be cured must be ignored," he said with a shrug, as he came up. "The poor old woman regards us as very impious and—American, but I made everything all right with her."

"But how—" I started to inquire, also at the same moment starting down the track toward the lodge house, when he stopped both my question and my progress.

"Let us wait here—I have sent Collins to get a car for us from the garage not far away."

He led the way out to a drive, sheltered with trees.

"Is this your car?" I presently asked, as the servant driving a gleaming black machine drew up in front of us. "I hadn't imagined that you would have your own car down in the country with you."

"I've had experience with these trains," he explained briefly, then he looked the car over with a masterful eye. "Yes, it's mine," and he helped me in.

At the second lodge—the grand one—I pinched myself. I had to see whether I was awake. Mait-

Outbursts of Everett T rue



NO, HE HASN'T WORKED HERE FOR SOME TIME.

land Tait, watching me closely, saw the act.

"You're quite awake," he assured me gravely.

The car was gliding over a bridge, and underneath was a silvery, glinting ribbon, that night, in fairy-land, pass for a river.

"Shall I stop the car and let you dabble the toe of your shoe in the water?" my guide asked.

"I shan't be able to believe it's just water—unless you do," I explained.

The car obediently let us out, then steamed softly away, up the road and out of sight.

Mr. Tait held out his hand to me and helped me down the steep little river bank. I dabbled the toe of my shoe in the water and as he finally drew me away, with the suggestion of further delights, I caught sight of a tiny fish, lying white upward in a tangle of weeds.

"How could he die?" I asked mournfully, as we walked away. "It seems so unappreciative."

"The man beside me laughed.

"Things—even the most beautiful things on earth—don't keep people on their feet," he said. "They can't even make people want to stay alive—if this is all they have, and after all, the river is just a thing—and the park is a thing—and the house is a thing!"

We had walked on rapidly, and at that moment the house itself became apparent. I clutched his arm.

"A thing!" I denied, looking at it in a dazed fashion. "Why, it's the House of a Hundred Dreams! It's all the dreams of April mornings—and Christmas nights—and—"

"And what?" he asked gravely.

"Why, it's Religion—and Art—and Love—and Comfort!"

He looked at it wonderingly. What he saw was a tangle of gravel walks, drawing away from grassy places and coming up sharply against the house. Such a house! A church—a tomb—a fluttering curtain—living-hall—all stretched out in one long chain of battlemented stone. Where the church began and the living-hall ended no one could say, for there were trees everywhere.

"The lower part of the abbey is in good condition, it seems," my conductor remarked, as we approached.

"Good condition!" I cried. "Why, those doorways are as realistic as—Sunday morning!"

High above the doors was a great open space of a misting window; then, over this, smaller spaces for smaller windows; and—in a niched pinnacle—the Virgin.

"How can she endure all this beauty?" I asked, my voice hushed with awe.

"She's endured it for many centuries, it seems," he answered.

But we came closer then.

"Why, she hasn't even seen it—not once!" I cried, for I saw then that she was not looking up, but down—at the burden in her arms.

Instinctively Maitland Tait bared his head as we crossed the threshold.

"Shall we try to find a way thru here into the gardens?" he asked.

CHAPTER XII

House of a Hundred Dreams.

The shadows inside the roofless old abbey were warm and friendly. "This quietude makes you feel that nothing really matters, doesn't it?" I asked, looking around with a sort of awed delight.

The man at my side was less awed.

"Shall we go on to the gardens?" he asked.

We left the sanctuary. Then, turning a corner of the old stone wall we came full upon a side of the house which was receiving shamelessly the biggest sun-kiss I had ever seen. But then, it was the biggest house I had ever seen.

"Come and tell me about the plants, if you can!" I begged.

"Which is rosemary, and which is rue?"

We walked down a flight of worn steps, and came upon prim gravel pathways.

"This is rosemary," he said, "and here, by the sun-dial, is rue."

Then, even when I realized that this was the place where Lady Frances Webb had spent her worst some days, to keep from hearing the clock chime in the hall, I could not be sad.

"She could gather the rue while the sun-dial told, all silently, of the day's wearing on," I said.

He looked at me uncertainly.

"Did she say that in her letters?" he asked.

"Yes, she had sent her lover away, you see, and—there was nothing else in life."

"And she longed for the days to pass silently?"

"She stayed out here as much as she could—to keep from hearing the clock in the hall," I told him. "The sound of the ticking reminded her of her heart's wearying beats."

"Of their hearts' wearying beats, you mean," he exclaimed, and a quick look of pain which darted into his face showed me that he comprehended. Then, for the first time, I began to grasp what a lover he would make! Before this time I had been absorbed with thoughts of him as a beloved.

Suddenly my hat began to feel intolerably heavy, and my gloves intolerably hot. I tampered fumblingly with the pearl clasp at my left wrist, and drew that glove off first. Maitland Tait was watching me. He saw my hand—my bare, ringless hand.

"Grace—" he said.

"Yes?"

"Does this mean that you're—you're—?"

A discreet cough interrupted for a moment. Collins was coming toward us, from the ruins of the old abbey. Maitland Tait looked up and saw him coming, but he did not stop. On the other hand, the sight of his servant seemed to goad him into a hasty precipitation.

"Grace, will you marry me?" he asked.

"Of course!" I managed to say, but not too energetically, for the muscles of my throat were giving me trouble again.

"Soon?" he asked hungrily.

I felt very reckless and—American.

"Before the shadows pass round this dial again, if you insist," I smiled.

But his eyes were very grave.

"Without knowing anything more about me than you know now?"

"Why, I know everything about you," I replied, in some astonishment. "I know that you are the biggest and the dearest—"

"You know nothing about me," he interrupted softly, "except what I have told you, I am a wealthy

man! My grandfather was a coal-digger in Wales."

I was silent.

"Yet, you are willing to marry me?" he asked.

"Of course! Coal is—very warming," I answered.

Collins descended the flight of stone steps and came slowly along the gravel walk. When he had come to the respectful distance he stopped.

"My Lord," he said, but stammeringly, as a man halts over a newly-acquired language—"My Lord, Mrs. Carr wishes to know if you will have lunch served in the oak room, or in the—"

"In the oak room," the man standing beside me answered readily enough.

The servant breathed the inevitable "Thank you," and turned away.

I seemed suddenly to feel that the golden sea of sunlight was sweeping me away.

"My Lord?" I demanded, as soon as I could speak.

Maitland Tait nodded reassuringly.

"My father died two weeks ago," he said. "And I had to come into the title."

"And this place is yours?" I sang out, feeling that all the years of my life I had been destiny's love-child. "This old abbey is yours! The park is yours! The garden is yours!"

"And the girl is mine!" he said, with a grave smile. "I am careless of all the other."

His gravity sobered my wild spirits.

"And your father was—Lord Erskine?" I finally asked.

"He was—Lord Erskine," he answered. "He married out of his station—far, far above his station. I think—"

His big beautiful mouth set grimly, but he said nothing more, and I knew that this was as heavily as he would ever tread upon the ashes of the dead. Gradually, bit by bit, I learned the history of the muddy pool of mistake and fault, out of which the tender blossoms of his boyhood had been dragged. His father had never seen him, but a certain stiff-necked family pride had caused him to provide material bounty for his child. The combination of a good education and rugged plebeian industry had made him what he was.

"That why didn't you tell me—that day when you first came to see me and we talked about this place—why didn't you tell me that it was your ancestral home?"

"Why, because I had made up my mind to marry you!" he said. "You told me that this old place was a sort of dreamland of yours—and I didn't want to complicate matters. I wanted your love for me to be a reality."

"Well, it—it is!" I confessed.

After a long while—that is, the sun-dial said it was a long while—a sudden thought of my waiting hosts at Bannerley came over me.

"I must get some word to Mrs. Montgomery!" I said. "They will be thinking that my rash American ways have got me into some dreadful scrape, I'm afraid."

But the serene man at my side was still serene.

"Mrs. Montgomery knows everything—except that we are going to be married—when did you say, tomorrow?" he smiled. "I've been staying with them, and they told me about you—and we had rather a satisfactory adjustment of neighborly relations."

I looked at him in awe.

"Did you chance to know that I would take a bad train and be delayed here this morning at sunrise?" I asked. "Did you know that I should be compelled to waste precious morning hours pacing up and down a railway station platform?"

"Why, of course," he answered

imperturbably. "Mrs. Montgomery sent me over to meet you."

"Then why didn't you meet me?" I asked, with the horror of shocking English propriety overwhelming me.

"Come! We must go to Bannerley at once!"

He rose and followed me toward the main garden path. Then he pointed the way to the house door.

"I've had Collins telephone that your train was very, very late," he explained. "She'll not be surprised—nor too inquisitive. She even suggested this morning that if you shouldn't get in until evening—the drive to Bannerley is very fine by moonlight."

In the late afternoon the chilly dusk sent little fore-runners ahead. A cheery fire was kindled in the room which had once been the library of Lady Frances Webb.

"This was Lady Frances' own desk, they tell me," Maitland said, as he was showing the ancient treasures to me. "This was where all her famous books were written."

I crossed the room to where the little locked secretary stood.

"Maybe she wrote those letters here," I said in a hushed voice.

"Do you suppose she has some of his letters locked away somewhere?"

He nodded, fitting the key to its lock very carefully.

"All of them!" All the letters written her by—Uncle James.

"And we are going to look over them together—you and I are going to read those love letters—before we burn them?" I asked, quick joy making my voice tremulous.

For a moment there was silence in the old room, then he turned away from the secretary, and came very close.

"Why burn them now?" he asked. "Why burn them now, darling? Why not—hand-them—down?"

Then—in that instant—I knew what life was going to mean to me.

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He rose and followed me toward the main garden path. Then he pointed the way to the house door.

"I've had Collins telephone that your train was very, very late," he explained. "She'll not be surprised—nor too inquisitive. She even suggested this morning that if you shouldn't get in until evening—the drive to Bannerley is very fine by moonlight."

In the late afternoon the chilly dusk sent little fore-runners ahead. A cheery fire was kindled in the room which had once been the library of Lady Frances Webb.

"This was Lady Frances' own desk, they tell me," Maitland said, as he was showing the ancient treasures to me. "This was where all her famous books were written."

I crossed the room to where the little locked secretary stood.

"Maybe she wrote those letters here," I said in a hushed voice.

"Do you suppose she has some of his letters locked away somewhere?"

He nodded, fitting the key to its lock very carefully.

"All of them!" All the letters written her by—Uncle James.

"And we are going to look over them together—you and I are going to read those love letters—before we burn them?" I asked, quick joy making my voice tremulous.

For a moment there was silence in the old room, then he turned away from the secretary, and came very close.

"Why burn them now?" he asked. "Why burn them now, darling? Why not—hand-them—down?"

Then—in that instant—I knew what life was going to mean to me.

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