

SAVE THE DATE. FRIDAY NIGHT U. S. SENATOR MILES POINDEXTER WILL REACH SEATTLE, WILL BE MET BY SEATTLE CITIZENS AT THE DEPOT, AND WILL IMMEDIATELY PROCEED TO DREAMLAND RINK, WHERE HE WILL OPEN HIS CAMPAIGN FOR RE-ELECTION.

THE ONLY PAPER IN SEATTLE THAT DARES TO PRINT THE NEWS

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"TONIGHT AND TUESDAY, UNSETTLED WEATHER; PROBABLY SHOWERS." THIS CHANTS THE WEATHER MAN. BUT CHEER UP! MAYBE THE PAKERS ARE GOING TO MANUFACTURE ANOTHER LEE LETTER, AND SO MAYBE THE VOTERS WILL ENJOY ANOTHER GOOD GIGGLE.

# Father Captures Eloping Daughter

## FARES ARE USED FOR CAMPAIGN

Mrs. Wilda Hamilton, of Vashon island paid \$1 for a ride from Seattle to Enumclaw in machine OWNED BY KING COUNTY. The money did not go into the county treasury. The county is not in the jitney business—not yet. It went to the South End Republican club, of which W. A. Carle, employe at the county hospital, is president. Several other citizens paid \$1 each for rides in various cars owned by the county Saturday. In return for their money, they received cards signed "W. A. C." which declared that the fund will be used to advance the interests of "South End candidates." The county-owned machines, in which this occurred, bore Life Hamilton's signs. County chauffeurs drove the machines. The car in which Mrs. Wilda Hamilton rode was driven by Chauffeur Carpenter. Other county chauffeurs who used county machines for private purposes in making the trip to Enumclaw Saturday, where the Farmers' Picnic was held, are Joe Jennings, Dan Abrams, Jr. and Abe Isaacson. "There were several others in the same car with me," said Mrs. Wilda Hamilton, "and we each had to pay \$1 for the trip, although the machine belonged to the county. The machine I rode in bore license No. 28319." Car No. 28319 is a county car assigned to the county commissioner. Other county machines, bearing Hamilton banners, and sent out on the excursion to Enumclaw, bore State License Nos. 2374, 2461, 1574 and 2374. They were driven by county employes. Besides these cars, there were several machines maintained by the county, but owned by employes, which also burned up county gas in the Saturday "joyrides."

## A Mother's Reward!

### Being a True Story of a Brave Woman's Compensation

Time is the great adjuster. Patience—patience—all ye weary-laden ones; time will work out the problems now distressing you, if you are true. The sting of today's sorrow, regret or injustice renders you dull to the truth of this ancient admonition, doesn't it? You don't want to be preached to—eh? Well, will you listen to the story of—we shall call her Lydia. She was true and patient and time HAS adjusted ALL for her. Lydia was a truly beautiful girl. A dainty figure, brown curls framing a bright and radiant face, she possessed a manner both winsome and graceful. Her paramount glory was in her eyes, golden brown, wide and glistening. There is a photograph of Lydia as a girl of 16 or thereabouts which rather dims those of the movie stars we see all about us these days. The old lady who showed us the photograph and told us this true narrative the other day is confident that Lydia, 25 or 30 years ago, was one of the most beautiful girls in America. From the shelter of a small town in the Middle West Lydia was suddenly forced into the open of a great city. Her mother had died and her father was wrecked by whisky. She started to earn her living. Alone, thirsting for companionship, she quickly met the man—the wrong man. His hideous cruelty robbed this charming girl of her innocent contentment and her prospect of the normal, the useful and the happy life, as wife and mother. It was as if a satyr had crushed a butterfly. Unprotected, unschooled in the world's way, responding to the impulses of love, real to her but false in him, little Lydia presently faced the blackest situation that can come into any woman's life. The girl made her decision. She would not try to right a wrong by adding wrong. She was not a coward. The primitive instinct of motherhood dominated her—for she was good. The fluttering of the life to come was precious. Lydia fled to a distant city and there the boy came.

There are a few—just a few—who know today how bravely the mother fought, during the years. By her toil she kept her son with her, clothed him and fed him and instilled into his soul a sense of goodness and love, abundantly flowing from the break in her heart. "What do you think he did?" exclaimed the old lady who told us the story. "He won a university scholarship at 18. His mother went with him, kept house for him and for the first year continued to earn for them both. Then he began to write college sports for the newspapers and he earned enough for them both to live on. That wonderful boy graduated third in his class. He had done some remarkable writing and the day he left the university he had saved more than \$1,000 from his earnings. "He went into business. He is rising magically. He soon made a beautiful home for his mother. One night he came in, beaming. 'Mother they have sent me to Europe, for three months,' he cried, clasping her in his arms. Never a night in his life had he slept under a roof that did not also shelter his mother. This was to be the break, but she was happy. She would write to him every day. It was his great opportunity. And then—under her plate at the supper table, she found the envelope containing a long green steamer ticket for HER. And he laughed, and she wept and laughed. "They are like lovers. She has grown as young and fresh and interested as you see her in the photograph—almost. The boy knows the whole story, of course. Not for that reason, but because he adores his mother, he is compensating her in full measure. The house becomes a bower of flowers on her birthday. She is his theatre companion, his church fellow and his business confidant and guide. The jewels that one man forgot to place upon her hands the son has placed there in manifold. The fear-someness and the drudgery of the early years can scarcely be remembered by Lydia today, in the whirl of gaiety and life that her prospering son indulges for her sake. And she is SO happy," said the old lady. Patience—patience—wearily-laden ones, TIME IS THE GREAT ADJUSTER.

## Girl, Star Put in Movies, Returns in Leading Role



Caroline Vaughn

By Cornelia Glass

A year ago The Star made a motion picture actress out of a Seattle girl. Her name was Caroline Vaughn and she was a telephone operator—the most beautiful telephone operator in the world, Fred Boalt thought when he chose her to represent Seattle in the Eessany beauty contest last year. I quite agreed with him when I met her Monday morning. Her name is no longer Caroline Vaughn, except for professional purposes, and she isn't a telephone operator any more, either. Young, Beautiful, Successful She is the wife, since January, of F. W. Hiller, a director for the Vitagraph company, and she herself is a Vitagraph star. She is a tiny person, with a perfect oval face, and very soft, pink cheeks. Her hair is brown and curly, and her eyes are so brown that she instinctively feels sorry that the camera cannot do them justice. She is so happy now, and so naive in telling of it. She is a lucky girl who has realized her little girl dreams while she is young enough to be enraptured with the work, and to see nothing but things to be glad of everywhere she looks. I asked her how she had managed to "break in." "Well," she began, "I went East to the Eessany people, and played a couple of times, then I came home, and the Vitagraph people decided to open a studio here. Last January they sent Mr. Hiller out here to direct it, and he asked me to play leads. "Marries Her Boss She stopped short and blushed. "And then?" I prompted. "Well, then, he fell in love with the leading woman and married her," she said. According to Miss Vaughn, playing before the camera is all that is wonderful. She has just returned from Mt. Baker, where "In God's Country" has been filmed. It will be released soon and she is anxious to see herself in her first big feature. I asked her about the line that the actors speak while the pictures are being filmed. "Work is sheer joy. "I don't say anything in particular. Whatever comes into our minds while we are living our part. Sometimes I don't speak at all—it seems to be easier for me that way. "She flung her hands out in an ingenious little gesture of helplessness. "I can't tell you how wonderful it is," she said. "One has to work all of the time, but the work is sheer joy. I play opposite my husband and he helps me always."

## ROMANCE ENDS AT DOCK

Last week Harry Barron, young traveling salesman for Gluck & Raphael, New York furriers, was enjoying his honeymoon here with Mrs. Barron, young and pretty daughter of William O'Neill, rich, large and tempestuous insurance man of Oakland, Cal. Barron was wearing a massive diamond of exceedingly brilliant luster and worth, it is said, \$600. Presto! Today Barron has neither diamond nor bride. Aboard the steamer Admiral Schley, nearing San Francisco in full flight Monday from Seattle was William O'Neill. The diamond adorned his finger, and with him was his tearful daughter. Puts End to Honeymoon O'Neill brought the honeymoon to a sudden and lively termination when he arrived incognito from Oakland last week. Making inquiries everywhere, he ascertained that his daughter, under the name of Marie McLean, and Barron were married in Aberdeen on July 10 by Justice of the Peace I. M. Gardner. He tracked them to the McKay apartments, where they had remained until the Sunday previous, and thence to Tacoma and to their apartment at 303 South Ninth st. O'Neill found the apartment last Thursday afternoon. Takes Bride and Ring Entering unexpectedly he grabbed his young son-in-law by the throat and pinned him to the wall with one massive hand, while with the other he stripped the diamond from Barron's finger. Still holding the salesman helpless, O'Neill ordered his daughter to pack her trunks and call an expressman. She obeyed with alacrity. Half an hour later O'Neill and Mrs. Barron were hurrying for a Seattle boat, while Barron was recovering his composure and wondering just what had happened, and why. The bridegroom followed his father-in-law here and began a search of the best hotels. Finally, at the Rainier Grand, he found "William O'Neill and daughter" had registered Thursday night. He hastened next morning to confer with Detective Capt. Teanum, who advised him to return to Tacoma and have a warrant issued. (Continued on page 8)

## ASKS HERO MEDAL

Employees of the Seattle Dry Dock and Construction Co. are drafting a letter to the Carnegie hero fund commission, petitioning for a medal for Fred Tuttle, who assisted in saving the life of C. G. Demeritt last Sunday at Alki beach.

## HE SNATCHES PURSE

A tall man, with a black mustache, snatched a purse and a suitcase from Miss Henrietta Stock, 5417 35th ave. S. W., near Edmondia st., at 9:30 p. m. Sunday, and ran over the hill. He left the suitcase unopened, one block away, but kept going with the purse.

## HUGHES OPENS FIGHT AT DETROIT MEETING

BY PERRY ARNOLD  
United Press Staff Correspondent  
DETROIT, Aug. 7.—Republican Nominee Hughes' first appeal for the presidency was a plea for American expression of a hope of a get-together spirit of co-operation between capital and labor and indorsement of a national movement for the welfare of American workers. The nominee made the first of his campaign talks in a stiflingly close room at the Hotel Pontchartrain, to a committee representing welfare workers of every big factory in Detroit. It was quite a demonstration, considering the heat, and it followed a really unusual outpouring of the public early in the morning to greet the G. O. P. aspirant for presidential honors, as he paraded the streets in an automobile. Democracy cannot stand strife between capital and labor, Hughes told the welfare workers. "After the war, we've got to look out for ourselves if we are to maintain our supremacy," he said. "I'm delighted with every means to provide betterment of living conditions of workmen, so that every one in the community who works with his hands can go to work, secure and happy in the thought that he is being taken care of." Hughes' first campaign speech of the 1916 race was the start of a busy talking day for the candidate. He expected to deliver at least three or four other speeches. He conferred with Michigan republicans from all over the state; he talked with woman suffragists of the Congressional union, and late this afternoon he is scheduled to speak a few words to employes of two or three big automobile plants—NOT including Mr. Ford's well-known factory, however. The special train bearing Hughes and party was 20 minutes late into Detroit. Although there were but few outbreaks of cheering along the line of the parade from the station to the Hotel Pontchartrain, the demonstration was remarkable in the size of the crowd that lined the route of the procession. The candidate, seated in an automobile with Mrs. Hughes, rode from station to hotel with hat in hand, smilingly acknowledging the greetings from the crowds. Hughes' two addresses tonight will be the first stump speeches of the actual campaign. Shortcomings of the democratic administration will be the big theme. Formation of a republican advisory committee, which, with

Chairman Wilcox, will be in direct charge of the republican campaign will be announced shortly, it was learned. The committee will be entirely separate and distinct from the republican national committee and from the campaign committee recently formed. The advisory committee will consist of from 5 to 9 members and three of the places already have been tentatively assigned. The men already selected are: Wm. Loeb, former secretary to Co. Roosevelt; Geo. B. Cortelyou, also a former secretary to the colonel, and Chas. D. Hillis, Wm. Taft's former secretary. The complete personnel of the committee will be announced within a few days. Hughes is taking a very personal interest in the matter of the selection of a vice chairman of the national committee to be in charge of the western headquarters at Chicago, and it is likely he will confer with Chairman Wilcox and other leaders on this subject in Chicago. No announcement of the candidate's own preference for this job has been forthcoming, but it is said A. T. Hart, of Kentucky, is being seriously considered.

**You'll Miss Aroma**  
Soft drinks taste better when consumed in places that were formerly used as bars. "One can almost shut his eyes



In a place like the Lotus and imagine he is back in the good old days," sadly mused T. S. Lyle, butcher and cheese salesman for Perry Bros.

**Good for Mondays**  
Lawrence G. Wilton, 108 15th ave. N., calls milk and crackers the proper diet for Mondays. "Sunday dinner puts a man out



of sorts Monday," said Wilton. "I find the milk-and-crackers diet one day a week beneficial."

## POINDEXTER IS FAVORED HERE BY COUNCILMEN

A poll of the Seattle city council Monday showed that the city dads favor Senator Miles Poindexter's re-election. Seven of the councilmen are republicans.

Of these, Will H. Hanna, Bob Hesketh, Harry Bolton and C. Allen Dale are openly and enthusiastically for Senator Poindexter. The other three, C. B. Fitzgerald, R. H. Thomson and A. E. Haas, won't say whom they are for. The remaining two, William H. Moore and Oliver T. Erickson, are democrats. Hesketh and Dale are members of the Poindexter campaign committee. While Hanna does not want to be officially connected with any one's campaign, he has written the following expression of good will towards Poindexter's candidacy: "I will be glad to assist, as many others will, with a personal boost among my friends for Senator Poindexter's election."

The friendly attitude of the city council towards the independent candidate for senator is taken as an indication that Seattle will again roll up a big majority for Senator Poindexter, who will open his campaign here in a speech at Dreamland rink Friday night.

**TO SPEAK AT ARENA**  
Charles E. Hughes, presidential candidate, will speak at the Arena next Tuesday night, instead of at the Hippodrome, as previously announced.

## The Minister's Daughter Astonished the Good Woman!

The first glimpse the kind-hearted lady got of Prudence was in the barn, where the girl, 19, was on her knees praying. Prudence, 19, explained: Oh, it's on the children's account. They have always longed for a big, romantic barn to play in. That's why I couldn't resist saying my prayers—I was so happy I couldn't hold in." Does it give you a hint of the kind of story "Prudence of the Parsonage" is? Then turn to page 4 and begin this splendid novel. It begins today, ends Saturday night.

## OWNS MANY BUILDINGS BUT CALLS SELF "POOR"

Mrs. Margaret F. Williams, owner of several hotels and store buildings here, furnished entertainment for the county board of equalization Monday when she declared she was a "poor widow," unable to pay her taxes. Her petition to have her assessments reduced was rejected. "Well," she exclaimed, "you can keep the property. I cannot pay such taxes. I came here all the way from California to make my complaint and this is the reception I get. You either don't know the

conditions or you don't care. You are unfair, unjust and uncharitable." Assessment sheets showed that Mrs. Williams is assessed \$4,370 for a hotel and two stores in a building at 622 King st.; \$3,140 for two stores at 616 King st.; \$90 for a house and garage at 421 Maynard; \$5,960 for three stores at 413-15 Maynard; and \$5,020 for another hotel at 417 Maynard. Among other complainants was James Brown, owner of two lots and a house between Columbia and Cherry sts., on 10th ave., opposing an assessment of \$12,830. Brown said his place was for sale at a figure \$3,000 less than the assessment. "You're shielding other people," he charged Assessor Thatcher. "I'm shielding nobody," declared Thatcher. "Don't make that assertion again, or I'll make you prove it." Thatcher said Brown appeared annually with a similar kick, although he was one of the wealthiest men in the district. His petition was rejected.

## HAVE 'EM IN JAVA

R. W. Younge, of Samarang, Java, Dutch East Indies, who passed thru Seattle Sunday on his way home from a business trip in the East in automobile centers, said that there are 10,000 autos in Java.

## SLAV ATTACK OVERSHADOWS ALL FIGHTING

LONDON, Aug. 7.—Terrific fighting on the eastern front, where new battles are developing, overshadowed the struggles in France and Flanders today. Without a moment's halt in their new drive on Lemberg, the Russians are hurling troops forward in ceaseless attacks on the west bank of the River Sereth, south of Brody. An official statement issued at Petrograd today reported capture of strongly fortified Austro-German positions in this region representing a further advance toward the Galician capital. The German war office announced that the Russians are continuing their attacks without cessation and also attacking the Austro-German lines east of Kovel. The reinforced Austro-German armies in the Carpathians continue to press back the Russians, it was officially admitted at Petrograd. The German war office announced the capture of the Plaik and Dereskovata heights in the Carpathian fighting. In the western war theatre the most important news of the day was the German official claim that the French have abandoned their attacks on Fliantment ridge north-east of Verdun, without obtaining success. The official reports from the British and German war offices regarding minor operations last night on the Somme front today were contradictory, the British reporting the repulse of all German attacks and the Germans claiming the recapture of trench portions taken by the English.

## Hides Vaccination Mark With Wee-Kiss



If you have a vaccination mark, hide it! Hide it with a "wee-kiss." Ha! Who will give you a "wee-kiss," you would like to know. Nobody gives you a "wee-kiss." You make it. That's what Wanda Lyon did. This famous beauty of "A World of Pleasure" was so anxious to hide a vaccination mark she invented the "wee-kiss." It's a little butterfly thing of silk which she glues on her arm. It hides the scar, also attracts admiring eyes.