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A Novel "Langford of the Three Bars"
By Kate and Virgil Boyles

"The Secret of the Reef"

By **Harold Bindloss**
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A Novel A Week



NO COMMUNITY EVER PROGRESSED TILL IT WENT T' TH' GRAVEYARD AN' BURIED TRADITION 10 FOOT DEEP.

Congress is going to investigate the advance in the price of flour. We'll wager the millers are glad they're to be investigated by congress instead of the Seattle city council.

A newspaper paragraph says the crookedest railroad in the world is the one up Mt. Tamalpais at San Francisco, the longest stretch of straight track being only 400 feet long. It may be the crookedest railroad now, but it's a safe bet it isn't as crooked as the New Haven used to be.

Maybe the Doc is a Spiritualist
The clay was submitted to the fire, as well as chemical tests, and Dr. Manglesdorf declares that the roads built of it, if properly constructed, will be traveled by our ancestors in the years to come—Little Rock (Ark.) Gazette.

John L. Sullivan is again chaffing against booze and nearly all the newspaper editors in the country are making fun of him. Possibly the editors know more about booze than John does.

A man named Money saved a girl from drowning at South Norwalk, Conn. You can see the advantage of having a little ready money around.

Gasoline is becoming so cheap that a family can save enough money on Sunday to buy bread for the rest of the week.

into the wreck, and he made his way cautiously toward her. Making his way aft, beside the shaft tunnel, he presently reached a bank of sand which ran up to the splintered deck. Jimmy began to use the shovel.

It proved difficult work. Jimmy removed a few shovelfuls of sand, and then the pain in his head got worse, and, driving in the shovel deeper than before, he fell forward with the effort. Instead of coming to the ground, he made some ridiculous gyrations before he recovered his footing, and then the signal line, which he felt at to reassure himself, seemed tauter than it should be.

Grabbing up the shovel, Jimmy commenced his retreat. The line might be foul of something, and if so there was a danger of the air pipe's entanglement. When he left the hull he felt a strong inclination to kick off his leaded shoes and try to swim to the surface, instead of slowly mounting the ladder, but he conquered it and climbed up.

When at last the glasses were unscrewed and the air flowed in on his face, Jimmy was conscious of intense relief. For a minute he sat limply on the cabin top.

"I dare say we'll get accustomed to the thing," he said slowly to Bethune, "but you'll find out that one mustn't expect too much at first."

(Continued in Our Next Issue)

CHAPTER I

Dismissed.
THE big liner's smoke streamed straight astern, as she clove her way thru the smooth heave of the North Pacific. A glow of electric light streamed out from the saloon companion, and when the notes of a piano drifted aft with a girl's voice, Jimmy Parquhar, second mate, smiled at the refrain of the old love song. He felt there was some danger of his losing his head as he gazed at the smiling girl in his companion, for there was a seductive glamour in the splendor of the night.

Ruth Osborne leaned on the steamer's rail with the moonlight on her face. She was young and delicately pretty.

"It has been a delightful trip," she said. "I suppose we'll see Vancouver island late tomorrow?"

"It will be dark when we pick up the lights, but we'll be in Victoria early the next morning. I think you leave us there?"

"In a way, I'm sorry we're so nearly home," Ruth said frankly. "Were you not charmed with Japan?" he asked.

"Oh, yes! It was prettier than anything I had ever dreamed of." "Still, you must have seen many interesting places."

"No," she said with a trace of graveness. "I don't even know very much about my own country."

"All the Americans I have met seemed fond of traveling."

"The richer ones are," she answered. "But until quite lately, I think, we were poor."

"It was during the Klondike rush that my father became prosperous. When my mother died I was sent to a small New England town, where some elderly relatives took care of me. Then I went to a very strict school and stayed there much longer than other girls."

Ruth paused and smiled. "When at last I joined my father I felt as if I had suddenly awakened in a different world. I had the same feeling when I saw Japan."

"After all, you will be glad to get home."

"Yes, and you must come to see us if you are ever near Tacoma," Ruth said cordially.

Jimmy thanked her, and soon afterward left her, to keep his watch on the bridge. A breeze had sprung up, and the smoke stretched out over the starboard quarter; Jimmy noticed this while he paced to and fro, turning now and then to sweep a different arc of horizon. The last time he did so he stopped abruptly, for the smoke had moved forward. He sprang to the pilot house, and saw the quartermaster leaning slackly on the wheel. His face showed livid in the moonlight.

"What's this, Evans?" Jimmy cried.

Pulling himself together with an effort, the man glanced at the compass in alarm.

"Sorry sir," he said, thickly, spinning the wheel. "She's fallen off a bit. Something came over me; but I'm all right now."

"It may come over you once too often. This isn't the first time," Jimmy reminded him.

A shadow obscured the moonlight, and, turning abruptly, Jimmy saw the captain in the doorway. The skipper looked at the compass and studied the quartermaster's face; then he beckoned Jimmy outside.

"Evans had his helm hard over; was she much off her course?" the captain asked with an ominous calm.

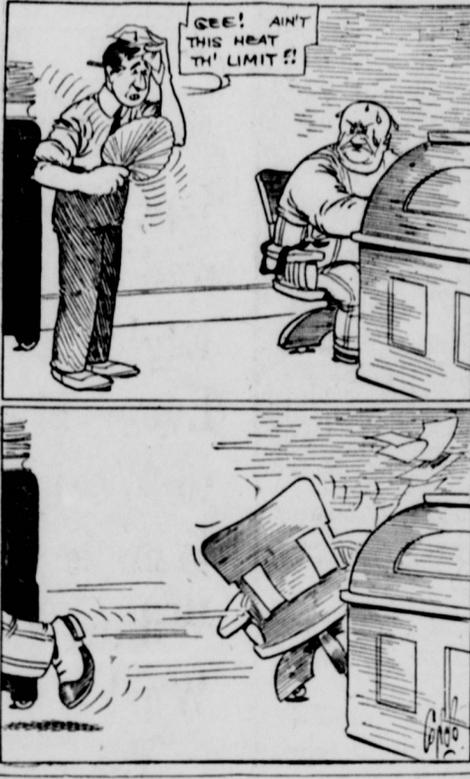
"About thirty degrees, sir."

"I gathered that Evans had been seized in this way during your watch before."

"Yes, sir."

"In not reporting it, you took up on yourself a responsibility I can't allow my officers. Have you anything to say?"

Outbursts of Everett True



Jimmy knew he could make no answer that would excuse him. When, as is now usual, a fast vessel's course is laid off in degrees, accurate steering is important, and he had been actuated by somewhat injudicious pity. Evans was a steady man, with a family in England to provide for, and he had once, by prompt action, prevented the second mate's being injured by a heavy cargo-sling.

"Perhaps the best way of meeting the situation," the captain said curtly, "would be for you to voluntarily leave the ship at Vancouver. You can let me know what you decide when you come off watch."

Jimmy moodily returned to his duty. He thought his fault was small, but there was no appeal. He kept his watch, and afterward went to sleep with a heavy heart.

The next evening he was idling disconsolately on the saloon deck when he saw Miss Osborne coming toward him.

"I have been looking for you," she said. "As I suppose everybody will be busy tomorrow morning, I may not see you then. But your seam downcast!"

Jimmy shrank from telling her that he had been dismissed; and, after all, that was a comparatively small part of his trouble.

"Well," he said, "for one thing, the end of the voyage is often a melancholy time. After spending some weeks with pleasant people, it's not nice to know they must all scatter and that you have to part from friends you have made and like."

A faint tinge of color crept into Ruth's face; but she smiled.

"It doesn't follow that they're forgotten," she replied; "and may see you at Tacoma; it isn't very far from Vancouver."

Jimmy was not a presumptuous man, but he saw that she had given him a lead and he bitterly regretted that he could not follow it.

The hopeful temperament, stern experience had taught him sense, and he recognized that circumstances did not permit of his dallying with romance. There was nothing to be gained and something to be lost by cultivating the girl's acquaintance.

"I may have to sail on a different run before long," he said. She gave him a glance of swift but careful scrutiny.

"Well," she responded, "whether you come or not, my father and I are in your debt. You have done much to make this a very pleasant voyage." She gave him her hand, which he held a moment. "And, now, since you wish it, goodbye!"

The sun had dipped behind a ridge when Jimmy, dressed in brown overalls and a seaman's jersey, sat cooking supper on a stony beach of Vancouver Island.

Near him, a man with a weather-beaten face was engaged in fitting a plank into the bilge of a hauled-up sloop. Moran had been a Nova Scotian lobster catcher before he came to British Columbia to engage in the new halibut fishery, which had proved disappointing.

Bethune, who lay upon the shingle in garments much the worse for wear, was a "remitance-man." It was some time since he had engaged in any exacting occupation, and now, after using the saw all day, he was resting from his unaccustomed exertions and bantering Moran.

Jimmy had met them both in a second-rate Vancouver boarding-house, to which he had resorted after failing to find a ship, and working on the wharf.

The meal Jimmy had been preparing might have been better, but Moran admitted that he had often eaten worse, and after it was eaten they lay on the shingle and lighted their pipes. Bethune, as usual, was the first to speak.

"The lumber, and the canvas Jimmy gets to work upon tomorrow, have emptied the treasury," he remarked. "If we incur any further liabilities, there's a strong probability of their not being met, but that gives the job interest."

"When you have finished moralizing we'll get to business," Jimmy rejoined. "Though I'm a partner in the scheme, I know very little about the wreck you're taking us up to look for."

"I'll let Moran tell the tale. He found the vessel."

"The reef," said Moran, "lies open to the southwest, a mile off, and near a low island, a bank runs out into the stream, and the after half of the wreck lies on the edge of it, worked well down into the sand. At low ebb you can see the end of one or two timbers sticking up out of the broken water."

"Is it always broken water?" Jimmy interrupted.

"Doesn't seem a nice place for a diving job. How did you get down to her?"

"Stripped and swam down. One day when it fell a calm for a few hours and Jake was busy patching the sail, I pulled the dory across. I went down twice. The sand was well up her bilge, but she was holding together. I could have walked right aft under decks if I'd had a diving dress; but I'd been in the water long enough."

Moran apparently thought little of his exploit; but Jimmy could appreciate the hardihood he had shown. The wreck lay far up on the northern coast, where the sea was chilled by currents from the Pole, and Moran had gone down to her when the ice was working in.

"But if she was lost on the reef, how did she reach the bank a mile away?"

"I can't tell you that, but I guess she shook her engines out after she broke her back, and then slipped off into deeper water."

"It came out that she had only a little rock ballast in her," Bethune explained. "But the import was aft, and Hank says that part is sound."

Jimmy nodded.

"Suppose you tell me all you know about the matter," he said. Leaning back against a boulder, Bethune refilled and lighted his pipe.

"Very well," he said. "When Hank mentioned his discovery, I thought I saw an opportunity of the kind I'd been waiting for; and I took some trouble to find out what I could about the vessel. She was an syndicate, which seems to have done pretty well, shipped a quantity of gold down from the North in her. Besides this, she brought out a number of miners, who had been more or less successful. Something went wrong with the engines when she had been a day or two at sea, but they got sail on her, and she drove south before a fresh gale until she struck the reef on a lazy night."

"It broke her back, and the after hold was flooded a few minutes after she struck. The strongroom was under water, there was no time to cut down to it, but they got the boats away, and after the crew and passengers were picked up, a San Francisco salvage company thought it worth while to attempt the recovery of the gold."

"It was late in the season when their tug reached the spot, and the ice drove her off the reef. After a week they threw up the contract. The underwriters paid all losses, and that was the end of the matter. It is only the drifting of the stern half into shoal water that gives us our chance. Now I think you know as much as I do."

Jimmy sat thoughtfully silent for a few minutes, realizing that it was a reckless venture he had undertaken. The wreck lay in unfrequented waters, which were swept by angry currents that brought in the ice.

The appliances the party had been able to procure were of the cheapest description, and there was a risk in making the long voyage in so small a vessel as the sloop. Still, Jimmy's fortunes needed a desperate remedy.

"Well," he said, "I suppose we have some chance; but I don't quite see what made you so keen on taking up the thing."

"It's explanatory," Bethune drawled. "Victoria's a handsome city. For all that, when you can find no occupation, and have spent some years lounging about the water front the place loses its charm."

"You could leave it. As a matter of fact, I met you at Vancouver."

"Oh, yes. I could leave it for a maximum period of 30 days, because I was required to present myself at a lawyer's office on the first of every month. Then I was paid enough to keep me, with rigid economy, for the next four weeks; but on the first occasion I failed to come up to time the allowance was to stop for good. It's a system that has some advantages for the people who provide the funds in the old country, since it assures the payee's stopping where he is—but it has its drawbacks for the latter. How can a man get a job and hold it anywhere outside the town if he must return at a fixed hour every month? When I was in Vancouver it cost me a large share of the allowance to collect it."

"And now, by going north, you throw it up?"

"Exactly," said Bethune. "It should have been done before, but as I had never been taught to appreciate the hardship, the course I am at last taking needed some moral courage. It's sink or swim now."

"It was a relief when the diver crawled on board and they unscrewed the helmet."

"It's not too bad after the first minute or two," Moran said, and this was the only allusion he made to his sensations. "Now, so far as I can make out, there's no getting into her from the deck. Guess we'll have to break thru the after bulkhead; but it's sanded up and there's a pile of stuff to move. You're sure about the strong-room, Bethune?"

"I was told it was under the poop cabin. I couldn't get a plan of her."

"We'll try the bulkhead," Moran turned to Jimmy. "If you're going next, take the shovel and see if you can shift some of the sand."

Jimmy was not a timid man, but he felt far from happy as his comrades encased him in the dress and helmet. He found them an intolerable weight as he moved toward the ladder and went down it, clinging tightly to the rungs, and then as a green mist crept across the glasses, he was conscious of an unnerveing fear. Struggling with it, he descended, and was next troubled by a pain in his head and an unpleasant feeling of pressure.

As he reluctantly let go the ladder, he was surprised by another change. Instead of carrying a crushing weight, he felt absurdly light, and, in spite of his weighted boots, it was difficult to keep his balance. It seemed to him that he must hopelessly float away; but he resolutely pulled himself together. It was his business to break

the dory and row off at once to look for the wreck, but Moran objected.

"It's a long pull, and we don't want to lose time," he said. "Eh, pose we find her? We couldn't work the pump from the boat, and we'd have to come back for the sloop. You don't often strike it calm here, and we have to get ahead while we can."

The others agreed; and after a hurried breakfast they hoisted the anchor and made a start. Moran sculling the Cetacea, Jimmy and Bethune towing her in the dory.

At last Moran dropped anchor; and, hoarding the sloop, the men spent an hour of keen suspense watching the sea.

"Waited, Jimmy quietly glancing at his watch now and then; and at last Moran stretched out a pointed hand.

"What's that, to starboard?" he asked.

"Weed!" cried Bethune. "It must grow on something!"

"I guess so," said Moran. "It's fast to a ship's timber."

Five minutes later the head of the timber was visible, and in keen but silent excitement they took out a line to it and hoisted the sloop close up. The diving pumps were already rigged, and when they had lowered and lashed a ladder, Moran coolly put on the heavy canvas dress.

When the copper helmet sank below the surface and a train of bubbles rushed up, Jimmy felt his hand grow damp with perspiration. He held the signal line and knew the code, as well as the number of strokes to the minute that should give air enough; but he had not much confidence in the pumps. The their hire was costly, they were far from new.

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Speak on Your Record, Humphrey

IN HIS speech in Seattle Tuesday night, it is to be hoped that Congressman Humphrey will come down to specific cases of particular interest to the people of the Northwest instead of indulging in generalities.

In Spokane, Humphrey said "President Wilson has become odious."

Whether the president is deserving of such a derogatory reference or not, the people of this state will have a fine opportunity to decide at the November election.

On September 12, however, the candidacy of Rep. Humphrey is to be decided, and the people of the state are entitled to know specifically something about his record.

Congressman Humphrey should, in fairness to his audience and the state, tell why he wrote letters to the treasury department urging the purchase of the "duck-pond" postoffice site from Frank W. Baker, his campaign manager; why he wrote the price of \$169,500 is "reasonable," when, in truth and in fact, it is unsuited for a postoffice site and can't bring half the price paid for it by Uncle Sam.

Congressman Humphrey should also tell his audience why he voted for the amendment (which would have killed the Bremerton navy yard appropriation) to compel the secretary of the navy to let private companies build battleships before equipping any navy yard.

It would also be interesting to hear Humphrey explain why the treasury of the United States is being taxed to pay postage on his private campaign documents.

It is hardly worth while asking Humphrey to explain his vote for \$1,200 "traveling expenses" for a trip he did not make or intend to make. He has steadily refused to explain that vote in the past.

But these other matters are new—have come up in the past two years.

Humphrey should explain his votes on general legislation, his opposition to labor measures, his failure to vote for direct election of senators. It's Humphrey's record Seattle is interested in just now.

Woodrow Wilson's is another matter entirely.

The Tax Burden

NEARLY one dollar out of twenty of the average American's income will be taken by the federal government next year to pay for the big army and navy program and the ordinary expenses of running the government.

The total income of the people of the United States is now between forty and fifty billion dollars a year, and the appropriation bills of the present congress will amount to nearly two billion dollars. All of these appropriations must be paid either by direct or indirect taxation.

The state, county and municipal taxes for the coming year will amount to \$2,200,000,000 more, making an aggregate tax burden of about FOUR BILLION DOLLARS.

Nearly ONE DOLLAR OUT OF EVERY TEN that the average American receives during the coming year must go to pay taxes either to federal or local governments.

It is about time for the American citizen to wake up and find out not only how this money is being spent, but how it is being collected. The returns from every local and national tax ought to be carefully analyzed; but this cannot be done until the returns from the most important tax of all, the federal income tax, are made public.

Back to the Cave

A SCORE of years ago the house servant topic was one of the main standbys of the professional joker.

The servant problem caused more gray hairs and broke more housewives' hearts than any one other source of worry. The problem largely solved itself, because needs must when the devil drives. Today 3,097,000 residents of New York city live in apartment houses or flats. Thousands do the same in Seattle.

The flat habit is spreading fast everywhere and we are reverting to type; becoming a nation of cliff dwellers, on a modern scale.

The trained domestic servant is fast disappearing. The "firing the cook" joke is sadly out of date.

Russia and Japan have signed a treaty "to preserve the peace in the Far East." Maybe China is the piece that's going to be preserved.

Insist On This

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Carrying the Message to the Nation



BEFORE Columbus discovered America the American Indians signalled their Nations by means of the primitive Smoke and Fire Blanket, effective but limited in scope.

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