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A Novel "THE SMUGGLER" A Week BY ELLA MIDDLETON TYBOUT

(Continued From Our Last Issue)

Octavia's anger, alive and hot, was the passing anger of a maiden unaccustomed to contradiction, or to defeat in any form. It was the short-lived, half-enjoyable anger easily dispelled by a word of apology or by a sense of triumph. But when, after descending the steps from the Old Hall, she entered the ancient garden—the Garden of the Sleeping Beauty—there came a sound to her ears that transformed this superficial anger into something deeper and lasting. Thru the window, at whose open casement she had been sitting a moment ago, came the voice of the draughtsman. He was humming, just loud enough to hear, the march in Aida, an impertinent, uncalculated manifestation of indifference, as if the episode was finished—the incident closed; their brief acquaintance already forgotten.

For an instant Octavia closed her eyes and literally choked with shame. At the door of the castle she was met by Auntie George, in a state of nervous excitement. This also was unobserved by the niece. "O, Octavia! The King stops for lunch on his way to town." "I don't care a button for the King!"

And Auntie George did not fully recover herself before Octavia's eyes flew up the grand staircase, rushed into her own chamber and slammed the door with a resounding bang. She fully realized how great would be her fall in Auntie George's esteem should that rigorous lady ever learn of this affair. So severe was her self-criticism, so profound her repentance and so frequent her moments of gloomy meditation, that at lunch Auntie George inquired, with some anxiety, if she had a headache. No, she had no headache; she felt perfectly well, a little dull, perhaps, and needing exercise. She would walk to the village in the afternoon.

CHAPTER V.
All for Sally Pindar.
The walk along the river's bank from Drumforth Castle to the village was a pleasant little journey. Octavia, that afternoon, invented, among other things, an errand at the library. While Octavia and the librarian were discussing certain books, they heard an unwelcome commotion in the usually peaceful street. Directly opposite the library stood an old, four-story structure. From its lower windows, at the present moment, came clouds of smoke. Octavia hastened from the room and stood upon the library steps, the librarian at her side.

The absence of the chief of the unprofessional fire brigade—he being out of town for the day—left his unscrupulous associates with no directing head. The result was a scene of uncertainty and confusion. Octavia, in silent distress, stood watching this scene of vain activity. While thus absorbed, she noticed, casually, a tall figure in gray clothes approach a group of smoking firemen, hold their attention by his words, point upward to the flames now eating thru the roof, then to the upper story of the inn, alongside. She also noticed, a moment later, that the men were following his suggestions.

Octavia saw Ethan Lovejoy, with a few strides of his long legs, reach one of the ladders resting against the inn. With swift directions to other men, and with his own hands, he spliced the ladders together—making one long one out of two. He quickly placed in position this long ladder came to Sally Pindar's window.

Then she saw Ethan Lovejoy throw off his coat and waistcoat, and grip the ladder with both hands. Then he started up. When Ethan in his ascent reached that point where the two ladders were spliced together they sagged and yielded in an ominous way. But on and up he climbed. At times he was almost hidden from view by the suffocating smoke. But he reached the top. There, with his feet upon the second rung, he straightened up, slowly, not to lose his balance, and took a firm grip on the old stone cornice. Bending far over, with his weight upon the rung, he put an arm about the fainting woman and slowly lifted her from the window. And it was clearly a feat that required not only the coolest head, but extraordinary physical strength. Then it was that Octavia held her breath.

Calmly, with his burden, he began the descent. Again the quaking ladders bent and swayed. Octavia wondered if he knew his peril. As his foot came cautiously, but with his whole weight, upon one of the rungs of the upper ladder the ladder gave way beneath him. Down and in it bent, toward the building, first slowly, then with a sudden movement, Ethan Lovejoy, with his burden, went crashing against the window, to what seemed an awful death. With a cry of horror from the gazing crowd came a sound of shivering glass. And out thru the casement poured sheets of pent-up flame. Octavia, with a cry of terror, clutched the arm of the librarian beside her. With the other hand she covered her eyes. Cries of astonishment caused her to raise her head. As a cloud of smoke cleared away, for an instant, she saw Ethan Lovejoy hanging with one arm over the sill of the window, his toes just reaching the projecting cap of the window below. And he was not alone. His other arm still held, securely, the fainting woman. From the

"PANDORA'S BOX" A Week BY JOHN A. MITCHELL

(Continued From Our Last Issue)

"By holding it too long against a hot window!" "Why did you do it?" "My other hand was busy." "Holding Sally Pindar?" "I saw it all." "I am thankful I did not see you. I was so ashamed of that scene in the morning I might have fled and let Miss Pindar and the whole town burn."

"Please be serious." "I am. I am not a man serious when his remorse is no bitter than the promenade all night in front of a castle!" "As they looked into each other's eyes she smiled. 'To tell you the truth,' she said, 'the chief offender, I was quite angry yesterday and unforgiving until I saw you at that burning building. It was splendid; the bravest deed I ever saw.'"

"She smiled and gently shook her head, then moved away, he following along the narrow path. While Ethan was absorbed in a profound study of the back of her head and neck, she suddenly stopped with a half-suppressed exclamation. An arm was caught and held by the thorns of a projecting rose bush. And on the arm held involuntarily toward him, he saw, along the white, smooth flesh, between the old glove and the sleeve, a scratch. It was a little scarp, neither long nor wide, nor deep enough to bleed.

"Can you loosen the sleeve?" she asked. "But he, before loosening the sleeve, placed his handgloved hand beneath her wrist for support, then picked with the good hand a petal from one of the white roses of the offending bush. This petal he laid tenderly upon the small red line, pressing gently with his fingers as if upon a mortal wound. With one of her characteristic movements when either displeased or embarrassed, she raised her chin and regarded him with lowered eyelids. Quickly he loosened the restraining thorns, and she started on. At the end of the path near the wall of the castle, she halted and studied a rose vine that was

clambering high above their heads, around the great window of the Baronial Hall—the window in which she had been wasting time. "There is a rose that might truly sympathize with your feelings," she was planted by Anne Boleyn—by her own hands, in 1530. All the roses, unfortunately, are out of reach. They are quite unusual, and their perfume is exquisite. "Nothing you desire should be out of reach, against the wall, stood an old seat with a high arm at each end, all cut in stone. Stepping first upon the seat, then upon one of the ends, he climbed higher yet, seeking a foothold upon projecting moldings. At last, he reached slowly up until his hand grasped one of the lower branches and secured a rose. It was a hard, arduous deed, and Octavia watched in anxious silence. Returning to earth, he placed the flower in her hand.

"He moved slowly past him and seated herself upon the old stone bench. He asked: "May I also sit—without crowding?" "Yes; being a hero." He leaned back and closed his eyes. "The writer of that letter," he said when I was a little boy, that all the flowers and good animals had souls and there was a place for them in heaven; but that bad people had no souls and were far inferior to well-behaved animals." "Yes, indeed! And I still believe it." "I wish you could meet my mother; but she is in America." He drew forth a letter. "By the way, speaking of Mumsey, I heard from him this morning and there's a mystery. Perhaps you can solve the riddle."

In the gentlest of tones, without looking up, Octavia asked: "Can the potato interpret the peach?" "So you did not tell the truth when you said you had forgotten that remark," he said, and he folded the letter and replaced it in his pocket. She extended a protesting hand. "I am ashamed of myself for recalling it; please read the letter." He drew forth the letter, and read: "That statue of Pandora you mention is still in the old hall. And she still holds the casket, I suppose, as if there might be something in it for you. Tell me if the old stone bench with the inscription is still in the little garden alongside."

"The writer of that letter," said Octavia, "is certainly familiar with our Pandora. There is no doubt of that. But your mother had no knowledge of this bench. Her bench had an inscription." "He stood up. "We are not sure of that." "HOW MAGNESIA HELPS DYSPEPTICS" Patient Foods, Dieting and Medicines No Longer Necessary. Many dyspeptics have now discontinued the use of expensive patent foods, are eating what they please in reason yet no longer take harmful drugs, medicines and artificial digestives to relieve their stomach trouble. Instead they just take a teaspoonful of pure bisulphated magnesia in a little water after each meal. The result is that they not only save money but enjoy much better health and digest food no longer gives them trouble. Those who have once tried bisulphated magnesia never dread the approach of meal time because they know that this wonderful antacid and food corrector which absolutely does not injure the stomach and which can be obtained at little cost at almost any drug store will instantly neutralize all their excessive stomach acidity and prevent all possibility of their food souring or fermenting in the stomach. Try this plan yourself but be sure to get bisulphated magnesia as magnesia in other forms often has a strong laxative effect which is not desirable. Benetol prevents contagious diseases. Full directions in every carton. For sale at all druggists.

By John A. Mitchell A Novel A Week

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Outbursts of Everett True

"—AND THE FELLOW SAID 'WHAT'S THE USE OF A PEPPER-SHAKE IF YOU HAVE NO 'PEP'?' HA—HA— I THOUGHT THAT WAS A PRETTY GOOD STORY, TOO." "WELL, YES, BUT I'VE HEARD IT A COUPLE OF TIMES BEFORE."

"SO YOU STOOD THERE AND LET ME TELL THE WHOLE THING ANYHOW!!"

"OH, HOWARD, DEAR, WHAT EVER HAS HAPPENED?" "A FELLOW ON THE STREET BECAME SUDDENLY INSANE AND STRUCK ME."

"See here, boss, I ordered tripe and beans with coffee, and the waitress has brought me a lettuce sandwich and a cup of weak tea."

"You must excuse her, sir. All due to absent-mindedness. She's a former society girl and she can't seem to grasp the idea that a quick lunch is not a function."

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A DAGGER IN THE BACK

That's the woman's dread when she gets up in the morning to start the day's work. "Oh, how my back aches from the backache I took yesterday. I can't get any more work done today. What's the matter? Begin taking GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules today and be relieved tomorrow. Take three or four every day and be permanently free from wrenching distressing back pain. But be sure to get GOLD MEDAL. Since 1898 GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil has been the National Remedy of Holland, the Government of the Netherlands having granted a special charter authorizing its preparation and sale. The housewife of Holland would almost as soon be without her 'Real Dutch Drops' as she would call GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil. This is the one reason why you will find the women and children of Holland so sturdy and robust. GOLD MEDAL are the pure, original Haarlem Oil Capsules imported direct from the laboratory of Haarlem, Holland. But be sure to get GOLD MEDAL. Look for the name on every box. Sold by reliable druggists at 25c per package. No refund if they do not help you. Accept only the GOLD MEDAL. All others are imitations. For sale and guaranteed by the Owl Drug Co.

After and Before

THERE is some point to Mr. Hughes' condemnation of "legislation in advance of investigation," altho it is not the point which he intends to present in his "knocking" of the administration.

All the legislation in this country is in advance of investigation. We elect congresses and legislatures to make laws. These bodies get together, fight like cats over proposed laws for months, often bringing serious disturbances or positive calamity upon popular interests, and finally what they've enacted goes to the supreme court for investigation. This latter body, after investigation, often says that all the labor and fuss expended on the enactments have been sheer waste and folly, since the enactments are unconstitutional.

The cure for this condition is either abolishment of the supreme court, or investigation of proposed legislation by that court before the legislating body takes definite action. It does look silly to spend months getting a law which a final investigating body can knock out with a word. What's your cure, Mr. Hughes?

Now It's Panama Trouble

AS EXPECTED, in view of the sundry charges of fraud and corruption following the late elections in Panama, the National Assembly of the republic convened amid scenes of confusion and disorder unequalled in even that turbulent little country. After a near riot Monday, the first day of the assembly, congress adjourned and had not yet reconvened upon Wednesday. Colonel Goethals is reported sitting on the lid to keep the whole political top of Panama from blowing off.

Sooner or later, Uncle Sam is going to be confronted with the unpleasant necessity of intervening in Panama and, perhaps, appointing a military governor to administer its affairs. Of course he would have no warrant in law for doing so, and the act would surely be heralded abroad as one of oppression and tyranny. But the interests of this country in the Panama republic are too great to be jeopardized by mere sentiment.

The welfare, almost the life, of this nation depends upon the safeguarding of the canal. The canal can never be entirely safeguarded as long as political disorder exists in and revolution menaces Panama. The country is in the hands of crooked politicians, for sale to the highest bidder.

Sounds Like a Man

WE FEEL like handing it to Mr. Leslie Moon, young Coronado millionaire, for being a good sport and a good loser. Moon was caught by a Santa Ana motor cop speeding and awarded 10 days in jail by an obdurate judge. Of course, Moon might have used his wealth to defeat justice with the chances good for eventually winning out. Justice tires quickly in a bout with dollars.

But he didn't. He "served his little bit" like a man. Now he is out of jail. "It wasn't so bad, after all," he says. "Besides, it was coming to me and I never will speed again, barring an emergency."

A new brand of millionaire philosophy and one which will probably gag the Coronado colony mightily. Yet 'tis a MAN'S philosophy. We are pleased to have met you, Mr. Moon.

Turning Out Flyers

THE government aviation school at San Diego graduated seven army aviators last month and has turned out six more, thus far, in September.

If Uncle Sam will only supply the machines, he will have an army aviation corps pretty soon which will not be a standing joke abroad.

PALACE HIP

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NEW SHOW TOMORROW

Will You Believe It?

6

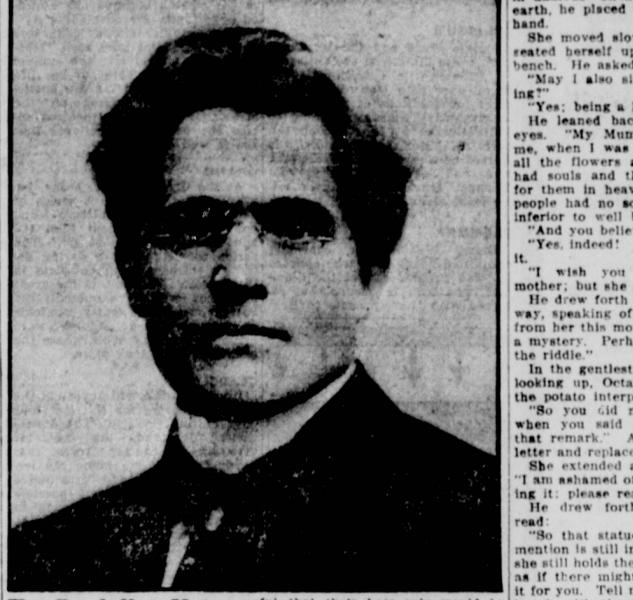
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To Socialist Voters

Why Socialist Voters Should Vote the Democratic Ticket.

By EDWIN J. BROWN
It is hardly to be expected that real core members of the Socialist Party will vote for any person other than their party nominees because every party member has signed a pledge to vote only for the party nominees, and a person who wishes to vote for and support others than Socialist nominees must first withdraw his name and sever his relation with the party, and by so doing avoid breaking a pledge and a faith with those party members who are powerless to do anything for the Socialist Party in the near future. The Socialist voters of this state elected their Precinct Committees. The State Executive Committee and State Secretary had nothing to do with the election of the Precinct Committees and State Secretary. The Socialist Party organization of this state.

THE REASON IS PLAIN

In the primary election of 1912, the Socialist voters of this state elected their Precinct Committees. The State Executive Committee and State Secretary had nothing to do with the election of the Precinct Committees and State Secretary. The Socialist Party organization of this state.