

# THE SEATTLE STAR

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## A High Winter Prospect

ACCORDING to statisticians more or less official, Uncle Sam eats 630 millions of bushels of wheat annually, his present crop is 611 millions, and 400 millions of this is already contracted for for export. Bread must rise in price.

All canned fruits and vegetables will advance 15 to 20 per cent. Many articles of food have already gone up in Seattle, including milk. Meat is high. Woolen and cotton goods have advanced 25 to 35 per cent.

Prices on high grade women's shoes have almost doubled, and you can bet that men's shoes will follow women's.

Everything else is up, or looking up, and it is evidently to be a winter of high cost of living such as has rarely, if ever, been seen. The primary cause is, undoubtedly, the high price which our products bring in foreign countries.

There are two ways in which to meet this situation. One way is to raise wages correspondingly. The other is to stop the exportation of necessities, as war-distressed foreign nations do. If any reader knows of another way, will he or she kindly inform this office?

Hugh M. Dorsey, prosecutor of Leo M. Frank, was nominated for governor of Georgia by a sweeping majority in the democratic primaries. If this is to be accepted, as is asserted in Georgia, as an endorsement of the Frank lynching, Georgia is still in need of a moral disinfectant.

## The Bremen

BERLIN is jubilating over an erroneous report that the Bremen has reached New London, which may be taken as negative proof of the great uneasiness the Germans feel about the fate of the merchant submarine, notwithstanding their expressions of confidence. It is also evident that the Bremen is on the way and over-due.

There have been all kinds of rumors about the submarine. She has been reported captured several times. A half-dozen different dates of her departure from Germany have been given out, ranging in time from two months to two weeks ago, but the dispatch from Berlin stating that the newspapers there are enthusiastically acclaiming her safe arrival is the first semi-official admission that she had actually sailed.

If the Bremen doesn't turn up very soon, she probably will not turn up at all, and her fate will remain a mystery until after the war. If the British have captured her, following their policy of secrecy about submarine operations, they may not give out the information until then.

Shonts, who refuses to arbitrate the New York street railway trouble, ought to caucus with those steam railway magnates who have suddenly discovered that arbitration is the most blessed boon ever tendered railway managements.

## She'll Have the Style O. K.

"ALL the styles for the winter are built to suit slim women, but fat women will find some means of accommodating themselves to the styles," said a Paris fashion authority.

We'll hope that the fat women will find the means and we're betting that they will, but just consider the incongruity and lack of judgment of fashion. This coming winter the styles should be built to suit fat, not slim, women. All spring, summer and fall the styles have been to suit the slim ones, and the fat ones have groaned and sweated under furs and fur trimmings and other duds that slim women carry easily. Now, in winter, in the very season when fat sets best on fat women, the dictum is that she shall be slim.

It isn't fair but, as before remarked, we're wagering that the fat woman finds means to corral an appearance of slowness. The horrible thought intrudes that she may do it by wearing less clothes than under present styles but there's no believing that the fat woman won't get there, somehow. She'll surely show stylish slowness by taking off something—meat, clothes or something equally as good. She's a preferred delight in winter time and she has simply got to be delighted with herself.

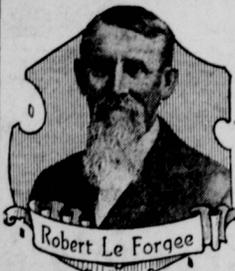
## A Great Adv.

REAR ADMIRAL M'LEAN, commandant of the Norfolk navy yard, has ordered an investigation of the complaint that German interned sailors from the cruisers Prinz Eitel Frederick and Kronz Prinzi Wilhelm, raised the watermelon patch of a Virginia farmer. That farmer is a chump. Instead of filing a complaint, he should send the Germans a whole cartload of melons. If he was alive to his opportunities he might work up a jim-dandy advertising stunt out of the incident. "Watermelon grower to the Kaiser's Navy." Think of it! He couldn't begin to supply the hyphenated demand.

Greece is about stripped to make the plunge, but the water still looks frightfully cold.

## Says Simple Remedy Prolonged His Life

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin Effective as a Remedy for Constipation



Robert Le Forgee

Among older people, the various organs of the body have a tendency to slow up and weaken, and this is usually first manifest in a pronounced inactivity of the bowels. Good health is dependent on regularity in this important function; whenever there is the slightest indication of constipation a mild laxative should be taken to relieve the congestion and dispose of the accumulated waste. Cathartics or purgatives should not be employed, however; these are too violent in action and their effect is only temporary.

A mild laxative such as the combination of simple laxative herbs with pepsin, known as Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, is the ideal remedy. It is gentle in its action, bringing relief in an easy, natural manner, without griping or other pain or discomfort. It is pleasant to take, and can be obtained in 75¢ drug store.

Mr. Robert Le Forgee, 918 Kirkwood Boulevard, Davenport, Iowa, says he has always had a bottle of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin in the house for the past eighteen years, and that by using it occasionally as the need arises, and in this way

keeping his health good, it has prolonged his life, and brought ease and comfort.

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is sold by druggists everywhere, and costs only fifty cents a bottle. To avoid imitations and ineffective substitutes, be sure to get Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. See that a facsimile of Dr. Caldwell's signature and his portrait appear on the yellow carton in which the bottle is packed. A trial bottle free of charge, can be obtained by writing to Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 455 Washington St., Monticello, Illinois.

## A Novel A Week

Next Week  
**"MR. PRATT"**  
 By  
 JOSEPH LINCOLN

## "No. 13 Washington Square"

By  
**Leroy Scott**  
 Copyright, 1914  
 By Leroy Scott.

## A Novel A Week



In Concord, N. H., they tell of an old chap who made his wife keep a cash account. Each week he would go over it growling and grumbling. On one such occasion he delivered himself of the following:  
 "Look here, Sarah, Mustard plasters, 50 cents; three teeth extracted, \$2.00. There's \$2.50 in one week spent for your own private pleasures. Do you think I am made of money?"

THE LOAFING BOY  
 By Charles B. Driscoll



A lady-hog said to her pig:  
 "The hog says, 'for you to dig I'll not support you this-way in idleness another day.'  
 You've learned to scowl and kick and grunt;  
 If you would have more grub, go hunt!  
 That pig ought to get more rain and fog; He grew to be a noble hog."

A human son I know about Has pig-like taste and hog-like snout, But when his mother says, "My boy, Altho' you are my pride and joy, I have a hunch you ought to go And work a little bit of dough!" He says, "Now, ma, lay off that stuff! It seems to me life's hard enough!"

If only that poor, patient man Would land a punch on son-in-law's jaw, Or smash his nose, for you to dig When he strolls down to breakfast table, He might get mad and earn a dime, And maybe be a man some time! From every pig-sty we may learn This lesson, "He who eats must earn."

SOME WRITERS HAVE A WEALTH OF THOUGHT, AND ALL HAVE A THOUGHT OF WEALTH.

Dora—And so you quarreled?  
 Lallie—Yes, and I returned all his presents, and what you think he did?  
 Dora—Something horrid, I'm sure.  
 Lallie—He sent me half a dozen boxes of face powder, with a note, explaining that he thought he had taken as much as that home on his coat since he first met me.

When boiling soup, be sure to butter the insides of the kettle. It is better to butter the insides before putting the soup in. You'll find the soup comes out easier.

Small rooms can be made larger by having the carpets lay flat on the floor.

The book of etiquette hasn't anything in it about calling cats or dogs by their first names without an introduction.

"I can't find any old clothes to put on the scarecrow," said Farmer Corliss.  
 "You might use some of the fancy duds our boy Josh brought home," suggested his wife.  
 "I'm trying to scare the crows; I'm not tryin' to make 'em laugh!"

TENDER HEARTS AND CABBAGES  
 Mrs. Allison has our sympathy in the loss of her cabbage patch, caused by water.—The Blytheville (Ark.) Courier.

Don't wait for time to heal your skin—  
 "Oh it will get well anyhow!" you say? Perhaps it will, and perhaps it won't. Maybe it will get worse instead. And think of the discomfort and embarrassment it causes you even now.

It's better to get rid of the trouble by using Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap? Doctors have prescribed the Resinol treatment for over 20 years, so you need not hesitate to use it. Resinol usually stops itching instantly.

All druggists sell Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap. For a free sample of each, write to Dept. 43-R, Resinol, Baltimore, Md. You'd better try—

**Resinol**  
 for that skin trouble

THE GOOD JUDGE SEES A MAN GO TO THE NEXT STORE  
 IF YOU HAVEN'T WAB CUT YOU CAN'T HAVE MY DIME  
 I'M SORRY I'M OUT OF IT, BUT THE KIND YOU USED TO USE.  
 ATTN TO YOU, MR. DEALER! DON'T RUN OUT OF THE KIND YOUR CUSTOMERS WANT AND YOU WON'T RUN OUT OF CUSTOMERS.

HERE and there you run across a store keeper who's on his side of the counter. He don't keep W-B CUT Chewing nor any of the new and better things. Somehow he can't increase his trade. Nearby is a man who believes in the people. He keeps all the good things—he's a success. He finds men changing over to W-B CUT right along. Common sense told him they would change to the rich little chew that lasts and satisfies.

Made by WEYMAN-BRUTON COMPANY, 50 Union Square, New York City

(Continued From Our Last Issue)

The newspaper sensation and the praise that had attended the discovery and gift-warming and exalting Judge Harvey's very human pride—had been followed by an anti-climax of gibes and jeers at his gullibility.

They glared into one another's eyes; old friends now thoroughly aroused against each other. Mrs. De Peyster it was who first spoke. Her voice had recovered its most formal, frigid tone.

"Please recall, Judge Harvey, that you are here at the present moment not as a friend, but as my man of affairs."

"You will recall that the money with which I was to buy your letters of credit was money which I was to draw for you, today, as dividends on the stock you hold in the New York & New England railroad."

"Certainly—the I do not see the drift of your remarks."

"And I hardly need remind you that the bulk of your fortune is invested in this railroad."

"A perfectly good stock, I believe," Mrs. De Peyster commented.

"Perfectly good—perfectly sound," Judge Harvey agreed. "But you are doubtless aware that all the railroads have been complaining about bad business, owing to increased wages on the one side and governmental regulation of rates on the other."

"In fact," the Judge continued, "I have just come from the meeting of the directors. They have voted to pay no dividends."

Mrs. De Peyster sank back in her chair. For a moment she was so overwhelmed that she did not even hear Judge Harvey, whose anger had ere this begun to relax, try to reassure her with remarks about the company being perfectly solvent.

"I trust you have enough in your bank for your present plans. And if not, your bank will readily advance you what you need."

"Of course," said she with ice-chill composure.

"Or if there is any difficulty," he continued, desirous of making peace, "I shall be glad to arrange a loan for you."

She was too blinded by disaster to think, to realize, or to needs. And at that moment, that person of all persons in the world whom she would have been most humbling to her to accept even a finger's turn of assistance was Judge Harvey.

"Thank you. I shall manage very well."

He made her the briefest of bows and walked out.

At the sound of the closing door, Mrs. De Peyster unloosed the mantle of dignity, and slumped down into her chair, a loose, inert bundle.

A little before, during a silence between Judge Harvey and Mrs. De Peyster, the study door had slowly opened and there had appeared the reconnoitering face of the entrapped Mr. Bradford.

With high curiosity he had studied Judge Harvey a moment, and then the duchess-like Mrs. De Peyster. Then he quickly and soundlessly the heavy door had closed.

Now again the heavy, sound-proof door of the study began to open—noiselessly, inch by inch. Again the face of Mr. Bradford appeared in the crack. This time he watched the bowed figure of the study door slowly open, and then the distance to the door of escape; evaluated the silencing quality of the deep library rug; then slipped thru the door, closed it, and with tread as soft as a bird's wing slipped out into the hall.

After a time Mrs. De Peyster mounted weakly to the more intimate asylum of her private sitting-room.

She collapsed Mrs. De Peyster heard Matilda enter, pause, then pass into the bedroom, but did not look up; nor a moment later when Olivetta re-entered from the bedroom, did she at first raise her dejected head.

"Why, what's the matter, Cousin Caroline?" cried Olivetta.

There was no occasion for maintaining an appearance before Olivetta, so Mrs. De Peyster related her misfortune.

"Do you realize what it means, Olivetta?" she concluded in a benumbed voice. "It means that, except for less than a thousand which I have on hand—a mere nothing—I am penniless until more dividends are due—perhaps months! I cannot go to Europe!"

"But, Caroline!" Olivetta cried, "why borrow the money from the bank, as you say Judge Harvey suggested?"

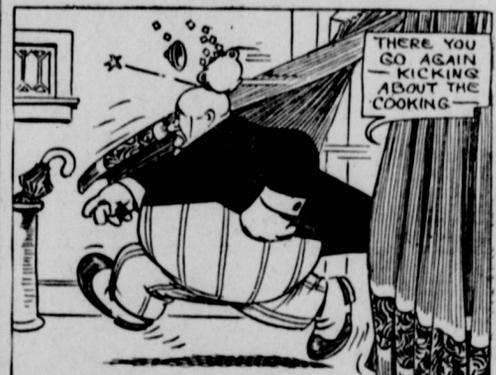
"Olivetta, you should know that that is against my principles." She tried to instill proud rebuke into her voice. But just here was the pinch—or one of them. To cover the excess in her expenses she had already borrowed—secretly, for she would never have had it come to Judge Harvey's knowledge—from her bank to the very limit of her personal credit.

"But, Caroline," pursued the sympathetic Olivetta, "can't you cut down expenses and remain in town? What with your credit, you have enough for that!"

Mrs. De Peyster turned slowly about and gazed at Olivetta—gazed at her steadily.

"You have an idea, Caroline?" cried Olivetta, struck by her look.

## Outbursts of Everett True



But I must ask you not to breathe a word of what I tell you, and what we do."

"I'll try," cried Olivetta. "Never a syllable!"

"Nor I, ma'am—never!" declared Matilda.

"But first, Matilda, I must acquaint you with a situation that has just arisen." And Mrs. De Peyster outlined such details of her predicament as she thought Matilda needed to know.

"And now, here are my orders, Matilda. The house, of course, is being boarded up as usual. All the servants are sent away except William. You, Matilda, are to remain here alone in charge of the house as has been your custom. The report that I am sailing is to be allowed to stand."

"In reality," cried the excited Olivetta.

"In reality," continued Mrs. De Peyster calmly, "I shall, during the entire summer, stay here in my own house."

"Stay here!" ejaculated Olivetta. "Stay here, I justify my suit. Secretly, of course. No one but you two will ever know of it. By staying here, I shall be practically at no expense. But the world will think I am in Europe, and my position will be saved."

"Staggered as she was, Olivetta had remaining a few fragments of reason.

"But—but, Caroline! People will see that you do not sail. How will you get around that?"

"Very simply, Olivetta. You shall sail in my stead."

"But—but, if you cannot afford Europe for yourself, how can you afford it for me?"

"It would take a great many thousands for me to go in the manner that is expected of me. I cannot afford that. For you, Olivetta, since the passage is already paid, it would take but a few hundred—and that I can afford."

"You—you mean that I am to pass for you?"

"Yes."

"But I never can! People will know the difference!"

"People will never see you," returned the calm voice of Mrs. De Peyster. "The Plutonia sails at one tonight. You will go on board with my trunk late this evening, heavily veiled. Since no one must see you on the way over, you must, of course, keep to your cabin. You must be seasick!"

"But I'm never seasick!" cried Olivetta.

"Then you must stay in your berth anyhow and pretend to be. You are to be too ill to receive any friends who may chance to be on board. Your stewardess will bring your meals to your stateroom. When the boat arrives, you must wait till every one else is off, and when you land you must again be heavily veiled and be too sick to speak to any one. Once you are in Paris—"

"Yes, there's the difficulty!" "Not so great as you think. I shall give you full directions what to do. Once you are in Paris, you quietly disappear. It will become known that Mrs. De Peyster has gone off on a long motor trip thru unvisited portions of Europe. With Mrs. De Peyster started on this trip, you become yourself, and you see Europe just as you please."

gowns, the twin of the dress Matilda now wore, for her evening ride with William. They were fortunately of nearly the same figure.

Matilda, the competent, skilled Matilda, was inexplicably incompetent at this function. As she followed the fully garbed and thickly veiled Mrs. De Peyster up the stairway, her nervousness increased.

Mrs. De Peyster opened the door, unlocked the door in the boarding and locked it behind her, and stepped into her brougham, which had been ordered and was waiting at the curb. "Up Fifth Avenue and into the Park, William," she said.

Half an hour later the carriage turned again into Washington Square and drew up before her house. She stepped quickly out and hurried up her steps.

She had unlocked the door in the boarding and had stepped into the dark entry, when she became aware that William had deserted his horses and was stepping in just behind her. As the two were a matter of long custom, William slipped an arm about her waist and imprinted a kiss upon her forehead.

Mrs. De Peyster let out a little gasping cry, and struggled to free herself.

"Don't be scared, Matilda," William reassured her. "Nobody can see us in here." And he patting her on the shoulder with middle-aged affection.

"It's all right, dear," William again reassured her, with his staid ardor. "It's mighty good to be with you like this, Matilda!" He heaved a love-laden sigh. "We've had it mighty hard, haven't we, with only being able to steal a minute with each other now and then—always afraid of Mrs. De Peyster. It's been mighty hard for me. Hasn't it been hard for you?"

Mrs. De Peyster remained silent. "Hasn't it been hard for you, dear?" William insisted tenderly.

"Yes," she replied, very huskily.

"Why, what's the matter, Matilda? I know, you're tired, dear; your nerves are all worn out with the strain of getting Mrs. De Peyster off." And urged by his willing love he again embraced her and again pressed a lovely kiss upon Matilda's veil.

This was too much. "Let me go!" Mrs. De Peyster cried, struggling; and her right hand, striking wildly out, fell full upon William's sacred check.

"Matilda, I'm not the man to take that!" he declared irefully.

"Go! Go!" she shrieked.

He drew back wrathfully, but with an awful dignity.

"Very well, Miss Simpson. But I'm not a man that forgives. You'll be sorry for this!"

As she started swiftly away Mrs. De Peyster found the keyhole. She turned her key, opened the door, and closed it quickly behind her.

She was rigid with the horror of this new development. But hardly a minute had passed since she had entered—when she heard a key slide into the lock of the front door and none to the door in the boarding; and as she knew there was no body in the house she could rouse up, there was nothing for it but to wait till she and William came back. So she was sitting out there on a park bench ever since.

"We!" she ejaculated. "We?" Then she noticed that another shadowy figure had drawn nearer in the dark. "Who—who's that?"

"Mary," was Jack's prompt and joyous answer.

"Mary!" Not that—that Mary Morgan used to be. She's Mary De Peyster now."

"You're not—not married?"

"Today," he cried in exultation. "We slipped out to Stamford; everything was done secretly there, and it's to be kept strictly on the quiet for a time." He bent down close to Mrs. De Peyster's ear.

"Don't let Mary know how mother objected to her; I haven't told her and she doesn't guess it." He turned. "Come here, Mary," he called softly. "This is Matilda."

The next instant a slight figure threw its arms about Mrs. De Peyster and kissed her warmly.

"It's good to meet you at last, Matilda!" exclaimed a low, clear voice. "Jack has told me how good you have been to him ever since he was a baby. I know we shall be the very, very best of friends!"

"And so—you're—you're married!" murmured Mrs. De Peyster.

"Yes!"

"And then it's not surprising if she wouldn't it surprise mother if she knew? But oh, I say, Matilda," he cried suddenly, "you mustn't write her!"

"I won't," whispered Mrs. De Peyster.

"It's a bargain, then. But there's something else that would surprise her, too. I'm going to work."

"But not at once," put in Mary De Peyster, near Mary Morgan, in her soft contralto voice. "Tell Matilda what you're going to do."

"I've saved a few hundred out of my allowance, Monday I'm going to enter the School of Mines at Columbia—am going to study straight thru the summer—night and day till the money gives out. By that time I ought to be able to get a job that will support us. And then I'll study hard of nights till I become a real mining engineer!"

"But we've got to live close!" exclaimed Mary joyously.

"Yes, we've certainly got to live close!" emphasized Jack. "That's why we're here."

"Why you're here?" repeated

Mrs. De Peyster, in a low, dazed tone.

"Yes!" Jack gave a gleeful laugh. "I had an inspiration how to economize. Says I to Mary, 'Mary, since mother is away, and this big house is empty except for Matilda, why pay rent?' So here we are, and here we're going to live all summer—on the 'q. t.' of course." He slipped an arm about Mary and again about Mrs. De Peyster, and again laughed his gleeful laugh. "Just you, and Mary, and me—and, oh, say, Matilda, won't it be a lark!"

CHAPTER V.  
 The Honeymooners

Only the embrace of Jack's good left arm kept Mrs. De Peyster from subsiding into a jellied heap upon her parquetry floor. Her only self-control was that she held her tongue.

Fortunately, there was little necessity for her speaking. The bride and groom chattered on and Mrs. De Peyster began to retain some slight steadiness—enough to consider spasmodically how she was to escape undiscovered from the pair, when suddenly her wits were sent spinning by a new fear.

The real Matilda! Mrs. De Peyster's ears, at that moment frantically acute, registered dim movements of Matilda overhead.

The couple chattered on about their household arrangements, and Mrs. De Peyster, the prisoner of Jack's affectionate arm, stood gulping, as tho her soul were trying to swallow itself.

"Jack, you run along, there's a dear," commanded Mary, "and unpack your things, Matilda and I want to have a little chat."

"Married six hours, and bossed already," grumbled Jack happily.

All right. But I'm starved. I'll be back in five minutes and then we'll get supper down in the kitchen."

"Yes, all three of us," agreed Mary.

Jack picked up his bag. Practically Mrs. De Peyster tried to think of some way of holding him back from a possible encounter with Matilda upon the stairway. But she could think of nothing. Jack went out.

"I'll go to the kitchen—and get you something to eat," Mrs. De Peyster gulped. Mary followed her into the dining room, but the supposed Matilda hurried on into the dark butler's pantry, where she sank into a chair.

An instant later she heard Jack returning, and, pushing the pantry door open a crack, saw him sweep his bride into his arms.

"Mary!" His voice was tremulous. Slowly their lips came together; they embraced; then drew apart, and holding hands, stood gazing at each other.

(Continued in Our Next Issue)

## PLANS MEMORIAL TO AUTHOR OF "STAR SPANGLED BANNER"



CHARLES HENRY NIEHAUS

In competition with noted sculptors, Niehaus of Cincinnati has won the commission to design and erect a monument to Francis Scott Key, composer of "The Star-Spangled Banner."

The monument will cost \$75,000 and stand in Baltimore.

Niehaus is famous for his bronze doors of Trinity church, in New York, and portrait statues in the capitol at Washington.

## SANTA FE TO FIGHT THE ADAMSON LAW