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## Hughes Trying to Hedge

TRIMMING his sails to the strong labor breeze, Mr. Hughes comes out with a belated announcement that he is for the eight-hour-day principle. But that his conversion may not too openly smack of political acrobatics, he again asserts his opposition to the Adamson bill, on the grounds that it is not an eight-hour law in fact, but a wage measure.

Was there ever so hypocritical an argument presented to an intelligent people? What is any eight-hour-day law but a wage increase for the man who elects to work 10 hours instead of 8? What is any eight-hour law but a basis for reckoning compensation for a legal day's labor?

The very nature of the service rendered by trainmen makes it necessary for them to often work long hours, for it is impracticable for the railroads to always have relief crews at points where the regular crew's eight hours would expire, except at a heavy expense. Therefore, the regular men are called upon to work overtime, for the sole reason that it means dollar saving for the roads.

Is that any reason why their faithful service should be penalized? The trainmen, no doubt, would much prefer to be relieved, that they might enjoy some of the relaxation and rest and recreation which fall to the lot of the average worker. They would surely be GLAD to be relieved after eight hours' continuous work. And the one way by which the railroads can be compelled to provide for such relief is to make it, by legislation, to their advantage, or more properly speaking, not to their disadvantage, to do so.

Does any one believe that the railroads, or any other of the labor grinding corporations, would relieve an employe at the end of eight hours when they could require him to work 10 for the same money? Not much!

The Adamson bill seeks to find a way by which railroad crews may be replaced at the end of eight hours of labor.

It is obvious that the roads will prefer fresh crews, rather than jaded ones, where the cost is the same, and that, sooner or later, they will find a way to accomplish it, under the spur of the law. The Adamson law differs in principle not one whit from any other eight-hour-day law.

Mr. Hughes, in admitting the justice of the eight-hour day, declares for just what Mr. Wilson does. The only difference is that Mr. Hughes is trying to play both ends against the middle; Mr. Wilson is not. And therein is shown the fundamental difference in the character of the two men.

## A Novel The Idyl of Twin Fires A Week

BY WALTER P. EATON

### CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

Gridley, the master mechanic, will be nominally under your orders, but if it should come to blows between you, you couldn't fire him. It's a family affair. He is a widower, and his wife was a sister of the Ven Kensingtons. He got his job through the family influence, and he'll hold it in the same way.

"Anything else?" "Yes, there is one other thing. There's Hallock, the man you will find holding down the headquarters office at Angles. He was Cumberley's chief clerk, and long before Cumberley resigned he was the real superintendent of the Red Butte Western in everything but the title, and the place on the pay-roll. Naturally he thought he ought to be considered when we climbed into the saddle, and he has already written to President Brewster, asking for the promotion in fact. He happens to be a New Yorker—like Gridley; and, again like Gridley, he has a friend at court. Magnus knows him, and he recommended him for the superintendency when Mr. Brewster referred the application to me. I couldn't agree, and I had to turn him down. I am telling you this so you'll be easy with him—as easy as you can."

Gridley, a large man, virile of face and figure, and Hallock, a dark man with gloomy eyes and a permanent frown, met late in the evening of the day Vice-President Ford named Lidgerwood superintendent. They tell me you have missed the step up again, Hallock, said Gridley.

"Who is the new man?" Hallock asked. "Nobody seems to know him by name. But he is a friend of Ford's all right. That is how he gets the job."

"A college man, I suppose," Hallock commented. "Otherwise Ford wouldn't be backing him. It's hell, Gridley! I've hung on and waited and done the work for their figure-heads, one after another. The job belongs to me!"

"You're not built right for it, Hallock; the desert would give you the horse-laugh."

"Would it? Not before I had squared off a few old debts, Gridley; don't you forget that."

"Threatening, are you?" jeered the virile one. "What would you do, if you had the chance, Rankin?"

"I'd kill out some of the waste and recklessness, if it took the last man off the pay-rolls; and I'd break even with at least one man over in Timanyoni."

"Flemister again?" queried the master-mechanic.

"I'd kill Flemister on sight, if I had the sand; you know that, Gridley. Some day it may come to that. But in the meantime—"

"In the meantime you have been snapping at his heels like a fleecard, Hallock; holding out ore-cars on him, delaying his coal supplies, stirring up trouble with his miners, Flemister may need a little Red Butte Western nursing in the Ute Valley irrigation scheme he is promoting, and I want you to see that he gets it. You may take that as a word to the wise."

CHAPTER II  
The Outlaw

For the first few weeks after the change in ownership and the arrival of the new superintendent,

## "THE TAMING OF RED BUTTE WESTERN"

By Francis Lynde

A Novel A Week

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the Red Butte Western and its nerve-center, the town of Angles, seemed disposed to take Mr. Howard Lidgerwood as a rather ill-timed joke, perpetrated upon a primitive West by the Pacific Southwestern.

The Red Desert grinned like the famous Cheshire cat when an incoming train from the East brought sundry boxes and trunks, to contain the new boss' wardrobe.

Lidgerwood slept in the Crow's Nest headquarters building—not so much from choice as for the reason that there seemed to be no alternative save a room in the town tavern, appropriately named "The Hotel Celestial."

That a battle would have to be fought was evident enough. Gridley, whose attitude toward the new superintendent was that of a disinterested adviser, assured Lidgerwood he was losing ground by not opening the campaign of severity at once.

"You'll have to take a club to these hoboes before you can ever hope to make railroad men out of them," was Gridley's oft-repeated assertion.

Hallock attended to his duties and carried out his superior's instructions with the exactness of an automaton, but his attitude was distinctly antagonistic. None the less Lidgerwood acknowledged a growing liking for the chief clerk.

McCluskey, the trainmaster, who had served under Hallock for a number of months before the change in management, confided to Lidgerwood that Hallock was married; that his wife, a strikingly beautiful young woman, had disappeared, and he since her disappearance had lived alone in two rooms over the freight station.

For the first few weeks Lidgerwood let McCluskey answer the "hurry calls" to the various scenes of disaster, but when three sections of an eastbound cattle special, ignoring the ten-minute-interval rule, were piled up in the Pinon Hills, he went out and took personal command of the track-clearers.

He found that the wrecking-crew had taken a ten-gallon keg of whiskey along wherewith to celebrate the first appearance of the new superintendent in character as a practical wrecking-boss. The out-come was rather astonishing. Lidgerwood's first executive act was to knock in the head of the ten-gallon celebration with a striking hammer.

This was excellent, as far as it went. But later, with the offending crews before him for trial and judgment, Lidgerwood lost all he had gained by being too easy.

Jack Benson, the young engineer whom Vice-President Ford had sent to put new life into the tracks, happened to be present when the reckless trainmen were told to go and sin no more.

"I'm not running your job, Lidgerwood," Benson volunteered. "But you can't hold those fellows down with Sunday-school talk."

The merry jest on the Red Butte Western ran its course for another week after the three-train wreck in the Pinons—for a week and a day. Then Lidgerwood began the drawing of the net. A new time-card was strung with McCluskey's cooperation, and when it went into effect a notice on all bulletin boards announced the adoption of the standard "Book of Rules," and promised penalties for departure therefrom.

Promptly the horse-laugh died away, and the trouble storm was evoked. Grievance committees haunted the Crow's Nest, and the insurrectionary faction, starting

with the trainmen and spreading to the track force, threatened to involve the telegraph operators—threatened to become a protest unanimous and in the mass.

In the pandemonium of untoward events, McCluskey was Lidgerwood's right hand, tolling, smiting, striving, and otherwise proving himself a good soldier. But close behind him came Gridley; always suave and good-natured, always counseling firmness and more discipline.

Hallock was the only non-combatant. From the beginning of hostilities he seemed to have made a pact with himself not to let it be known by any act or word of his that he was aware of the suddenly precipitated conflict.

One day McCluskey came into the private office, hat tilted to nose, and his gargoyle face portraying soul agonies.

"They've taken to pillaging now!" he burst out. "The 316, that new saddle-tank shifting engine, has disappeared. It's nowhere in the yards, the roundhouse, or back shop, and none of Gridley's foremen know anything about it. I've had Callahan, the dispatcher, wire east and west, and if they're all telling the truth, nobody has seen it or heard of it."

CHAPTER III

"This switching-engine mystery opens up a field that I've been trying to get into for some little time, Mac," the superintendent began. "Sit down and we'll thrash it out. Here are some figures showing loss and expense in the general maintenance account. Look them over and tell me what you think."

"Wastage, you mean?" queried the trainmaster. "That is what I have been calling it; a reckless disregard for the value of anything and everything that can be included in a requisition. The right-of-way is littered from end to end with material thrown aside. But I'm afraid that isn't the worst of it."

The trainmaster was nursing a knee and screwing his face into the reflective scheme of distortion. "Those things are always hard to prove. Short of a military guard, for instance, you couldn't prevent the Anglers from raiding the company's coalyard for its cook stoves."

Lidgerwood swung his chair to face McCluskey.

"We'll pass up the petty thievery, for the present, and look a little higher," he said gravely. "Have you found any trace of those two car-loads of company lumber he lost in transit between here and Red Butte two weeks ago?"

"No."

Lidgerwood's swing-chair righted itself to the perpendicular with a snap.

"Mac, it is an organized gang, and it must have its members pretty well scattered thru the departments—and have a good many members, too. I believe we'll get to the bottom of all this looting on this switching-engine business. They have overdone it this time. You can't put a locomotive in your pocket and walk off with it."

The trainmaster shook his head in bewilderment.

"Some years ago there was a building and loan association started here in Angles, the ostensible object being to help the railroad men to own their homes. Ever hear of it?" Lidgerwood went on.

"Yes, but it was dead and buried before my time."

"Dead, but not buried," corrected Lidgerwood. "As I understand it, the railroad company fathered it, or at all events, some of the officials took stock in it. When it died there was a considerable deficit, together with a failure on the part of the executive committee to account for a pretty liberal cash balance."

"I've heard that much," said the trainmaster.

"Then we'll bring it down to date," Lidgerwood resumed. "It appears that there are twenty-five or thirty of the losers still in the employ of this company, and they have sent a committee to me to ask for an investigation, basing the demand on the assertion that they were coerced into giving up their money to the building and loan people."

"I've heard that, too," McCluskey admitted. "The story goes that the house-building scheme was promoted by the old Red Butte Western bosses, and if a man didn't take stock he got himself disliked. If he did take it, the premiums were held out on the pay-rolls."

"The losers," said the superintendent, "confend that somebody ought to make good to them. They also call attention to the fact that the building and loan treasurer, who was never able satisfactorily to explain the disappearance of the cash balance, is still on the railroad company's pay-rolls."

McCluskey sat up and tilted the derby to the back of his head. "Gridley?" he asked.

"No; for some reasons I wish it were Gridley. He is able to fight his own battles. It comes nearer home, Mac. The treasurer was Hallock."

By this time McCluskey had his hat tilted to the belligerent angle.

"I'm not a fair witness," he said. "There's been gossip, and I've

listened to it."

"About this building and loan mess?"

"No; about the wife. There are men here in Angles who hint that Hallock killed the woman and sunk her body in the Timanyoni."

"Heavens!" exclaimed Lidgerwood, under his breath. "I can't believe that, Mac."

"I don't know as I do, but I can tell you a thing that I do know, Mr. Lidgerwood: Hallock is a devil out of hell."

"You haven't asked my advice, Mr. Lidgerwood, but here it is anyway. Flemister, the owner of the Wire-Silver mine over in Timanyoni Park, was the president of that building and loan outfit. He and Hallock are at daggers drawn, for some reason that I've never understood. If you could get them together, perhaps they could make some sort of a statement that would quiet the kickers for the time being, at any rate."

(Continued in Our Next Issue)

## RID STOMACH OF GASES, SOURNESS AND INDIGESTION

"Pape's Diapepsin" Ends All Stomach Distress in Five Minutes.

You don't want a slow remedy when your stomach is bad—or an uncertain one—or a harmful one—your stomach is too valuable; you mustn't injure it with drastic drugs.

Pape's Diapepsin is noted for its speed in giving relief; its harmless-ness; its certain unerring action in regulating sick, sour, gassy stomachs. Its millions of cures in indigestion, dyspepsia, gastritis and other stomach trouble has made it famous the world over.

Keep this perfect stomach doctor in your home—keep it handy—get a large fifty-cent case from any drug store and then if anyone should eat something which doesn't agree with them; if what they eat lies like lead, ferments and sours and forms gas; causes headache, dizziness and nausea; eructations of acid and undigested food—remember as soon as Pape's Diapepsin comes in contact with the stomach all such distress vanishes. Its promptness, certainty and ease in overcoming the worst stomach disorders is a revelation to those who try it.

## Beveridge Asks War!

SENATOR BEVERIDGE, in his speech here Friday, made a plain demand for intervention in Mexico. What does that mean?

WAR!  
It means war, widows, orphans, waste. Senator Beveridge spoke for Hughes. Is that the Hughes program?

And war with Mexico means war elsewhere, too. Don't forget that when you vote.

## The Lesson of the U-53

THE arrival of the U-53 at Newport must shock this nation out of its fancied security from attack on the part of European powers.

The Deutschland should have taught this lesson, but the U-53 surely will.

Germany's raider is still within her rights, it is true, in attacking commerce on the high sea. The vessels sunk have had their warnings; the passengers and crews have been saved.

But Germany, or any other possessor of a sea-going U-boat, CAN, when she chooses, make war on America in American waters, just as she now is making war on Great Britain on the very edge of American waters.

The unexpected U-boat could have sunk an American warship afloat in Newport bay, or destroyed an American liner just leaving New York harbor.

The Atlantic ocean is no protection. The lesson is: PREPARE!

## He Ought

THE new Bethlehem Steel Corporation's new ordnance proving plant will surpass that of the German Krupps, both in size and equipment. But where the German government is largely interested in, and profits by, the Krupp works, the Bethlehem concern generally gouges Uncle Sam commercially or sells its output to some foreign nation. Uncle Sam ought to be building the "biggest plant" himself.



WHAT WILL THE NEIGHBORS SAY?  
By Charles B. DeWitt

Last August Bertha Beadle May said, "Ma, what will the neighbors say if you in your kimono sit there in the breeze while lamps are lit?"

And so her mother, foolish soul, dressed in her own, like any maid, Or sat within and mopped her face, And panted like an auto race.

But Beadle's mother balked this fall. This neighbor stuff don't go at all, she says, "I'm simply going to wear the things I like, and let them stare!"

"The airing that I didn't get This summer, will come now, you bet! Some low-necked dresson I will buy, Against the days when snowflakes fly!"

Consistency, thy middle name I do believe is "British Name!" Next winter, as they say, a muff And bathing suit will be enough!

DANGERS OF EATING  
Joseph Sary, a rigger at Bethlehem Steel Works, fractured his left leg between a plate and a bolt—Stroudsburg, Pa., Daily (Ga.) Journal.

THE WASTE BASKET IS OFTEN MIGHTIER THAN THE PEN.

NO GIRL APPRECIATES A LOVER WHO IS UNABLE TO HOLD HIS OWN.

POSSIBLY MORE SO  
Malcolm Hyatt, who has got back from a trip to New York, says that as far as he could see, every woman there wore silk stockings.—Preston (Iowa) Herald.

## Letters To Cynthia Grey

Q.—Kindly give me a recipe for preserving eggs with water glass, and oblige.

A.—Water glass comes in two forms—a syrup-like liquid and a powder. Use one part of the liquid to 10 parts of water. Pack clean eggs in clean kegs or crocks and cover them with the solution.

Q.—I am a girl of 16. Sometimes a boy I know brings me home from the park, and we stand outside and talk a while before he leaves. My mother objects to this. Is there any wrong in it?

NELLIE.  
A.—It is not good form to stand on the steps for long conversations in the late evening. Neither is it correct for you to let a boy bring you home from the park who did not accompany you there. Your

CHILDREN HATE PILLS, CALOMEL AND CASTOR OIL  
If Cross, Feverish, Constipated, Give "California Syrup of Figs."

Look back at your childhood days. Remember the "dose" mother insisted on—castor oil, calomel, cathartics. How you hated them, how you fought against taking them.

With our children it's different. Mothers who cling to the old form of physic simply don't realize what they do. The children's revolt is well founded. Their tender little "insides" are injured by them.

If your child's stomach, liver and bowels need cleansing, give only the delicious "California Syrup of Figs." Its action is positive, but gentle. Millions of mothers keep this harmless "fruit laxative" handy; they know children love to take it; that it never fails to clean the liver and bowels and sweeten the stomach, and that a teaspoonful given today saves a sick child tomorrow.

Ask your druggist for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has all directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly on each bottle. Beware of counterfeiters sold here. See that it is made by "California Fig Syrup Company." Refuse any other kind with contempt.



# WRIGLEY'S

is sealed—that's the thing that counts. No matter when or where you buy it, the flavor is there—full strength, and it's fresh and clean.

So always make sure to get Wrigley's in the sealed package—it's the greatest five cents' worth of beneficial enjoyment you can buy.



Two flavors Air-proof Dust-proof Damp-proof

You'll Be Interested in the Holly Flour Windows  
It's the Official Endorsement of Unbleached Flour—by the Grocer