

Member of the
Seattle North
West League of
Newspapers

The Seattle Star

Published Daily
By The Seattle
Publishing Co.
Phone Main
609

Entered at Seattle, Wash., Postoffice as second-class matter
By mail, out of city, one year, \$1.50; 6 months, \$1.00; 3 months, 60c; per month up to 4 mos.
By carrier, 40c; 25c a month

The Conspiracy Against Wilson in the Interest of Germany

The conspiracy between Candidate Hughes and the professional German-Americans to drive President Wilson out of office because he compelled war-mad Germany to conduct its submarine activities in conformity with international law, is the most un-American thing that ever has occurred in a presidential campaign.

We use the word conspiracy advisedly. What other interpretation can be put upon the attitude of Hughes, who, knowing of the activities of these professional German-Americans, that their declared purpose is to discipline the president of the United States, by his silence and conferences with the Jeremiah O'Learys, consents to be the beneficiary?

The "hundred per cent candidate" may talk about "undiluted Americanism" until he is black in the face. Such expressions are meaningless.

But his attitude toward the professional German-American anti-Wilson propaganda is full of meaning.

It is the attitude of a man who is so obsessed with the ambition to gain the presidency that he is willing to accept the office at the hands of those who brazenly put the interests of a foreign nation ahead of the interests of the United States.

What other meaning can be read into the bitter fight which the professional German-Americans are making against the president?

They do not even try to cover up the motives that animate them. Has one of them said that he is against Wilson because he has betrayed America? No; the president has betrayed Germany in the interest of America, therefore, he must be defeated.

This is the president's offense. For this, every voter with the fraction of a drop of German blood in his veins is called upon to drive Wilson out of the presidency and to put Hughes in. Thank God, the loyal Americans of German extraction are not impressed with the propaganda of the "agitators" and enemies of this country.

It was this influence more than any other that defeated Roosevelt for the Republican nomination and made Hughes the candidate.

If Hughes should be elected it will be this influence that will have elected him. There is no getting away from this fact.

It is the big outstanding fact of the campaign.

The election of Hughes, under the circumstances, would be notice to Germany that the majority of the American people disapprove of the firm stand taken by President Wilson against submarine murders.

It is not at all unlikely that the final decision by the German government, as to whether it shall resume unrestricted submarine warfare, has been deferred until after the presidential election.

When a vote on this proposition was taken in the German reichstag recently, the result was very close.

Of course, the determining factor was President Wilson's ultimatum.

Let the German-Americans defeat Wilson on this issue as they are frankly trying to do, with the assistance of Hughes, and the vote in the reichstag will be different.

The whole situation is full of dynamite, and any man who is a party to it, as Hughes is, is unfit to be president.

A Novel "Shea of the Irish Brigade" A Week

Next Week
BY RANDALL PARRISH

"The Idyl of Twin Fires"

By Walter Pritchard Eaton A Novel A Week
Copyright, 1914, 1915,
By Doubleday, Page & Co.

(Continued From Our Last Issue)

I HAD gone scarcely six paces when I heard the crackle of footsteps on dead twigs somewhere ahead of me, and a moment later a woman was visible. I stood still. She did not see me till she was close up. Then she gave a slight start and said, "I beg your pardon. I trust I am not trespassing."

I looked at her. She was scarce more than a girl, pale and unmistakably new to this country world. I cannot say how she was dressed. But I saw that she had very blue eyes on each side of a decidedly tilted nose.

"Trespassing is a relative term," said I.

"You talk like 'Hill's Rhetoric,'" she smiled, with a quick glance at my clothes.

"Naturally," I replied. "It was the text-book I formerly used with my classes."

There was a little gurgle of laughter from the girl. "Clearness, force, and elegance, wasn't that the great triumvirate?" she said.

"Something like that, I believe," said I. "I am trying to forget."

"And are these pines yours to forget in? It should be easy." She smiled, and made to pass on.

And in that moment, from near at hand, there rang out the golden thrub of a hermit thrush.

The suddenness, the nearness, the wildness of the song made it indescribably thrilling, and the girl and I both stood rigid, breathless, peering into the gloom of the pines.

Again the call rang out, but a little farther away this time. She took a step as if to follow, and instinctively I put out my hand, grasping her arm to restrain her.

So we stood and waited, but he did not sing again.

Then in a kind of wonder the girl turned her face to mine, and in a kind of wonder I realized that I was still holding her arm.

She appeared as unconscious of it as I, till I let my hand fall. Then she colored a little, smiled a little, and said, "What was it? I never heard anything so beautiful."

"A hermit thrush," I answered.

"I have always wanted to hear a hermit," she said wistfully. "And, oh, it is lovelier than I dreamed. I am going now before I get too jealous of you for having one all your own."

"Don't go!" I said impulsively. "The hermit has never sung for me. That song must have been in your honor."

"I fear it is time for my supper," she said, with a little nervous laugh.

I found myself walking by her side thru the maples, and pointing out my house.

"Oh," she cried, "they made the front door out of a highboy! How jolly! Is it as nice inside?"

"It's going to be nicer," said I. "Come and see."

"I'll peep thru the windows," she smiled.

I led her to my new south door, proudly showing the new lawn and the terrace, and telling her where the roses were to be, and the sundial, and dilating on the work my own hands had done.

Then we peeped thru the glass doors. Hard Cider had erected the frame of the bookcase and the double settle. One side of the settle faced toward one smoky old fireplace, the other toward the second.

"What luxury!" she exclaimed. "Double fireplaces—twin fireplaces—twin fires! That's it. Twin Fires! That ought to be the name of your house."

"You're right!" I cried, delighted. "I've never been able to think of a name."

We walked to the road, but to my surprise she did not turn toward the village but toward Bert's. A sudden light came.

"Are you a broken-down boarder?" I cried.

The blue eyes twinkled, but she made no reply.

As we entered the Temple's yard, Mrs. Bert stood in the kitchen door. "Well, you two seem to have got acquainted," she remarked in a matter-of-fact tone. "Miss Goodwin, this is Mr. Upton. I told you about Mr. Upton, this is Miss Goodwin I told you about."

"Mrs. Temple," said I, "you are another. You didn't tell me."

CHAPTER IV.
The Ghost of Rome in Ross

"Stella Goodwin."

"It's rather a pretty name," I thought, as I read it on the flyleaf

YOUR SICK CHILD IS CONSTIPATED! LOOK AT TONGUE

If Cross, Feverish or Bilious Give "California Syrup of Figs."

No matter what ails your child, a gentle, thorough laxative should always be the first treatment given.

If your little one is out-of-sorts, half-sick, isn't resting, eating and acting naturally—look. Mother! see if tongue is coated. This is a sure sign that its little stomach, liver and bowels are clogged with waste.

When cross, irritable, feverish, stomach sour, breath bad or has stomacheache, diarrhoea, sore throat, full of cold, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the constipated poison, undigested food and sour bile gently moves out of its little bowels without griping, and you have a well, playful child again.

Mother can rest easy after giving this harmless "fruit laxative," because it never falls to cleanse the little one's liver and bowels and sweeten the stomach and they dearly love its pleasant taste. Put directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups printed on each bottle.

Beware of counterfeit fig syrups. Ask your druggist for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs"; then see that it's made by the "California Fig Syrup Company."

Outbursts of Everett True



books unpacked and my desk set up. Now, what color shall it be?" I turned toward Miss Goodwin as I spoke.

"She shook her head. "I'm not going to say a word," she answered. "This is your room."

"I suppose you want the wood-work white?" the painter suggested. "Those old mantels, for instance."

"Cream white, not dead white," said I. "The walls have got to set off both pictures and books. They've got to be neutral. I want a greenish, brownish, yellowish olive, with the old beam in the center of the ceiling in the same key, only a bit darker."

"The girl and the painter both carefully, and stowed the remainder back in the left. Then I made a square base of planking, a temporary one till I could build a brick foundation, and took my pedestal around to the lawn. Then I took out my knife, and thrust the blade lightly in at an angle, to simulate the dial marker, and turned to call Miss Goodwin.

"But she was already standing in the door.

"Oh," she cried, running lightly across the ground, "a sundial already, and a real pedestal! Come away from it a little, and see how it seems to focus all the sunlight."

"We stood off near the house, and looked at the white column in mid-lawn. It did indeed seem to draw in the sunlight to this level spot before the dwelling.

"Come," she said, "and see if the paint suits you. Then I must go home and write some letters."

The paint and calcimine that suited me, of course. They were a warm, golden cream and a very delicate buff, which made the room seem lighter. I thanked her as heartily as I could, and watched her depart up the road.

The place seemed curiously deserted after she had gone.

(Continued in Our Next Issue)

IN THE EDITOR'S MAIL

Editor The Star: The \$10,000,000 project of acquiring the lighting plant of the Puget Sound Traction, Light & Power Co. is simply a scheme of the company's to unload a no longer paying enterprise on the city at a fabulous figure.

It was conceived by the master mind of James B. Howe, the company's chief counsel, whom James Hamilton Lewis once referred to as the man with a big head and little body.

Samuel H. Piles is engineering the political end, handling it thru the eminently respectable Councilmen William Hickman Moore and Reginald H. Thomson, the latter names presumed to be a sufficient guarantee that the project is a meritorious one—one in the interest of the people of Seattle.

As a matter of fact, now that prohibition has driven the saloons out of business, thus cutting off the Puget Sound Traction, Light & Power Co.'s big lighting revenue, the corporation wants to stand firm under and shift the burden onto the shoulders of Seattle.

Do not let them put over this public plundering scheme.

T. W. STEPHENS.

A DISTINCTION!
Editor The Star: Some days ago, you published a resume of initiative measures that are to be voted upon at the election next

month. In reference to No. 18, the Hotel Bill, you stated that it would permit the sale of liquors in hotel apartments. The proposed law does not make such provisions, and in justice to the committee of 100 Seattle citizens who drew the measure, I think it is only fair that you should correct the wrong impression you inadvertently conveyed to your readers.

No. 18 provides only that liquor shall be served in the dining room or cafe of any hotel having 50 or more rooms, and that those to whom it is served are bona fide occupants of sleeping rooms in the hotel. Under no circumstances can liquor be served in rooms under the proposed law.

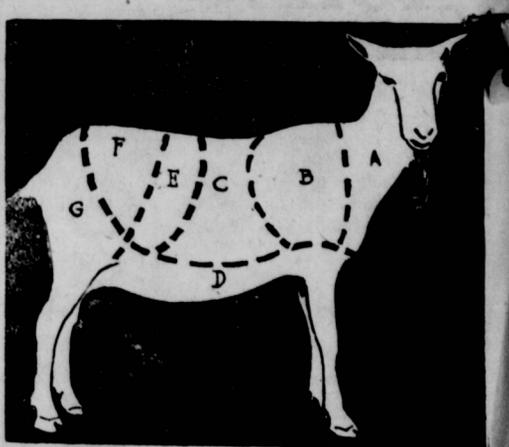
E. F. SWEENEY.

COMPLIMENTS STAR
Editor The Star: I want to congratulate you for the mastery you expressed "why you were for Woodrow Wilson," and the gem of an editorial on "Roosevelt, Taft and Hughes."

I am a traveling man, and would like to have The Star reach every American voter, for I am sure your argument would bring many into the light of truth, even though they are blindly trying to follow the elusive statements of Mr. Hughes.

W. H. TROUPE,
1321 Greenwood Ave.,
Wilmette, Ill.

Your Goat!—Have High Prices Got It? Then Why Not Make Mr. Goat Buck the H. C. L. for You?



Don't let anybody get your goat nowadays unless they pay at least 16 cents a pound for it!

Goat meat is being eaten, is rated as good as lamb and is a lot cheaper.

Goat meat is said to be good for stews, meat pies, boiling, roasting and chops.

The chart shows the various sections of "Billy" and how to call him: A—Neck, for stew and mutton; B—Shoulder for boiling, stewed dishes and roasts; C—Back, chops, rib chops and steaks; D—Chest for stew only; E—Loin, best end for roasts and chops; F—Rump for steaks, G—Legs for chops, roasts and boiling.

THE WONDER MILLINERY CO.

216 Pike St.

We have made an advantageous purchase of Untrimmed Shapes. We will sell them to you at extremely low figures. They are the best style and quality to be obtained.

Our Trimmed Hats Reduced

We believe they are the best values in the city.

A fine line of Gold Ornaments.

Everything in Millinery at

The Wonder 216 Pike St.



All That Glitters

ALL that glitters is not gold, because most of it is beads, bugles, sequins or fish scales.

It is the same old glitter that attracted Pocahontas. For beads the Spaniards bought gold mines of the Aztecs centuries ago, the Puritans traded them for broad acres of rich farm lands, and today American sailors swap them with the Eskimos for rare Arctic furs.

The delight in glitter is a primitive and childish instinct. It is shine which first catches the infant's eye.

Civilization has not resisted its tawdry claim any better than it has resisted the war instinct. In a decade of emotional strain it is inevitable that beads and bullets should both hold man's attention.

Today women will pay \$100 for a spangled gown which they will be able to buy for \$10 next year.

But save your beads, ladies, for they come into fashion as often as war. You'll need 'em as long as the optic nerve responds pleasurably to the vibration of light, as long as the auditory nerve joys in the beating of drums and the swish of shrapnel.

Snobbery on Circuit

THE New York Herald, strongly for Hughes for president, has this to say of one of the speakers on the Hughes woman boosters' train now making the circuit of the country:

"In Chicago, in deference to the station of the audience, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, who wears large and handsome emerald and diamond rings, turned the flashing gems inside her fingers, so that only the slender platinum wires showed."

Do you get that "station of the audience"? Sounds un-American, doesn't it?

Well, can there be anything more un-American than a train financed and backed by the idle wives and daughters of millionaires and billionaires, and captained by woman speakers in rich sables and flashing gems, attempting to tell the plain people why they should vote against Wilson and for Hughes?

Wonders Are Commonplace

WITH what breathless interest this country, 10 years ago, would have followed Victor Carlstrom's plan to fly without stop and by daylight from Chicago to New York!

Newspaper pages would have been filled with his exploits, with pictures and diagrams of his aeroplane, and predictions of his success or failure.

In this year of our war, with its wonder upon wonder on land, in the air, and under the sea, Carlstrom's projected flight causes hardly a ripple of interest.

Oh Joy!

THE leading exponent of the Whitneys, the Lees, the Luic Langs, Lafe Hamiltons, and other political adventurers, the arch champion of "handpicking" and theft of delegates in 1912, the repository of "fake" letters and the guarantor of "duck ponds," has come out in favor of the referendum measures.

Joy! Joy! Now the fight against these vicious laws is bound to win.

Duke Calls Marriage Curse; Asks Pope to Let Him Call It Off



ARCHDUCHESS MARIE DUKE OF ORLEANS

Claiming his marriage to the Archduchess Marie Dorothea of Austria has been "the curse of his life," the Duke of Orleans is applying to the court of Rome for annulment of his marriage.

The duchess won a suit for separation in January, 1914, charging the duke with neglect because she was childless.

Negro Goes to Bed With Whites When He Drinks Alcohol

PORTLAND, Oct. 25.—"Ah, just couldn't control that alcohol, no how, yo' honah," explained E. J. O'Reilly, negro, when haled in police court to explain why, without invitation, he climbed thru a window and invaded the bed of two slumbering white men.

FIRST SUBMARINE IS TO BE EXHIBIT

NEW YORK, Oct. 25.—The fore-runner of the modern submarine, the Penlan ram, the first submersible boat built by John P. Holland, the inventor, in 1879, is on the deck of a lighter, after having lain for 34 years in the mud of Mill River, N. H. The egg-shaped craft, 31 feet over all, weighs 19 tons, and its oil-burning engine, much corroded, is still in place.

Peas as large as some marbles, in pods half a foot long, have been developed by J. W. Price on his mountain ranch, at Shawnee, Colo., at an altitude of 8,125 feet.

From the frozen north to the blazing tropics
Baker's Cocoa
is known for its purity and high quality.
Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.
ESTABLISHED 1870 DORCHESTER, MASS.

USE RADIAX Body Polish



The wonder celluloid finish for cars. "The Shine That Won't Come Off."

Two cans—one is a cleaner that really cleans surface deposits and removes rain spots with little labor. The other, a celluloid finish that stays put. Will make the old car look like new.

Your car does not need a \$30 paint job; all it needs is RADIAX. Price \$1 an outfit. Buy an outfit today—try it out. See your dealer; accept no substitute. If it is not better than anything you ever used, money cheerfully refunded.

We can't improve the polish, but—

WE OFFER \$50.00 FOR A BETTER NAME

Mail this Ad with your nearest dealer's name and address, and tell us a short, expressive name for this wonderful polish.

H. S. Jeffery Machinery Co.
546 First Ave. S., Seattle