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Next Week
A Novel "The Bride's Hero"
A Week
By
MRS. A. M. WILLIAMSON

"SHEA OF THE IRISH BRIGADE"

By
Randall Parrish
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Shall the President Be Punished for His Americanism?

While it is undoubtedly true that thousands of German-Americans will vote for Wilson, there can be no question that they are a small minority of the total German-American voters, the great majority of whom will vote for Hughes.

It is equally true that this German-American vote will go to Hughes because President Wilson refused to urge congress to put an embargo on munitions of war and because he forced Germany, by the threat to sever diplomatic relations, to conduct submarine warfare in conformity with international law.

It is not likely that one man out of ten in this country, except the so-called German-Americans, disapproved of the president's attitude on either of these propositions or disapproved of it now. Even Hughes indorsed that policy in answer to a direct question day before yesterday.

Every man of intelligence knows that even if it were lawful to put an embargo on munitions, to have done so when it was proposed, or to do so now, would be an unneutral act and would mean a rupture—if not war—with England, France and Russia.

Every patriotic American knows that the honor of the nation would have been sullied had President Wilson failed to compel Germany to stop torpedoing ships without giving passengers and crew a chance to escape.

Having refused to commit the country to a policy of unneutrality in the interest of Germany, and having refused to sacrifice the nation's honor and rights in the interest of Germany's unlawful and inhuman submarine policy, President Wilson is now threatened with defeat for the re-election he has earned.

The whole history of American politics fails to disclose a situation which parallels this in its treasonable un-Americanism.

If the professional German-Americans and their co-conspirators, the leaders of the Hughes campaign, including the "hundred per cent candidate" himself, succeed in defeating the president on this issue (Hughes' chief reliance is on the German-American vote), it will be proof indeed of the ingratitude of republicans.

If the Wilson record as president had been merely one of mediocrity instead of one of splendid achievement, his re-election would be a matter of national duty, in the face of the treasonable efforts of a class of citizens to drive him from office because he has refused to let the German kaiser dictate American policies.

It is unthinkable that the voters of this nation who put the interest of Germany, or any other foreign country, ahead of the interests of America, are in the majority.

Under Which Flag?

BY GEORGE CREEL

UNDER which flag? might well be asked of the motley crew behind Candidate Hughes.

Roosevelt, Bacon, J. P. Morgan and all the Morgan millions are fighting President Wilson because he has not turned the government of the United States over to the British foreign office. They are enraged that he did not protest against the German occupation of Belgium, and that he did not follow up the Lusitania disaster by breaking off diplomatic relations with Berlin and then seizing all the German ships interned in our ports. They are for Hughes because they have reason to believe that he will throw the strength of America to the allies.

The German-American Alliance, assisted by Jeremiah O'Leary, is fighting President Wilson because he has not turned the government of the United States over to the German foreign office. They are enraged because he made Germany stop the slaughter of neutrals and noncombatants, and because he has refused to break off diplomatic relations with London as a result of mail seizures. They are for Hughes because they have reason to believe that he will throw the strength of America to the kaiser.

Neither of these two great groups is giving a thought to the United States. It is of Europe that they are thinking and working, and when they cast their votes it will be either for king or kaiser.

What can be thought of a candidate willing to receive such support and able to RETAIN it? Two groups, hating each other, and working for two absolutely different ends, and yet in the same political camp. If the United States were not at stake, it could almost be wished that Hughes would win in order that the country might be edified by the dog fight that would follow.

The World Peace

THOS. H. INCE, movie magnate of Los Angeles, and producer of the film "Civilization," has received a congratulatory letter from President Wilson, in which he says:

"The nations of the world must unite in joint guarantees that whatever is done that is likely to disturb the whole world's life must first be tested in the court of the whole world's opinion before it is attempted, and the United States must be ready to join in the guarantee and back it up by her whole force and influence. Settled and secure peace can be made sure in no other way when the world war is over."

"WOODROW WILSON."

Thus, in the midst of a crisis in his own affairs, as well as a crisis in the affairs of this nation, Woodrow Wilson finds time to voice a recognition of the influence of the silent drama upon the public mind. The lesson which "Civilization" would teach is that this country must play the role of "guarantor" of a world peace in the future. To do that we must not only be strong enough to do so, but we must convince a skeptical world, by word and deed, that war, for conquest's sake, is abhorrent to us.

Will the election of Mr. Hughes, the "war candidate," do that?

Looks Quite Good

EIGHTY-SIX prominent business men of San Francisco have been provided with police badges inscribed "San Francisco Special Police—Safety First."

They are empowered with full authority to arrest "speeders" and other reckless violators of the traffic laws. They serve without compensation. The San Francisco idea is a good one. Speeders are generally upon the look-out for motor cops and uniformed officers of the law. The knowledge that the innocent looking citizen standing on the corner they "cut" may be loaded for bear, will surely have a deterring effect.

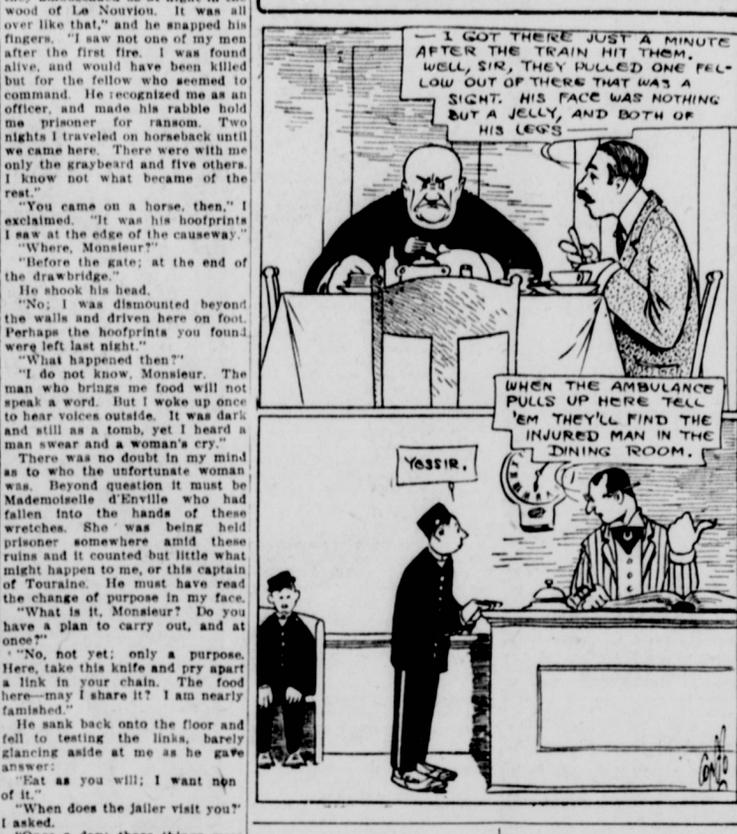
Foibles of War

AMONG the amusing incidents of the war is the sudden popularity achieved in Germany by a new species of daffodil, to which the enterprising florist and originator gave the sweet name "Von Tirpitz—Scourge of England."

Perhaps the patriotic florist would not agree that von Tirpitz has not yet proved a "scourge of England." But such is the English view. We may expect sarcastic ballads when the news reaches London, with the refrain, "Von Tirpitz, scourge of England, will be blooming in the spring!"

It's a wise chowder that knows it's clam.

Outbursts of Everett True



Then my eyes focused on a single-storied building, the walls of stone, the roof thatched with straw, half-hidden under the wall shadow. It was the roof, evidently newly covered, which first riveted my attention, and I had started at it for fully a minute, doubling my eyes, before I distinguished a group of men barely visible beyond the entrance.

I motioned with one hand for my companion to join me. "See yonder," I said, pointing thru the bars, "where the great breach is in the wall—a dozen men are there sitting about a fire."

"Aye!" he said, "those are the villains. And how do you figure it all out, Monsieur?" "In this way," I said, pointing to the scene before me. "The castle is used by these robbing villains as headquarters. They are safe enough here, for the place has the reputation of being haunted, and no one living in the neighborhood will even venture near."

"I led the way. At the top we found ourselves plunged into semi-darkness. The floor was of oaken timber, blackened by age, yet exhibiting no especial evidence of decay. It had even resisted fire, although there were places where the ancient flames had burned deep before dying out."

I groped my way forward from the stairhead, fearful of the burnt spots in the floor, and hampered by the piles of debris. We were in a vast hall—a huge apartment, appearing almost monstrous indeed in its bare nakedness, the only relief being indestructible stone benches ranged along the side walls.

Several openings, arched over by massive oak timbers, yawned to right and left, leading to contiguous rooms. My eyes glanced toward an arch in the wall. As I did so a shadow glided across the recess and disappeared. With the instant my every nerve was alert, and my fingers gripped Cassier.

"Stand there at the stair head," I whispered fiercely, "and watch. There is movement yonder." I sprang forward, drawing my sword, intent now only on the one object—that of overhauling the fugitive. The recess revealed another room and my eyes instantly perceived only a narrow opening to the further wall, where a single slab of stone swung outward. Reaching this I paused, staring up at a flight of stone stairs ending in utter darkness.

With every caution I crept forward, step by step. The stairs were narrow and spiral, shut in by solid walls of stone. I counted the steps, finding thirty before my eyes perceived a gleam of light still far above me. From that point the steps led straight up to a platform, the opening of which was closed.

The single bar of light streamed through a slight aperture between two stones, and I crept on until I touched the obstruction above. It was a thin stone, fitted into grooves cut in the solid rock, and I lifted one end without difficulty or noise. I stood on the second stone, the slab of rock tilted just enough to permit my eyes to peer thru the crack.

There was revealed the interior of a round turret, with narrow window slits, permitting a view outward, and a wider opening leading to the roof, which was protected by a wall of stone. The place was empty, but there, in the dust of the floor, were footprints. They were those of a woman or a child. Could the fugitive be Made-moiselle?

My heart leaped eagerly at the thought; for the instant I did not doubt, but rushed recklessly to the door.

prisoner forward, under the connecting arch, out into the great hall. The sun had sunk further into the west, and the shadows were dense, leaving much of the vast apartment obscured.

"The man who was with you—where is he?" It was the first question my prisoner had dared to ask.

"The question was in my own mind, for if Cassier was still at the head of the great staircase, he would certainly have perceived us before now."

"He should not be far away," I answered, assuming a confidence I was far from feeling. "Perhaps he has gone down the corridor. Come along; we shall soon see." But the man was not there, nor was there any sign of him upon the stairs or along the hall.

"Who was he, Monsieur?" asked the dwarf, as I stared helplessly about. "One of your own men?" "No, an officer of the Regiment of Touraine."

His little pig eyes widened. "Aha! the Captain Cassier! You found him in a cell below?" "Yes; so you know he was there, did you? Then you are not a prisoner and your falsehoods only make it worse for you."

He looked into my face, wetting his dry lips with his tongue. "So you are not! What then—on some day—where for your master? Is de Saule here?" He shook his head, afraid to reply. "Speak, you dog. Where is he?" "In Paris, Monsieur; but 'tis true he sent me."

"Ah! so you confess that! He has connection with these brigands, then, and makes use of them to carry out his schemes of devilry? Was it the plan to kidnap Mademoiselle d'Enville?" "Why do you think that, Monsieur?"

"No matter why I think it, I have reason enough. So speak up, for you have more reason just now to fear me than de Saule." "Tis not that I fear him, Monsieur."

"Who then?" "The king." "Ah!" I exclaimed. "Now we get down to facts. I thought as much. It is a conspiracy then. Louis would have his way with a maid in spite of her refusal to obey. I begin to understand some things that looked dark before."

"No doubt, that she should leave Paris with dispatches for the army and be taken on route and brought here. And then, I suppose, when things looked the darkest, de Saule was gallantly to appear as the rescuer, offering to save Made-moiselle from these banditti's hand."

"A sweet scheme, surely, worthy of a royal brain. And so Goepele, it was your duty to keep watch over the lady and inform your sweet master when she was in the proper mood, hey? But we have talked enough. Whatever has become of Cassier, there is plenty fronting me while day lasts. Where is it you say the chevalier is confined?"

He pointed forward, down the gloomy passage. "Yonder, Monsieur, next to the end." "And the lady?" "There was an instant of hesitation, but the tightening of my fingers compelled an answer."

"In the tower room above, Monsieur; the stairs are at the end of the corridor." "There is no guard?" "Only below in the court. What need? No one comes here, and he crossed himself piously. 'Tis haunted by the dead, this castle; at night they walk here, and show ghastly lights."

But I did not wait for him to tell me more of the actions of the ghosts, but made him lead me to the cell where he said the chevalier was confined.

With one hand, the other still retaining its grip on the dwarf, I opened the iron door. The cell was just as I thought, empty. Yet there were evidences that it had been lately occupied. An over-turned stool lay in one corner and near it an upset dish of food.

I started at these things and then at Goepele, who shrunk back before the anger in my eyes. "As I thought, he is not here."

"But he was here, Monsieur; I swear it."

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