

# GILL AND ERICKSON

Mayor Hiram C. Gill will support Councilman Oliver T. Erickson for reelection!

The announcement, made Tuesday, would have been unbelievable a few years ago. But time doth its wonders perform, and Gill's clear vision and breadth of thought and action grow

astonishingly. Gill is supporting Erickson. Why? Not because Erickson has been a faithful admirer of his; not because Erickson has always agreed with him and his policies and views; not because they are personal friends.

But listen—it is so rare a statement in politics that it is worth repeating in

entirety—listen to Mayor Gill: "Some of his (Erickson's) ideas are opposed to mine, and we have been political opponents often. "But he is broad and efficient, and is one of the most conscientious men in the council. It would be small of any man who knows Erickson not to judge him one of the best possibilities in the

field. I've come to the conclusion that Erickson is one of the biggest men in the council."

A well merited tribute to a big, broadminded and able man! And in thus recognizing the broadness and bigness of Councilman Erickson, the mayor's own growing bigness is emphasized.

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### Peace! Is It Wilson's Move?

Peace!

What a thrill of joy swept the world at the mere hint of it yesterday in the dispatches which carried the kaiser's proposal of peace negotiations.

Call it what you may—an attempt by Germany to swing neutral sentiment to it—an acknowledgment of the kaiser's probable defeat—or, as the chancellor declares, an act of a victorious nation inspired by "God, the nation, and humanity"—it is wonderful to contemplate peace possibilities so tangibly presented.

Lovers of humanity will watch jealously President Wilson's course. This, indeed, may be his golden opportunity to step forth resolutely and, strong of heart and faith, to speak in the name of humanity, as this great neutral nation can speak conscientiously.

There is an opportunity to bring the warring nations into conference—to negotiate—to talk things over. Will President Wilson remain silent in the face of such an opportunity?

When you can get two men to talk things over, in the presence of a mediator, they will seldom continue to quarrel. It is the same with nations. The eyes of the world are on Woodrow Wilson today, fully as much as on London.

### Give Fellow Human Full Credit

A YOUNG Danish woman, delicately reared, was married to the captain of a deep-water sailing vessel and went to sea with him the same day.

The voyage was to the West Indies. On the way, the ship ran into a hurricane, was slowly battered to bits by the seas, and after a terrific fight was wrecked.

The young bride was thrown into the breakers, went thru astounding adventures beyond anything in a sea-novel, and got to shore on an island, where she and her husband walked 19 miles to find a human habitation.

When the happy young couple returned to civilization the bride was asked if she had had enough of the sea. "Why, no," she said in an astonished way. "When my husband ships again, I'll go with him."

Well, it does seem to be a fact, doesn't it? Fear is losing something of its grip on human life. The old-time KING OF TERRORS ISN'T QUITE SO MUCH OF A KING as he used to be. It is most strange, it is mysterious, it is bewildering if you like, but people do seem to be looking thru wider and calmer eyes upon vicissitudes and peril.

With millions and millions of men performing every day the most daring, wonderful, BREATH-TAKING DEEDS OF VALOR, or going thru conditions of cold, wet, mud, slush, misery, pain and suffering that would have seemed impossible, courage is revealed as infinitely commoner, and fear as infinitely less fearful.

Novels of adventure make no hit now. The limits of all the imagination can conceive of danger, hardship, and achievement have been left behind by the realities. Why invent for us fictional heroes? Everybody is a hero, give him a chance.

But if courage is so much commoner than men had believed it, don't you think it is the SAME WITH ALL OTHER GOOD QUALITIES? KINDNESS, LOVE, MERCY, GOOD WILL—as a matter of fact, isn't human nature infinitely better and finer than most of us have judged it to be?

A chance to reveal itself. That seems to be about all it requires.

### 'Twas Just Like This in the Olden Days

WE like to fancy that our health laws, such as we enjoy in Seattle, are peculiarly a modern product, but read how public health administration existed in England 400 years ago:

"It is on record," says an English medical journal, "that Shakespeare's father was fined in 1552 for violating the by-laws of the Manor of Stratford-on-Avon by depositing refuse in the street, and again in 1558 for not keeping his gutters clean; and in 1512 a mayor of Nottingham was presented at the leet court for sundry misdemeanors such as selling herrings that were unfit for food and for beginning a muck hill."

Not even the clean streets upon which we so much pride ourselves are a new thing under the sun.

A forecast of women's fashions notes that "modesty is to be displayed." What else was there left?

Argument is a whetstone for the knife of invention.

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Modern marriage starts out with a fox trot and ends up in a lame duck.

## A Novel "DAWN O'HARA" A Week

Next Week By EDNA FERBER

## "One-Cylinder Sam" A Novel A Week

By E. J. RATH Copyright The Frank A. Munsey Co.

(Continued From Our Last Issue)

AFTER a moment of talk on the wharf, the two men embarked, thanked Mr. Witherbee, and went on their way.

"That's a funny go," said her host, turning to her. Rosalind raised her eyebrows in polite curiosity.

"American customs agents," explained Mr. Witherbee, "looking for diamond-smugglers. It seems there's been a good deal of it going on. Last night somebody left an anonymous letter in their boat, containing some sort of a hint about Mr. Morton."

"Mr. Morton?" "Uh-huh! Ridiculous, of course. I think I satisfied 'em on that score. They didn't seem to take much stock in whatever the letter said."

"Of course not," agreed Rosalind. "But here's the queerest part. On the back of the paper was the name of Mr. Davidson. They went over to his island before they came here and showed it to him. And Davidson said that it was his own handwriting!"

"How curious! Of course he didn't know anything about the note." "Not a thing in the world. The note was written in lead pencil in an entirely different hand. But there was his name on the back of it. It looks like a half-sheet of paper torn off from the other part. Davidson acknowledges the signature, and that's every blessed thing he knows about it. Now, wouldn't that get you?"

"It would," admitted Rosalind, forgetting her abhorrence of slang. Mr. Witherbee went off muttering.

Rosalind sensed a suddenly awakened interest in the Englishman. She resolved to satisfy her curiosity, so, rising from her seat on the wharf, she went briskly up to the house.

Mrs. Witherbee was in a corner of the porch. Rosalind dropped into a seat beside her. For a few minutes she watched the tennis players, then remarked indifferently:

"Mr. Morton plays rather a strong game, don't you think?" "Well, I don't understand tennis," said Mrs. Witherbee; "but that man's no slacker. He's a rather interesting man."

"You've known him for some time?" "No, we haven't," said Mrs. Witherbee. "He's been here most of the summer, but he's only been with us a few weeks. He was Mr. Davidson's guest at first. That's how we came to meet him."

"Stephen took a fancy to him and invited him over here. I imagine he was glad of the chance, because things were rather slow over at Davidson's after Billy Kellogg went away."

"Billy Kellogg?" "That's Mr. Davidson's nephew. A nice boy, but an idler. You probably heard his uncle mention the fact that he was working in New York. Mr. Davidson forced him to. The straw that broke the camel's back, it seems, was when Billy lost a big sum of money playing bridge with Mr. Morton. That disgusted his uncle."

In some mysterious way, known only to popular young ladies, Miss Chalmers contrived to get Mr. Morton to take them all fishing that afternoon. She also contributed to get him to hire Sam's launch. Rosalind went down to the wharf while Morton collected the rest of the party.

She found the boatman wiping the seats and otherwise engaged in the discouraging task of trying to make his craft tidy. He greeted her with a brief nod.

"Fishing?" he asked. "Yes."

"How many in the party? Space is limited, you know."

"Myself—Mr. Morton—perhaps half a dozen others."

"Miss Dawson?" he asked. Rosalind looked at him in quick astonishment.

"Because I can't take Miss Dawson," he added.

"This is the most unheard-of thing yet!" she exclaimed. Morton appeared on the wharf, followed by the Winter girls and Fortescue Jones.

Rosalind did not meet the boatman's eye as she embarked. She was soon disgusted with her experiment. She was quite willing to abandon it.

"Shall we turn back?" she asked Morton, who was stroking his mustache in a preoccupied manner.

"For answer he pointed toward a power-boat almost astern and following at a rapid rate.

"Seems, by Jove, as if they wished to speak with us," he said. "A chap just waved."

Rosalind studied the oncoming craft. It carried a small British ensign at the stern.

"Stop the boat!" she commanded.

### Outbursts of Everett True



Chicago wanted to go to a dance was a problem that Sam made no serious effort to solve. The dancing-desires of the fat grain-broker from Chicago had taken him from the American mainland to Wellesley Island, a passage safely accomplished aboard the Fifty-Fifty. And when Schmidt had been set ashore at the wharf—entrance to a hotel-property that blazed with light, Sam backed a little way into the river and made fast to a handy mooring.

A voice, clear as a bell across the water, reached his quick ears. He turned in the direction of the sound. Sam smiled and wrinkled his nose. "Same old master mechanic," he murmured.

He watched the Witherbee yacht make the landing, and saw, by the glow of the colored lanterns that bespangled the wharf, a tall, slender figure in white that was not unfamiliar. An instant later it was lost in the crowd.

From the shore came the sounds of a band. The lips of the boatman pursed; he whistled softly. "Who said clothes don't make the man?" he demanded aloud. "They make him dance, at any rate. Therefore—why not?"

He went forward quickly, cast loose from the mooring-buoy, and headed out into the river. It was nearly an hour later when the dimly marked hull of the boatman's launch, devoid of any light, made its reappearance.

Rosalind had been sitting most of them out, instead of dancing with them. After one experiment with Morton, one with the Jones boy, and a mere recollection of other dances with Reggie Williams, who had arrived on the very heels of his wire, Rosalind found that sitting out was the best approach to having good times.

of the white shirt-front, while her right had just been seized by another. The signal, she knew, meant another partner. She wavered; it seemed like a chance to escape.

The captor of her left hand whirled about and stretched forth his arms. It was a fatal and short-sighted maneuver, for in doing so he released her fingers. Then with compelling force Rosalind found herself drawn into firm grip by the person who still retained her right hand. She was dancing again.

It had happened so swiftly that her half-formed intention to flee from the dance was never carried into execution. She was angry at herself, at Tom Witherbee, at the whole undignified affair.

And yet—this man could dance! To Rosalind it was like being rescued from a trampling mob and expertly piloted into a path of ease and safety and perpetual rhythm.

She dreaded the whistle; it meant unknown terrors—perhaps even the Jones boy. The ominous blast sounded.

"Please, if you don't mind—" Rosalind managed to find herself speaking, then checked her tongue and flushed.

A second later and she was marveling again, for her partner had understood. They were opposite one of the big French windows that led to the porch. As easily as if the maneuver had been rehearsed, they swung thru the opening and whirled away from the crowded room.

"Thank you," she said. He made no answer, save a quick pressure of her fingers. It was this silent acknowledgment of his gratitude that awakened Rosalind.

Her feet halted abruptly. She flung herself backward out of the arms of Sam, the boatman. He was smiling benignly.

"This—this—" "Has been a great pleasure," he supplied, but the bow that accompanied the words was slightly satirical.

Rosalind stood gasping and angry. "You dared!" "Yes, ma'am."

"You deliberately planned—" "Sure, I planned it."

Her eyes blazed. Her spirit was raging, yet her wits had not deserted her. Perhaps they had not been noticed at all.

Meantime, it was an atrocious risk to stand there talking to him. Yet if she fled she knew not what the man might do. Probably he would follow.

"I wish to talk with you," she said, with sudden resolution. "That'll be another pleasure."

"But not here!" "Well, there's a lot of good talking places down on the lawn," he suggested.

She nodded grimly. (Continued in Our Next Issue)

DID YOU KNOW— It is advisable not to have a piano around where there is a baby who has the habit of putting things in its mouth?

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Child dancier is suing the city of Seattle for \$7,000 for injuries she sustained while wading in the Lincoln playground pool. If putting one's foot in city places is worth money, what a mint for C. Allen Dale!

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