

Women of Seattle Are Ready to Fight With Hoover

Approximately 1,000 women in Seattle, and many thousands in 200 other cities, are mobilized today in the ranks of the Woman's Army Against Waste.

This response to the movement, which was put on its own feet in Seattle recently, after having been launched by The Star, ought to prove to those who fear that America does not realize the war

situation, and that patriotism is lukewarm, that their fears are not well grounded. It also is a guarantee that Herbert C. Hoover's official call for nation-wide registration of women in July will receive hearty response.

No less attractive form of patriotic service can be asked of any people than stringent saving of food. It isn't glorious in the way that marching into a captured city is glorious; it isn't exciting

like charging a trench; it isn't anything but plain, daily work, thoughtfulness and self-sacrifice.

When people are willing to do these humble, unknown services for their country, there is no doubt about their patriotism.

The Star is proud to have had the chance to take the initiative in Seattle in a movement so urgently necessary to the winning of the war. But

it is even prouder of what the result proves—that the American people—and in this case American women in particular—are behind the great struggle for democracy, even to the severest test of all, the call to the daily task of conserving food.

Seattle's Army Against Waste is already at work. Hoover's proclamation, made public today, finds the women of Seattle ready and willing to "fight by helping the fighters fight."

THE SEATTLE STAR

1307 Seventh Ave. Near Union St.
MEMBER OF SCRIPPS NORTHWEST LEAGUE OF NEWSPAPERS
Telegraph News Service of the United Press Association
Entered at Seattle, Wash., Postoffice as Second-Class Matter.
By mail, out of city, 25c per month up to 6 mos., 6 mos. \$1.50; year \$3.50
By carrier, city, 25c a month.
Published Daily by The Star Publishing Co., Phone Main 600. Private
exchange connecting all departments.

"JANE EYRE"

BY CHARLOTTE BRONTE

CHAPTER I

Bread of Charity

There was no possibility of taking a walk that day. I was glad of it. I never liked long walks on chilly afternoons; dreadful to me was the coming home in the raw twilight, with nipped fingers, and a heart saddened by the chidings of Bessie, the nurse, and humbled by the consciousness of my physical inferiority to Eliza, John, and Georgiana Reed.

The said Eliza, John, and Georgiana were now clustered round their mamma in the drawing room. Me, she had dispensed from joining the group.

I was a discolor in Gateshead Hall. Mr. Reed was dead. He was my mother's brother. He had taken me when a parentless infant to his house; and in his last moments he had required a promise of Mrs. Reed that she would rear me as one of her own children.

The New Year had been celebrated at Gateshead with the usual festive cheer, dinners and evening parties given. From every enjoyment I was, of course, excluded; my share of gaiety consisted in witnessing the daily appareling of Eliza and Georgiana, and seeing them descend to the drawing room; and afterwards, in listening to the sound of the piano or the harp played below.

When tired of this occupation, I would retire from the stairhead to the silent nursery.

But even the loneliness of the nursery was better than having my hair pulled by Eliza or Georgiana, and having my cousin John knock me down. They were never reproved on such occasions, so I generally went about with a black eye, a cut lip, or a nasty swelling on my forehead.

One morning Bessie, in a great flurry, sent me to the breakfast room.

For nearly three months, I had never been called to Mrs. Reed's presence, restricted to the nursery, the breakfast, dining, and drawing rooms were become for me awful regions.

With both hands I turned the stiff door-handle. The door unopened, and curtsying low, I looked up at—a black pillar!—standing on the rug, the grim face at the top was like a carved mask.

Mrs. Reed introduced me to the stony stranger with the words: "This is the little girl respecting

whom I applied to you."

He, for it was a man, said solemnly: "Her size is small; what is her age?"

"Ten years."

"So much?" was the doubtful answer. "Your name, little girl?"

"Jane Eyre, sir."

"Well, Jane Eyre, and are you a good child?"

Mrs. Reed answered for me: "Perhaps; the less said on that subject the better, Mr. Brocklehurst."

"Sorry, indeed, to hear it! She and I must have some talk."

Mrs. Reed interposed.

"Mr. Brocklehurst, I intimated in my letter that this little girl has not quite the character I could wish; should you admit her into Lowood school, I should be glad if the superintendent and teachers were requested to keep a strict eye on her, and, above all, to guard against her tendency to deceit."

"I mention this in your hearing, Jane, that you may not attempt to impose on Mr. Brocklehurst."

Well might I dread, well might I dislike Mrs. Reed; however carefully I obeyed, however strenuously I strove to please her, my efforts were still repulsed and repaid by such sentences as the above. Now I dimly perceived that she was already sowing aversion and unkindness along my future path; and what could I do to remedy the injury?

"Deceit is, indeed, a sad fault in a child," said Mr. Brocklehurst; "she shall be watched, Mrs. Reed; I will speak to Miss Temple and the teachers."

I pass over the few more days that I remained at Gateshead Hall; they were disagreeable enough, also the long and lonely journey to Lowood, where I arrived late at night.

My first quarter at Lowood seemed an age; it comprised an irksome struggle.

Our clothing was insufficient to protect us from the severe cold. Then the scanty supply of food was distressing; with the keen appetites of growing children, we had scarcely sufficient to keep alive a delicate invalid. Whenever the famished great girls had an opportunity, they would menace the little ones out of their portion.

I cannot pass over these years at Lowood without more than casual mention of its superintendent, Miss Temple.

NEXT NOVEL

"Robinson Crusoe"

By Daniel DeFoe

I used to wonder why she remained for even my child mind sensed that such was not a necessity on her part. Later I learned that she stayed simply for the girls' sake. Maria Temple was of independent fortune and high birth. These two facts made it impossible for Mr. Brocklehurst to demand of her what he would have of a superintendent to whom the position was a necessity.

But with all her care, an epidemic of typhus fever swept over the school the first spring I was there, and our numbers were lessened by several deaths. The calamity, however, was not without its effect.

It drew public attention to the school. Inquiry was made into the origin of the scourge, and by degrees various facts came out which excited public indignation. The discovery produced a result mortifying to Mr. Brocklehurst, but beneficial to the institution.

Several wealthy and benevolent individuals in the county subscribed largely; new regulations were made; improvements in diet and clothing introduced; the funds of the school were entrusted to the management of a committee.

The school, thus improved, became a truly useful institution. I remained after its regeneration, for eight years; six as pupil, and two as teacher.

Miss Temple, thru all changes, had thus far continued superintendent of the seminary; to her instruction I owed the best part of my acquirements; she had stood me in the stead of mother, governess, and, latterly, companion. At this period she married, removed to a distant county, and consequently was lost to me.

It was the week after her marriage that I advertised for a position as nursery governess, and finally accepted a situation offered by a Mrs. Fairfax of Thornfield Hall, near Millicote. I was to have but one pupil, a little girl.

CHAPTER II
I Earn My Bread

My new situation was all and more than I had hoped for. Mrs. Fairfax, however, was not the mistress of Thornfield, but the housekeeper; a dead old lady, and distant relative of Mr. Rochester, the owner of the estate. He spent little or no time at Thornfield, and this was why the selecting of a

governess for his ward, a French child, whose name was Adele Varens, fell to Mrs. Fairfax. At the time of my arrival Mr. Rochester was, as usual, away from home. The household comprised Mrs. Fairfax, my pupil and myself, a French nurse, Sophie by name, John, the caretaker, and Mary, his wife, who was the cook. These,

with a scullery maid or two and the grooms at the stables, had to suffice as society for each other, for despite its magnificence—and Thornfield Hall was quite in keeping with the importance of its vast holdings—it was lonely enough. There was one more servant in the house, concerning whom I could not help wondering a little.

for I almost never saw her. The first occasion was when Mrs. Fairfax was showing me over the Hall. We were in the third story, Mrs. Fairfax at one end of a long corridor, I at the other, wondering what was behind the two rows of small black doors all shut. (Continued in Our Next Issue)

Dig Till It Hurts

Seattle has done splendidly with the Liberty Loan. Now it must do well for the Red Cross. Aye, it must do better, for then only will it prove that its heart is truly loyal and willing to sacrifice. There was no sacrifice in buying a bond. It was an investment, a good, profitable one. You merely loaned some money to Uncle Sam, whose bond is as good as gold, and you will be paid interest on your loan.

The Red Cross is different. It demands genuine sacrifice of money on your part.

Your pocketbook will be hurt this time, but do not talk of your patriotism and your sacrifice unless you ARE hurt there. Even then, it will be pitifully small compared to the wounds and the weary toil and the blood and the sacrifice of the men on the field of battle, and the brave members of the Red Cross who are there to save what they can out of the carnage.

Seattle is called upon to give \$300,000 that they may administer medical and surgical aid—to whom?

Your own brother or son, perhaps, your own sweetheart, or next of kin! It is they who are shrieking for help. It is they who must have that \$300,000. It is they whose cries on the gory fields must not go unanswered by the Red Cross.

Seattle! The direct appeal for money has begun today. The campaign lasts one week. You must dig deep, folks—deeper into your pockets than ever before.

History Repeats Itself

He was a self-contained man, but he was very lonely. He was saved by his sense of humor, altho his face was one of the saddest in the world. He was a man who did not seek to shirk a responsibility. He had to face one of the most gigantic jobs in history and he put it thru. He had some good aides, but, in the last analysis, the burden of decision was upon his shoulders and he did not try to unload upon some one else. When he listened there fell upon his ears the raucous cries of those who were really traitors to the cause and the bitter criticisms of those who were really devoted to the cause, but gave aid and comfort to the enemy by their loud complaints. The lonely man heard it all, sighed, and continued upon the path marked out for himself.

And today we hail the name of Abraham Lincoln with a fervor of love and a hush of reverence such as we accord no one else in our history.

He saved the Union. He held the helm of the ship of state steady in the stream, with humanity and justice as his guiding lights.

We remember only those things. We are likely to forget the abuse heaped upon him, the sneers directed at him. We forget how little help and comfort were vouchsafed him. We blind our eyes to the criticism leveled at cabinet ministers whom today we praise. We overlook the fact that during the war Lincoln was assailed for assuming too much power and too much responsibility.

And today history is repeating itself. As Lincoln did, so Wilson, another lonely man, is doing. He is concentrating himself upon his job. He is doing his best to make democracy safe in the world.

And his contemporary reward is the cheap drivel called "oratory" in congress; the scoldings of newspapers that would rather revile than praise; the snarl of interested politicians and contract grabbers that his cabinet ministers are not up to their jobs.

It is time Americans conked their history. It is time they learned something from what Americans did to Lincoln.

The way to win this war is not to make the path of the president harder, but easier. His is the responsibility, his the great task. And we can all make it lighter and easier to accomplish if we will talk less and serve more.

Bitter words will not win this war. Patriotic acts will.

May Stir Up Uncle

We have nothing but admiration for that Eastern brokerage firm which is urging the rich to put their money into vacant lands, in order to avoid the income tax. "Vacant lands," it says, "will produce no income and therefore bear no federal tax."

In order to escape paying 25 cents tax, throw away your dollar! This is the sort of economics the above advice would sound like, were it not for the fact that the "vacant lands" referred to increase in value thru improvements made in their neighborhood. Millions of acres of land are lying idle in this country, paying nominal taxes and growing daily in value, and they certainly do offer the rich an opportunity to dodge war taxation.

If hard pressed for war money, Uncle Sam may yet take this matter of "vacant lands" in hand and do what's sensible and just.

'Taint on Straight

Being at war with the kaiser, Ohio's conscience is all stirred up by the question, "Shall German be taught in the elementary grades of the public schools?"

The German vote was very precious to an Ohio republican legislature, one time, many years ago, and so the teaching of German in her public schools is obligatory to this day. How can Ohio pose as patriotic and strafe German autocracy, when she autocratically imposes German upon her free schools?

Is she going to persist in inculcating Germany into her young pupils, while all the rest of us are fighting, farming or financing to clean up Germany? Forsooth, it hath an ugly look. It is not well that great Ohio's war bonnet is not on straight. By September, her schools will be in full blast again. Our war with Germany will be likewise. Ohio, get thyself a new bonnet, or have the old one made over!

OUR IDEA of nothing at all is the debate which is still raging in Tacoma whether to call it "Rainier."

A GOOD conscience expects to be treated with perfect confidence.

E. D. K.'s COLYUM

WHEN SHE WAS KNEADED

"Dear-old Lena had been taking osteopathic treatment, and her little friend Mabel was curious to know what the treatment was like.

"Well, I'll tell you, Mabel," Lena said, seriously, "they just make bread of you."

ODD, ISN'T IT?



KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Since W. D. Collins' mule rubbed against a heavily charged electric wire, he has done twice as much work and hasn't kicked.

SOMETHING WRONG

"Grandma," asked 4-year-old Paul, "what makes Helen such a pretty little girl?"

"She is pretty," grandma replied, "because she is such a good little girl."

"But, grandma," Paul protested, "you are awful good."—Ladies' Home Journal.

NEVER USED

"It is certainly a fine-looking fellow," said Smith to Jones, looking at Brown. "A fine head."

"Yes," answered Jones, "he ought to have a head. It's brand new; he has never used it any."—Ladies' Home Journal.

FLICKERING



And don't overlook that extra billion in the Liberty Loan, Bill.

Home Guard Must Be Willing to Go Abroad

The United States cannot afford to accept enlistments from men or officers in the Washington Coast Artillery, Col. Blodgett's command, with the idea that they "remain in this country," according to a ruling by the war department. The question was raised thru Congressman Albert Johnson last week.

Says U. S. in War Saves the Allies

Winston Churchill, formerly first lord of the admiralty and one of the foremost men of England, shown here says the allies would have been doomed if the U. S. had not entered the world war.

BUTTER RECORDS BROKEN BY LOCAL MAN'S FINE HEIFERS

Two Washington state dairy records of butter production for seven days were broken this week. The first by Von Heim Mary Hartog, the senior 2-year-old Holstein heifer, who produced over 30 lbs. of butter in seven days, while Von Heim Wilfrid Colantha, Junior 2-year-old Holstein heifer, produced 25 lbs. of butter in seven days.

Both cows belong to the celebrated Lodge Von Heim, thoroughbred Holstein-Friesian herd, at Kent, Washington. The herd gained national-wide publicity when John Von Herberg, of Seattle, the owner, paid \$21,500 for Funderne Mutual Payne Valdeana, at the Portland, Ore., sale, establishing a world's record price for bull calf sold at public auction.

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Forty-Mile Ride Two Hours on Puget Sound NAVY YARD ROUTE

S. S. H. B. Kennedy, Kitsap II, and Tourist leader Colman Dock 8:00, 10:30, 11:30 A. M., 1:30, 3:00, 5:30 P. M.

Editor's Mail

Editor, The Star:—The writer of that letter is right about poor men's wives being members of long standing in the war against waste. We have a hard time to get the children enough to eat as it is, and if we were to waste ever so little, it would mean going hungry.

And then to think of the things the commission men throw into the bay. There are six of us in our family and we have not had a potato to eat for two weeks. Then we had a half sack, and before that we had not tasted potatoes for two months, and we have had fresh meat just three times since last December. We have beans, yes, thank you, we have beans. But never a speck of meat to cook with them.

Why isn't there a law prohibiting the gigantic destruction of food? Because the rich do not make such laws. They are not going to make laws that will hurt any other rich men.

Belgians are homeless? So are we, and will our country help us get a home? No, but it will give thousands of acres to the railroads. Belgian children are starving. But haven't there been children in New York and such places, starving every year for the last 10 years, and remember? They freeze to death in the winter and die from the heat in summer and never have enough to eat. — A Reader.

Editor's Note—We shall have fought this war to win it in the fight for world democracy against autocracy, we in the United States shall not reap a greater measure of economic freedom as well as a broader democracy. Probably nothing could advance the just solution of our food and labor problems as rapidly as this war. Vast changes are being wrought every day. We are today discussing maximum prices of food, for instance. A few months ago this seemed altogether impossible and Utopian.

There is quite a strong probability now that we will have food control in this country before long. This is but one instance. We are today discussing the idea of making the worth of the country pay the war out of surplus incomes rather than loading it on the shoulders of the poor. We shall achieve some measure of that. And don't think that any of these economic changes brought on by the war are going to be lost in times of peace.

The war shall make a readjustment of conditions that will be of permanent good—it is toward that goal that we must strive and must lift our voices. Let our congressmen hear from us often.

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\$ 50, nothing down, \$1.00 week, or \$ 4.00 month
\$100, nothing down, \$1.25 week, or \$ 5.00 month
\$150, \$ 5.00 down, \$1.75 week, or \$ 7.50 month
\$200, \$10.00 down, \$2.50 week, or \$10.00 month
\$250, \$12.50 down, \$3.00 week, or \$12.50 month
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