

THE SEATTLE STAR

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Hitchcock Should Be Beaten

The United States senate, which has had so much to say about red tape and the lack of leadership in the conduct of the war, will, within the next few days, have the opportunity to make its actual deeds square with its valiant words. It will have the chance to cast into the dustbin, where it belongs, the rotten senate rule of seniority, and pick a man for leadership not because of his years of service but because of his record and his brains.

The death of Senator Stone of Missouri has created a vacancy in the chairmanship of the committee on foreign affairs. If mere priority counts, Gilbert M. Hitchcock of Nebraska is as good as elected. But if sturdy Americanism is to be considered, if great ability is to be considered, if constantly displayed friendship for our gallant allies is to be considered, then some man like Williams of Mississippi, or Lodge of Massachusetts, or Borah or Knox will be chosen.

The chairmanship of the committee on foreign affairs is going to be one of tremendous importance to the people of this country, once we win the war. Numberless treaties will have to be written and considered. Every one of them will have to go to this committee before the senate has a chance to act.

Our relations with the world for years to come, our very fate thru the centuries, will depend largely upon the spirit in which the chairman of this committee works with the presidents and meets the suggestions of those countries that have stood shoulder to shoulder with us in the bitter fight for civilization and for liberty. His record abundantly demonstrates that Hitchcock is not the man. His attitude toward the administration has been such that it would be almost impossible for him to work in close harmony with the present president.

He not only fought the president on such great domestic matters as reform of the tariff and finance and construction of a government-owned merchant marine, but he has been a bitter and, in many respects, totally unfair critic and opponent of the administration's conduct of the war. Moreover—and this is of vital importance, bearing in mind that our boys are today fighting side by side with the valiant British and the gallant French—it is necessary to remember that in the crucial first months of the war Hitchcock introduced bills whose main effect, if adopted, would have been to deprive England and France of American money, arms and munitions.

If the senate is really in deadly earnest about fighting this war to a victorious finish, it cannot elevate to the vacant chairmanship a man whose proposed bills and quoted words in 1914 and 1915 so often gave unalloyed delight to every pro-German in this country.

Drunkenness is said to be decreasing in New York city. It may be that one reason is the rest of the country isn't visiting New York so much as it used to.

Star Man Honored

Henry Wood, American newspaper man and correspondent for the United Press with the French armies, has been decorated as chevalier of the Legion of Honor by order of the French army command.

The bestowal of this high honor upon Wood should be of particular interest to readers of The Star, who have been following his brilliant stories of the war since the great struggle began. It was because of his valuable services at the front that the decoration was granted.

This means that The Star's representative abroad is thoroughly in the confidence of the high army officials and that the real news and the best news of the ever-changing activities in France will continue to reach The Star as quickly as cables can be operated.

Besides Wood, The Star is being served by William Philip Simms, veteran correspondent with the British armies; C. C. Lyon, of the Newspaper Enterprise association, with the American armies, and a capable staff of writers with the Yankee forces in Lorraine and on the Amiens front, and elsewhere at the varying scenes of the conflict.

The Star feels some justifiable pride in calling attention to this recognition of its representative by the French war command.

Look out for big things, if there's any truth in the cablegram that Bohemian troops are joining the Italians to fight Austria!

On the Frying Pan

The entente and Germany are in a battle of diplomacy for Holland, and, if recent history is worth a cent as a criterion, Holland is going to do pretty much as Germany desires. Since the beginning of the war German diplomacy has won the victories, save in one instance, a very important one—the forcing of America into the war.

Holland is crammed with Teuton propagandists, much of her press has been bought up by Germans, she is almost wholly dependent upon Germany for fuel and it is likely that she would have materially favored Germany long ago, had it not been that breach of neutrality would mean her immediate loss of all her colonies.

Holland could give to Germany 400,000 or 500,000 trained soldiers almost right on the spot of the big conflict now raging. She could also give Germany some new and important advantages in the U-boat warfare.

Holland is one of the nations that might be decidedly influenced by threat of a trade boycott. She has big sources of wealth in Java, Sumatra, Dutch Guinea and the West Indies and an export trade in certain commodities that she enjoys almost exclusively.

Watch Holland! She may become another Rumania. Whatever she does will be most important.

According to the jury, former Charity Commissioner Callaghan seems to have taken too literally the precept that charity beginneth at home.

COMEDIES OF CAMP LEWIS LIFE



Gotta hairpin, Sis? I want to clean my pipe.
My, but you wireless men are helpless, aren't you?

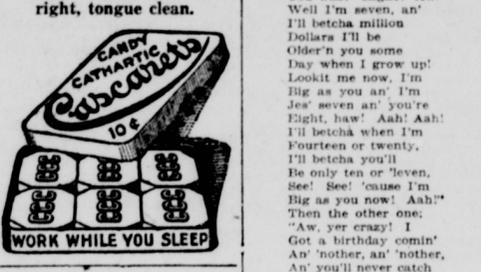
STAR SHELLS

AS MILE IN TIME'S WORTH NINE

THE KAISER
The kaiser is an autocrat. He lives in a palace. He scowls on the world, and says "verboten!" He is not pleased.
He is ruler of a great nation. His people obey him. He has big armies, and fights.
He likes to burn churches. He is not an atheist. He is allied with God. He says so. He can paint and compose and write. He can also shoot and swim. He is not bad at destruction, either.
He is greatly honored by cartoonists. They draw many pictures of him.
At present, he is in disrepute. He is alleged to be responsible for murder. He is condemned by the world, but will not accept the verdict, choosing, rather, to trash the world, and set the verdict aside.
BRUDITE.

YOU'RE BILIOUS! TAKE CASCARETS

Enjoy life! Live your liver and bowels to-night and feel great.
Wake up with head clear, stomach sweet, breath right, tongue clean.



Get the Habit of Drinking Hot Water Before Breakfast

Says we can't look or feel right with the system full of poisons.

Millions of folks bathe internally now instead of loading their system with drugs. "What's an inside bath?" you say. Well, it is guaranteed to perform miracles if you could believe these hot water enthusiasts.

There are vast numbers of men and women who, immediately upon arising in the morning, drink a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it. This is a very excellent health measure. It is intended to flush the stomach, liver, kidneys and the thirty feet of intestines of the previous day's waste, sour bile and indigestible material left over in the body which, if not eliminated every day, become food for the millions of bacteria which infest the bowels, the quick result is poisons and toxins which are then absorbed into the blood, causing headache, bilious attacks, foul breath, bad taste, colds, stomach trouble, kidney misery, sleeplessness, impure blood and all sorts of ailments.

People who feel good one day and badly the next, but who simply cannot get feeling right are urged to obtain a quarter pound limestone phosphate at the drug store. This will cost very little, but is sufficient to make any one a real crank on the subject of internal sanitation.

Editor's Mail
WHY OIL STOCK?
Editor The Star: Buy bonds. You bet! Why any sane man will sink his money in "wildcat" stocks when Liberty bonds are within the reach of all is beyond my comprehension. We can account for it in no way but to assume that promoters of "wildcat" schemes possess superior clairvoyance.
Buy bonds. You bet! With material and labor high, this is no time for development of new fields where the risk is great. Uncle Sam can use the money to good advantage in repelling the foe of humanity.
Buy bonds. You bet! What Washington needs is a blue sky law—a law that will protect the credulous from wildcaters. You bet!
ROBERT G. DUNCAN,
1260 Empire Building.

EYE-WITNESS REVIEWS OF DRIVE

Continued From Page One

To night, the signaller stopped their wig wagging and took up their flash signals, a fog dropped down on us and put the lights out of business, and when we left to go forward under the cover of darkness, they were busy putting out their telephone lines—signaller and runners don't have an easy time.

Behind us a shell landed in an ammunition dump, and it went up with a roar; then the rifle ammunition started going off like a great bunch of firecrackers, and great tongues of flame lit up the sky.

Sleeps Under Fire
It is reported that the Germans had broken thru our line and we were to counter attack in the morning. We got into positions without a single casualty. I opened an aid post in an old dugout and settled down to sleep until morning. You may think it funny that one could sleep under such conditions, but I had been up since 5:30, had tramped about six or seven miles, had had a rather trying day and was dog tired.

So I settled down on the rough plank floor and was soon asleep. I must have been asleep a couple of hours when a runner came from headquarters and told us we were to move off immediately. I looked at my watch, and it was 1:30 a. m. on the second day.

We went back to the railroad, following it around to a position some six miles to the north of us, landing there about 4 in the morning, and flopped down on the floor of some abandoned huts to await further orders. Our orders came along about 9 o'clock. We marched up across the open prairie, the sun shining, and it was really hot.

Boches Shell Battery
Just like some of the warm days we got the last of March at home. In going forward, it was necessary for us to march 75 yards in front of three batteries of field guns. There are six guns to a battery. They shoot an 18-pound shell, and while we were there each gun was whizzing twice to the minute. You can imagine the racket when I tell you the discharge of one gun can be heard about four miles. In addition, the boche was trying to knock out this battery, and he was dropping his six-inch shells a little too close for comfort.

This is a lovely mistake. I went to establish an aid post near battalion headquarters, and went blithely on, when I met a company commander and asked him where to go. "Back there about a quarter of a mile," he replied. "This is the front company. If you keep on in the direction you are going, you are going over that ridge, and Fritz will be waiting for you with a machine gun."

Escapes From Trap
So my greatest and only and myself didn't waste any time in clearing. On the way back I found a gallon can full of water, got into a corrugated iron shelter and had a wash and shave. It certainly felt good. I don't believe I had washed for 36 hours. It was warm and bright. I could look out of my shelter and see our support lines digging themselves in several hundred yards away. The cannon fire ceased, the machine guns settled down to an occasional fizzle burst and it was midday of a beautiful spring day.

A couple of partridges flew over me. What did they know or care about all this noise and racket and men getting up in line and killing each other?
Along about 3 o'clock things began to liven up again. In the meantime, headquarters had been established in a sunken road, with banks about 15 feet high on either side (later this cut was half filled with dead). My aid post was in a dugout near by, and gradually things got hotter and hotter.

Our men had dug themselves in and were popping away with their rifles. The field batteries behind us were putting up a barrage, airplanes were circling overhead, both ours and the Germans'. The Germans put up a counter barrage, the machine guns going like mad. I was standing with the colonel on a little rise of ground above the sunken road when the Germans broke thru about a mile to the north of us. They could be plainly seen pouring over the ridge in close formation.

Tanks Drive Huns
Then the tanks came up, and you should have seen them run! Just like rabbits! The tanks retired, the boches reformed and came at it again. They tell me that at certain



The Kaiser's Mustache

Would you measure the kaiser, his nose and his why? Note the arrogant strength in the bulk of his nose. And the petulant look of his lips in repose. But to seek out his soul (and the judgment's not rash) You must study the style of the kaiser's mustache.

Not an honest hair in it! But each shows the thought Of an effort to be what a mustache is NOT! In its will is the guile of a solemn bluff, In its factitious fierceness, behold the pout. It is camouflaged coin; it is counterfeit cash, It's a hypocrite poseur's dishonest mustache.

It would tempt one to laugh, were it not for the shame That this throne-thing is human—or such is his claim. Why, a peacock's a peacock; an ape is an ape, But neither so kaisers his face to a shape Of treasured valor, anointed and twined To fool his own soul and to cozen the world.

For, just as the Indian smears up his jewels And just as the Chinese make hideous howls As they go into battle, this weak-witted grows His sweet little schrecklichkeit under his nose! Come, come, Father Time, as you gather earth's trash, Sweep into the emptings the kaiser's mustache! (Copyright, 1918, N. E. A.)

places our men withstood 15 successful attacks, and the shellfire from the trench went down in thousands. One Welshman told me that his gun accounted for 75 in three minutes during one wave.

Machine gun bullets were nipping around me, the shellfire was getting hotter, and even the it was a wonder, I felt sure to watch, I decided "discretion was the better part of valor," or something like that, and got down into my dugout.

I was sitting there, smoking a cigar when my orderly came down and said I was being relieved and was to go back with the ambulance. Fifteen hours later the man who relieved me was captured. But I am getting ahead of my story.

I went back to the advanced dressing station, thru the hottest shellfire I ever experienced. More than once I went down on my face when a shell burst and the pieces went whizzing over my head. I spent the night in a mined village, where the advanced dressing station was located, and all night they shelled it to blazes. It was remarkable how few casualties we had.

Shell Hits Post
About 11 o'clock the morning of the third day a shell fell in the side of our post, but luckily no one was hurt. We stuck to it to blazes. It was in the afternoon, when we saw our men retreating over a ridge in front of us, keeping up a continuous machine gun and rifle fire, and we beat it back to another village and opened another post.

About 10 o'clock on the morning of the fourth day, Lord Thyme, my colonel when I was with the battle, stumbled into the shack where I was sitting. He looked like a ghost. He had lost his hat, his face was covered with a four-day beard, the sweat had traced tracks in the dust from his forehead to his chin. His nose was torn and bloody and he had a gash in his arm where he had been struck by a piece of flying shell case.

"My God, doc, are you here?" he said. "You got out just in time. The battalion is all gone. The sunken road is filled with dead—mostly Hunns, damn 'em. The line broke on the right; we were surrounded, and at the last we were fighting back and back. Only 20 of us got away."

Germans Break Line
So we knew the boche had broken thru to our right and our left, and it was a question of how long it would be before we, too, were surrounded, but we wanted to stick it out as long as we could.

But not more than an hour later a medical officer rushed in from one of the battalions and between gasps for breath told us the Germans were on the edge of the village, had shot him thru the sleeve with a machine gun bullet ducky that was all, and for us to beat it.

Let me tell you we did. I threw my knapsack and made the first hundred yards in nothing flat and then settled down to a walk because I was so out of breath I couldn't run any more.

The incessant scream and crash and bang of the shells kept up and the rat-tat-tat of the machine guns never ceased. The village immediately

ly behind us was a seething mass of brick dust, smoke, flame and burning shells. We were told on our way back that a stand was to be made behind this village, so we circled around it and took up a position about a half mile behind it at a crossroad.

Unfortunately for us, a six-inch battery came into action about 50 yards from us, and, aside from the harassing effect of the terrific noise, batteries are always unpleasant neighbors, as they inflict shell fire. We stopped here until about 10 o'clock at night, when we were ordered to retire.

Carry Wounded Back
There was no way of getting out the wounded that we had collected, so the stretcher bearers carried them on their stretchers for six or seven miles, what we foraged for food, and when we arrived at our destination at 4 o'clock in the morning of the fifth day we were all in.

I could hardly move, but after a big bowl of hot tea and some hard tack I turned in on the floor, and what we foraged for food, and when we arrived at our destination at 4 o'clock in the morning of the fifth day we were all in.

On the way a German airplane came down and crashed near the road, but neither the pilot nor observer was hurt. They were a couple of rather neat looking lads about 19 years old.

And so it went for three days more, open a dressing station, re-fire (sometimes on the run), long marches, very little to eat except what we foraged from abandoned camps and dumps, dog tired, sleeping when and where we could, and finally the division was relieved. We now saw our first civilians, and last night I slept in a bed. It wasn't much of a bed, and the mattress was full of lumps, but to get my boots off my sore and aching feet, to stretch out, and know I wouldn't be roused out in 15 minutes—well, you couldn't have bought that bed from me for \$100.

Transferred to A. E. F.
Did you ever read Robert W. Service's description of the retreat from Mons? Well, that's the way I felt: Tramp, tramp, the grim road, the road from Mons to Wipers. I've hammered out this ditty with me bruised and bleeding feet: Tramp, tramp, the dim road—We didn't 'ave no pipers—All bellies that were 'oller was the drums we 'ad to beat.

The fifth day, sitting around the fire in our mess after the best dinner we had had in days, the commanding officer handed me some papers and said, "Here is something that will interest you, Pettit. I want to say we shall be sorry to lose you."

And this is what it was: "Lieutenant Rowell T. Pettit, M. E. C., is relieved from duty with the British army and will proceed to the A. E. F. where he will report for duty."

I leave for Paris in the morning. This has been a long tale, but the best of it hasn't been told. I hope I haven't strung it out too much. I have just been informed that all my kit had to be burned to prevent it falling into the hands of the enemy. I shall probably want you to send me some things from home, but I'll see what I can get first. Your son, ROSWELL.

General Gibson Says He Feels That Every Soldier Should Take Nuxated Iron

WHO GOES TO THE FRONT

General John L. Clem, Who Was Sergeant in the U. S. Army at 12 Years of Age, General David Stuart Gordon, Hero of the Battle of Gettysburg, Judge Samuel S. Yoder, for 18 Years a Practicing Physician and Formerly Surgeon Major in the Army, Also Tell How They Were Benefited by a Short Course of This Remarkable Product.

Dr. James Francis Sullivan and other physicians explain why Nuxated Iron helps to increase strength and build up weak, nervous, run-down folks.

What every soldier most needs is tremendous strength, power and endurance, with nerves of steel and blood of iron. To help produce this result there is nothing in my experience which I have found so valuable as organic iron—Nuxated Iron.

Gen. Horatio Gates Gibson, formerly physician at Bellevue hospital (optical department), Westchester county hospital, New York, and the Westchester county hospital, says every soldier and civilian who wants something to help increase his strength and endurance should have this prescription filled and take Nuxated Iron three times daily, as did Gen. Gibson, Gordon and Judge Yoder.

Gen. Horatio Gates Gibson, U. S. A. (retired), Mexico in the war of 1847 with Gen. Winfield Scott. Gen. Gibson says: "Judging from the results in my own case, I feel that every soldier who goes to the front should take Nuxated Iron."

Gen. John L. Clem, U. S. A. (retired), drummer boy of Shiloh, who entered the army at the age of 11 years. He was promoted to be second lieutenant at the battle of Chickamauga when only 15 years old. He says that Nuxated Iron is the one and ever-reliable tonic that he obtained most surprising results from its use in two weeks' time.

Gen. Samuel S. Yoder, statesman, jurist and for 18 years a practicing physician—formerly surgeon major in the army, and now commander in chief of the Union League, says: "Nuxated Iron restores, revivifies and rehabilitates the system. To the man of 70, as I am, it is just as certain just as efficacious, as to the youth in his teens."

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Gen. David Stuart Gordon, U. S. A. (retired), promoted for gallant conduct in the battle of Gettysburg; well known Indian fighter. Gen. Gordon says: "Despite my own advanced age, Nuxated Iron has made me fit for another campaign; my country needs me, I stand ready to go."

Gen. Samuel S. Yoder, statesman, jurist and for 18 years a practicing physician—formerly surgeon major in the army, and now commander in chief of the Union League, says: "Nuxated Iron restores, revivifies and rehabilitates the system. To the man of 70, as I am, it is just as certain just as efficacious, as to the youth in his teens."

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Another interesting case is that of Gen. John Lincoln Clem, who at the early age of 12 years was sergeant in the U. S. Army, and the last veteran of the battle of Gettysburg. Gen. Gordon says: "When I was 12 years old I was run down by this year. I found myself totally without energy and strength. I was back as I had done in my younger days."

But I ordinarily do not believe in it. But in the case of Nuxated Iron I would be willing to mention it. I have taken it myself and given it to my patients with most surprising and satisfactory results. And those who wish quickly to increase their strength, power and endurance will find it most remarkable, and wonderfully effective remedy.

If people would only take Nuxated Iron when they feel weak or run down, instead of dosing themselves with habit-forming drugs, stimulants and alcoholic beverages, there are bloodily thousands who might readily build up their red blood corpuscles, increase their physical energy, and get themselves into a condition to ward off the millions of disease germs that are almost constantly around us. It is surprising how many people suffer from iron deficiency and do not know it. If you are not strong or well, you owe