THE SEATTLE STAR

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Not Until Then

We should beware of peace talk now. Rather let us continue talking war. Peace talk has its origin in Germany, and it is the sort of peace that one may expect issuing from beyond the Rhine while Germany holds even one foot of conquered territory. It begins and ends with: "No indemnity, no annexation."

That is not now a basis for peace.

We find a better foundation for peace set forth in a new book entitled, "What We Must Know to Win," written by a very thoughtful Frenchman, Andre Cheradame. He says:

"To the lying German formula, 'no annexations, no indemnities,' the allies must oppose the democratic formula, that is to say:

"Expiation for crime.

"Reparation for damage.

"Guarantees against a renewal of war.

"Expiation, reparation, guarantees—these three words constitute the formula of common sense, of justice, and of truth."

Until Germany comes across with peace talk based on her expiation, reparation and guaranty, we shall have to go on fighting—fighting harder than before, for no other peace will be more than a scrap of paper and will be merely a forerunner of another and even more horrible war.

Knowing German rulers, we do not believe they will accept such peace terms until driven to their lair—until blood is shed on German soil and the west front is east of the Rhine.

Therefore, on with the war, and on to Berlin!

The much vaunted efficiency of the German armies is well displayed in their retreating operations. Nothing, apparently, can halt them when once they are headed toward the rear.

Another Registrant Writes

Editor The Star: "An editorial by 'A Registrant,' in Friday's paper was good. Will you permit me, another registrant, to write a somewhat similar editorial?

The other day, coming from the market in my "tin-car," I beheld a beautiful limousine traveling down Second ave. It had two passengers—two young ladies, around about 20 or so. They were in the latest fashion, with expensive furs carelessly thrown over their exquisite and delicately whitewashed shoulders. As driver, served a uniformed, strong, healthy looking chauffeur. It was a fine sight.

But to me and many others it seems that this chaffeur should be employed at more useful work than driving powdered and painted beauties around town. If he has dependents, send him to drive a truck in a shipyard, and if he has no dependents, he should drive a "tank" over there.

If the girls cannot manipulate their big car—very well, get a Ford.

Yours for democracy,
B. F. RANDEL,
Bremerton, Wash.

A quarter of a million soldiers a month is America's answer to the German boast that U-boats could keep our transports off the Atlantic.

A Change to Bigness

Our observing, analyzing Washington correspondent, Gilson Gardner, is struck by the mystery in the thoro "reversal of form" of Wm. Howard Taft. Formerly a radical reactionary, Taft is now showing by his actions on the war labor board that he believes in unions, the minimum wage and the basic eight-hour day and is opposed to trust combinations in restraint of trade.

But, really there's no mystery about the positive changes in Taft's views. Of late, for the first time in his life, Taft has been in close touch with the workings of the great heart of the plain people.

Formerly, he knew the workingman only thru seeing him pass by with his dinner pail. Now, he knows the man, knows what's in his pail and knows how darned hard it was to put it there.

But, what's true of Taft, ex-president, is, in degree, true of the majority of us. Many of us are content to float around upon the eddies of our own particular little puddles, with little view of the outside wherein the millions are struggling, rising and falling. Mighty few of us actually know what our brothers FEEL.

When the shoe of war pinches you a little take comfort in knowing that it squeezes the German hoof a lot more.

What's in a Name?

A year or so ago we began calling 'em, "Sammies."

Some of 'em didn't like the name.

They said they wanted to be called "Yanks."

And, whenever we didn't forget and call 'em "Sammies," we called 'em "Yanks."

But now "over there" they have started calling them "Attaboys."

All this confuses us. It's like having three handles to a pan, one wastes a lot of time trying to decide which handle to grab.

And before long these brave sons of ours are going to be winners. Sounds better than Sammy, Yank or Attaboy, doesn't it—Winner?

To the "yellow dog" kennel with those profiteers who seek to pass their war taxes on to the public via the cost of living!

How About Realty Men?

Realty men, for the most part, have been profiting enormously by the war.

How many of them are on the list of those who have invested $1,000 in War Savings Stamps?

The list to be published in a few days should contain the names of a large number of realty men. Will they make good?

Some U. S. senators have found a new way to help the kaiser—by trying to shield slackers from round-ups.

The sort of "war bit" to do is to do your war work a bit better today than you did it yesterday.

The kaiser has changed his tune to that of "successful defense."

Federal trade commission regards American profiteers as Hun allies. So do we!

WAR SAVINGS STAMPS ARE THE SAME AS MONEY. GOOD AS CASH.

CONFESSIONS OF A WAR BRIDE

TWENTY-SECOND CHAPTER

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

A coldness comes between Jane Lorimer, war bride, and her husband, Private Robert Lorimer, as he leaves for France. It arises partly from the attention Jane receives from Hamilton Certeis, a doctor educated in Vienna, whom Robert suspects of being a spy; and partly from neglect to Jane occasioned by Bob's long talk with his father when he should have been saying farewell to his wife. This talk concerns a dancer who will wreck the elder Lorimer's chance to become governor unless she marries Jim, Jr., Bob's brother, a cadet at a school of military aeronautics. As a war bride Jane gets some initiations into life's tragedies which startle the girl in her. She determines to find who is the "unwed mother" of Benjie's baby—Benjie Lorimer is dead. She resolves to save Jim, Jr., from the "Queen of Smiles." Riding with Hamilton Certeis to see some recruits entrain, she gets a hint of how near temptation can come to herself. The plot is strung on a thread of city life in America in war time. Jane, a country girl, married into a rich family, lives it all intensely. After an unexplainable attack of hysteria, she finds that she is to mother the first of a new generation of Lorimers.

As I said before, there wasn't a man in the caravan who failed to feel Mary Thomas' beauty. But she walked around with her coffee can as unseeing as any real war widow could be. And I marveled. The rest of us girls were demure by nature and education, but she had been trained how to get the attention of men by the droop of an eyelash or the curve of her little finger. And she refrained in the midst of what I should consider a mad temptation to vanquish all the belles of Bridgeport in a bunch!

JANE DEMONSTRATES CHARITY—AND GETS A SCOLDING

As the crowd rose from the tables, I saw to it that she had a chance to pass the cigarets to the Montana giant a second time. I noticed that she also lit one for him in a very charming and modest manner and that they talked for a little while.

Finally the feast was all over in Bridgeport square and the men were sitting stiff as ramrods on their wagons, and were once more pulling out on that long, long road toward the east. Some would never come back. Evan was the only one of the crowd who belonged to our town, but they were all our brothers and defenders. The women who did not cry at parting, giggled hysterically—and our tears and our laughter meant the same thing.

Even the clouds shed a few splattery drops on the pavement.

On the last car sat the cowboy crusader, face front, but eyes fixed on that floating white veil.

"Throw him a kiss, you goose," I whispered to Mary Thomas. Whereat, she did. And I hope no bit of shrapnel ever hits him as squarely as that kiss seemed to do. He blushed, not a bit "like a girl" but exactly like a bashful, whole-hearted, affectionate man can blush sometimes in spite of himself.

Mary Thomas wouldn't let me pay a penny for the delicatessen trove. "Just my bit," she murmured.

I held out my hand to her as she left. She raised her eyes to mine. There were tears in them—she looked like a very scared little child. Then our fingers touched.

That night I told Jim Jr. of Bridgeport's spread for the lorry drivers and of Mary Thomas' part in the same.

"Are you never going to grow up, Jane Lorimer?" he scolded. "You're going to get your sweet little self into a peck of trouble if you go around pulling off stunts like THAT"—"THAT" being the introduction of Mary Thomas into polite society.

"Maybe," I said, "but as far as I could see, she didn't leave a smudge on anybody's character."

"But, girl, by associating with her, and introducing her and all that—you—you—tolerate—and encourage her kind!" he argued.

"Jimmie boy, why try to talk like a whole vice crusade? Do a little straight thinking for yourself. Don't I 'tolerate' Daddy Lorimer? And all the nice ladies who met her this morning, aren't they simply flattered silly when Daddy, this town's richest citizen, takes notice of them? As long as I'm nice to Daddy, I can't be horrid to Mary. But—Jimmie—that's no reason why I'll ever let her get near enough to you to marry you, brother mine!"

(To Be Continued)

STAR SHELLS

A SMILE IN TIME'S WORTH NINE

A WORD FROM JOSH WISE

There's no fool like one with time an' money.

• • •

Crickets are getting into houses and eating silk stockings. A modern silk stocking must make a slim meal even for a cricket. While it may hold a great deal it cannot fill much.

• • •

Why Not Put in a Filtration Plant?

Bathing in Turkey river seems to be the most popular pastime of most of our young people during the hot weather, the most popular place being about a mile above the mill dam. This will account for the dirty condition of the river below.—Elkader (Ia.) Democrat.

• • •

Poets, fiction and ad writers, says Gen. Crowder, are engaged in essential work. A man more economical in his use of words would have said "poets and fiction writers."

• • •

Our idea of a man with nothing to do is a Berlin physician who is a gout specialist.

• • •

Hammond, Ind., has an ordinance that prevents a jag from riding in a taxi. This no doubt hurts the taxi business, but it ought to help the truck owners.

• • •

It Looks Like a Man's Job

Oakdale cemetery is to be protected against trespassing by having a substantial fence placed around it, if all the men will subscribe to the fund the women are raising, and will do the work.—Mt. Vernon (Ill.) News.

• • •

Congress is talking about war tax hearings. Some fellows are squealing so loud they won't have to go to Washington to be heard.

• • •

The war has killed the baseball business, but we doubt if it has hurt the sport.

• • •

There won't be any German soldiers singing "The Watch on the Rhine." They'll be out of breath when they arrive at that well-known creek.

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Editor's Mail

Editor The Star: As a partial solution of the "rent-hog" problem, would it help to remove part of the supply—the renters—and just let the landlords demand? If some of the persons who are complaining of high rent, and justly so, would **Stop! Look and Listen!** they could help themselves very materially. Go out of town. Pay $10 down, $5 per month. Many places can be bought for less. Build a shack or live in a tent until they can build a house. Cut all expenses possible, and in a short time they can tell the landlord to go where the kaiser is headed for. But, to do so, they must deprive themselves of some things—movies, ice cream sodas, frilly or fashionable clothes, and the delicatessen and store-cooked living. All possible things must be raised or made on or near the home. The worker must pay a little more time in traveling and have less non-essential things; he must get back to nature, in a way, instead of going to movies or pink teas or cabarets, etc. When he comes home he must work in the garden, or dig clams or help in some way toward the living. Nearly all of these little communities have their schools and churches and social events, that, while not as elaborate and expensive as those in the city, are just as satisfying in the long run. If you tire of your own society, go over to the neighbor's; don't dress up; keep on your kitchen apron, wife—go in your overalls, father—your kids can go barefoot. Just as you are. Nobody cares. And when you come to the neighbor's house, you don't have to ring the bell and wait and then "How do you do, Mrs. or Mr. So and So?" It's "Hello, Jim, or Bill or Jack. Say, my children seem kinder droopy—you know what to do, now tell me." And before you know it all the available time has gone, you have exchanged many ideas—perhaps "settled" the war, or so, and had a good, clean, social evening, at no expense to any one. Does it pay? Well, we most of us have our own home—either partially or all paid for—sufficient clothing, enough plain, home-cooked food to eat and enough in the pantry to last a month or more, for we mostly buy in quantity, it's cheaper, and nearly all have our Liberty Bonds and War Savings and Thrift Stamps, and a small bank account. I have no land to sell, am not boosting any particular place, but can prove all statements made by my own and hundreds of other experiences. Isn't this worth trying, Mr. Worker? "A COMMUTER."

Letters To Cynthia Grey

Dear Miss Grey: A girl I used to take around was very objectionable to my mother and I quit inviting her. But she is nearly always on my car. Sometimes she waits at my place of business for the car. My mother thinks I am meeting her again and there is a scene every time I start to work. How can I convince my mother that I want no more to do with this girl than she does? Shall I leave town or shall I walk to my work? TOM.

You must devise some plan to avoid the girl. Not alone because your mother objects, but because a girl who forces herself on a young man is undesirable company and when so determined will probably succeed in gaining your attention in spite of your effort to avoid her. Try going to work earlier or taking or leaving the car at a different stop. In the meantime tell your mother just what you are doing and ask her to trust you. Even tho the girl is innocent of any intentions to force herself on your attention, it will be best to avoid conversation with her.

Dear Miss Grey: I have been engaged two months. Now the young woman wants to break the engagement. She says she is tired of me. Is there any way I can get my ring? She refuses to return it to me. DISAPPOINTED.

You could hardly institute legal proceedings for the return of a gift. Unless she gives it to you voluntarily there is no way to get it.

Dear Miss Grey: After reading the last attack on womankind by "Anonymous," I cannot help but express these few words hoping to brighten or uplift a broken spirit. From my experience a wonderful change can be brought about in that home.

An immediate readjustment can be made, and a lasting confidence can be gained almost instantaneously by that stern husband, if he so desires.

A permanent building-up can work wonders in the right direction.

The rehearsing of the error constantly works a tearing-down system, but a banishment of the drawn conclusions (right there and then) of "Anonymous" is the solution.

One man cannot judge all womankind. The circumstances surrounding one little wife and mother who seeks refuge in time of storm is entirely different from any other case, similar tho it may seem. All cases differ so widely that there are no two characters exactly alike in the whole universe.

A little word of love and sympathy at the right time, a lot of thought on the little word "good" will solve the problem, and in no other way. CONSTANCE.

Dear Miss Grey: I am a man of 18 and I have registered this morning; but I was born in the Philippine islands in 1900 and I want to know if I am a U. S. citizen. My father and mother are Spanish people. F. S.

The United States extends citizenship to the native born of the Philippines.

Dear Miss Grey: You say Pike's Peak is only 14,000, and I beg your pardon, for I lived there all my life until I came out here five years ago and I am 32 years old. Pike's Peak is 14,147 feet high, which makes Mt. Rainier 375 feet higher. Will you please correct it, as I can prove I am right. S.

My statement which you take exception to was based upon information taken from the Encyclopedia Americana, which I have found generally to be quite correct. However, their figures must have been approximate, and I thank you for the correction.

Dear Miss Grey: We would like to know what your readers think about tagging a married man in some manner? When he is being introduced, it makes no difference whether he is married or single, he is always called "Mister."

When a woman is married her name is changed and she is given a wedding ring and a certificate. Why shouldn't a man be made to wear something so when he is introduced to a girl she will know whether she is meeting a single or married man in case he does not care to enlighten her? N. A. V.

Dear Miss Grey: Of course there is a difference of opinions, or your column would not be so interesting. I agree with "Miss Sixteen" and also with the man who signed himself "Tommy Atkins." They are both right, but to my notion don't go far enough. "Miss Sixteen" is too young to make friends in that way and, of course, no one, whether he be in the service of his country or not, is going to respect a person who doesn't command respect.

I don't think there is any harm in making acquaintance with the uniformed men provided you do so in the right way. Some girls I know pick up the soldier boys as an easy thing and for all they can get out of them in the way of shows, dances and dinners. Also it makes a difference in the age of the girl. I don't believe any girl of 16 is old enough to use good judgment in making friends.

Of course, this is my opinion and many no doubt will disagree with me; but a good girl, and clever, can make the acquaintance of nice men wherever she goes without an introduction. I have met many soldiers and sailors without an introduction and have invited them to my home, where I have entertained them in a way that no one could find fault with, danced with them, and gone to shows with them. And there has been many a young boy, sometimes much younger than myself, a long way from home, who was broke and no place to go, that I have taken to the shows, or other times have simply taken out to my home to dinner. I know this has done neither them nor me any harm and I intend to keep right on doing for them everything I can to make their stay here pleasant.

People cannot hang around the well-established institutions for these boys and expect to see them in the same natural unconstrained way they are at their play. You have to know them at their recreations to win their confidence and genuine liking. I have played sister to a number of them and not a single one has ever shown me anything but the finest respect. THE SOLDIERS' FRIEND.

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Beau Brummell
shaved serenely on

BEAU BRUMMELL—who "taught Wales what a coat was like"—inventor of numberless niceties of dress—gambled himself into poverty. Publicly cut by the King, he had his last remaining finery laid out preparatory to seeking a friend who might save him from disgrace. With Weston, his faithful valet, keeping the door against the bailiffs, the great beau shaved serenely on. Prince of the Dandies to the last, he finished the job with the utmost care. Then, carefully wiping dry the precious blade and affectionately placing it in its case, he turned to Weston with the command: "Now let the rogues in."

The razor that Beau Brummell used was a shaving tool of wonderful balance. Length, temper and correct diagonal stroke were there; all it lacked was the safety and convenience of the double-edged, detachable blades of the

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