The Seattle Star

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EDITORIALS — FEATURES

On the Issue of Americanism There Can Be No Compromise

Tom Thumbs and Goliaths

An eight-year-old girl six feet tall!—Myrtle Margold of Maybank, Tex. She has that rarest of diseases—giantism.

Her growth can be checked only by a delicate operation—removing the pituitary gland, attached to the brain. It is this tiny gland that determines your height and weight. Should it become diseased, the body may grow a foot a month.

Will future scientists discover how to manipulate the pituitary gland at will, so that our descendants can be tall or short as they please? Not a wild theory, say the doctors, in view of recent sensational discoveries concerning the effect on man's stature of hormones, chemical extractions from the pituitary glands of animals.

M. Henrion estimated that Eve was 118 feet 9 inches tall. If Adam was like us, he had to climb 10 flights of stairs to kiss her.

Other scientists disagree—claim that man has always been his present size. Thank man's pituitary gland for that. Century after century it remains normal. Diseases of it are rare.

A dwarf or giant is the lone exception in millions.

Old European cities have statues of legendary giant inhabitants of the past. In Douai, one of Gayant, reputed to stand 22 feet in his socks. Antwerp had Mr. Antigonus, 40 feet tall. London has effigies in the Guildhall, of Gog and Magog, 14-foot giants who once terrorized the southwestern coast.

All these are mythical.

The tallest man in history about whom we have reliable figures was Machnow, a nine-foot-three Russian from Charkow, who exhibited in London in 1905. Machnow had other things wrong with his architecture. His hands measured two feet from wrist to tip of index finger.

An operation on his brain in childhood would have kept him normal.

The smallest man in authentic history was Philetas, intellectual valet of Ptolmy Philadelphus, Egyptian king. So tiny was Philetas, according to historians of his day, that he had to wear great leaden shoes to keep the wind from blowing him away. Maybe the historians had a sense of humor.

Only 18 inches tall was Jeffery Hudson, son of a huge butcher at Oakham, Rutlandshire, England. At a dinner given to Charles I this midget was served in a pie. Adopted by the king, he lived down his size—became known as "Strenuous Jeffery," was a captain of cavalry and fought two duels. Little men, walk proudly.

All these were men suffering from diseases of the pituitary gland in the brain.

Climates appear to affect the gland. Scotchmen average taller than any other race. Above all, the Japanese are most sensitive about their short stature. Medical science may correct this in time—turn them into a race of six-footers.

Wonderful is the body—you realize it when you ponder that a gland small as a cherry determines your height and weight.

The Photo of Baby at His Bath

When baby is to have his picture taken in his little bath the whole block knows all about it. The windows are full of interested faces as mother and sister carry baby down the street toward the photograph gallery, waving their hands to everyone and smiling happily at the cop on the corner and at the rotund proprietor of the delicatessen shop who has about nine or ten youngsters of his own and who has all their photos neatly tacked to the wall of his store just behind the apple strudels.

Once at the photo gallery baby begins to cry, of course, and thereby greatly annoys a flint faced, aged female, who for some unknown, mysterious reason, is having her face perpetuated in sepia. At this the photographer becomes highly nervous and rushes to the infant with all the loose paraphernalia in the shop—a large brass watch, a plate holder, a tin whistle and an alarm clock. After a few despairing wails, as baby realizes what he is up against and that protests will get him nothing, he becomes quiet and even seems to be having a good time trying to insert the clock into his mouth.

Finally the female vanishes. Mother takes baby in her arms and, after divesting him of his meagre clothing, places him in the tiny tin tub provided for the purpose by the photographer. She then drops to her knees beside the tub, rests her hand on her knee with a faraway, pensive expression, and, after tickling baby to make him smile, indicates that she is ready.

"Hold it steady," agitatedly exclaims the photographer, jumping around excitedly.

To everyone's surprise, mother and baby remain absolutely still until the process is completed.

The picture proves to be a big success.

"Baby at the Bath" is cherished for years as a family heirloom, causing untold anguish to "baby" as he grows to young manhood.

Finally it is giggled over by his best girl.

Then he tears it to shreds, despite the wailings and protestations of his family.

"Baby at his Bath" will trouble "baby" no more.

The Huns destroyed French coal mines, and yet statesmen are holding back peace because they are afraid the Hun's feelings might be hurt if France took over the coal fields of the Saar valley.

The United States food administration grain corporation promises to do everything in its power to reduce the price of flour, and that is our idea of zero in the way of a promise.

A Tennessee manufacturing concern has been indicted for skinning Uncle Sam. The fact that a sport is popular and universal doesn't keep it from being dangerous.

It's a whole lot better to expect the worst and make cheerful preparations to meet it, than to keep your silly head in the clouds until something hits you in the neck.

Wilson has announced that American troops can't be used in eastern or southeastern Europe. They couldn't be used at Archangel, but they were.

Chicago has voted "wet" by a sweeping majority. Somebody give Chicago a pinch.

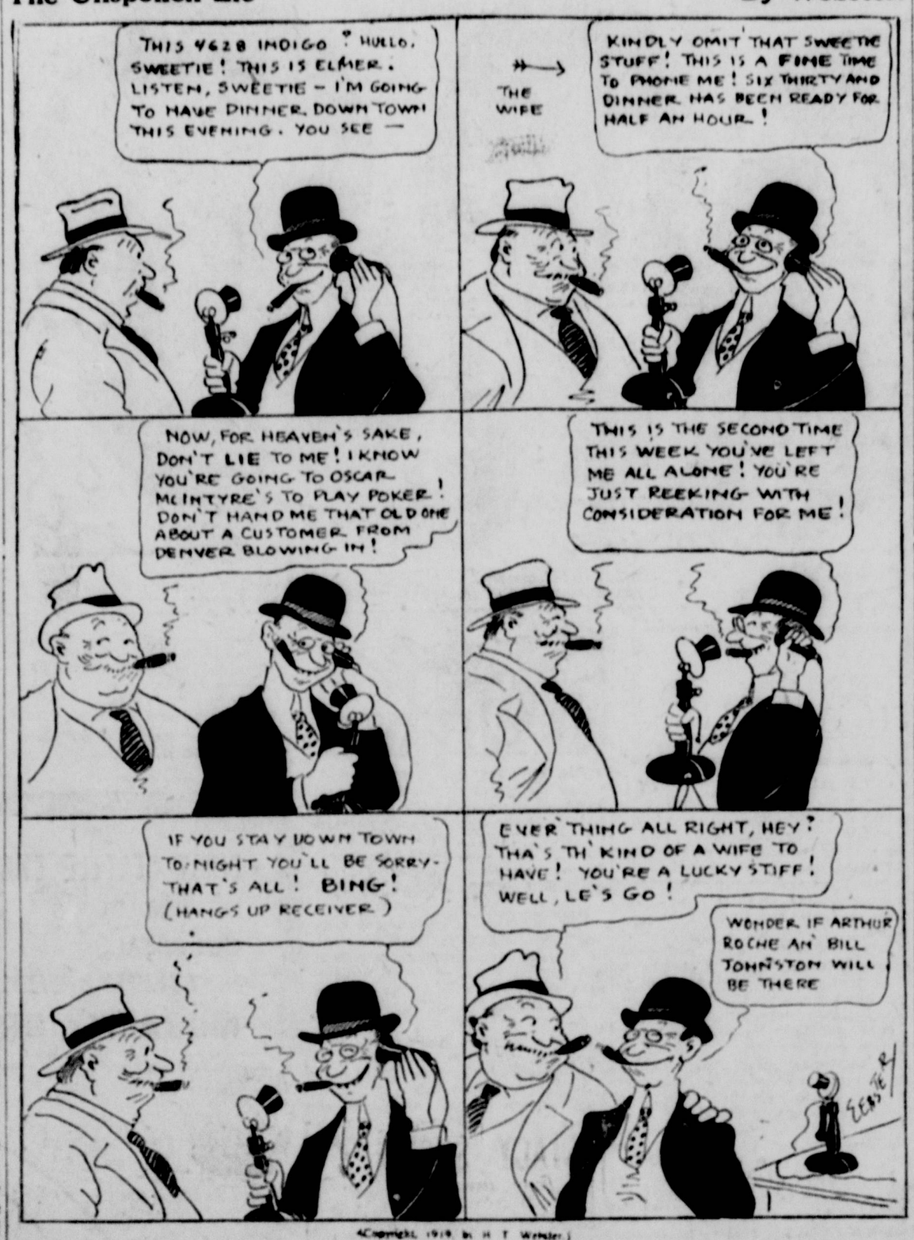
If the league at Geneva is to be a Swiss watch on the Rhine, won't the Huns tamper with the works?

Politics is rutty, says Dr. Frank Crane. Also rotty.

Whadda mean, "peace" conference?

The Unspoken Lie

—By Webster.



(Copyright, 1919, by H. T. Webster.)

STARSHELLS

THE MELANCHOLY MUSE

First the sun shines and then it rains,
And then the wind blows and stops and blows again,
And the little spring clouds dash madly about,
All calculated to get me excited and everything.
But no; I will philosophize calmly,
And hunt up a place where cider is sold,
Drink dispassionately,
One glass if it is soft and ten if it is hard.
There is no use getting wrought up,
Especially over the weather—
Summer is sure to come if I but wait.

—POMER.

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We venture to predict that the reason the Siberian government issued an edict preventing the immigration of Russians from the United States to Vladivostok and vicinity, is because they feared Leon Green was coming back.

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EXTREME CURIOSITY

William Erath called on his sweetheart Friday night, but a minute after father came home he was outside, his hat, coat and trousers were in bits everywhere, and he was suffering from a broken knee. The following story was told to Police Captain Vanous by the "father," Louis L. Raber: "I noticed the dimly lighted parlor when I got home last night, and I stuck my head in to see who was there. It was my daughter and a man, who leaped from his chair and went by me like a shot when he saw me. We both made a grab for his hat, which hung on the hall tree, and the hat parted in two pieces. I then grabbed him by the coat collar, and the coat parted, leaving a half of it in my hands. Mrs. Raber tripped him, and I pounced upon him and tried to hold him by the trousers, but again fate was against me, as the trousers tore and peeled off like a banana skin. He escaped in his B. V. D.'s and tumbled down the steps. I don't know what was the matter with the boy. Just buck

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fever, I guess. I wouldn't have hurt him. I just wanted to see who he was."—Omaha (Neb.) News.

YOU SAID IT, JUSTICE IS BLIND

Russell Potter, of Waynesboro, Md., has been sentenced to serve from six to eight years in prison for killing his young wife.

For stealing a handbag containing one cent from Gladys Roalef, a sentence of three and a half years was imposed upon Joseph Karsap, New York.

And often we are inclined to the opinion that the goddess is deaf and dumb, too.

• • •

Four years ago Mrs. Grace Nairin Grant, of Chicago, an Easter bride, enunciated the following "doctrine of matrimony:"

"A wedding ring is a relic of barbarism and should not be worn.

"A wife should accept no money from her husband except that actually needed to defray household expenses.

"Money for her clothing, for amusements, and for luxuries, should be earned by the wife herself.

"Marriage should never be a spoony honeymoon."

The other day Mrs. Grant sued her husband in the court at Washington, D. C., asking for separate maintenance, charging her husband with cruelty, desertion and failure to provide.

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HOW NOT TO AMUSE YOUR WIFE

Mrs. Ella M. Kellar, of Baltimore, Md., told on the witness stand how her husband came home one day after being out all night, took off his shoes and began playing with his toes. Mrs. Kellar was dramatic in the recital, telling how her husband lay down on the sofa and whiled away the morning hours tickling his pedal extremities.

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WHEN YOU HAVE TO SPANK YOUR WIFE—

"Don't use a hob-nailed shoe," advised Judge Fleming, of Kansas City, who fining David Thurmann $50 for spanking his wife with that sort of a shoe. The judge didn't say what kind of a spanker would be considered legal in his jurisdiction.

• • •

It takes some women a long time to find out that they don't like their husbands—

Mrs. Carrie Colbrandt, of San Francisco, Cal., filed suit for divorce against Richard Colbrandt, after being married to him 40 years.

• • •

OH, YES, TRY TELLING YOUR WIFE SHE'S GETTING OLD!

Doctor—Tell your wife not to worry about her deafness, as it is merely an indication of advancing years.

Mr. Meekhub—Er—would you mind telling her yourself?

—O. B. JOYFUL.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

AGAINST DAYLIGHT PLAN

Editor The Star: I must say, if ever any person brought out the truthful facts in the statements they made, A. N. Moores certainly did in his letter regarding this daylight saving plan.

It's the greatest injustice that ever was put on the farmers to bear.

I would add to what has already been said on this subject. Do the parties that brought this daylight saving plan into action know anything about farm life whatever? Do they know that the farmer and his wife have to get up about 4 o'clock in the morning? And no man, woman, nor child can go to sleep in the hot summer evening, no matter how tired they are. But early in the morning, when it's cool, they can get that hour of rest which their body so necessarily requires.

We must remember that every time our body is cheated of an hour of sleep, we are overworking our heart more than by any hard physical labor; that the body then starts out on the new day's work below the normal reconstruction line laid down by Nature. And it's needless to say that we cannot accomplish the amount of work that we could if we had that hour of rest.

The dairy industry, with its long hours and incessant labor, becomes pretty palling at times, the way it is, without losing that hour of rest so early in the morning.

ELSIE GOEBEL,
Tono, Wash.

Today's Poem

BY EDMUND VANCE COOKE

Gittin' Along

(Text: "I" is only one letter of the alphabet.)

Says he, "How de do? I'm makin' it fine,
I'm a-cuttin' some swathe; I'm a-putting on shine.
I'm a landin' a whopper on every line!"
Says I, "How are you? I'm your real Uncle Dud.
I'm a-milkin' the cow while she's chewin' her cud;
I'm a-driving' the big car and splashin' the mud!"
"I'm a sayin',—" says he, and says I "Lemme tell—,"
So I kep' a-tellin' him what I done;
And he kep' a-shootin' off his big gun,
And we didn't git along very well.

Says I, "My children look best to me;
They're the beatinest kids you ever see;
And they got most other skinned A to Z."
Says he, "Well, mine are a-gittin' ahead,
And the other night when they went to bed—
Well, just lemme tell you what Lemuel said."
"I was sayin'," says I, and says he, "Lemme tell—,"
So he kep' a-buzzin' about his kid,
And I kep' a-mentionin' what mine did,
And we didn't get along very well.

Says he, "I'm a man misunderstood;
Folks have tried to guess me, but not one could;
I'm a Still Deep Stream, I'm a Great Dark Wood."
Says I, "I'm the Spirit of Sacrifice;
I toil all alone and I pay The Price;
I'm a Torrid Heat in a World of Ice."
"I was sayin'," says I, and says he, "Lemme tell—,"
And he kep' a-tellin' of his great acts,
And I kep' a-mentionin' simple facts,
And we didn't get along very well.

Says I, "You're the best old friend I got;
I depend on you a most turrible lot;
For you're true all thru, without one weak spot."
Says he, "I been lookin' this world around
And of all the fellers that I have found,
I'm a-backin' your qualities pound for pound."
And says he, "Say on!" and says I, "Do tell!"
So I kep' a-bootin' him on, and he,
He turned right around and he boosted me,
And then we got along very well!

(Tag:—Any fool can talk. It takes a wise man to listen.)

(Copyright, 1919, N. E. A.)

Butter was originally spread on bread with the thumb. Nowadays thumbs are more often used to test the temperature of soup. The world moves, but not always forward.

The Writer

By DR. FRANK CRANE
(Copyright, 1919, by Frank Crane.)

Leave me alone!

I have no part nor lot with you. I do not share your labors nor your games. I sit not at your feasts. I have no concern with your politics. I am among you, but not of you.

I am your judge.

You may seek fame in battles or in statecraft, by living sumptuously or by bestowing princely gifts to charity. You shall die the dog's death, unremembered, unless I hold out to you my royal sceptre.

For I alone give lasting fame. The only tangible immortality is in books. I write them. I can exalt you for all time, or consign you to the limbo of oblivion.

No mausoleum can immortalize you as my pen.

I go among you as a stranger, yet I am more intimate than your nearest companion.

I am the confidant of the multitude, and whisper to millions.

Myriads who have not seen me love me.

I am the former of souls, the bread of saints, the temptation of the weak, the wine of youth, the consolation of the aged, the medicine to the sick.

I am good and bad, light and darkness, Ormuzd and Ahriman, guardian angel and insinuating devil, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

I teach, more than all schoolmasters.
I preach, more than all the clergy.
I make laws, more than all lawyers.
I rule, more than all rulers.
I incite, more than all agitators.
I get votes, more than all politicians.
I make and unmake reputations.
I am the Warwick of all kings.
I am privy counsellor to His Majesty, Public Opinion.

I know no class, no bounds, for I go to palace and hut.

I am the high priest of humanity.

I am the secret of progress, I build the millenium, I lay the stones for the Golden City.

I make wars and bring peace.

I outlive cathedrals.

When your cities shall have disappeared I shall remain.

I shall live longer than your institutions, laws, customs.

All flesh is grass. You shall all die. But I shall not die. I am the only one among you who laughs at death.

I am THE WRITER.

The League of Nations

BY N. D. COCHRAN

BY N. D. COCHRAN

Much of the argument for and against the League of Nations smacks of partisan politics, because most of the public speeches are being made by men identified with one or the other of the two old political parties; and also, because republican United States senators have sought to make of it a political issue.

True, ex-President Taft, his brother, Henry W. Taft, former United States Senator Theodore Burton, and other prominent republicans, by their advocacy of the league, have offset to some extent this attempt to make it a partisan issue. And Senator Reed of Missouri, by opposing the league, has helped a little in this direction.

There is strong support of the league, however, rom quarters not league, however, from quarters not Charles D. Williams of Michigan is not a politician. He is one of the most prominent of the forward-looking men in the clerical field. Speaking of the League of Nations recently, and calling it "the supreme international problem," Bishop Williams asked how the church will satisfy this consuming passion in the hearts of the war-weary peoples in every land," and said:

"We are confronted today by a supreme crisis of opportunity. One path leads toward the realization of the hope of the world—the other is a return to ancient and intolerable conditions. Against the league are arrayed abroad the old habits of 'balance of power and secret diplomacy. Against it at home cry certain blatant voices of personal jealousy and blind partisanship. Inspiring both oppositions, at home and abroad, is the spirit of narrow and militant nationalism. It masks itself as 'stalwart Americanism.' It declares that it is beneath our dignity to submit any question that touches our national honor to any other arbitrament than that of our own strong arm. (So thought the cave-men about questions that touched their personal honor before courts of law were established, in asserts that we must be free to carry our superior American civilization and system to backward neighbor-nations without let or hindrance by possible vetoes of European powers or South American republics—that is, to be specific, to 'settle and develop' Mexico—which means plainly that, without waiting patiently for her to solve the problems of her own democratic aspirations, to learn, in the only way an individual or nation can learn, by her own blunders—to deal for herself with her intolerable 'executive concessions to foreign syndicates' and her impossible land-tenure conditions; without giving her this 'self-determination' for which we ostensibly fought this great war—we will step in and by force exploit her tremendous resources for our American corporations.)

"All this sounds familiar. We have a Divine call to impose our kultur upon less developed peoples. We have a holy mission to dominate the world's trade and finance.

"We are talking in terms of 'realpolitik,' 'weltpolitik' and 'weltmacht.'

"We have caught by contagion the fever of militarism and the lust for conquest. For us, might becomes right. We tear off the mask of 'stalwart Americanism,' and lo! the familiar features of Pan-Americanism. We have conquered Germany outwardly and been conquered by her spirit inwardly.

"What is the plain mission of the church in this supreme crisis?

"If there is to be any 'international league), there must be behind it an international mind. If there were an international church, one and indivisible, unsplit by divisions national and denominational, it would be the chief exponent of the international mind. For that emphatically was and is the mind of the church's Founder and Head. His great apostle declared: 'There is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free; but Christ is all and in all.'"

In connection with what Bishop Williams says about Mexico, it is interesting to note that among the leading newspapers vigorously opposing the League of Nations are the Hearst papers and the Chicago Tribune, which demanded vigorously—just before we entered the world war—that the United States send into Mexico an army of occupation of 500,000 American soldiers to pacify and police Mexico.

WIVES OF MEN

Look carefully at that jar and carton of Resinol Ointment. Remember what it looks like when you ask for it at your druggist's. Insist upon getting the real Resinol—not something claimed to be just as good. If other treatments have proved a waste of time and money, Resinol seldom, if ever, fails to give entire satisfaction when treating eczema, nettle rash, ringworm, itch, pimples, dandruff, chafings, burns, and other eruptions and abrasions of the skin.

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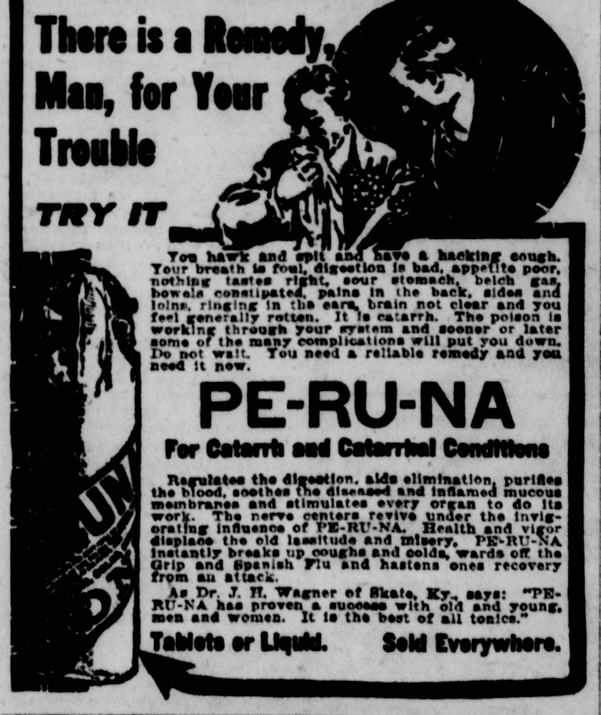

You hawk and spit and have a hacking cough. Your breath is foul, digestion is bad, appetite poor, nothing tastes right, sour stomach, belch gas, bowels constipated, pains in the back, sides and loins, ringing in the ears, brain not clear and you feel generally rotten. It is catarrh. The poison is working through your system and sooner or later some of the many complications will put you down. Do not wait. You need a reliable remedy and you need it now.

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