

"KNOW JAP SITUATION," SAYS ROOSEVELT

An American Paper That Fights for Americanism

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Tides in Seattle	
THURSDAY SEPT. 18	FRIDAY SEPT. 19
First Low Tide 6:32 a. m., 0.3 ft.	First High Tide 12:22 a. m., 3.7 ft.
First High Tide 1:38 p. m., 10.4 ft.	First Low Tide 7:41 a. m., 0.8 ft.
Second Low Tide 7:30 p. m., 4.3 ft.	Second High Tide 2:53 p. m., 10.9 ft.
	Second Low Tide 8:10 p. m., 1.7 ft.

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SEATTLE, WASH., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1919.

Weather Forecast: Tonight and Friday, fair and cooler; gentle northeasterly wind

KILLS DAUGHTER'S BETRAYER FREED BY JURY OREGON EX-SOLDIER IS SAVED BY THE UNWRITTEN LAW

Col. T. R. Snappy Fellow

Answers Questions; Doesn't Use Excess Language Smokes "20-for-18"

ROOSEVELT'S Program Here

11:15 a. m.—Arrives by auto from Tacoma and is welcomed by American Legion at Union station.

12:30 m.—Honor guest at public luncheon, Masonic club, Arcade building.

1:00 p. m.—Auto tour of city.

6:00 p. m.—Private dinner, Hotel Washington.

8:00 p. m.—Public address, Arena, on "Americanism—the 100 Per Cent Variety."

"Fine---De-lighted," He Says



Lieut. Col. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr.

GOLD BEACH, Or., Sept. 18.—After a trial which lasted here 10 days in a courtroom packed with eager spectators, George Chenoweth, world war hero, former member of the Oregon legislature and ex-commissioner of Curry county, stands acquitted today of the murder of George Sydnam.

Chenoweth accused Sydnam of being the father of a child born to the defendant's daughter while he was fighting on the fields of France.

Ludendorff Told Kaiser That Big Drive Would Win

"It is difficult, but it will be victorious." So Ludendorff pledged the German Kaiser, as he prepared to launch his great offensive of 1918. Yet he admits that as the battle approached, he was not certain that he would break thru. At the worst he hoped to weaken the Allies so that the Americans would not be able to turn the balance against him.

In the preceding winter he sent his whole army to school. Even the commanding generals were put thru a course of instruction in the new tactics of offensive.

Yet even as he got ready to strike, he shows in the following extract from his book, "My Thoughts and Actions," he was troubled by signs of unrest at home and agitation in the army. Rigid discipline was made the cure for this condition at the front. Read one chapter of Ludendorff's book each night in *The Seattle Star*.

COMMISSION TO HANDLE BOXING

The Mayor, Prosecutor and Sheriff Appoint Members

Boxing contests in Seattle from now on will be under the control of a commission.

At a conference Thursday morning, Mayor Fitzgerald, Sheriff Stringer and Prosecuting Attorney Brown announced the appointment of Charles O. Hulen, manager of a downtown pool and billiard room; Al Wisnolek, manager of the Elks' club, and Dr. E. T. Hanley, as members of the commission to supervise all bouts in the future.

Hulen was Mayor Fitzgerald's choice, Wisnolek was named by Sheriff Stringer, and Prosecuting Attorney Brown named Dr. Hanley.

It was announced that the boxing commission will follow the plan followed by the board of supervisors of San Francisco in the control of boxing contests. The San Francisco plan calls for a rigid physical examination of each contestant by a competent physician, the appointment of trustworthy referees, establishment of admittance fees and the choice of reliable promoters.

Seattle First to Ask Roosevelt to Enter Public Life

Seattle first asked Lieut. Col. Roosevelt, Jr., to enter public life and follow the footsteps of his father in a career of service. William F. Bickel and associates, who were prominent in the War Parents' association, wired young Roosevelt months ago and asked him to be a candidate for vice president of the United States. Roosevelt telegraphed back thanking the Seattle men for their interest, but said his immediate interest was the organization of the American Legion. Eastern newspapers took up the proposal that young Roosevelt enter public life and discussed it at length. A month or so later he was elected to the New York state assembly and now holds a seat in that body.

He testified on the witness stand that he was sane when he killed Sydnam. His attorney, D. C. Lewis, a brother legislator, pleaded emotional insanity, "war madness," induced by shell-shock. And the jury, after a deliberation of an hour and a half, brought in a verdict of not guilty. The unwritten law won.

JOINED IN CANADA
When the war with Germany broke out in 1914 Chenoweth left his home in Gold Beach and hastened to Canada, where he enlisted in one of the first regiments sent across the seas by the Dominion.

He fought brilliantly, his record shows, in some of the most terrific battles in the early part of the war. He was wounded and gassed and finally ordered home, disabled and suffering from shell shock.

Shot Him Without Word
On his arrival here he drew from his 17-year-old daughter the story of her alleged betrayal by young Sydnam. Calmly the father buckled on his revolver, went to a dance hall, where he found the youth, walked across the dance hall floor, and, without a word, shot him dead, emptying his gun into the other's body.

"As I would have shot a snake," said Chenoweth, giving himself up to the sheriff an hour later.

The sheriff, a political constituent and close personal friend, locked Chenoweth up in the county jail, not doubting, he said later, that the prisoner would knock a board off the wall during the night and escape without difficulty. But Chenoweth made no attempt to escape.

Jail Door Open
After a preliminary hearing three months ago, Chenoweth was no longer held under lock and key. He was allowed the freedom of the jail, the door of which was left open. All thru the sunny days of summer he sat in the open doorway, calmly smoking his briar pipe, awaiting the September term of court.

He chatted pleasantly with people passing by, talking of the war and the battles he had taken part in. His only comment on the killing of Sydnam was his oft-repeated admission that he had shot him "as he deserved, having seen better men killed by thousands overseas, and what difference does it make—the life of a man?"

Planned to Kidnap Him
When the day of the trial approached, it saw scores of people, many living more than 100 miles away, heading for the little courtroom at Gold Beach. The shooting of Sydnam by the calm, deliberate ex-legislator had been the uppermost subject of conversation for months. Cowboys came to the trial on fractious bronchos. Miners and prospectors trekked in from the hills. The population of Curry county, one of the most sparsely settled localities of Oregon, turned out en masse.

There was talk that if Chenoweth were convicted, he never would pay the penalty for his deed, but that a kidnaping party would spirit him away where he could never again be found.

Today the courtroom doors are closed and the crowd has melted away, apparently satisfied. Chenoweth, free again, is secluded in his home with the daughter whose honor he defended with his six-shooter.

"I know about the Jap situation on this coast, because I lived in San Francisco for two years," declared Lieut. Col. Theodore Roosevelt to the Star Thursday. "But, I won't have anything to say about it until the Minneapolis convention of the American Legion."

Col. Roosevelt refused to comment on the appointment by the American Legion of a committee to investigate Jap penetration on the Pacific coast. "That action was taken after I left New York," he said.

The legion committee will make its report at Minneapolis.

Asked about his opinion of the army court martial system, Col. Roosevelt asserted: "There are many things of controversial nature I cannot speak of because it might be interpreted as representing the views of the American Legion. The subject is very broad and my views are represented in the articles I have written about it."

"I believe the cases which have been cited in attacks on the court martial system should be reviewed, but not every case that occurs in the army."

Needs Some Revision
"Yes, I do think some revision of the system should be made, but not the particular revision proposed by many of those who have talked on the subject. The principle difficulty is that records on their face show at times but little of the merit in them. For instance, the only case I had referred in my outfit was that of an officer dishonorably discharged and sentenced to Leavenworth. He was charged with drinking cognac and associating with privates. As a matter of fact, he was guilty of cowardice in the face of the enemy, altho we couldn't prove it."

"Later this same man stole the pay of enlisted men and deserted to Switzerland. He was caught and given a more severe sentence."

Uses No Excess Words
"I never had any difficulty over court martial cases in my outfit, aside from this single instance."

Col. Roosevelt dived into his pocket after a cigarette. It was a "20-for-18" variety, and he smoked it with relish. He grinned and declared himself "delighted" just like his father would have done. His eyes are clear and keen; he carries himself like a soldier. When he talks there is no hesitation; he goes straight to the point, and is exactly what he means, and quite. No excess words, no quibbling.

ROOSEVELT TO TALK AT ARENA

Public Is Invited to Hear Young Col. Teddy

Surrounded by a swarm of smiling world war veterans and admiring civilians, Lieut. Col. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., stepped from an auto that had brought him from Tacoma to the King st. station here at noon Thursday and, as he smiled and extended his right hand cordially, his first words were:

"Fine—Fine—Delighted!"

Typically the son of his illustrious father, "Young T. R." arrived with Adj. Gen. Harvey J. Moss, of Seattle, who had gone to Tacoma to meet him, and was taken thru a lane of Yank "buddies" to the Masonic club in the Arcade building, where tumultuous greeting awaited him.

Is Luncheon Guest
With Mayor Fitzgerald in the welcoming committee was Captain William J. (Wee) Coyle and a group of other local legion officers, Spanish War and G. A. R. veterans. The Veterans of Foreign Wars' band played the welcoming selection.

Young Roosevelt took luncheon at the Masonic club as honor guest of

Lieut. Col. Theodore Roosevelt, son of the late president of the United States, is small in stature. He carries himself with military correctness. He has his father's fighting jaw and protruding lower lip. He does not radiate energy like his father, nor give the impression of superabundant vitality straining at the leash. He is more restrained, more subdued, with less natural nervous energy. But his strength is all there, and something quieter, more reflective.

Theodore the Younger has the face of a fighting man. His nose is the nose of a prizefighter and his eyes are the eyes of a soldier. Young Roosevelt is a fighter and he is an American—the 100 per cent variety.

Young Roosevelt's grin is from the heart. His blue eyes crinkle, the veins stand out on his forehead, and his teeth flash in a whole-souled, intense greeting.

Roosevelt, like his father before him, is made for the crowd; he will be in the thick of the fight, he will be the center of the fight if he can.

Roosevelt looks like Battling Nelson would if the Battler had gone to Harvard.

At the King st. station Thursday noon, when Roosevelt was welcomed by a crowd of World War veterans, his dynamic personality flowed out over the crowd. In a minute he was the center of a cheering mass of people, striving to shake his hand.

"Fine—fine—delighted!" was Roosevelt's greeting to two veterans of the war, who each wore the war cross. One of the boys hobbled on a crutch. "How is she getting along?" inquired Roosevelt sympathetically. And to another, a member of the famous Rainbow division—"42nd division"—"You were right next to us one time in France. I remember you. I met you over there."

A feeble old lady tottered up. "My son," she began. Roosevelt interrupted her: "What name? Fine, fine, he was in my battalion. Splendid chap. How is he getting along? Golly, but I'm glad to meet you."

And when he drove up Second

ave. to the New Washington hotel, his brown, soft felt hat was clinched in his right hand, his teeth flashed and his eyes crinkled, and the crowd howled their welcome to him like they used to do to his daddy before him.

WELCOME, TEDDY!

You're in a red-corpused city today, Theodore Roosevelt—a city that likes big, vigorous, healthy-minded, and clean-cut men. It's a city that gave your dad its votes and its support. It loved to think of him as a man of the free West rather than the effete East. We like to think of you in the same way—a man not afraid of new things because they're new. It was in this city that a boom was launched in your behalf for vice president—and had your age permitted it, Seattle would have continued the fight. Seattle is not afraid of young men—who have the goods. The city was built up by young men of that caliber. And young tho it is, the city today is among the leading ports of the world. Seattle is warming up to you, Teddy, because we believe you have the qualities we like—the qualities of sturdy-spirited, unadulterated Americanism. Here's luck, Ted!

IT'S VULGAR, and hot and costly, but they will have 'em. Million dollar Mary remains a perpetual marvel.

WE DESIRE, before it goes any further, to get on record on this leather coat craze.

And more particularly do we desire to rave about the near-leather coat thing.

Aviators, during the war, discovered the leather coat.

And the leather vest made from the old gloves of the patriotic.

But after the war some idle head started the fad of the leather coat for autoing.

It was a hot, unventilated, uncomfortable, costly rig, but it looked unusual, hence "classy."

Then autoists took to wearing the coats for the street.

Then some other slack-wit seized on the leather coat and began to wear it every day regular, wear it on the sunny side of the street, on an August day.

Just because it was supposed to be classy, and cost money.

That was bad enough; bad taste, waste of money; but now they have the imitation leather coats out, and everybody is doing it.

An imitation vulgarity; truly, devotion to fashion can go no further.

Last evening, on Third ave., we saw a poor girl who thought she was dressed up.

She was going to a movie or something, and had on light shoes, summer hat, thin stockings, of course; a flimsy evening gown of some sort, and, over and above it all, she had on a new, shiny, glistening imitation leather coat of a dirty olive drab tone.

A coat that looked considerable like the oilcloth did in the logging camp eating room after a long, hard winter.

An ugly, cheap, uncomfortable blob of a thing; and she, poor creature, imagined she was dressed up, because it was near-leather, and everybody was doing it.

Sometimes we despair of the human race entirely.

WHEN they first told us that Mary Pickford made half a million dollars a year, we refused to believe it.

Then along came the income tax, and it was proven that Mary made considerably more than a million.

Then we took comfort in the thought that she couldn't be worth so much money, and the movie managers were plain crazy.

That idea made our pay check look better to our pride.

Then we looked, and, behold! Mary had gone into business for herself, because she wasn't getting enough of what she made for the producers.

And finally we had to give up and admit that Mary was a wonder.

Every night this week, coming from dinner, we have had occasion to pass the theatre where Mary is entertaining.

Every night it's the same—a triple line of patient folks half a block long waiting for a chance to get in.

Old men, young girls, gobs, ruckies, business men, mothers with babies—Mary gets 'em all, with a universality and an catholicity that the founder of a new religion might well envy.

How does she do it?

Nobody knows—least of all, Mary.

When you figure 15,000 movie theatres in the country, to say nothing of the foreign royalties, and figure again that Mary will pack the theatres where other attractions merely half fill them, you get an idea of the millions

Mary means to the producer, the box office and to Mary.

We wonder how Mary will pull when she's as old as the Divine Sarah!

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