Newspaper Enterprise Assn. and United Press Service.

# The Seattle Star

By mail, out of city, 50c per month; 3 months, $1.50; 6 months, $2.75; year, $5.00. In the State of Washington. Outside of the state, 75c per month, $4.50 for 6 months, or $9.00 per year. By carrier, city, 15c per week.

Published Daily by The Star Publishing Co., Phone Main 600

*Nothing except a battle lost can be half so melancholy as a battle won.—Duke of Wellington.*

## Greed Run Wild

Retail sugar prices in many cities have passed the 30-cent mark. There is talk of 50-cent sugar ahead.

The sugar profiteers are preparing for their "annual canning season raid," Senator Capper declared on the floor of the senate.

"For years the sugar interests have openly and shamelessly robbed American housewives during the canning season," he charged. "They have, with their extortionate charges, regularly blighted the poor families' hope of putting up and storing away a cheap and wholesome supply of fruits and vegetables. • • • It is piracy so colossal and criminal that Captain Kidd and all the famous pirates of history become Sunday school characters by comparison."

At the same time that prices are soaring and these charges being made, the Foreign Trade Record, issued by the National City bank of New York, declares:

"With sugar prices the 'highest ever,' the quantity being brought into the United States is the 'biggest ever.' Official figures of the movements of sugar into the United States, including that from its own islands, indicate that the quantity entering the country in the fiscal year of 1920, which ends with June, will apparently approximate 9,000,000,000 pounds, as against 7,750,000,000 in the former high record year—the fiscal year of 1919."

Facts such as these show that the sugar situation, as it exists today, is perhaps the greatest single example of profiteering in history.

*The American Woolen Co. claims to make only $1.50 on a suit. No wonder. Think how high cotton is.*

## To Whom Honor Is Due

The members of the city council of Ada, Ohio, are men of understanding and long memory. They have just ordered two streets of their city renamed in honor of Mrs. Catherine Estill and Mrs. H. Povenmire, keepers of college boarding houses.

To the youth who ventures, callow and inept, into a new community, there is no friend like the kindly woman who takes him into her home as a boarder. He may be a college freshman or a machinist just thru his apprenticeship. Happy, indeed, is he if he fall into the hands of a typical boarding house keeper such as these women of Ada.

Not only to the huge demands of his stomach does she minister.

But homesickness, that racking malady from which every one of us has suffered for a space, has in her its chief refuge. A word, an extra helping of pudding on a downcast evening, her mere womanly presence, do far more than usually the tyro recognizes to buoy his spirits and to keep him going straight. How many times does she "forget" his board-bill when he has been too extravagant to pay. How ready her response to joyous mood, her receptivity of enthusiasm. May many streets be named for such a woman. May she be ensconced, too, in the recollection of the many, many careless ones to whom she has been kind.

*Some Yale instructors have been raised to $1,500 a year. A lecture concerning ways to live on $1,500 a year would be very instructive.*

## That's Pep

If you're the sort of a fellow who can jump out of bed, prance around and hum a bit of a tune to yourself, when the alarm clock bangs off in the early morning—

That's pep!

If you are given to crossing streets and can dodge about and escape a million autos a day—and still keep a smile on your face—

That's pep!

If you can drop from your humble slumbers at 13 P. X. in the dark hours of night and cheerfully walk the croupy baby on a kitchen to parlor marathon—

That's pep!

If you can breeze into your work-a-day job early and keep plugging away in spite of crabby folk in the office and other little impediments—

That's pep!

## Father and the Boys

Up to a certain time every father is an intellectual hero to his son. He can help him add up the longest strings of figures for the arithmetic lesson at school. And subtraction is as easy as pie to him. A wonderful fellow is dad!

Then one day the boy comes home with a problem in proportion; or with one that has to do with decimals, or algebra. By George, how that boy is growing up! It seems only yesterday that he was trying to learn the addition table up to ten.

"Dad," he says, "how do you do this problem?"

Dad scratches his head. At last he must step down from the intellectual pedestal on which the boy had placed him. But he has always been frank with the boy and he remains so in this crisis.

"It's something I've forgotten," he confesses at last.

But deep down he's very proud.

"That boy of mine is some kid," he tells his friends the next day. "He's beginning to show me up."

It's a wise father who can remain an intellectual hero in the eyes of his son. But it's a mighty poor one who cannot remain his son's moral hero—the boy's exemplar of character; the kind of father the boy likes to quote admiringly in after years.

"There was my father. He used to say....."

*Shorter skirts may lower prices, if they'll wear 'em longer.*

## The Blind Farmer

John Chase is 61. And blind. But for years he has farmed successfully at Sturbridge, Mass.

He spades. He plants. He harvests his own crops. Potatoes. Corn. Beans.

Planting he found easy, by stringing a line of cord to guide his hand. When the harvest is in he cuts cord-wood.

The point to be made here is not that he could do the work in spite of handicap, but that he does more work and better work than a man with sight.

The reason is simple. A man with sight will stop to watch every person or team that passes. Other things constantly distract his attention from his work.

But the blind man concentrates. His attention is not so easily or so frequently taken from the task at hand.

Chase soon found that he spaded more ground in a day than two young men with sight had spaded. When he planted, the precision of the rows he set out was the subject of comment thruout his neighborhood.

This efficiency is shown also by blind men and women in factories. No longer are blind men expected to devote their efforts to a certain few ill-paid crafts. An increasing number are being employed in machine shops and other plants at good wages. They are particularly effective in packing small articles, or goods like butter and eggs for shipment.

*If you can't come up to the scratch, don't irritate.*

## Bird Study

Big folks and little folks can add to their pleasures by careful study of the birds. Every one may become interested in it.

Naturally bird study is a hobby best followed out of doors with our feathered friends in their proper environment. Good eyesight and careful observation are necessary to gain the best results. A pair of field or opera glasses will assist in "bringing the birds up to you." Time spent in the outdoors will be a physical aid, too, so one has both a physical and mental string to his bow while following the birds in their flight—their names, their diet, their mating, their quarrels, their colors, their nesting and their economic value.

For something easy, learn about the robin. Note his song. Listen as he sings in the early dawn. Note the difference from that of sunset. Notice his rain song. Notice that he does not hop, as one might suppose, but runs swiftly. Note his unerring dash after the worm. Note how he uses his breast as a trowel to smooth the interior of his mud-plastered home. Note his rough weaving.

Introductions to the birds generally is followed by lasting friendships. Get acquainted.

## Dr. Crane Says--

THE REVELATIONS OF MOVING DAY

Copyright, 1920, by Frank Crane

BY DR. FRANK CRANE

I HAVE just been moving. Hence these tears.

Out of top shelves and bottom drawers have crept things I had forgotten, as concealed old crimes crawl out of the recesses of memory. I do not want to keep them; I do not want to throw them away. So back they go into new dark holes for another seven years.

Moving is like the day of judgment. You realize what you have done.

Wherever potatoes are planted potato bugs come, no one knows from where. And tomato bugs and tobacco worms appear where these plants are cultivated, even if there has been no plant of the kind within a hundred miles for a hundred years. This is one of the earth's mysteries.

Exactly so wherever sprouts the genus homo, there you find the own bug preying on him.

Gradually, as it spreads its venom in his veins, the deadly bacillus changes a man from a free, locomotive creature into a fixed and rooted thing. He becomes half plant, one of those plant animals that are found in the borderland between the kingdoms, a pantacrinis caput-medusae, fastened to a house and lot, waving about as far as the grocery and back.

There is a certain banker. He seems to be a man. He was a man once. Then the own bug hit him. Now he is a sponge, attached to a mahogany desk; the currents of humanity flow by; he sucks out the money.

I know a woman who cannot leave home because she owns a pup.

I know another who has spent immeasurable volts, watts, and amperes of thought, force and worry over a lot of old furniture. She no more is a woman; she is a worm in a woodpile.

I know a book collector, who long ago ceased to be a living soul, and now wriggles about between his bookcases as a coral insect infests the dark, calcareous avenues of its reef.

I know a young married couple who have begun housekeeping with enough old junk to supply two second-hand shops. You thread your way thru their living rooms as a beastie thru thick underbrush.

I know a woman who has four whatnots full of bisque and marble and glass and wool and gold gimcracks. I never look at them but I think of Thoreau, who owned a pretty stone he once found in the woods, but threw it away when he saw that he would have to dust it.

One of the pleasant elements of dying is the thought that at last I shall be free from that stuff in the bureau drawers and on the closet shelves.

SEE SHABBY, FADED GARMENTS TURN NEW

"Diamond Dyes" Make Old Apparel Fresh and Stylish

Don't worry about perfect results. Use "Diamond Dyes," guaranteed to give a new, rich, fadeless color to any fabric, whether it be wool, silk, linen, cotton or mixed goods—dresses, blouses, stockings, skirts, children's coats, feathers, draperies, coverings.

The Direction Book with each package tells so plainly how to diamond dye over any color that you can not make a mistake.

To match any material, have druggist show you "Diamond Dye" Color Card.

EVERETT TRUE —By CONDO

## WE'LL SAY SO

Many folk, says a Chicago sociologist, are moving to hotels on account of high rent. We believe it. We know a lot of fellows who have bought autos to save carfare.

• • •

Which reminds us. Do you remember how years ago somebody in the family would say on a summer evening or a pleasant Sunday afternoon, "Let's all go out for a nice street car ride"?

• • •

ANSWERS

Why does a high-brow college professor carry a thermometer?—A. B.

To keep track of his degrees.

—

Please tell me why an elevator man never gives anybody the once over?—I. M.

He's too busy giving 'em the up and down.

—

In what way does a clarinet resemble a book?—H. W. D.

They are both reed instruments.

—

Can you tell me the difference between the hands of a clock and soldiers' rifles?—T. D.

There are no arms on the hands of a clock and there are no hands on the arms.

—

If a ball player joined the army, in what branch of the service would he be the most valuable?—E. O. C.

As a member of the battery.

• • •

QUESTIONS WE CANNOT ANSWER

Do refined folk ever eat a course dinner?—T. J. H.

—

Please decide a bet: Does a plant make a noise when it shoots?—F. B. M.

—

When a typist wishes to borrow money does he use the touch system?—H. B. H.

—

Are soft drinks now served behind jail bars?—D. D. G.

—

The glass in one of the windows in my house is stained. What will remove the stain?—R. S. W.

• • •

Wanted—Paperhanging. I am now ready to hang paper, clean walls, and to do inside and outside painting. My charges are right. Rev. A. H. Blume, phone 2330.—Advertisement in Michigan City (Ind.) News.

## Uncle Sam, M.D.

*Conducted Under Direction of Dr. Rupert Blue, U. S. Public Health Service*

### POISONING

Accidental poisoning may be prevented to a very great extent by never tasting or taking anything into the mouth which is not plainly labelled. It is also very wise to put all poisons, when they must be kept on hand, in a safe place and under lock and key.

Sudden and severe sickness shortly after eating, drinking, or taking medicine, in a person who has been in good health, is often a symptom of poisoning.

If a number of persons, who have eaten the same food, become seriously ill after a meal, it is almost certain that they are suffering from poisoning, probably from that form of poisoning which is due to decayed, fermented or rotten food, and which is termed "ptomaine poisoning." Such accidents should always be reported to the Department of Health for careful investigation.

In all cases of suspected poisoning, send for a doctor at once. Direct the messenger to tell the doctor that the person has been poisoned and give the name of the suspected poison if possible, so that the doctor may bring the proper antidote.

Do not wait for the doctor to arrive but give an emetic to aid in ridding the body of the unabsorbed poison. Warm water, mustard and water, salt water, ipecac or other common emetic may be employed, or the patient's throat may be tickled to produce vomiting. Do not waste time in looking up the proper dose of an emetic, and repeat if profuse vomiting does not result.

ANSWERED

Q. Will an operation for enlarged thyroid glands produce marked disturbance of body functions?

A. Disorders of the thyroid gland produce such disturbances, and in some cases an operation, instead of successfully controlling or removing these disturbances, appears to intensify the trouble. It is suggested that you consult your family physician and, if necessary, have him refer you to some good specialist.

"UNCLE SAM, M. D." will answer, either in this column or by mail, questions of general interest relating only to hygiene, sanitation and the prevention of disease. It will be impossible for him to answer questions of a purely personal nature, or to prescribe for individual diseases. Address:

INFORMATION EDITOR,
U. S. Public Health Service,
Washington, D. C.

## RARE BIRDS

## Thought He Had Oil in Back Yard

SAN DIEGO, May 12.—Al Hart, bill poster, thought he had discovered oil in his back yard. It was bubbling out. He dug three days. Kind friends explained it was oil spilled by the next door neighbor.

## Moonshine Gets Moonshine in Bad

GRAND RAPIDS, May 12.—Albert Moonshine found a drink of the same name. Right you are! That's just where they sent him.

Another Royal Suggestion

COOKIES and SMALL CAKES

From the NEW ROYAL COOK BOOK

WHEN the children romp in hungry as young bears, here are some wholesome, economical delights that will not only be received with glee, but will satisfy the most ravenous appetite in a most wholesome manner.

Cookies

½ cup shortening
2 cups sugar
½ cup milk
2 eggs
½ teaspoon grated nutmeg
1 teaspoon vanilla extract or grated rind of 1 lemon
4 cups flour
3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder

Cream shortening and sugar together; add milk to beaten eggs and beat again; add slowly to creamed shortening and sugar; add nutmeg and flavoring; add 2 cups flour sifted with baking powder; add enough more flour to make stiff dough. Roll out very thin on floured board; cut with cookie cutter, sprinkle with sugar, or put a raisin or a piece of English walnut in the center of each. Bake about 12 minutes in hot oven.

Cocoa Drop Cakes

4 tablespoons shortening
1 cup sugar
1 egg
½ cup milk
1½ cups flour
3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
½ cup cocoa
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla extract

Cream shortening; add sugar and well-beaten egg; beat well and add milk slowly; sift flour, baking powder, salt and cocoa into mixture; stir until smooth, add vanilla. Put one tablespoon of batter into each greased muffin tin and bake in moderate oven about 20 minutes. Cover with boiled icing.

Orange Cakes

4 tablespoons shortening
1 cup sugar
⅔ cup milk
1 egg
2 cups flour
3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon orange extract
grated rind of 1 orange

Cream shortening; add sugar slowly, beating well; add milk a little at a time; then add well-beaten egg; sift flour, baking powder and salt together and add to mixture; add flavoring and grated orange rind; mix well. Bake in greased shallow tin, or individual cake tins, in hot oven 15 to 20 minutes. When cool cover with orange icing.

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## IN THE EDITOR'S MAIL

RAPS CAR SERVICE

Just a word of the impression Seattle street car men make on out-of-town visitors. Seattle is a wonderful city, but something is radically wrong with her street car system. If she has outgrown her system why can't there at least be men in charge of these cars who have ordinary courtesy?

I have been in a good many large cities, but never have I met with such discourteous treatment as I have been accorded in a month's stay in Seattle. Not once have I been on a car but I have left it in almost a rage.

By the time I get on a car I haven't any disposition left. There is a party of friends with me who feel the same and we are visiting friends who are anything but proud of the treatment accorded passengers.

Have numerous instances I could recite, but here are a few that especially peeved us all:

The Green Lake and Phinney lines seem to have the pick of car men. Have waited one-half hour for a Green Lake car, only to have it whiz right by when it does come along. That, of course, is going into town and I have been on the right-corner. On the Phinney line we go there prepared to wait. A car will finally come along and stop at the emergency stop at 39th st. Never open the gates; go right along down town. That means another 20 minute wait. If it wasn't for the fact that I was able to crowd into an already overcrowded jitney I would have missed a train that I had left the house in ample time to catch.

Last Sunday we waited for a car to go out beyond Woodland park. In one hour there was a "Woodland Park Only" car crowded. We let that go by. Next car had "Full Car" sign. Next two cars were Everett cars. Next was a Phinney with a crowd on but no "Full Car" sign, but it rambled right along.

One would imagine in anticipation of a Sunday crowd extra cars would be put on. This isn't the only city in the U. S. that has crowds to take care of. The city of Portland, with her narrow streets, handles crowds just as large as Seattle in comparison to the size of the cities, but she handles them in a way to be proud of. Transportation is quite a problem in Portland, but it is managed exceedingly well.

The last straw was Monday evening. Going out on a Phinney car, the car became disabled. At 59th st., I believe, we were all transferred. We only wished to go to 72nd st. and following us was a "72nd st. Only" car. Stopped, but the gates were never opened. The conductor informed us the car only went to 72nd and we replied that was our destination. "Well, take the next car," and once again we said 72nd st. was where we wished to go. "Aw, take the next car"—ding ding—off it goes.

The next car was a thru car and already crowded. If that 72nd st. conductor was doing his duty he would have taken all 72nd st. passengers.

Is it the fault of the railway management?

Is it because the men are not paid a living wage and the old cry comes up, "You can't have service if you don't pay for it"?

Or is it possible that Seattle has a corner on all the discourteous men in the West? If so, they must be on her street cars, as citizens with whom we have come in contact are very courteous and ever ready to help the stranger within their gates.

A CALIFORNIA VISITOR.

How many men do you know who do just as they please?

## UNSPOKEN SPEECHES

of the candidates, as imagined by EDMUND VANCE COOKE.

"I have no keen desire to live within the White House walls.
I've seen them from the family side and know their pleasure palls,
But I believe my duty leads to where my duty calls!
I hand out no campaign cigars, or even tutti frutti;
I do not kiss the babies' cheeks and praise their budding beauty;
I only run because I'm told it is my McAdooty.
McAdoo, McAdoo!
It's my McAdooty so to do.
Hark! 'tis duty calling, calling you know who;
Calling, calling, calling 'McAdoo!'

"'Tis I who ran the Treasury and raised the revenue;
I sacrificed my own career to see the nation thru,
And if you vote the way you bought, you'll vote for McAdoo.
I did my little job so well and took it all so coolly,
That when the railroads needed help, they called upon Yours Truly,
And I became so popular, they named me McAdooley,
McAdoo, McAdoo!
McAdooley-ooley-ooley-oo!
When they had an extra job that no else could do,
You always heard them calling, 'McAdoo!'

"The people said it takes a—(horrid word!) a Master Noodle
To run the railroads and—(I hate the term) the Nation's boodle,
And in their patriotic pride, they call me McAdoodle!
So if you ask who should be chosen, if you ask me who,
Hear the democratic rooster sing his song to you!
Hear his clarion cry repeating 'McAdoodle do!'
McAdoo, McAdoo!
McAdoodle doodle do!
Every morning this reveille shakes the whole world thru,
Calling, calling 'McAdoo will do!'"

(Copyright, 1920, N. E. A.)

Give That Dollar a Chance

Money is a hard worker and will earn profitable dividends for you if it is kept employed.

*Decide now to place Your Savings where they will Earn substantial returns.*

Your money in this Strong Savings Association will work for you constantly, and amply reward your Thrift.

Resources now over Four Million Dollars

Puget Sound Savings & Loan Association

Where Pike St. Crosses Third

OUR HOURS ARE

Call for VIRGINIA DARE Wine

NON-INTOXICATING

A Drink for the Gods!

MY, how it makes your lips smack with sheer delight. The real stuff. Wine! All the good old luscious flavor. All the rare fragrance. Vinted and fermented just as always. Nothing missing but the alcohol and you won't miss that.

The alcohol is extracted from VIRGINIA DARE WINE after ageing. It's simply a marvel of science which leaves the pure wine better than ever—a drink for the gods. The wine for all occasions.

*By the bottle or by the case at all good grocers and pharmacies and by the drink at first-class fountains.*

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