

# Star Seattle Story Book

No. 122  
A SEABECK STORY

SEABECK

When we hear that word to us we think of the lodge with its lectures and missionaries; of outings and excursions up Hood's and vacationing that is had up with things to be learned. Aunt Ellen's favorite place to go, and she sometimes takes David with her. And the hours from 2 to 5 they love to slip away with the little lagoon and sit on the soft grass and tell them about the Hood's canal country when she was young.

Sebeck snuggled down beside Aunt Ellen and drew a long, contented breath.

"Don't you love it here, David?"

"Sure!" David called back. "I love the sailboats almost the best. That big one that's just starting the place across the bay? Wonder if there's wind enough to make her go fast? What would you do, Aunt Ellen, if they got out there and there wasn't a wind to get them back?"

"Many modern boats have a hit-gasoline engine for times like this," she replied, "but in the days before gasoline, and when steam engines were very scarce, men had lots of trouble with sails, and winds, and times when the wind would stop just about when the boat needed to go."

Edward Clayton tells a story of the early days when the sawmill was the only thing here.

"The sawmills and the butts and stumps and cabins of the men who ran it and the loggers who

were partly white men and partly Indian.

"A few white families were there, and their children probably loved this spot as much as you do. And when they watched sailboats it was a serious business, for the sloops took the place then of everything we now have to travel in.

"Those old sloops had such funny names—the ones which came up here were the 'Bushwhacker,' the 'Kidney' and the 'Biddy.'"

"I took them quite a long time to make trips, too, and to try to carry mail and get it there on time was no easy task.

"One morning in late August, 52 years ago, the sloop 'Biddy' left Port Gamble bound for Seabeck. There was a full tide and a fair wind, and the sails filled and the boat skimmed out over the water like a gull.

"For seven or eight miles all was well. The passenger who had boarded the boat in order that he might catch the steamer Colfax, which was leaving Seabeck that afternoon, was feeling pretty gay.

"But you know how uncertain weather is.

"That gentle wind suddenly stopped, the waves smoothed out, the sloop lay still as a sleeping child.

"It was what the sailors called a dead calm, but the weather alone was calm; for the passenger was storming with anxiety, and the men were rowing with 16-foot oars, they could make only about two miles an hour, and to a man in a hurry that wasn't very fast travel.

(To Be Continued)

### DOINGS OF THE DUFFS

Tom Was Too Hopeful

—By ALLMAN

HELLO THERE, MR. DUFF! I UNDERSTAND YOU ARE CONTEMPLATING A LITTLE VACATION TRIP! WHEN ARE YOU GOING?

OH, HELLO THERE! COME SIT DOWN! OH, I GUESS I'LL GET AWAY FOR A COUPLE WEEKS ANYWAY—

I WAS THINKING, MR. DUFF, THAT BEFORE YOU GO AWAY ON THIS VACATION TRIP YOU OUGHT TO TAKE OUT ONE OF MY POLICIES—I HANDLE BOTH LIFE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE—AND—

DON'T GO ANY FURTHER, MR. LANE! INSURANCE IS OUT OF THE QUESTION WITH ME TODAY—COME IN SOME TIME WHEN I GET BACK—SO GOOD DAY!

WELL, I HOPE YOU HAVE A NICE TIME ON YOUR TRIP AND THAT NOTHING HAPPENS TO YOU! SO LONG!

THANKS, OLD-MAN—GOOD BYE!

HE SAID, HE HOPED NOTHING WOULD HAPPEN TO ME! I SUPPOSE HE MEANT A RAILROAD WRECK OR BEING DROWNED OR RUN OVER OR SOMETHING! HE'S A PLEASANT GUY TO CALL ON YOU JUST BEFORE YOU GO ON A VACATION!

### WEDLOCKED

Yes, Fresh From the Ground!

—By LEO

THIS IS BEAUTIFUL HERE—LET'S STOP AROUND HERE FOR AWHILE, PETER

WOULD YOU TAKE A COUPLE OF BOARDERS FOR A WEEK, MISTER?

YOU'LL HAVE TO SEE TH' OL' WOMAN I RECKON SHE'D TAKE YOU

GOLLY, ANNIE—ISN'T IT A TREAT TO BE OUT IN TH' COUNTRY EATIN' FRESH THINGS RIGHT OUT OF TH' GROUND? WE CAN LOOK RIGHT OUT OF TH' WINDOW AND SEE TH' THINGS WE EAT

## ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

by Olive Roberts Burton

### MR. TINGALING ESCAPES

When Miss Muskrat picked up her basket to go home after the Wood-land Sewing Society's picnic, she set down again in a hurry.

"Mercy on us!" she cried. "My basket is as heavy as lead. It's very big, considering that I emptied it everything not an hour ago."

She wouldn't she have been surprised, had she known who was with it—Tingaling, the fairy who had fallen out of bed last night from Oliver Oriole's above.

She just gave a look inside and said she. "Perhaps someone might joke on me, putting in some empty plates for me to carry."

When Tingaling heard that, he went into the lid for the lid for life, and Miss Muskrat couldn't pry it up with a hair-pin.

"I declare if it doesn't beat all," he exclaimed. "I'm going to get it off if it takes till next year."

Tingaling shivered, for he knew that she would. But something saved him, for a cheery voice called out just then. "I see I am just in time to help. Can't I take your baskets?" It was Mr. Mud Turtle on his way home from the creek.

There was a chorus of grateful screams from the picnicers, and they piled their baskets on his broad, strong back until he looked like a station truck. Miss Muskrat didn't bother any more about the lid on her basket. So it went with the others!

Off went Mr. Mud Turtle then, bumpity, bump at every step, the baskets on top of him wobbling dreadfully. But Tingaling stuck on until they passed Maple-Tree Flats, when he managed to let Miss Muskrat's basket roll to the ground.

Quick as a cat, the fairyman pushed off the lid and streaked into Munchie's house, before anyone realized what had happened.

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### FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

Oh, That's Different, Freckles

—By BLOSSER

OH, GEE—WAI'L I TELL DOD—OH, POP!

OH, DOD—A MAN DOWN TH' STREET IS KICKIN' HIS LITTLE DOG—HE OUGHT TO BE PUNISHED, HADN'T HE, POP?

YES HE HAD—WE WILL LET GOD PUNISH HIM.

WILL HE POP?

YES, HE WILL PUNISH A MEAN MAN LIKE THAT—MAYBE NOT NOW BUT SOME DAY HE WILL.

AFTER THIS WHEN I'M NAUGHTY, WHY DON'T YOU LET HIM PUNISH ME?

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### KEEPING UP WITH THE JONESES—

Can't Be Too Hot for Him

—By POP MOMAND

PHEW! PRETTY HOT DAY AINT IT?

NO-O-O I DON'T THINK SO—

I DON'T THINK IT'S HOT WITH TH' THERMOMETER BUZZIN' AROUND 99 IN TH' SHADE?

NO I FEEL VERY COMFORTABLE!

Y-SEE IT ON MY VACATION NOW!

I'M A TESTER IN A MUSTARD PLASTER FACTORY! EVERY TIME WE MAKE UP A BUNCH OF NEW PLASTERS, I WEAR ONE TO SEE IF IT HAS ENOUGH PEP IN IT!

## Little Stories for Bedtime

BY THORNTON W. BURGESS

### Farmer Brown's Boy Is Determined

FARMER BROWN'S BOY had made up his mind. When he made up his mind, he drew lines together and drew lines together. Those who knew him knew that Farmer Brown's Boy had made up his mind. That is just what he had made up his mind to do. He was cleaning his gun. He was working he was thinking of getting chickens and all the other things that Reddy Fox had taken. He was going to get that fox if it was all summer!" exclaimed Farmer Brown's Boy. "I ought to have him the other day when I had a gun. Next time—well, well, well, Mr. Fox, what will happen next time?"

Now some one heard Farmer Brown's Boy, heard everything he said, the Farmer Brown's Boy didn't know it. It was Uncle Billy Possum, who was hiding in the very pile of woodpile on which Farmer Brown's Boy was sitting. Uncle Billy pricked up his ears. He didn't like the sound of that. He thought of Reddy Fox, who was so stiff and sore and lame that he could hardly walk, all from the time which Farmer Brown's Boy had caught him.

"There isn't a chance to be any next time. No, nah, there isn't going to be any next time. Ah, shoo! don't you hear, Reddy Fox, but Ah can't nohow him be shot again. Ah cert'nly!" muttered Uncle Billy Possum himself.

Of course, Farmer Brown's Boy didn't hear him. He didn't hear him when Uncle Billy Possum crept out of the back of the woodpile and scoured the henhouse. He was too busy on his plan to catch Reddy Fox. "I'm just going to bust over the henhead, and thru the Green Forest until I get that fox!" said Farmer Brown's Boy, and as he said he looked very fierce, as if he really meant it. "I'm going to

have my chickens stolen any more. No, sir-e-e! That fox has got a home somewhere on the Green Meadows or in the Green Forest, and I'm going to find it. Then water out, Mr. Fox!"

Farmer Brown's Boy whistled for Bowser the Hound and started for the Green Forest, and Uncle Billy Possum poked his sharp, little, old face out from under the henhouse and watched them go. Usually Uncle Billy is grinning, but now there wasn't any grin—not the least sign of one. Instead, Uncle Billy Possum looked worried.

"There goes that boy with a gun and nobody knows what'll happen when it goes off. If he can't find

"I'm going to get that fox if it takes all summer," exclaimed Farmer Brown's Boy.

Reddy Fox, just as likely as not he'll point it at somebody else just for fun. Ah hope he don't meet up with one of them women or any of them little pickaninnies. Ah'm plumb afraid of a boy with a gun, Ah am. 'Pears like he don't have any sense. Ah reckon Ah better be moving along right smart and tell mah family to

### OTTO AUTO

The Modern Youth Has Advanced Notions

By AHERN

SAY JASPER, I NOTICE YOU'RE GETTING ANWFUL ROUND-SHOULDERED—YOU WANT TO STRAIGHTEN UP!

THAT'S FROM MY MAW MAKING ME RUN THE LAWN MOWER—I TOLD HER THAT'D DO IT!

OW-WOO! THAT HURTS!

THAT'S BECAUSE YOU'RE SHOULDERS ARE BEGINNING TO STOOD-KEEP 'EM THROWN BACK LIKE THIS!

THERE, THAT'S IT—NOW STAND ERECT—YOU'D LIKE TO HAVE A FINE CARRIAGE WHEN YOU GROW UP WONTCHA?

NO, I'D RATHER HAVE AN AIRPLANE WHEN I'M GROWN UP!

### Jones' Judgment Was Very Poor

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 6.—Don't tell your wife she "looks like an old hen stretching her neck for something she can't get." That is, don't tell her that if you want to keep her. Richard Jones told his wife, Rosa, the above and now she's asking for a divorce.

### MOTHER!

"California Syrup of Figs" Child's Best Laxative

Accept "California" Syrup of Figs only—look for the name California on the package, then you are sure your child is having the best and most harmless physic for the little stomach, liver and bowels. Children love its fruity taste. Full directions on each bottle. You must say "California."

### Each Got Half of Property—a Hose

TACOMA, Aug. 6.—To Mrs. Margaret Anderson, defendant, the court here decreed one-half of a 50-foot garden hose and her maiden name and to her husband the other half and a decree of divorce. The hose was all of the community property.

### Wooden Leg Is Cause of Trouble

PORTLAND, Aug. 6.—Because, it is said, her husband had a wooden leg and couldn't dance, Mrs. Katherine C. Balce "eloped" with Carl J. Aiff, from Columbus, O. They were arrested here. Aiff's a good dancer, Mrs. Balce says.

### After you eat—always use EATONIC

FOR YOUR STOMACH'S SAKE

—one or two tablets—eat like candy. Instantly relieves Heartburn, Bloating, Gassy Feeling. Stops indigestion, food souring, repeating, headache and the many miseries caused by

### Acid-Stomach

EATONIC is the best remedy, it takes the harmful acids and gases right out of the body and, of course, you get well. Tens of thousands wonderfully benefited. Guaranteed to satisfy or money refunded by your own druggist. Cost a trifle. Please try it!

### NUXATED IRON

4,000,000 people use it as a Tonic, Strength and Blood-Building

### Says Single Men Need More Coin

BOSTON, Aug. 6.—James O'Brien, bachelor, former conductor and head of the Chelsea Carmen's Union, declared to an arbitration board here that single men need more money than married ones. "They have to look better to attract wives," he said. "For the same reason the married man doesn't have to look well." O'Brien thinks \$6 a day is enough.

stay right close in the ol' hollow tree," muttered Uncle Billy Possum, slipping out from his hiding place.

"Then Uncle Billy began to run as fast as he could toward the Green Forest.

Next story: The Hunt for Reddy Fox.

### Seattle's Leading Dentist

I am now devoting my entire time to my dental practice. I make all examinations and diagnose each case, as well as do all extracting between the hours of 9 a. m. and 5 p. m.

My offices have been established for more than a quarter of a century, and under my personal management since July 16, 1901. I do not compete with cheap, transient, advertising dentists.

My prices are the lowest consistent with first-class work.

EDWIN J. BROWN, D. D. S.  
Seattle's Leading Dentist  
106 Columbia St.

### Exercise without Soreness

# Sloan's Liniment

keep it handy

### TRY STAR WANT ADS

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