

REMEMBER JONES! When Senator Wesley Lusitania Jones became one of the "little group of wilful men representing no opinion but their own" in the great national crisis in 1917, it was not the first time he was in that sort of company. He was a member also of another "little group of wilful men" in the vain attempt to save a seat in the U. S. senate which William Lorimer bought and paid for, but which an aroused public conscience demanded he should not occupy. Jones voted for the corruptionist. And then he made things worse by joining with the kaiserites. REMEMBER JONES!

On the Issue of Americanism There Can Be No Compromise

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TWO CENTS IN SEATTLE

Weather
Tonight and Saturday, fair; moderate north-westerly winds.
Temperature Last 24 Hours
Maximum, 72. Minimum, 50.
Today noon, 58.

AN HENRY STORY A DAY
HUMOR PATHOS ROMANCE

Holding Up a Train

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NOTE BY THE EDITOR: THIS O. HENRY STORY—as we hold you remember—was originally written by AL JENNINGS, famous hand, now forgotten. Jennings wrote the first draft, and Henry saw it is a publisher, who returned it with the remark that no publisher would touch it. The story that follows is the one written by O. Henry.

(Note.—The man who told me these things was for several years an outlaw in the Southwest and a follower of the pursuit he so frankly describes. His description of the woods operant should prove interesting, his account of events to the present passenger in some future "hold-up," while his estimate of the pleasures of train robbing will hardly induce any one to adopt it as a profession. I give the story in almost exactly his own words.—O.H.)

MOST people would say, if their opinion was asked for, that holding up a train would be a hard job. Well, it isn't; it's easy. I have contributed some to the uncanniness of railroads and the uncanniness of the East who dresses up like a bid man and plays some low-down trick that gives the boys a bad name. "Wire fences and heaters" made five of them; a bad heater made the sixth.

Jim S— and I were working on the 101 Ranch in Colorado. The men had the women on the go. They had taken up the land and selected officers who were hard to get along with. Jim and I rode into La Junta one day, going south from a round-up. We were having a little fun without making toward anybody when a farmer administration cut in and tried to harvest us. Jim shot a deputy marshal, and I kind of corroborated his side of the argument.

We skirmished up and down the main street, the boomers having had luck all the time. After a while we headed forward and shoved for the ranch down on the Ceriso. We were riding a couple of horses that couldn't fly, but they could catch birds.

A few days after that gang of mine, La Junta boomers came to the ranch and wanted us to go back with them, and before we were done refusing, that old "dobe" was plumb full of lead. When dark came we fagged 'em a batch of bullets and shoved 'em back down for the rocks. They sure smoked us, as we went "We had to drift, which we did, and bounded up down in Oklahoma.

Well, there wasn't anything we could get there, and being mighty hard up, we decided to transact a little business with the railroad. Jim and I joined forces with Tom and the Moore—two brothers who had plenty of sand they were willing to convert into dust. I can call their names, for both of them are dead. Tom was shot while robbing a bank in Arkansas; he was killed during the more dangerous pastime of attending a dance in the Creek Nation.

We selected a place on the Santa Fe where there was a bridge across a deep creek surrounded by heavy timber. All passenger trains took water at the tank close to one end of the bridge. It was a quiet place, the nearest house being five miles away. The day before it happened, we rested our horses and "made medicine" as to how we should get about it. Our plans were not at all elaborate, as none of us had ever engaged in a hold-up before.

The Santa Fe flyer was due at the tank at 11:45 p. m. At eleven Tom and I lay down on one side of the track, and Jim and I took the other. As the train rolled up, the headlights flashing far down the track and the steam hissing from the engine, I turned weak all over. I would have worked a whole year on the ranch for nothing to have been out of that affair right then. Some of the nervous men in the business have told me that they felt the same way the first time.

The engine had hardly stopped (Turn to Page 5, Column 3)

KILLED IN FIGHT OVER DWELLING

Four Are Held During Investigation of Murder in Battle Over Cottage

VENICE, Cal., Sept. 3.—Mrs. Maybelle Roe was formally charged with murder today following the finding of the coroner's inquest over the body of McCullough G. Graydon, Los Angeles real estate dealer, who died from gunshot wounds sustained in a free-for-all fight over possession of a summer cottage here.

Mrs. Roe shot Graydon with intent to do great bodily harm, the formal verdict said.

VENICE, Cal., Sept. 3.—Four persons were still being held by the police today, pending an inquest over the body of McCullough G. Graydon, Los Angeles real estate dealer, who died yesterday from gunshot wounds received in a free-for-all fight over possession of a summer cottage here.

Graydon was shot by Mrs. Maybelle Roe, according to the claims of Mrs. Graydon, wife of the slain man; Mrs. Julia Mahaffay, his sister, and B. L. Adkins.

Those held pending the inquest are Mrs. Roe, Mrs. and Mrs. E. F. Deane and O. A. Boyers.

Mrs. Deane is the owner of a cottage rented by Graydon and from which she had sought to eject him, the police learned today. The fight between half a dozen persons, in which it is alleged a blackjack, steel knuckles, and finally a gun, were used, is expected to be described at the coroner's hearing.

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Center Shots

From Speeches by Malcolm Douglas, Candidate for Prosecutor



Malcolm Douglas in Action

THE PROSECUTING ATTORNEY should be a Nemesis to the guilty, a guardian of the innocent. That is the way to develop a higher respect for law in this community. Let the people realize that no innocent man will be tried for a crime, and that no guilty man will escape. What we need in King county is an honest, efficient, common-sense regime of law enforcement.

THERE MUST BE a new prosecuting attorney. The incumbent starts too many things he cannot finish. Even capable assistants fail to accomplish results with an incapable chief to determine the policy of the office. No matter how good the crew is, the ship will never get anywhere unless the skipper knows his business. The prosecuting attorney should work in harmony with the police, the sheriff and the mayor. Their common ideal must be to make the county a better and a safer place in which to live.

WHEN I GO into office, I shall bear no prejudices and play no favorites. Every person, regardless of his station in life, will get a square deal—no more, no less. No one will be able to stampede me into starting a case that ought not to be started, and no one will be able to cow me into stopping one that ought to be prosecuted. And let me say this: The prosecuting attorney should be able to try cases in person, as well as by proxy. We've had too much of the "Let George do it" policy. I'll try some of the people's cases myself—and you will find that now and then we'll win one for a change.

THEY CAN KEEP THEIR GOATS

Gerard Heads Demo Finance Committee

SUBMARINE MEN SAVED FROM DEATH

Crew and Officers of S-5 Are Rescued After 35 Hours Under Water

LEWES, Del., Sept. 3.—The disabled submarine S-5, in tow of the battleship Ohio, was a short distance outside the Delaware breakwater at 2:15 p. m. today. It was reported that the submarine was tilted at such an angle that one end of it was dragging on the bottom, making towing very difficult.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Sept. 3.—The steamer Alanthus is having trouble bringing the disabled submarine S-5 up the Delaware river, according to a wireless received at League Island navy yard this afternoon.

Pontoon were being sent to Delaware breakwater to assist in floating the submarine. The crew of the submarine has been removed from the Alanthus and placed aboard the battleship Ohio, the message said.

The following radio message was received at League Island from the Ohio, one of the warships which rushed to the rescue last night when the S-5 lay helpless on the bottom off Cape Henlopen with its crew near suffocation.

NEW YORK, Sept. 3.—Rescued from a living tomb at the bottom of the sea, the officers and crew of the United States submarine S-5 were being taken to Philadelphia today on the steamer Alanthus, while behind them, on the end of a tow cable, trailed the disabled submarine which sank off Cape Henlopen and nearly cost their lives.

THIRILLING TALE OF HEROISM AT SEA

SELL HIS STORE; PAY ALIMONY

BREAKS BABY'S RIB GIVING TREATMENT TO STOP HIM CRYING

PORTLAND, Ore., Sept. 3.—George Kraker, shipyard worker, is charged with assault and battery against his two-month-old son in warrants sworn out by officers of the Oregon Humane society, who allege that he crushed one of the infant's ribs in an effort to make him stop crying. Kraker told the humane officers he had been advised by fellow workers to give the baby calisthenics in order to keep it from fretting.

IRELAND MAYOR IS NOW DYING

Terence MacSwiney Nearly Lifeless in Prison

LONDON, Sept. 3.—Terence MacSwiney, lord mayor of Cork, was virtually lifeless in Brixton prison today. On the 21st day of his hunger strike he showed no signs of life save an occasional quiver of an eyelid.

RELATIVES who were at his bedside declared that to all intent his body was dead but that "his spirit still lingers."

MacSwiney developed paralysis of the right side late yesterday as the result of failure of circulation, and physicians expressed the fear that it soon would extend to the whole body.

IT IS TOO LATE FOR CLEMENCY NOW.

POLES SMASHING 100-MILE FRONT

General Advance Started on Lemberg Line

ARRESTED AT CHINK'S DOOR WITH BIG KNIFE

Says He Has Been Using Narcotics Several Months; Hope to Save Him

Caught sneaking into a dark hallway leading to a Chinese den at 708 Olive st., late Thursday night, P. M. Anderson, 15, said by the police to be the youngest hop-head ever caught in the city, was arrested just as he was about to rap rap entrance.

The youth was caught in company with Walter Cameron, 30, said to be an old offender.

The Chinese joint, known to the police as a prominent resort for many months, was being watched by Patrolman N. P. Anderson, of the police narcotic squad. The officer was hiding in a shadow when the pair made their appearance.

LONG BOWIE KNIFE FOUND ON BOY

DOPE HASTENS SHOW PROMOTER TO SUICIDE

POLES REJECT BOLSHIEV PEACE TERMS

Hubby Kicked When Friends "Ate Grub"

DOCTOR AND DRUGGIST HELD ON DOPE CHARGE