

# BOY KILLED BY ROCK!

On the Issue of Americanism There Can Be No Compromise

## The Seattle Star

7<sup>TH</sup> LATE EDITION

### Weather

Tonight and Wednesday, fair; general winds, mostly westerly. Temperature Last 24 Hours Maximum, 63. Minimum, 49. Today noon, 52.

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TWO CENTS IN SEATTLE

**AN U. HENRY STORY A DAY**  
HUMOR PATHOS ROMANCE

### The Ransom of Mack

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ME and old Mack Lonsbury, we got out of that Little Hide-and-Seek gold mine affair with about \$40,000 apiece. I say "old" Mack; but he wasn't old. Forty-one, I should say; but he always seemed old.

"Andy," he says to me, "I'm tired of hustling. You and me have been working hard together for three years. Say we knock off for a while, and spend some of this idle money we've coaxed our way."

"The proposition hits me just right," says I. "Let's be nabobs a while and see how it feels. What'll we do—take in the Niagara Falls, or buck at faro?"

"For a good many years," says Mack, "I've thought that if I ever had extravagant money I'd rent a two-room cabin somewhere, hire a Chinaman to cook, and sit in my stocking feet and read Buckle's History of Civilization."

"That sounds self-indulgent and gratifying without vulgar ostentation," says I, "and I don't see how money could be better invested. Give me a cuckoo clock and a sep' Wimmer's Self-Instructor for the Banjo, and I'll join you."

A week afterward me and Mack hit this small town of Pina, about thirty miles out from Denver, and found an elegant two-room house that just suited us. We deposited half-a-peck of money in the Pina bank and shook hands with every one of the 240 citizens in the town. We brought along the Chinaman and the cuckoo clock and Buckle and the instructor with us from Denver, and the made the cabin seem like home at once.

Never believe it when they tell you riches don't bring happiness. If you could have seen old Mack sitting in his rocking chair with his blue-yeard sock feet up in the window and talking about science and pearl diving and sea-otter and Egyptian and spelling and fish and trade-winds and leather and gratitude and eagles, and a lot of subjects that we'd never had time to explain our sentiments about before.

One evening Mack spoke up and asked me if I was much apprised in the habits and policies of women folks.

"Why, yes," says I, in a tone of voice, "I know 'em from Alfred to Omaha. The feminine nature and similitude," says I, "is as plain to my sight as the Rocky mountains is to a blue-eyed burro. In onto to my little side-steps and punctual discrepancies."

"I tell you, Andy," says Mack, with a kind of sigh, "I never had the least amount of intersection with their predispositions. Maybe I might have had a proneness in respect to their vicinity, but I never took the time. I made my own living since I was fourteen; and I never seemed to get my ratiocinations equipped with the sentiments usually depicted toward the sex."

"Oh, I don't know," I tell him. "Maybe you better credit yourself with a barrel of money and a lot of emancipation from a quantity of uncontent. Still, I don't regret my knowledge of 'em," I says. "It takes a man who understands the symptoms and byplays of women-folks to take care of himself in this world."

We stayed on in Pina because we liked the place. Some folks might enjoy their money with noise and rapture and locomotion; but me and Mack we had had plenty of turnouts and hotel towels. The people were friendly; Ah Sling got the swing of the grub we liked; Mack and Buckle were as thick as two body-snatchers, and I was hitting out a cordial resemblance to "Buffalo Gals, Can't You Come Out Tonight," on the banjo.

One day I got a telegram from (Turn to Page 7, Column 5)

### MAN KILLS GIRL OF 11, THEN SELF

Angry Mob Surrounds Carpenter's Shack; He Shoots Himself Thru Head

SAN BRUNO, Cal., Sept. 7.—Mildred Lee, 11, was shot and killed while on her way to school here today, and Paul Nelson, a carpenter, accused of the murder, when surrounded in a shack by an angry mob, shot himself in the head and died soon after while en route to a hospital.

Trouble between Nelson and the girl's mother is believed the motive for the crime. Nelson is said to have threatened revenge since Mrs. Lee testified against him in a lawsuit recently.

The shooting occurred in Tucker ave. near the child was near the school house. Pedestrians said they saw Nelson fire two shots at the girl. She died instantly.

Nelson then fled. All Peninsula buses were searched for him by both San Mateo and San Bruno county officers. A posse found Nelson hiding in a clump of bushes back of "Uncle Tom's" cabin, a San Bruno cafe.

When he saw he was discovered, Nelson fled along a creek bottom to an old cabin.

As the posse surrounded the cabin and closed in, Nelson fired two shots into his head.

The dead girl's father, Henry Lee, was drowned a year ago.

### MAY RELEASE IRELAND MAYOR

Latest Report Is That He Is "Very Low"

LONDON, Sept. 7.—As Lord Mayor MacSwiney lay in a comatose condition in Brixton prison on the 26th day of his hunger strike, Irish sympathizers awaited official confirmation of the report that Premier Lloyd George had proposed terms for his release.

The Liege correspondent of the Daily Mail reported the premier en route from Lucerne to London, and said he would be willing to release MacSwiney if guarantees were given that murders of policemen in Ireland by Sinn Feiners would cease.

The latest word from the lord mayor's bedside was that he was "very low."

London newspapers gave considerable editorial space to comment on the MacSwiney case today, differing widely in their attitude.

### DESERTED, SHE TRIES SUICIDE

Girl-Wife Says Husband Did Not Keep Promise

Mrs. R. Arcella, 21, was in a cerebral condition at the city hospital today from drinking lysoil Sunday night in her apartment in the Baldwin, 124 13th ave., because, she told detectives, her husband had gone to Alaska and broke his promise to send for her.

"I got tired waiting," the young wife said, "and wanted to die." She may recover, doctors predicted today, but the burning poison has played havoc with her throat and stomach.

Mrs. Arcella was attended by Dr. L. M. Bates, a physician who asked yesterday that the police take charge of the case as her condition was becoming worse. Detective Jack Landis ordered her to the hospital.

# INGLIS OR JONES?

**T**HE republicans of Washington, in common with the rest of the people of this state, took a solemn pledge three years ago to defeat Sen. W. L. Jones at the earliest opportunity. Can they go back on their own promise now? And could the state possibly elect Jones if he were nominated? **IT DOES NOT SEEM POSSIBLE.**

**T**HREE years ago, Senator Jones couldn't have mustered a corporal's guard to vote for his renomination or election. He had failed—failed pathetically—on the one big thing in this generation.

The sword of war was upon us. It was swinging, ready to descend, menacingly waived at us by the kaiser—and U. S. Senator Jones, not content to vote himself neutral in our controversy with Germany, arose to plead for the Junkerbund.

"Jones pro-German in vituperative attack," was the description applied to his performance by his chief advocate today. "Washington senator defends the kaiser and assails executive of the United States," his apologist of today wrote at that time.

Bring yourself back to that time—and remember that **HULET WELLS, RADICAL, WAS ARRESTED, TRIED, CONVICTED AND SENT TO THE FEDERAL PENITENTIARY FOR VERY LITTLE OTHER THAN WHAT U. S. SENATOR JONES SAID AND DID.**

**T**HREE years ago \* \* \* our boys joining the colors \* \* \* wheatless and meatless days \* \* \* the country crying for team work \* \* \* Liberty bonds \* \* \* the Red Cross \* \* \* the whole country ready for any sacrifice. Can you imagine re-electing Senator Jones in that atmosphere of unselfish patriotism?

Three years ago, in a race between Senator Jones and Col. Inglis, the result could not be in doubt. And it should not be today. It will not be if the people but remember.

The Star would not feel true to the people, it would not feel true to itself, after its stand for America thruout the war and before the war and after the war, if it did not cry out against the infamy of returning an unclean senator to congress. **IT IS UNTHINKABLE!**

**I**NGLIS and Jones! What a record in contrasts they present. While Jones erred for the kaiser, Inglis was giving up his home, his business, his civilian career to get ready for the grim struggle against the kaiser. Inglis did not err; he did not give aid or comfort to the enemy. It was Jones who erred in that direction. Remember that if, knowing Inglis to be in the prime of life today, you should wonder

at the whiteness of his hair. Inglis went to war. He was on the firing line. He saw active duty on the other side.

**T**HREE is no militarism—not an ounce of it—in Inglis. He is not a professional soldier. From youth to this day, Inglis' life has been an open book to the people of Washington. He grew up here, went to school here, and engaged in the fight for a livelihood here.

His has not been a bed of roses. He has had to struggle for what he got. He had to fight for an education, and he fought as determinedly for that, poor tho he was and against odds, as he fought on the battlefield, as he is fighting today for the U. S. senatorship, campaigning without any kind of a campaign fund, aye, with barely enough to pay his traveling expenses.

**I**NGLIS saw duty on the Mexican border. He was just beginning to re-establish himself in civilian life when the country called again. He was in uniform from the first day of the war with Germany. As colonel of the old Second Washington (the first of our boys called to the colors), he took our very own regiment across the seas.

Able, efficient, a man of standing and respect, Col. Inglis had been at home. The war took hold of him, as it did many others, **PUT HIM THRU SACRIFICIAL FIRES, AND MOULDED HIM A BIGGER AND FINER MAN.**

The caliber of Col. Inglis soon became manifest "over there." He came to France as a national guard officer. His regiment was divided up, as other national guard regiments were. Some of his men went to one division; the rest were assigned elsewhere, but Inglis always retained a command. His executive ability was quickly recognized—**AND HE WAS THE ONLY NATIONAL GUARD COLONEL EVER TO COMMAND A BODY OF REGULARS.**

**W**HICH, then, shall it be, Jones or Inglis? Was our indignation at Jones voiced thruout the state by every public body, by every newspaper, by a vast majority of the people, but a sham and a fraud? Are we "too proud to fight" for our own sense of honor after three years? **CAN WE FORGET?**

### BOULDER CRUSHES LAD TO DEATH!

Georgetown Youth Dies Almost Instantly; Mother Hears Screams

Caught by a falling half-ton rock in a hole in the back yard of his home at 4514 Dakota st. at 9:45 a. m. Tuesday, Ferdinand Schwertlich, 17, was fatally injured. His screams attracted his step-mother. He was dead when she reached the rock. So great was the weight of the rock that it required the strength of 12 men to move it and free the dead body.

The rock occupied a cumbersome position in the back yard and it was decided to dig a hole for it. Ferdinand was given the task by his father, Joseph Schwertlich, a Fremont shoe merchant.

Police from Georgetown predicted were summoned by the step-mother. Patrolman A. F. Brewer and neighbor, possibly the owner of the hole and rescued the body.

Deputy Coroner H. E. McDonald took the body to the morgue. Blitz Undertaking Co. later took charge of funeral arrangements.

A brother of Ferdinand's was killed in an accident near Kent three years ago, according to Patrolman Brewer.

### EMPTY ROWBOAT ADRIAT ALKI

Fear Occupants Have Been Lost; Few Clues Found

Detectives and harbor police were attempting today to solve a mystery that the tide washed up last night on the West Seattle beach—an open rowboat half filled with water and containing a fish line, a hammer, a child's toy boat and a woman's blue-embroidered handkerchief initialed "D."

It is feared the occupants have been lost. The boat was first noted a quarter mile out from shore by J. Odion Secord, a druggist and former almsman, living at 5061 Beach drive.

Something about the drifting craft fascinated him, he said today, and he investigated by rowing out and towing it onto the sand when the tide had fetched it close inshore.

He found it a rudely constructed boat, possibly the handwork of a boy, he said. On the prow was painted the name "Outing."

"It may be nothing to be alarmed about," he said, "but I thought it worth notifying the police about."

Up to a late hour the police had been unable to find the owner or learn who the last occupant of the rowboat was.

None could be found along the beach who had seen the boat before or who recognized the handkerchief, which the police consider the most important clue besides the boat itself.

The hammer was examined for traces of blood, but none was found, possibly because it had been submerged in water. It was impossible to tell whether the fish line had been used, Secord said today.

Hundreds of people visited the beach during Sunday and Labor Day.

### SCHOOL GIRLS, SAILORS ELOPE

Are on Way to Washington State Navy Yard

LOS ANGELES, Sept. 7.—Search for two school girls, believed to have eloped with two sailors and believed to be en route to a navy yard in Washington state, was being continued today.

The girls, Margaret Dryden, 14, and Gertrude Longmeier, 16, left their homes here last Saturday.

They sent identical messages to their parents from Los Angeles.

The telegrams read: "Don't worry, I'm safe. Good bye and forgive."

"P.R.O.F." LABORS TO WIN GIRL

CHICAGO, Sept. 7.—Clayton Mark has an iron foundry and a daughter, and a belief in industry. E. E. Wyman was a college professor, but he went to work in the Mark foundry to gain permission to marry Miss Phyllis Mark, of Lake Forest. The wedding will take place in the near future.