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Let's Finish the Job, Folks

The Salvation Army unhesitatingly marched into the maw of war and stayed with the job until it was finished. They carried coffee and doughnuts up to the firing line. They took whispered messages for American mothers from dying lips. They cheered and fed and worked with our boys.

Superstition renders man a fool, and skepticism makes him mad.—Fielding.

SUCH IS LIFE!

TODAY'S BEST BET—That the mayor has crawled out on a limb and is slipping.

It is none of our business, but if the mayor would spend that \$10,000 putting a double track around Green lake we'd forgive him.

The census enumerators didn't miss many noses—only about 150,000.

MAKING A LONG STORY SHORT There was a great explosion on Wall st., N. Y., on the 16th of Sept., 1920. It did much harm.—Leachville (Ark.) Crescent.

It is always better to shake hands than to shake friends.

THE INSPIRED COMPOSITOR

The Call hereby expresses its regret for an injustice done to S. B. Davis of Oakland, Saturday Davis fell from a ladder, and the small head on the story, by a typographical error, was made to read "Burial Falls" instead of "Builder Falls," San Francisco Call.

What are you going to do with the \$1,350 you save on your next locomobile?

THE RISING AND REVERENT GENERATION

When the minister called to see about the christening, he said to little Howard, aged 3½: "Come over and I will sprinkle a little water on you." Howard retorted: "You won't sprinkle any water on me, you poor nut!"

Seems as the John D. hadn't heard about what Henry did.

What kind of men make the best husbands?—Alye M. The married ones.

SOME MEMORY

"And do you remember the faces of all your customers?" remarked the boy to the assistant in the shoe store.

"I never forget anybody's face that I ever fitted with a pair of shoes."—Boys' Life.

Letters to the Editor—

Write briefly. Use ink or typewriter. One side of paper only. Sign your name.

AFETER'S ALSO

EDITOR THE STAR: I read in your issue about the high prices of food charge in the restaurants, especially in the cafeterias, where they charge something like this: Seven cents for a spoonful of spuds, 7 cents a spoonful of cabbage. Now, at the Pike Place market they are almost giving vegetables away, and if you have to go to a cafeteria you get next to nothing for 60 cents and 70 cents. Well, as long as they get people to patronize them let them go at it, I say. Even the moving picture houses charge more than they should.

It is a fact, instead of prices coming down they are going up. I have wondered where the people get the money from. There is scarcely any work at present and thousands of men idle.

A WORKING MAN.

STAR THANKED FOR AID TO BONUS PARADE

Editor The Star: The following resolutions have been passed:

Be it resolved, By Elmer J. Noble post No. 1, American Legion, that our sincere thanks be extended to the Seattle Star for the excellent publicity given to the bonus bill parade on September 23, 1920, and the subsequent publicity for the bonus bill theatrical that is to be held October 22, 1920.

That we hereby show our appreciation for their endeavor in behalf of the allied veterans of this city and state by sending a copy of these resolutions to the Seattle Star, and that a copy be spread on our records.

CHARLES H. PAUL, Commander.

H. C. CUTLER, Adjutant.

GUESS THIS

GWAN PRUNELLA—SAY YOU'LL MARRY ME?

NO

"TODAY'S PROVERB: 'YOU CAN LEAD A HORSE TO WATER BUT YOU CAN'T MAKE HIM DRINK!'"

The picture above illustrates a proverb, one of the clues, and one of those most frequently heard repeated. What is it? The tomorrow's Star for correct answer.

Without hope of reward they performed Herculean tasks to make the hell of war a little easier for the Yanks.

And they STAYED WITH IT until the job was done!

A while ago the Salvation Army in Seattle asked for \$250,000 with which to extend their peace-time work of pulling men and women back from the gutter.

Seattle responded with only \$131,861.96. Seattle DID NOT FINISH THE JOB!

Now the city is to be given another opportunity. With the Elks in charge, a new campaign to raise the balance is to be conducted for two weeks, beginning next Monday.

The money will be spent to build a young woman's boarding home and a central service building, the latter structure to be used as a central headquarters for the Salvation Army and also providing accommodations for men in need, besides free dispensaries and other relief departments.

Campaign headquarters have been established at 207 Hoge Annex.

On Prophecy

History is moving so fast that the profession of the prophet is becoming more and more precarious. The honored prophet of today is discredited on the morrow, his prophecy being quickly disproved by the event. How many forecasts of what the world would be like after the war have come true?

Once upon a time a leading statesman would venture a prophecy and get away with it, because the processes of history were moving so slowly that not until after he was dead could it be determined whether he was a true prophet. And by that time his prophecy had been forgotten.

However, the case of George Washington demonstrates that even long-distance prophecy is not always safe. Falling into a prophetic mood one day in the last years of the 18th century, Washington put into writing his vision of "mankind, connected, like one great family, in fraternal ties."

He noted that "the nations are becoming far more humanized in their policy"; that "the subjects of ambitions and causes for hostility are daily diminishing"; and, in fine, that "the period is not very remote, when the benefits of a liberal and free commerce will pretty generally succeed the devastations and horrors of war."

Since Washington wrote these lines, the world has been racked by many big and little wars, including the Napoleonic and our own greatest of all wars; and Europe still is afflicted with a number of wars and Washington's vision of "mankind, connected, like one great family, in fraternal ties," still is unrealized.

Moreover, there flourishes today a school of cynical prophets who say that, far from being the successor of war, as Washington predicted, commerce and its rivalries will be the causes of future wars!

The Creed of Hate

The Rev. Francis Kelley, national chaplain of the American Legion, speaking in Cleveland the other day, remarked that a nation was to be judged worthy of existence as a nation by its ability to fight, and that the aim of America should be not to be loved, but to be feared.

One might say that this comes somewhat discordantly out of the mouth of a man wearing the livery of the Gentle Nazarene, but that would not be to the purpose. What is more important is that it comes discordantly from a man wearing the citizenship of an American.

Surely the sentiment quoted is none other than that which was yesterday the creed of Germany. Surely it was that creed which united the world against German hatefulness and brought about her downfall.

If America ever adopts the belief that it is better to be feared than to be loved, she will invite the fate which has befallen Germany. And she will deserve it.

Example

Carlyle had labored for months gathering material for his great work, "The French Revolution."

He had much of the manuscript completed, written in those biting sentences for which he afterward became famous.

Written in long-hand, the mere physical labor of penning it was not inconsiderable.

A careless servant destroyed the precious Ms. Carlyle was in despair. He flung his pen aside, thinking never to take it up again. For weeks he moped about, unable to overcome his discouragement.

One day, he watched a man laying bricks. He was just a common workman, except that he was in love with his work. He tapped every brick, he laid and leveled it, and the stroke of his trowel was a caress. Every little while he stepped back and took a survey of his work, with the gratified eye of an artist.

Being in love with his work, he did not count the hours or limit the number of bricks he was to lay and his work grew rapidly under his hands.

Carlyle was thrilled with the man's attitude of mind and shamed by his earnestness of purpose.

He set to work again upon his great work and in a few weeks had recovered his lost ground. The book was completed and ranks as one of the world's masterpieces.

But wasn't the humble bricklayer as responsible as Tammas Carlyle for the masterpiece?

4%

BURGLARS'

Harvest on Saturday, October 9th, was over

\$5,000.00

It would have been

\$0,000.00

If that money had been kept at

THE BANK FOR SAVINGS

Where it safely works for you

Pine Street at Fourth Avenue

EVERETT TRUE By CONDO



I'M FEELING FINE, THANK YOU, WITH THE EXCEPTION THAT I AM ILL-AT-EASE WHILE YOU INDULGE IN THOSE PLAYFUL FISTIC PASSES IN FRONT OF MY BEAK!! YOUR JUDGMENT OF DISTANCE MAY BE GOOD AND AGAIN IT MIGHT NOT BE, BUT AFTER I MAKE A FEW PASSES MYSELF I FEEL THAT YOUR GENERAL JUDGMENT WILL BE MUCH IMPROVED!!!



PASSING THE BUCK

BY DR. JAMES L. VANCE

At a little town in France, the headquarters of a regiment of the A. E. F., someone asked a young captain what he thought of his colonel. Here was his reply: "At the officers' meeting yesterday he deliberately declined to pass the buck."

This was the highest praise one soldier could pay another. Language could do no more. The vocabulary had been exhausted.

"Passing the buck" is the army phrase for passing on responsibility. The soldiers say that it is the great game of military life. Red tape was invented to make it possible for the game to be played without limit.

It is not a new game, for it started in Eden when Adam "passed the buck" and said: "The woman whom thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat."

It takes courage to shoulder responsibility; it takes none to shirk it. When the responsibility is ours, and its assumption is likely to be costly, to attempt to unload it on others is to play the sneak.

It is in passing on their duties to the next town. Institutions do it in seeking a culprit to whom the blame for brooked deals may be nailed. Nations do it in calling on traditions which help them play safe in the face of present duty. Church courts do it in evading disagreeable questions with the remark that "the time has not yet arrived."

It is yellow, to pass the buck. A man who is white takes his medicine. There is nothing much finer for either men or nations than this; to deliberately decline the temptation of making another responsible for what they themselves should assume.

Nothing has set back the cause of socialism as much as the reign of military terrorism in Russia.

As violence destroyed the czar, so it will destroy the Bolshevik.

Violence is the twin brother of Autocracy. That is why Autocracy is doomed. They that take the sword shall perish by the sword.

Violence believed in, glorified, led Napoleon to exile and lost Britain her American colonies.

Violence led the flower of Germany to slaughter, and has reduced the rest to bankruptcy.

No greater lie was ever coined than the saying that "God is on the side of the strongest battalions."

Whatever greatness the British Empire has is due to her fair play and her skill in the art of government. All its woes come from its resort to violence.

War is the perfect flower of the doctrine of force. Princes sometimes profit by wars, the people never.

Victorious France and Italy are now in almost as bad a way as defeated Germany and Austria.

The people of the United States are still groping in the darkness of a belief in violence. They still cannot see that a million spent in perfecting a world-machinery of peace and law is better "preparedness" than a billion spent in getting ready to fight.

No permanent progress has ever been due to fighting; it has all come thru co-operation.

The maniac who exploded the bomb in Wall st. is but a symptom of a world-wide delusion.

He is one of a class, including the striker who murders or burns, the Kaiser, the czar, the Bolshevik, the "direct action" advocate, and all the other fools who take a notion to play God.

Then came the biting ax and saw To fill the mill's relentless maw, And on this sweet wood fell the ban Of the wild savage, modern man. Till, in these mournful stumps one sees The grave-stones of the murdered trees! (Copyright, 1920, N. E. A.)

Thousands of people take anti-flu remedies, \$2.08. Herb Medicine Mfg. Co., P. O. Box 551, Seattle. Advertisement.

THE COMMON SENSE OF THIS THING APPEALS TO YOU!

If John Jones tells you he does not think your house will burn, but as a matter of fact it does burn, and you lose, how you would wish that you had a fire insurance policy rather than Jones' opinion!

And then take your land title. Why rest content with an opinion that it is good when you can have the absolute guaranty of the Title Insurance Company with \$600,000 behind its guaranty?

WASHINGTON TITLE INSURANCE COMPANY

"Under State Supervision" Assets More than \$600,000.00

WE DRESS MEN & WOMEN ON EASY CREDIT

PACIFIC FOUTFITTING CO. 1221 Third Ave. COR. UNIVERSITY

Doctor Frank CRANE'S Daily Article

(Copyright, 1920)

Violence Has Many Forms. Twin of Autocracy. War and Victory.

Violence has many forms. It is the arch deceiver. It has more disguises than a German spy.

It is as cunning, persuasive, seductive and cursed as his father, the devil.

It has woven itself into our language, our thoughts. It dyes our emotions, affects our instincts and seeps into our subconsciousness.

We begin, teaching it to our children. To get obedience we flog them. Whoever strikes a child proves just one thing—that he is a bigger brute than the child.

The child, learning the efficiency of brute force from his parent, goes out to practice it. He becomes the bully of the school yard.

Most "bad" boys are simply boys whose adult mind is putting into practice the principle of superior force they learned at home.

The teacher continues the boy's course in the art of frightfulness, if not by the birch, then by moral terrorism.

When he grows up every emotion of his adult mind is spoiled by the poison of the force idea.

Violence is the greatest hindrance to reform, to progress. The ideal of anarchy, for instance, is singularly pure and peaceable. Its aim is the abolition of force. But the twisted mind of the fanatic seeks to establish this by the very means he condemns.

Nothing has set back the cause of socialism as much as the reign of military terrorism in Russia.

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STUMPAGE

BY EDMUND VANCE COOKE Sprung from these blackened stumps An ancient and sequestered wood, Here hid the agile fox and here Was sanctuary to the deer. Here fur and feather, wing and claw Lived out the fullness of their law.

Here rose the heaven-pointing pine, Whispering their prayers about their shrines. Here lovers found a mossy stone Where two might closely sit alone; Here the most sodden, N. E. fell. The old, forgotten god still dwelt.

Then came the biting ax and saw To fill the mill's relentless maw, And on this sweet wood fell the ban Of the wild savage, modern man. Till, in these mournful stumps one sees The grave-stones of the murdered trees! (Copyright, 1920, N. E. A.)

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An HUMOR PATHOS ROMANCE O. HENRY Story a Day

A Little Talk About Mobs

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"I see," remarked the tall gentleman in the frock coat and black slouch hat, "that another street car motorman in your city has narrowly escaped lynching at the hands of an infuriated mob by lighting a cigar and walking a couple of blocks down the street."

"Do you think they would have lynched him?" asked the New Yorker, in the next seat of the ferry station, who was also waiting for the boat.

"Not until after the election," said the tall man, cutting a corner off his plug of tobacco. "I've been in your city long enough to know something about your mobs. The motorman's mob is about the least dangerous of them all, except the national guard and the dressmakers' convention."

"You see, when little Willie Goldstein is sent by his mother for pig's knuckles, with a nickel tightly grasped in his chubby fist, he always crosses the street car track safely 20 feet ahead of the car, and then suddenly turns back to ask his mother whether it was pale pig or a spoon of \$8 white cotton that she wanted."

The motorman yells and throws himself on the brakes like a football player. There is a horrible grinding, and then a ripping sound, and a piercing shriek, and Willie is sitting, with part of his trousers torn away by the fender, screaming for his lost nickel."

"In 10 seconds the car is surrounded by 600 infuriated citizens, crying, 'Lynch the motorman! Lynch the motorman!' at the top of their voices. Some of them run to the nearest cigar store to get a rope, but they find the last one has just been cut up and labeled. Hundreds of the excited mob press close to the covering motorman, whose hand is observed to tremble perceptibly as he transfers a stick of pepin gum from his pocket to his mouth."

"When the bloodthirsty mob of maddened citizens has closed in on the motorman, some bringing camp stools and sitting quite close to him, and all shouting, 'Lynch him!' Policeman Fogarty forees his way thru them to the side of their prospective victim."

"Hello, Mike," says the motorman in a low voice, "nice day. Shall I sneak off a block or so, or would you like to rescue me?"

"Well, Jerry, if you don't mind," says the policeman, "I'd like to disperse the infuriated mob single-handed. I haven't defeated a lynching mob since last Tuesday, and that was a small one of only 200 that wanted to string up a Dago boy for selling worry pears. It would boost me some down at the station."

"All right, Mike," says the motorman, "anything to oblige. I'll turn pale and tremble."

"And he does so, and Policeman Fogarty draws his club and says, 'Gwan wid yer' and in eight seconds the desperate mob has scattered and gone about its business, except about a hundred who remain to search for Willie's nickel."

"I never heard of a mob in our city doing violence to a motorman because of an accident," said the New Yorker.

"You are not liable to," said the tall man. "They know the motorman's all right, and that he wouldn't even run over a stray dog if he could help it. And they know that not a man among 'em would tie the knot to hang even a Thomas cat that had been tried and condemned and sentenced according to law."

"Then why do they become infuriated and make threats of lynching?" asked the New Yorker.

"To assure the motorman," answered the tall man, "that he is safe. If they really wanted to do him up they would go into the house and drop bricks on him from the third-story windows."

"New Yorkers are not cowards," said the other man, a little stiffly. "Not one at a time," agreed the tall man, promptly. "You've got a fine lot of single-handed scrappers in your town. I'd rather fight three of you than one, and I'd go up against all the Gas Trust's victims in a bunch before I'd pass two citizens on a dark corner, with my watch chain showing. When you get rounded up in a bunch you lose your nerve. Get you in crowds and you're easy. Ask the 'L' road guards and George B. Cortelyou and the tin-type booths at Coney Island. Divided you stand, united you fall. E pluribus nihil. Whenever one of your mobs surrounds a man and begins to holler, 'Lynch him!' he says to himself, 'Oh, dear, I suppose I must look pale to please the boys, but I will, forsooth, let my life insurance premium lapse tomorrow. This is a sure tip for me to play Methusalem straight across the board in the next handicap.'"

"I can imagine the tortured feelings of a prisoner in the hands of New York policemen when an infuriated mob demands that he be turned over to them for lynching. 'For God's sake, officers,' cries the distressed wretch, 'have ye hearts of stone, that ye will not let them wrest me from ye?'"

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