

BAD SWALLOWS POISON; DIES

On the Issue of Americanism There Can Be No Compromise

The Seattle Star

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SEATTLE, WASH., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1921.

TWO CENTS IN SEATTLE

Weather
Tonight and Friday, rain; fresh southwesterly winds.
Temperature Last 24 Hours
Maximum, 54. Minimum, 50.
Today noon, 53.



Return the Lines? Well, Let's Consider. Company Might Agree. But Would the People?

"GIVE THE LINES back to Stone & Webster," said Mayor Caldwell in his report on the proposed Street & Webster would come forth and say:

"All right, we'll take them off your hands, provided we have the same privileges the city has enjoyed."

"What then?" The same privileges the city has enjoyed means that the company would pay no taxes, would pay no 2 per cent of its gross income as it had to do formerly, would have an indeterminate franchise, would be allowed to charge all of the cost of maintenance to the city, and a few little things like that.

WOULD THE PEOPLE ACCEPT SUCH A PLAN? What would be the city's response to a proposition like that? Would the people accept it?

Or let us put the proposition in a somewhat different form. Suppose the traction company would say to the city that since the city, according to the mayor, cannot see its way clear to meet its obligations, it will agree to lease the lines from the city and take care of all of the payments. By leasing from the city, it would be freed of any taxes, since the traction property would still be owned by the city, and city property is not taxable. Suppose, as further terms of the lease, the company would agree not to raise the fares above the present fares, and that the lease should cover a period of 20 years, the same period as the bonds now cover, and that the company would maintain the system at the same standard that the city now is maintaining them, would the people consent to such a lease?

Think it over. That's what returning the lines to the company means.

COMPANY MIGHT LIKE TO GET LINES BACK It is not at all improbable that the company would be glad to have the lines back under these conditions. It will be remembered that the sale of the traction system to the city came about because the city would not consent to the company's raising its fares. Had the company been allowed to raise fares to 15 cents it is probable that the system ever would have gone into the city's hands.

The company could have made money on that fare. The city can, too, if it obtains the right sort of management.

It will not make money if it has the wrong management, if it has political aspirations and lumbombs to deal with.

Three Are Killed in Official Plane
ST. PAUL, Feb. 10.—Governor Press today ordered Lieutenant Colonel W. C. Garris of the Minnesota aviation section, to conduct a thorough investigation of the accident which resulted in the death of three in a government airplane at La Crosse, Wis., late yesterday.

Plan Immigration Ban for 15 Months
WASHINGTON, Feb. 10.—Emergency legislation restricting immigration into the United States for a period of 15 months, beginning April 1, 1921, was recommended today by the senate immigration committee, when it reported favorably on the Dillingham bill.

U. S. Marines Wreck Nicaragua Newspaper
WASHINGTON, Feb. 10.—Secretary Daniels today ordered Rear Admiral Bryan, commander of the Central American squadron, to proceed immediately to Nicaragua and take charge of the situation brought about by marines wrecking a newspaper plant at Managua.

Bill Orders \$800,000 for Sand Point Base
WASHINGTON, Feb. 10.—Senator Bill, Delaware, today presented amendments to the naval appropriation bill authorizing an appropriation of \$800,000 for a naval air station at Sand Point, Wash., and acceptance of a gift of 400 acres of land as a site.

N. Y. TOO TOUGH FOR AL JENNINGS; HELD UP BY THUG
NEW YORK, Feb. 10.—"The modern hero is no gentleman," Jennings, former famous outlaw, declared today.

Jennings based his assertion on his encounter with a holdup man here who relieved him of his purse containing \$54, and the rescued paragon was taken to the residence of Roosevelt.

As a result of his experience, he told the United Press today, he has decided modern New York is to wild and woolly for him, and that he will spend the rest of his visit in his hotel, adding, "I'm not sure I'll be safe, even then."

MOONEY AWAITING RELEASE!

EXPECTS TO ESTABLISH INNOCENCE

Rena Mooney Says Her Husband and Billings Will Be Freed

BY M. D. TRACY
SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 10.—Superiorly confident that they will be able to show that Thomas Mooney was innocent of setting the San Francisco Preparedness day bomb, which killed 10 persons on July 22, 1916, Mooney and his wife, Rena, today said they saw another ray of hope in the action of John MacDonal, who has made an affidavit recanting testimony he gave against Mooney.

"That's another one," was Mooney's comment, sent out from his cell at San Quentin penitentiary, where he is serving a life sentence.

"KNOCKING PROPS FROM UNDER THEM"
"One by one we are knocking the props out from under our persecutors, and in the end Tom will be free," hopefully commented Mrs. Mooney, as she sat in her "workshop," the windows of which look out across San Francisco bay onto San Quentin and the penitentiary, where her husband is held.

"We do not hope that Tom will be out soon," she added. "We know it. Time will show the world that, to him and to Warren Billings, there has been done an injustice comparable to the Captain Dreyfus case. Poor little Billings, we must remember him, too."

"As for myself, why, I'm not suffering. I have done nothing, and I know Tom has done nothing. Why should Tom or I worry? The worrying is for those whose consciences are not clear."

Word from San Quentin penitentiary, where Mooney is working in the prison laundry by day, and according to his friends, devoting his nights to thinking and hoping, is that Mooney is in the best of health and his spirit unbroken.

REPORT FICKERT NEAR COLLAPSE
Former District Attorney Charles Fickert, who prosecuted Mooney, once an athlete of more than local fame, is reported to be broken in health, and only able to devote a part of his time to a private practice of law.

Mooney was convicted on the formal charge of murdering Mrs. Hetta Knapp, of Alameda, Cal., one of the 10 persons killed by the preparedness parade bomb. The jury returned the verdict convicting him two years ago yesterday. It was yesterday, the second anniversary of the conviction, that John MacDonal left New York for San Francisco, promising to appear before the grand jury here and show that Mooney was convicted on untrue evidence.

Mooney's original sentence of death later was commuted after a long controversy to life imprisonment.

STATUS OF CASE AGAINST MOONEY
The "case against the Mooney case" now stands like this: Frank C. Oxman, star witness against Mooney, has been tried and acquitted of perjury, but the defense still maintains it can produce letters which will cast a deep shadow over his evidence.

John MacDonal, who identified Mooney as the man who placed the bomb, has taken an affidavit that his evidence was untrue.

Draper Hand, detective high in the counsels of the Mooney prosecution, has made an alleged statement to Mayor James Rolph, Jr., saying he helped "frame" evidence against Mooney.

Attacks have been made on the testimony of at least two other witnesses. One of these attacks alleges a woman has admitted she testified to things seen by her "astral body" projected to various places. The other has to do with an alleged statement to a detective by a witness that her evidence was not the truth.

JUDGE GRIFFIN ASKS NEW TRIAL
Superior Judge Griffin, who sentenced Mooney to hang, has asked that the way be opened for a new trial, saying he believes justice was not done.

District Attorney Matthew Brady, as a result of all these things, has now ordered the grand jury to make a complete investigation of the case, and it is before this investigating body that MacDonal is to appear.

Brady was elected to office over Fickert, Mooney's prosecutor, in a campaign in which the Mooney case played a large part.

The only avenue thru which Mooney can get out of the penitentiary now is a pardon from the governor.

The supreme court having affirmed his conviction, legal authorities hold the courts cannot reopen the case.

Next Tuesday Mr. Ellis Will Eat NO LUNCH!

BY TOM ELLIS
ON THE FIFTEENTH of February, which is next Tuesday, I shall eat no lunch.

When 12:15 rolls around, and the heads and new leads are all written for the Fifth edition, and the news editor is making up the first page and there is nothing more for me to do before 1 o'clock, I shall leave the office as usual. I may even start toward the restaurant. I know that Bee Williams, my favorite waitress, will be expecting me.

But I shall turn at the corner. I shall walk around the block. Maybe I shall walk around a couple of blocks.

And I shall carefully take 75 cents and a dime out of my right pocket and place it in my left pocket. That 75 cents, plus 10, will be sent to the Social Welfare league, which is raising a fund of \$100,000 for the unemployed of King county.

IT IS MANY YEARS since I have been unemployed—since I have felt the need of a meal and had no money in my pocket to buy it with. It was in 1901 that I stowed into Vancouver from the North and landed with half a dollar and my father's old gold watch—and nothing else but hope.

The half-dollar didn't last long. But it was 24 hours later that I hocked my father's watch—and it was three weeks later that I got it back. I have it yet. I hope I never shall have to hock it again.

I knew what it was to be hungry, back in 1901. I walked the streets of Vancouver, and of Fairhaven and of Whatcom, which were then where Bellingham is now, and of Seattle and of Tacoma. I came in on a freight train from Fairhaven. I came back from Tacoma, most of the way, afoot.

Maybe I was too particular. I wanted to work on a newspaper. But no newspaper had any pressing need for my services. I never had done any other kind of work successfully. I didn't fit into the life up North. And when I came back, I didn't have the appearance of a sharp and nifty reporter.

I got a job—a sort of a job. It paid me \$8 a week. Not much, even in those days—but better than mooching, or playing the free lunch, or "cooking up" in the jungle.

And with part of my second week's pay I rescued my father's watch from the hock-shop in Vancouver. Later I went South. And finally I got back into the newspaper game.

NEXT TUESDAY, along about 2 o'clock, I shall begin to feel hungry. Not very hungry—but just a little bit. By 3 o'clock I shall be hungrier. By 4 o'clock I shall be ready for dinner.

By 5 o'clock I shall realize again just what it means to be out of a job, and "broke," and hungry. And instead of sending 85 cents to the Social Welfare league, I may send \$5.

WHAT I AM DRIVING AT is this: I wish several thousand other people who eat lunch downtown would do as I propose to do next Tuesday. I wish all those who eat in restaurants at noon would, on that day, walk around the block, or a couple of blocks, and lay aside the money that they spend for lunch and send it to the Social Welfare league. And if it is done, I know that the unemployed of Seattle will find from \$20,000 to \$30,000 more in the fund that is being raised for them—a fund sadly small, shamefully inadequate, in view of the jobless men, hungry women and crying children that need food.

Maybe I am getting sentimental about this. Perhaps some of our paper's readers will think this article a bit maudlin. That can't be helped. I know there are others who, remembering their own days of adversity, will get the point.

I hope that you are one of these. I hope that YOU will join in this brief endeavor to realize the condition of a jobless man. I hope that YOU will eat no lunch next Tuesday, and that you will send the amount of your lunch check, or more, if you can, to this address:

**SOCIAL WELFARE LEAGUE
301 CENTRAL BUILDING
SEATTLE, WASH.**

P. S.—I have just talked to Walter Nettleton, director of the drive for the unemployed. He tells me they need \$100,000, and so far they have raised \$18,380.30. I guess this no-lunch day is needed, what? T. E.

The Tale (Not Tail) of a Shark; or, a Fish Story That Came True

BY E. P. CHALCRAFT
FACED with his hook attached to an end of the same line, father and son were fishing from a dock near the West Seattle ferry slip.

It was the youngster's first experience, and the man was initiating him into the technique of hand line angling.

"Now, here's the way you rig your bait," he said.

He cut a long sliver from the silvery side of a fresh smelt, and impaled it by one corner to the hook.

"That's so it will wiggle in the water," he explained. "Now, you watch."

ing, across the bay. With a "plop" it struck the water, a couple of hundred feet away.

As the man hauled in slowly, the boy watched the gleaming bait in the murky, gray-green depths.

"We'll get one pretty soon, son," he said. "That is, if the sharks don't get our bait."

"Fishing for sharks," he went on, "is the grandest sport in the world. I recollect catching 'em back in Singapore, when they'd jump out of the water and grab my hook before it struck. And big? Why, a boy like you would make just one good bite!"

"The little fellow shivered and drew back from the edge of the dock. "They don't have sharks here, do they?" he asked.

His father smiled with superior wisdom. "Do they have 'em? Sure. I wouldn't be surprised if we caught one any minute."

Sitting in the engine room of the ferry boat a few hours later, I pondered the question of telling the truth to children. Why, I asked myself, should father feel justified in telling his son there were sharks in Elliott bay, when, as everyone knows, they are found only in warmer waters?

And I was still pondering the question when I opened my dictionary that evening, and read the following: Dogfish, n. 1.—Any of the various species of sharks, distinguished by their small size.

As if to interrupt further fabrication, the line jerked in the man's hand, and he began to haul in rapidly. A quick yank, and an ugly-looking fish lay flopping on the rough boards of the dock.

"Confound those dogfish!" the man

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THOUGHT PRETTY TABLETS SWEETS

Little Girl Finds Them on Shelf; Mother Finds Her in Convulsions

Poisoned by tablets which she had eaten, thinking they were candy, the 4-year-old daughter of John W. Lee, 3523 Lowman drive, died in convulsions an hour later, at 5 p. m. Wednesday.

The little girl and her smaller brother found the bottle of tablets on a shelf. They reached them by means of a stool. The little girl eagerly ate a whole mouthful.

When she became sick, soon after, the mother rushed her to the home of Harry Brandt, 3612 W. Othello st., and summoned Dr. A. L. Howe. The tot was beyond aid, however, and died a few minutes after he arrived.

Dr. Howe explained today that the tablets contained alyone, belladonna and strychnine. One is considered a laxative.

Wielded Mean Razor, It Costs Him \$150
For wielding a razor during a disagreement with William J. Marsh, E. Granas was fined \$150 by Judge King Dykeman Thursday morning. Granas pleaded guilty to assault in the third degree.

20,000-Foot Jump May Be Made Today
Ivan DeVilliers said at noon today that he might attempt his 20,000-foot parachute leap at 4 this afternoon, despite the stiff breeze that was blowing. He has been waiting since Tuesday, but the weather was unfavorable.

DeVilliers planned first to leap into the bay to test out his life-saving suit.

If Your Hat's Too Large, Look Out Now
A robber, wearing a hat several sizes too large for his head, held up C. C. Perry, 4547 4th ave. S. W., in front of 7031 19th ave. N. E., Tuesday night.

Motor Officer Hits Truck; Badly Hurt
Colliding with a Kristofferson milk truck at E. 52d st. and Brooklyn ave., Thursday, Motorcycle Patrolman C. Stanhope was catapulted to the pavement and severely injured. He was rushed to the city hospital in an auto by Patrolman H. W. Morris and J. H. Karberg. He is suffering from bad bruises and internal injuries.

Shipyard Worker in 30-Foot Fall; Killed
Nels E. Brandt, boss rigger, died in Seattle General hospital at 11:30 a. m. Thursday, from a fall of 30 feet at Duthie shipyard Wednesday afternoon.

His skull was fractured, and he suffered from concussion of the brain. He slipped from the top of a crane.

He was married, and lived at 6619 Fifth ave. N. E.

OFFICIAL CARS NOT FOR JOY
OLYMPIA, Feb. 10.—The days of the joy riding state or county official are numbered. Under the provisions of a bill introduced in the house today, every state, county or city automobile will have to be marked with letters two inches high, with the name of the department to which it belongs.

So He Deserted His Experiment
Three short days of married life convinced Everett Storey that the best thing to do was to take to his heels and leave the experiment behind, according to Mrs. Wilma Storey's bill for divorce. The Storeys were married August 15, 1919.

Bill Would Grant Corporations Power
OLYMPIA, Feb. 10.—A bill which would grant virtual monopolies in their territory to established public service corporations, made its appearance in the house today.

The bill gives the director of public works, a Hart official, the right to say when a public service corporation shall enter a field already pre-occupied by another corporation.

Mother's Day on Second Sunday May
OLYMPIA, Feb. 10.—Mother's day will be observed as a state festival by the terms of a resolution adopted by the senate today. The mothers of the country will be honored on the second Sunday of May, National Mother's Day.

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