

# U. S. WINS BATTLE IN TAXES!

On the Issue of Americanism There Can Be No Compromise

## The Seattle Star

7<sup>TH</sup> LATE EDITION

Entered as Second Class Matter May 2, 1895, at the Postoffice at Seattle, Wash., under the Act of Congress March 3, 1879. Per Year, by Mail, \$5 to \$9

VOLUME 23

SEATTLE, WASH., MONDAY, MARCH 28, 1921.

TWO CENTS IN SEATTLE

### Our Pet Peeves:

The Story Book Lady. She Grows Poetic. Street-Car Seats. "For Men Only."

This is the twelfth of a series of "pet peeves" in which members of the staff tell what displeases them most, and why.

**BY MABEL CLELAND**  
"YOUR PEEVE" is absolutely no good!"

The wire brought this heartening message to the writer of The Star's Seattle Story Book, and the voice of Tom Ellis continued to express itself.

"Woman, go search thy soul," the villain said.

And at his tones sweet Pollyanna died.

"I'm back and forth every day on Seattle street cars. And every day I see tired women swaying wearily on straps, while stalwart men sit grumpily and read their papers.

Now he it knows, O men of Seattle that the women who come home from market packages laden, are not the "idle rich."

So assured that somewhere near 99 per cent have been on their feet working since early in the morning that necessity, not choice, sends them to market bins, and that while your day's work is done, the wife and mother has yet a dinner to get, babies to put to bed, dishes to wash, and a hundred other things to do.

And so I say that having searched my soul I find the ancient peeve which has rankled there for years, a peeve which grows worse every day I see a gray-haired woman or small girl standing in a street car while men sit unconcerned.

Why do you perchance think that you are so called uncomplaining woman's rights?

**SIGNS O' SPRING**  
More signs of spring!

The girl across the street is busy talking to the new-strewn snow and cigar stubs off the sidewalk.

**Chinese and Whites to Pen; Dope Charge**

Wester wasn't so bad, but the day following was a tough one for two white men and two Chinese who were up before Federal Judge Jeremiah Netzer for sentences on dope convictions Monday.

Blas Fernandez and Wong Poy Wix were sentenced to 15 months in McNeil island penitentiary. Frank L. Esparaz and William Tong were sent up for one year and one day each.

**Diogenes Finds Him and He's Japanese**

Snuff out your candle, Diog, old boy. I, Hirata, 419 Sixth ave. S., found a vest with \$60 in a pocket, in a lavatory near Sixth ave. S. and King st., Monday morning and ran all the way to police station with it.

The rush of owners had not started early Monday afternoon.

**Inventor of Watered Milk Seeks Rake-Off**

But No. 134,846,239 walked into the mayor's office Monday and accused H. Alfred Owen, Hissner's secretary.

"I'm the man who invented watered milk," he declared. "And the dairymen won't pay me royalties."

Owen referred him to L. B. Youngs, superintendent of the city water department.

**Col. Work Named Asst. Postmaster**

WASHINGTON, March 28.—Col. Robert Work, Colorado, has been appointed first assistant postmaster general, the White House announced today.

### THANKS!

#### ARMSTRONG LIKED THAT HOME BREW

Praises Snoqualmie Lady for Pint She Kindly Slipped Him During Raid

Seattle, March 28, 1921.  
MRS. V. L. MURPHY,  
Care Mr. Murphy's Butcher Shop,  
Snoqualmie, Wash.

Kind Madam:

The pint of home-brew you so generously urged upon me Saturday while the sheriff's deputies were searching your beautiful home is hereby acknowledged. I would be a dog not to express my heartfelt gratitude.

Let me also speak a word of admiration for the remarkable coolness and fortitude of yourself and charming daughter during the pitiless search, seizure of your excellent beverage and destruction of your home brewery.

**READ IT BEEN HIS HOME WOULD HAVE GONE WILD**

Seiden have I observed women so calm under trying circumstances. Had it been my home and my brew I should have gone wild.

I am not a deputy. I was invited along to get the facts and the local color for a sensational story of how the deputies closed up Snoqualmie.

There were 16 warrants to be served in your town. Seven were search warrants, the other three warrants of arrest. Shooting was expected.

We approached your village in two high-powered automobiles. We were armed to the teeth. Plans for the raid had been carefully laid in advance.

Two young men in the guise of expert mine checkers had spent a week gathering the evidence. They went to work in the coal mine to get the lay of the land for the deputies. They reported that there were things going on in Snoqualmie that shouldn't.

**THREE BOTTLES LEFT WITH THE POT ROAST**

Bill Murphy's livery stable, D. C. White's and Art Milroy's pool halls and Mr. Murphy's butcher shop were reported to be blind pigs. One could, it was said, go into your husband's meat market, order a pot roast, wait the left eye price, and have delivered at one's back door the pot roast and three cold, refreshing bottles as well.

But these are wasted words. Every one in Snoqualmie knows that the warrants were served, the arrests made, and that there was no bloodshed.

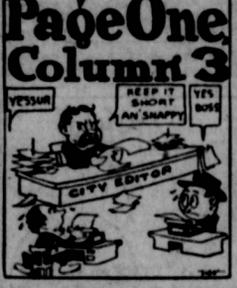
However, I wish to impress upon you that it was none of my doing. People in glass houses should not go on raids. As you said, half the families in Seattle are making it.

But I have never tasted such delicious, satisfying beverage as the pint I slipped into my overcoat pocket at your kind and timely suggestion while the deputies were out in the yard. My own recipe produces no such finished product.

**RETURN TO SEATTLE TO PRAISE WITH PERIL**

The trip back to the city from Snoqualmie was fraught with peril. Bill Downey, in charge of the deputies, noticed a bottle was missing out of one of the five cases they found in your home. Possibly he didn't suspect me, but the coincidence seemed to agitate him. He mentioned it, gruffly, several times.

It was with considerable relief, I assure you, that I got out of the auto at the edge of the city (Turn to Last Page, Column 1)



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Easter hat bills. Butter drops 3 cents! 263 days until Easter.

Postoffice still needs pens that don't scratch. John Sol was shining with moonshine. \$10 fine.

Masons get behind move to establish hospital here. Frye hotel building among those needing face washed.

Looks like a right fine spring, as the watchmaker remarked. John Day and Charles O. Sunde were in police court Monday.

"Ten-SHUN! \$484! Pay call for W. N. G. April 15 and May 1. Ahey, mate! Shipping board enrolls 34 in navigation class at U. Stoves got hot up: \$4,000 damage to C. M. & St. P. coach at Enumclaw.

Wuxtry! Bill the Burglar finds spring! Look under mattress, seams. Geyer, Hydrant, First ave. W. and Aloha st., snapped off by auto. With \$540 bonus, pair start planing mill. Arthur L. Cameron, A. J. Pratt. State skips Issaquah business district in paving plans. Citizens protest.

Wm. Emch got \$14 for quart of G. & W. Also \$500 fine. Federal court, Monday.

Seattle perks with pride. Foreign countries ask Chamber of Commerce about her.

Fugitives seen in various Monday. Got plucked for traffic violation. Initial "K."

Surprising negro burglar, Wo Chung, 1219 Welles st., drives him from house.

Seattle second only to Los Angeles in growth rate, 1909 to 1920. Gains 251.2 per cent.

Rev. C. J. Hawkins, new pastor Plymouth Congregational church, expert huntsman.

Seattle to Philadelphia. Accepts postoffice Arch St. M. E. church. Dr. J. E. Crowther.

Neighbor gathered three bushels of dandelions Sunday. Going to have nice mess of greens.

Emptying jail garbage can, Nick Gaskick, trustee, hears call of liberty. Seen him anywhere?

Toll bridges across Columbia, between Pasco and Kennewick. Plan of Yakima business men.

Everett beer comes high. John Condes had 48 quarts. Billed \$300, federal court, Monday.

Edgar, morning? Star city editor knows jobless ex-soldier who needs work. Main 600.

Recruiting note: Members W. N. G. MAY escape poll tax. Brig. Gen. Thompson asked ruling.

Burglary at 160 Main st. John Thompson and James J. O'Brien, alleged ex-convicts, arrested.

Bring on your Australian mail, Eddie Hubbard, flyin' postman, meets steamer Makura April 2.

Near-sighted burglar overlooked \$11, steel 60 cents from home of Mrs. T. C. Taylor, 1385 24th ave. N.

Nominated for vice president Phil Lambda Upsilon fraternity. Carl Zeno Draves, 611 10th ave. N. Still starts fire. House at 48th ave. S. and Bond st., destroyed. Owner disappears—quite naturally.

Bring 'em to Seattle! Boeing Airplane Company seeks contract for building 300 army pursuit planes. April 5 to 29. Press club auditorium. Miss Hester Hordford to lecture under auspices City Federation Women's Clubs.

"Calvary." Easter cantata. By Seattle Pacific college chorus, Monday night. Third ave. W. and Nickerson st.

For' lumme, w'at ha subject! "Taxation," Prof. Frank J. Laube, U. of W. Blaine's cafe. Tuesday noon. (Many league meeting.)

### DECISION AFFECTS INCOME RETURNS

Profit Derived From Sale of Capital Assets Taxable, Says Supreme Court

WASHINGTON, March 22.—The federal government, by decision of the supreme court, today won one of the big suits growing out of the federal income tax laws. One hundred millions will be kept in the federal treasury as a result.

The court held constitutional a provision of the law providing that a profit derived from the sale of capital assets—stocks, bonds, or other securities—is income and therefore taxable.

The court held that such a gain was income and not capital, but decided that the tax can be levied only when it is clearly apparent that the taxpayer derived a gain from the sale of capital assets.

In accordance with a concession by the government, the court knocked out one provision of the law which applied to securities purchased before March 1, 1913. The law provided that the profit on the sales of such securities should be computed by subtracting their value on that date from their selling price. The government admitted this feature worked injustice since securities purchased at a high figure were at a low value on March 1, 1913, and later sold at a loss, but still leave the seller liable to the income tax.

The decision was handed down on four appeals and was unanimous.

The court also held that the federal government can collect an income tax under the existing law on "profits" resulting from the sale of trust assets, which are not paid to the legatees, but are added to and become a part of the trust estate.

The suit was brought by the Merchants' Loan & Trust Co., Chicago, as trustees for the estate of Arthur Dyer.

Trustees of thousands of estates, representing assets of many millions, are said to be awaiting the outcome before converting assets which have appreciated greatly in value during recent years.

**Sinn Feiners Fire Farms in England**

LONDON, March 27.—The most destructive arson campaign yet attempted in England by Sinn Feiners was carried out over the week-end. Damage amounting to thousands of pounds was done in Northumberland, Durham and Yorkshire, where 40 farm fires broke out simultaneously.

Hay ricks, thatched roof buildings and farm property were destroyed. One suspect was under arrest.

**Turkish Troops in Disorderly Retreat**

ATHENS, March 27.—The 12th corps of the Turkish army has been dispersed, according to the Greek communique today.

The war office reported the capture of Afioncarhisliar, east of Bursa, after Turkish nationalists were frustrated in an attempted surprise attack.

The Greeks launched an immediate attack while the Turks were confused by the capture of Bursa, with the result that the enemy started headlong in disorderly retreat.

**Cops, Beauties 'nd Home Brew Tangled**

Patrolman 289, bathing beauties, a gallon of alcohol, a suitcase of high-voltage favoring extracts and a home brew outfit were all tangled up Monday. Copper 289 and the Auld Venues were photographed, but the others appeared in their native spirits. They were salvaged from Easter street arms and sent to the lost and found bureau of the muny railway.

**Utilizes Auto to Steal Horse Cart**

Using an auto for power, as thief stole a two-wheeled horse cart, belonging to J. H. Statesell, Ferdinand st. and Lake Washington boulevard Sunday night.

**Attempted Suicide; Condition Serious**

Mrs. Stella Robinson, 32, who tried to commit suicide Saturday in the Seward hotel, 515 Third ave., by drinking bicarbonate of soda, was in serious condition in city hospital Monday. Her condition is not critical, as yet.

**Japan Ultimatum Is Sent to Chita**

TOKYO, March 28.—The Japanese government has sent an ultimatum to the Chita government in Siberia, notifying the Chita government that unless it will negotiate with Japan, Japan will take free action in Siberia to protect Japanese fishing interests.

**Ha! Ha! Aged Gents Laugh at Poll Tax**

Ha-ha-ha-ha! Gales of demoniac laughter issued from the private sanctorium of Councilman Robert B. Heeketh Monday, and was echoed on the fifth floor by Charles R. Case, superintendent of streets and sewers.

Both Heeketh and Case celebrated their 50th birthdays Monday. They were laughing at what they would say to the poll tax assessor.

**LINEN WAGON DRIVER RATHER PROVOKED BY FALL OF 7 STORIES**

—SAN FRANCISCO, March 28.—Jim Humphrey, a hotel linen man, shoved his linen wagon thru the open door of an elevator at a Fourth st. hotel today.

The elevator was absent. Humphrey and his linen wagon fell seven stories. Humphrey was found hurt and smiling, sitting comfortably on top of the high pile of linen when the crash attracted other hotel employes.

"Now, I've got to take this stuff back up," he commented. "I wanted to stop at the fourth floor."

### Mrs. Stillman Enjoys Happy Easter With Children

#### Inside Story of Famous Divorce Case Is Revealed



Mrs. James A. Stillman (at left) in her counter-petition for divorce accuses Mrs. Florence Leeds (right) of being the mother of a child of which Stillman (below) is the father. In the poster is Fred Beauvais, whom Stillman accuses of being the father of Mrs. Stillman's youngest child, Guy, pictured below the mother.

### SCHMITT WILL HANG FRIDAY

#### Hour Secret; Seattle Woman Thinks He's Her Son

John Schmitt, the murderer, has three more days to live—Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday.

Friday he will be hanged in the penitentiary at Walla Walla for the killing of three Seattle policemen and a civilian at Olympia.

The exact time of day when the trap is to be sprung is known only to W. G. Pettis, the new warden.

A woman who thinks she may be the mother of Schmitt, has been located in Seattle by Sheriff Matt Starwick. She has time after time looked at the picture of the slayer and declared she believes he is her son.

Starwick is keeping her name secret. She is not quite sure of Schmitt's identity. If he is her boy she does not want his sister to know. The sister is shortly to be married.

**HERE IS THE INSIDE STORY OF STILLMAN DIVORCE CASE**

NEW YORK, March 28.—Here are the facts in the Stillman divorce tangle, which has shaken society.

The information obtained comes from charges officially filed and from affidavits sworn to and now locked up in the supreme court of New York.

**EPISODE 1**

"JIM" STILLMAN, as he was known in 1901, married society's debutant beauty, Anne Urquhart Potter, in Grace church, on June 3 of that year.

It was the crowning social event of that season. Gossips freely predicted that the couple would soon part because, as they expressed it, their tastes were identically alike.

These prophets of grief reminded each other that Jim and Anne belonged to the outdoor set of whirlwind sport, and that each boasted independence of thought, purpose and act.

Jim was a Harvard man who had been pitcher of the Varsity nine, from off-days made scull race on the Charles river, and later quarterback on the Harvard team which beat Yale 18 to 0.

Anne was an auburn-haired beauty with the blood of her impetuous actress-mother stirring in her veins, an equine of note, tennis player and breeder of pedigreed dogs. Both were fond of saying they were unconventional, and that they were fond of children.

Two years after their marriage a daughter, Anne, was born to them. Upon their return to New York James Stillman entered the employ of the National City Bank as a clerk.

LAKEWOOD, N. J., March 28.—"I've had such a happy Easter," Mrs. James A. Stillman declared today.

Mrs. Stillman apparently dismissed her divorce suit from her mind entirely to revel in the Easter sunshine with her children.

"It's one of the happiest Easters I have spent in years," she declared. "So many of my friends have written me beautiful letters assuring me of their love and friendship."

"I had my children with me. They are well and happy."

"The other things are bad dreams. These are the realities."

**SON REFUSED FATHER'S HAND AT INTERVIEW**

It was learned today from a reliable source that Mrs. Stillman and her wealthy husband had an interview at the banker's apartment in New York last January. Her friends related with amusement the story that on entering the apartment she shook hands with Stillman, but that their son, "Bud," refused to see his father's proffered hand.

The interview was said to have ended when Stillman said:

"It pains me very much, Anne, to consider all you are going thru and will have to go thru. I am very sorry."

Mrs. Stillman was said to have ended the interview with the remark:

"Don't feel sorry for me now, Jimmy. You haven't nearly as much reason to feel sorry for me now as you had any time during the last 18 years."

It was reported today that Mrs. Stillman's lawyers expect to have preliminary testimony in the suit set out. They will have their motion on the charge that its publication in newspapers was an unprecedented irregularity.

**CREDIBILITY OF EVIDENCE DEBATTED**

The alleged testimony dealing with reported scenes in the Stillman camp at Grand Avenue in Canada was belittled by persons familiar with life in that summer home.

They declared some residents of the territory were unfriendly to Mrs. Stillman because of a dispute over the building of a boat house. They were hostile to Fred Beauvais, who superintended affairs for Mrs. Stillman, they said, because of his domineering way and the fact that he would not permit profiteering.

"They wouldn't have dared to peep around the house," one declared of the alleged statement by a witness that he had seen Mrs. Stillman and Beauvais in a room at the summer home.

"Beauvais is terrible when he's angry. I've seen him fight. He broke a man's jaw with one blow. No man in Grand Avenue would have dared peep thru a keyhole or climb ladders to watch Fred."

His father was president of the institution. His college training, his ability to think and act wisely at a critical moment, together with his father's powerful influence, served to promote young Stillman.

In 1904, then, James was seen to be steadily advancing toward the position of bank head. It was remembered that his family was linked with the Rockefeller thru marriage.

But beneath the mantle of his father and himself the powerful figure of Frank A. Vanderlip, erstwhile reporter who developed into a mighty figure in world finance, stood guard.

Meanwhile Mrs. Stillman, still a society favorite, attracted more attention than when she had been feted as plain Phil Potter. In the Episcopal church, where her young husband was a deacon and Sunday school teacher, she was the recognized leader of ultra-smart bazaars.

She came into marked prominence when on several occasions she appeared in classic poses at public exhibitions, her tall, erect figure and Grecian profile causing much comment in the press of the day.

In 1907 it was whispered about that Stillman, Sr., was keeping a sharp lookout on his son. The father was then not only president of the bank but chairman of the board of directors. "Fit" Stillman was still a favorite in society.

**EPISODE 2**

EIGHT YEARS LATER, in 1915, it was generally known that young "Jim" Stillman spent much of his time at his club. Old newspaper clippings hinted that a rift had come between him and his talented wife.

(Turn to Last Page, Column 2)

### PORTLAND GIRL ROUTS BURGLAR

#### Saves Father Menaced by Revolver

PORTLAND, March 28.—Fifteen-year-old Irene Carlson was a heroine here today and police were looking for the burglar she put to rout last night by crashing a vase down upon his head as he was about to shoot her father.

The prowler had aroused the Carlson household at 445 Vancouver avenue, while ransacking drawers. Victor J. Carlson, Irene's father, a well-to-do contractor, went downstairs and flashed on the lights.

Surprised at his work, the burglar wheeled about with a curse and was leveling his revolver at Carlson when the little girl swung the vase down over the miscreant's head with all her might. Completely subdued, the uniformed prowler staggered out of the house, holding his head, and relapsed on the run.

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### A Seattle Arabian Night; or, Fatima Bans the Monkey Toddle

BY AILEEN CLAIRE

DOWN on Washington st., snugly hidden up a back alley, is Yusuf Ben Ali's coffee shop, presided over by Yusuf's spouse, the voluptuous Fatima.

It was past midnight and the few Greeks and Turks and Arabs in the place were drowsing over their thick, strappy coffee, when the street door was pushed open and a small party of uptown "swells" poured into the little cafe.

They were "slummers," who, tiring of the more orthodox cabarets, had invaded Yusuf's place in search of a thrill. The boys were in trig evening clothes, the girls in glittering frocks.

Yusuf, smelling some easy money, whered them to a table, and La Belle Fatima waved a fat hand from her place at the cashier's desk.

"You mak the dance?" queried Yusuf politely, beckoning to the

heavy-eyed pianist to strike up a fox-trot.

The invaders disregarded the curious stares of the few habitués of the place and plunged into the flat-footed dance.

"That gets a gurgle out of me. You can't shock these people."

The dancing grew in intensity, newer and wilder variations of the current steps were attempted—then the music stopped with a crash.

The dancers, startled, halted in their tracks. Visions of a police raid flashed before the eyes of the "slumming" party.

Yusuf, with an authoritative arm raised, stood in the middle of the floor.

"The shop es close," he announced.

"What's wrong, oldtimer?" one of the boys asked. "Are you closing

up?"

"It es my wife, Fat'ma. She mak' trouble," replied Yusuf, dropping his voice and indicating the desk where sat the coy and giggling Fat'ma.

"Get no work," Yusuf repeated. "Fat'ma, she ver' relle'. She es raised lak that. All her life she es queer about dance. She say she no lak the Amerique dance. Eet give her a pain."

"Well," snorted one of the girls indignantly. "I think your wife is very narrow. There is nothing wrong with the American dances."

Yusuf shrugged his expressive shoulders and glanced cautiously at his gigantic spouse.

"She been lak that all time," he repeated. "She es lak that when I marry her. I was in acrobatic business with streets of Cairo company at Alask' fair here. Beeg tumblin' act."

"Did your wife work with the company, too?" a girl asked.

Yusuf