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Home Brew



OUR DAILY FICTION

Once upon a time our wife and myself went to the Auto Show. And we looked at the latest things on rubber. And we paused to admire a swell little car, and our wife said: "Go, wouldn't it be just fine to have this little sedan?" It was a seven-passenger affair, but she called it little. And we went to see the other sights, and as we stopped to talk to a friend, our wife slipped back to the "little" car she admired, and the fellow in charge learned from her our name and address. And he never called on us.

WHY THE CREDIT MAN TURNED PALE

"Dear Sir: I got your letter about my account. Please be patient. I will pay you. If this was judgment day and you were no more prepared to meet your God than I am to pay your bill you would be sure to go to hell. Good-by."

A vegetable seed in the hotbed is worth a whole package in your mid-winter garden dreams.

IS METHUSelah IN THE AUDIENCE?

A refined, up-to-date middle-aged lady (No health seeker), who has located permanently in Phoenix, desires to meet a gentleman of like quality; no age limit. Box 242—Phoenix (Ariz.) Republicans.

Here lies what's left of Henry Glenn; Match in gas tank—Up went Hen. —San Francisco Chronicle.

Aviator Dan Lies in his tomb; His motor died—He tried to "zoom."

BEHATED INSPIRATION

Of course it's too late in the day to be inspired. But wouldn't this have been a pic of an ad line for a dictionary?

"FOUR NOSE GLOWS"

A WORD FROM JOSE WISE Necessity is a fine self-starter.

Up to the present date nobody has been caught bringing whisky into Seattle by means of a camel.

A high-brow magazine says that Thomas A. Edison says "That he doesn't care what time it is." We wonder if he'd be interested in a second-hand dollar watch. We've got one that orta suit him.

A married woman asked her husband the other day if he thought it was alright for her to kiss another man. We'd say she had plenty of sense.

Poorman dog out in Dallas, Tex., recently treed 15 quarts of moonshine liquor. Hal Strongarm wants to know the price of the dog.

Maybe the second-hand auto business is poor, but there always seems to be a market for used baby carriages.

Woman really means it when she says the baby is pretty; the man, when he says it, wants to be diplomatic.

EVEN IN HEAVEN

We suppose even in Heaven, a plumber will stop the will call long enough to go back to the office to get his wrench.

Dan O'Leary, retired pedestrian, says girls can make themselves beautiful by walking ten miles a day. Which may be so, but just as soon as they become beautiful everybody invites them to ride and they may grow homely again.

Regulating Business! Can Prices Be Permanently Stabilized? Economists Differ

WHAT would happen to us if nature were as varying and uncertain in temperature as business is varying and uncertain in its degrees of prices?

Suppose temperature rose 172 degrees above normal, as wholesale prices did during the war. We don't know what would happen to nature, but we do know what would happen to man—he'd turn into a cinder.

Nature has her occasional cyclones and rainstorms, but they don't last a year or so, as do business panics. And if you'll get back in the weather man's files, you'll find that the average yearly temperature in a community varies only a few degrees.

Nature has her temperature well balanced into regular seasons. Comes October and man knows that he must fill his coal bin and buy heavier garments, it being common knowledge that October presages a steady drop in the thermometer.

But the business man's thermometer is uncertain. When he expects summer, he's apt to get winter. Few believed, a year ago, that prices would crash, and today nobody knows how far they will drop or when they will stop.

Is business facing summer or winter conditions? Many speculate, but none knows.

Man's activities are like nature's. Man's price fluctuations are unnatural processes.

There is no more reason why price storms should sweep the business world than there is reason why nature should have a winter 200 degrees in the shade at the North pole.

But can prices be stabilized? Yes, says some economists, by regulating the amount of currency in circulation. Still other methods are advanced. Surely, there must be some way to bring prices under natural laws and end violent fluctuations up or down. There is in this problem material for a national conference of business leaders.

SETH TANNER



The man what steals time robs himself—in time. The reason so many country boys succeed in the city is that anything is easy after they done farm work.

Undesam M.D.

Questions of health, sanitation, hygiene will be answered if sent to Information Department, U. S. Public Health Service, Washington, D. C.

Fits Would indigestion and a bad stomach cause a man to have fits? I had my first when about 11 and I have had six. I am now 31. W. C.

If the writer will send his name and address to "Information Editor, U. S. Public Health Service, Washington, D. C.," a statement on epilepsy will be sent by mail, which may be of service to him.

AS OTHERS SEE THE WORLD

Editorials and Comments Reprinted From Various Newspapers

GOOD FOR THE EARS

Read this: "It has been brought to our attention that strikes and unrest have recently been caused by peremptory notice of wage reductions or layoffs. In the interest of sound industrial relations and, therefore, in the interest of good business and of American shop principles, we make the following suggestions:

"1—You should reduce wages only when such action is actually justifiable. That's right, isn't it?

"2—If you believe that conditions make a downward wage adjustment necessary, extreme care must be taken to establish a rate which shall constitute a fair living wage. A fair living wage is one which enables an American craftsman to live and to maintain his family according to American standards. Do you want it any different?

"3—A carefully considered basic wage for a given occupation should be set, and the employee whose ability is greater than the standard for which the wage is set, is entitled to additional compensation. In other words, a man should be paid what he is worth.

"4—By taking undue advantage of a surplus of labor, you lower American shop standards. Such action is a boomerang—part of a vicious cycle—that keeps boiling the pot of unrest and antagonism. It is the cause of many costly industrial evils. As a well informed employer you cannot afford to be a party to it.

"5—If a downward wage adjustment or lay-off becomes necessary, you should give plenty of notice.

"6—Such notice should be given, not by sticking up bulletins or by putting slips in pay envelopes, but verbally—by word of mouth.

"7—Explanations of the causes and reasons—the why's and wherefore—should be made to employees long before bulletin and pay envelope notices are used. The explanations may be given either to individual employees or to groups of employees, and it should be made personally by heads of the firm.

That has a fair and reasonable and wholesome sound, hasn't it? It sounds somewhat as might sound a declaration of principles by some absolutely unbiased court of labor arbitration.

It sounds like the platform of an unusually advanced set of welfare representatives of an enlightened group of employers.

It sounds better than a statement by a government labor board and almost as good as a statement by Sampel Gompers.

What is it?

You can learn from the last paragraph: "All of the above suggestions make for right industrial relations. It is the modern way of doing things. It pays. It is in accord with the principles of the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association." Ah, the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association? Yes, this is the complete copy of a bulletin issued by that Los Angeles organization to its members.

One imagines that at one time or another in the past there have been many mutterings of discord between the M. and M. and Los Angeles labor. Who, indeed, can tell when there will be complete concord?

But here is a hopeful note. Here is the kind of talk that leads ultimately to the greatest co-operation. No harm could result, and much good might accrue, if employers and workers everywhere and always would approach their differences in this spirit.

Inquiring Reporter.



TODAY'S QUESTION

What should be done to landlords who refuse to rent homes to families with children?

ANSWERS

MRS. D. H. LITTLE, 2107 Sixth ave.—There ought to be something done—a heavy fine or some worse thing. I'm sure of that.

MRS. ALICE M. MORRIS, 1736 15th ave.—I can't think of a penalty.

ASPIRIN

Name "Bayer" on Genuine



Take Aspirin only as told in each package of genuine Bayer Tablets of Aspirin. Then you will be following the directions and dosage worked out by physicians during 21 years, and proved safe by millions. Take no chances with substitutes. If you see the Bayer Cross on tablets, you can take them without fear for Colds, Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Earache, Toothache, Lumbago and for Pain. Handy tin boxes of twelve tablets cost few cents. Druggists also sell larger packages. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monaceticacidester of Salicylic-acid.

offhand, but I know the matter should be regulated. MRS. MAY BIGGS, 310 N. 71st st.—I'm sure there should be some punishment. The situation is terrible. MRS. BERTHA BURDICK, 1514 Ravenna Blvd.—I'm too much of a Roosevelt woman to risk expressing myself on that subject. I might speak too violently. MRS. ELIZABETH DOWELL, 2847 Franklin st.—Young couples ought to manage to get cottages to live in and leave the landlords with their apartments on their hands.

HE MUST HAVE USED IT AS A WATCH CHARM

Stanley Kamans, formerly of this vicinity, purchased a Ford touring car and had a slight accident the first day he had it on—Sparta, Mich., Sentinel-Leader.

Daddy, bring home some of Bold's French pastry—Advertisement.

GUARANTY BANK AND TRUST CO.

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The Cost of Being Polite

THE AMERICAN PUBLIC could save \$3,000,000 a year in telegraph tolls by discontinuing the use of the word "please" in telegrams.

But what profit hath it that the people save \$3,000,000 a year, and lose something of the sweetness of courtesy?

There may be efficiency engineers and cost economists, hunting for pennies to save, who will be shocked by such seeming waste of words and money. But Americans, spending \$3,000,000 a year on one courteous word, are investing well and wisely.

It is really gratifying to find America spending so much on one word of courtesy when so many of us are lax in words and deeds of courtesy that cost us nothing at all.

Courtesy is a sweetening element in the ordinary relations of our common life. We are not impolite people, but we are in a hurry and in our hurry we take the rougher way when the smoother one is so much easier.

It was a source of never-ending delight among men of the A. E. F. to hear ticket-sellers at railroad stations and clerks in postoffices in France say, "Merci, monsieur," (thank you, sir) when the sale of a stamp or ticket was concluded.

It was as if one had done them a service by buying a ticket or a stamp. Courtesy has become second nature among the French.

Recently some newspapers have been awarding cash prizes to polite folks discovered by reporters. These were special rewards, but, in truth, courtesy always has paid, on way or another. The old nursery rhyme said it well:

Kind hearts are gardens,
Kind thoughts are roots,
Kind words are blossoms,
Kind deeds are fruits.

House Cleaning

READING ma's mind, dad, at the present writing, detects therein certain conspiracies against his peace and comfort.

"I guess," he ventures, "you're figuring on tearing up the house again this spring, and call it house cleaning."

"There you go again," replies ma. "You say the same thing every year about this time."

And in a few weeks more, the plot having been hatched, dad, returning from work, will be dismayed to discover the floors stripped of carpets, the pictures off the walls and the house redolent with the acrid odor of scrubbing soap.

"You can't be happy unless once a year you turn this house upside down," he will say, as he surveys the chaos. There is none so helpless and useless as man during spring house cleaning. It is unceasing wonder to him how a woman can turn a whole house topsy-turvy, and yet in the end bring order out of chaos.

The restoration is as sudden and complete as the upheaval that strips the floors of carpets and places the furniture where it oughtn't to be.

One week after spring house cleaning begins, dad, coming home from his work, is surprised to find everything back in its place and shining like new, just as if nothing had happened.

He is greeted by ma, smiling, triumphant, fairy queen of the spring, who does such wonders with her magic wands, the broom and the mop.

"Well, I've got to hand it to you," says dad.

A low-rate ton of freight in the hand is worth two high-rate tons in the bush.

A CUP OF COLD WATER

BY DR. WILLIAM E. BARTON

The telephone rang an hour ago, and I was asked to go tomorrow and conduct the funeral service of a man whom I think I have not seen in five years.

He removed from my town some years ago, and it is long since I met him or heard of him. Tomorrow I shall stand beside his coffin and speak words of comfort to his family and friends. One thing springs to my mind, and I shall never forget it.

Some years ago I traveled in Palestine. A year or two before, Rev. Maltbie D. Babcock, an American minister, had contracted typhoid fever in Palestine and had died. When I left the ship at Haifa, I found some cases of American bottled water delivered.

With that was a note saying that the supply was counted, so that, including an allowance for breakage, there were four quart bottles for each day of my pilgrimage.

I hired a donkey for the equivalent of \$2.40 for the

whole overland trip, and he transported the water. For \$15 I could have bought the donkey outright. His feed cost not a cent; he lived off the forage of the desert. Every morning I had a quart bottle of water at my plate at breakfast, and another at dinner in the evening, and another at the noon luncheon and another in my tent at night. The water supply did not fail.

Now this man who sent the water owned stock in an American spring of note, and I presume the water did not cost him much money. That is not the point. He took thought and provided it, and shipped it so that it went on the same ship with me. The thought it cost him was far more than the money.

For that matter, I could have afforded to buy the water, tho I probably should not have done so. This man, kind of heart and generous to his friends, when a table was spread before me in the wilderness, gave to me day and night, throughout the days of my camping in the Holy Land, a cup of cold water.

I presume he forgot it years ago; I shall never forget it. The promise of the Lord is to him who gives not water merely, but cold water—evaporated by having been placed in a porous jar whose evaporation from the outside cools the water inside the jar. The promise is to him who gives water that cools a little thought and love.

When I consider how little it costs to do kind deeds, and how much they mean, I wonder that we are not always kind.

Two States with one Big Thought

BOUNTIFUL Nature gave Western Washington and Western Oregon many of the same rich gifts. Fertile soil, mellow sunshine and ocean mists make them one in producing the world's finest berries and small fruits. They should be one in achieving world-wide fame for these products of the vine and the tree.

Forget state lines. Make Washington and Oregon one community of interest with the big thought of bringing together the varied factors represented in this \$20,000,000 industry.

By forethought, adequate preparation and intelligent management, develop the fruit canning and preserving business into a unified, expanding industry, providing liberal dividends to investors, an annual revenue of increasing millions for both states and a generous livelihood for tens of thousands.

What greater step could we take in furthering the cause of Pacific Northwest Products?

The Oregon-Washington plan means to the two states what the great fruit producing and marketing bodies mean to California. These agencies are the triumph of modern organization. Co-operation of strong capital, brains and leadership has made oranges almost as universal in American homes as bread; has added lemons, raisins, prunes, peaches to the daily menu of millions. United effort has filled with magic the name California, until now the superior fruits and varied products of the Pacific Northwest are bought in large quantities by California and sold under California labels.

That's one grave injustice that must be corrected. The Pacific Northwest has the right to label its own products, to let the world know that the best fruits and berries come from Washington and Oregon. Why should we to our detriment let another state continue to wax fat and wealthy on the profits of our great natural resources?

We of Washington and Oregon are one family. Now is our time for action. We must organize and build upon our firm foundation a structure that will grow greater with every passing year; a machine, you may call it, for bringing into our two states an income of \$50,000,000 to \$100,000,000 a year in NEWLY CREATED WEALTH.

What an influence this broad plan will have in building citizenship and happy homes! How many communities such as you see in the wonderful Puyallup Valley can we build in other rich, fertile valleys! Think what that means in terms of increased wealth, wider distribution of taxation, population to till now barren acres.

As the whistle in the plant of the Puyallup and Summer Fruit Growers Canning Company at Puyallup calls berry pickers from far and near to the joyous task of garnering the rich fruit, so this is a call to the citizenship of two states to rally behind a mighty industry that requires the best thought and most constructive support of both commonwealths.

Let's turn into our own coffers the stream of gold that flows from the marketing of our matchless berries, fruits and vegetables!

Are you ready?