

CAMP LEWIS SOLDIERS FACE DEATH!

On the Issue of Americanism There Can Be No Compromise

The Seattle Star

7TH LATE EDITION

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SEATTLE, WASH., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 13, 1921.

TWO CENTS IN SEATTLE

Our Pet Peeves:

The No. 11 Cars. Can't Get On First. Second One's Packed. Third One's Empty.

This is the twenty-sixth of a series of articles in which members of the Star staff tell what displeases them most, and why.

BY MILTON MALAKOFF

PEEVED at a number. It's No. 11.

Until recently one number was as good as any other to me. Even 13 didn't faze me because I'm not superstitious—that way. But now—

Maybe you've guessed what I'm driving at. It's No. 11, the East Cherry street car. That's what I'm peeved about. I repeat: THAT'S WHAT I'M PEEVED ABOUT. I wish all in the audience concurring in these sentiments would rise.

Here's why: Daily I leave the office homebound bound at 5:30 p. m. I go to Eighth and Pike to catch my car.

I begin to read the paper. I see a car. I rush out. It's a No. 12. In back of that, another. Then a No. 8. I go back to my post. Two Cowen Parks pass me going north. I play with my paper. I get nervous. I twitch. I see cars (plural, printer). I dash out. Foiled again. A No. 9 and two 12s.

5:55—Twenty minutes have passed and so have eight No. 12s, four No. 10s, three No. 8s, No. 15s, and 22 Cowen Park and seven East Union Jits. Goose egg No. 11.

6:00—I commence to walk. At Boren a car overtakes me. Yep, another 12. Gee, how I wish I lived on that line. And the funny thing is they're all half empty when they pass me.

6:10, at Melrose—Only one other 8 and 9 have passed me. Do my eyes fail me? It's an 11. Johnny-on-the-spot, I flag it. It comes near, it slows up—and goes on. The gates to me are closed and the car, like St. Peter, is a good sport; he waves his hand at me as the car shoots by.

I'm determined to walk all the way.

6:20, at Broadway and Pike—I stop for a rest. Unhindered and unshook, a No. 11 turns the corner. It's a one-man dinky; it's packed. The motor-man opens the gate to let two off, and 20 others besides myself pile in.

I'm squeezed. At Madison the gates are opened and seven more enter. I'm choked. At James, we pick up 11 more. I'm exhausted.

From here on, the car stops about every block to deposit its patrons. At 16th I get my first whiff of air. At 17th I stick my head out of the window. A two-man No. 11 is following within a half block distant.

Except for the stops, we're sailing smoothly now.

I get off at 27th. The other car is 10 feet behind. I wait for it to pass. Including the crew, it has exactly two persons on board!

No Hope for 19 Men on Lost Ship

PORT ARTHUR, Tex., April 12.—Hope for the rescue of 19 men of the crew of the steamship Col. Bowie, reported sunk yesterday, was practically abandoned today.

A radio message to port authorities said it was impossible to send rescue ships, because no deck officers were saved to give the location of the ship when it sunk.

The ship cleared Port Arthur, bound for Tampico, April 5. Three men of the crew were saved.

Finds Stolen Ring on Her Doorstep!

When Mrs. F. M. Sutcliffe answered the doorbell of her home, at 2026 Tenth ave. N., Wednesday morning, no one was there. But an envelope was lying at her feet. She picked it up, opened it and found within it a diamond ring that had been stolen from the house March 30.

Mrs. Sutcliffe laid it on the window sill that day. When she remembered where she had put it and went to get it it was gone.

"Coincidence is the only explanation," Detective Lieut. W. E. Justus said.

Modified Anti-Jap Measure in Nebraska

LINCOLN, Neb., April 12.—The Nebraska senate yesterday adopted a substitute anti-Japanese land bill which will compel aliens owning land to sell it unless they become citizens within five years.

Real Estate

Investments in Seattle are the surest paying investments of any.

A city of the size of Seattle NEVER in all history has been known to decrease in population.

Every indication points to the belief that Seattle will in the next few years double its population.

The best thing on earth to own is a part of the earth. Look on Classified Page in The Star for the best bargains in Real Estate and Acreage.

The Paper With the Circulation

BABY MARRIAGE—THEN NURSERY—A GE DIVORCE

PRESIDENT WILL HELP VETERANS

Harding Is Shocked by Treatment of Wounded Men; Promises Relief

BY WHIT HADLEY
NEW YORK, April 13.—I am going to cut the accursed red tape which strangles our disabled American soldiers, or I will shock the civilized world with the scandal that I will expose.

This is the assertion of Col. F. W. Galbraith, Jr., national commander of the American Legion. He had asked him what the Legion would do in the immediate future to remedy the neglect of America's war-wounded.

SAYS HARDING GREATLY SHOCKED
"In my recent four-hour conference with President Harding," he continued, "I told him the exact situation, and he was greatly shocked. He gave me his hand, and he said, 'Colonel, this is, indeed, dreadful. I will stand back of you to the very limit.'"

(The president, in his message to congress yesterday, approved recommendations for combining all soldiers relief agencies under one director general and the immediate extension and utilization of government hospital facilities for relief of wounded veterans.)

"I told President Harding that the treatment of our wounded, helpless and mentally affected soldiers had now become a national scandal. I promised him I would write him and state frankly what the situation was. I have done so.

"We need \$30,000,000 a year for four years.

"We need 45,347 hospital beds.

"For this year \$18,600,000 was appropriated. We will prove that this isn't enough and that it will supply only 10,000 beds.

WHAT GALBRAITH TOLD HARDING
"Here is what I told and then wrote President Harding:

"No permanent or continuing hospital building program has been provided by the government. The result? The disabled are scattered over a thousand private hospitals without government supervision. In these hospitals there are 10,347 beds which are filthy and inflammable.

"We believe the money necessary for a continuing hospital building program to continue at least three years should be appropriated, and the location and type of hospitals to be constructed should be placed in the hands of a committee of eminent medical men working with the surgeon general of the public health service, and that this committee should be selected from the divisions of general medicine, surgery, tuberculosis and neuro-psychiatry.

"The adoption of such a policy would permit of a scientific plan being worked out and would immediately insure that the needs be met as they arise.

URGES CONSOLIDATION OF AGENCIES
"Next, I told the president about consolidating the bureau of war risk insurance, the public health service and the rehabilitation section of the bureau of vocational training. Said I: "After an unbiased study of the situation, we believe the conditions affecting the compensation, care, treatment and training of disabled men can never be satisfactorily accomplished until these bureaus have been CONSOLIDATED UNDER ONE EXECUTIVE HEAD.

"As the matter now stands, a man applies for compensation under the war risk act of October 6, 1917.

"The bureau being centralized in Washington is unable to give the man assistance in filling out his claim, and this occasions endless correspondence and red tape. Ignorant men and clever politicians defeat his cause generally.

"If he is examined by a doctor acting for the bureau, the doctor has no authority to determine the degree of disability of the helpless sufferer, and only a rating is given on a general average, according to a fixed table, derived from the experience had by the bureau. Despite his sufferings and needs, it usually takes three months to give him a rating. There are now 91,000 cases on file, of which 10,000 are over nine months old.

"In the consolidation of these bureaus it is absolutely essential that the bureau of war risk insurance be decentralized and authorized to establish FOURTEEN REGIONAL OFFICES, and as many suboffices as may be necessary in order that the bureau may accept its responsibility and seek out and assist the man where he may be in need; that these

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Movie Tonight at Met to Aid Orphan Kids

If you want to see a bang-up good movie, and at the same time help an institution which in turn every year helps thousands of homeless children, go to the Metropolitan theatre tonight at 7:30. "Fool's Gold," a motion picture produced in the Coeur d'Alene mining country, Idaho, will be shown at popular prices.

Mitchell Lewis and Florence Turner are the stars. The picture has plenty of thrills, including a mine explosion, and an absorbing love story.

The theatre has been donated. Entire proceeds go to the Washington Children's Home society.

In the 25 years of its existence the society has found homes for 3,800 children and has cared for 50,000.

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Battle royal. Sun and clouds. Our money on Old Sol.

Married. James R. Brewster, Seattle tobaccoist.

Denies moonshine charge. C. C. Caswell, federal court.

Chamber of Commerce opposes daylight saving plan at present time.

Drama club starts. Auspices community service. University club building.

Savings bank burglar breaks loose again. A. W. Gidden, 137 E. 57th st., is victim.

Auto backfires. Crank breaks arm of George M. Francis, 1215 E. Terrace st.

Addresses Rotary club Wednesday noon. Frank T. Cooper, superintendent city schools.

Two heavy-set gunmen rob Jens Neilson, 1226 Sixth ave., of \$7 at Sixth and Spring sts.

To return from South America this fall. Prof. Chas. E. Weaver, geology department, U. of W.

Purse snatchers victimize Mrs. N. F. Long, 3211 44th ave. S. as she gets off Renton car at Fourth and Pine sts.

Formal reception and dinner Tuesday night for the Rev. Chauncey J. Hawkins, new pastor Plymouth church.

Wednesday noon. Butler hotel. Luncheon. Business men plan big exhibit for international commercial exposition at Lima, Peru, July 28.

Keystone pl., Webber, 61, of 5725 Broadway, arrested for driving a stolen car. Struck by James at cable car at Second and James st.

W. B. Graff, accused of entering a building at 129 Prefontaine st., March 20, 1921, to steal, on trial on a charge of burglary in the second degree.

Feigning drunkenness, a thief broke the window of a store at N. 84th st. and Greenwood ave., then stole a .30-30 caliber shotgun from the display case, according to a report made to police Wednesday.

Arrested for the strong odor of alcohol, four squad officers found a large 30-gallon still in the basement of 821 Washington st. Tuesday afternoon. The basement had been occupied by a Japanese solely for distilling purposes. Two hundred gallons of moonshine were poured out and the still seized.

Woman Frightened by Poll Tax Agent

Flashing his star, a poll tax collector frightened Mrs. A. Robinson, of 26th ave. W., so badly Wednesday afternoon that she phoned for the police.

Mrs. Robinson said that she was not objecting to paying the tax, but that the collector evidently thought so, as he started to show his credentials.

Police officers referred the whole affair to County Assessor Frank W. Hull, in charge of the tax collection.

Bob Birnie and another man came trotting back. A youngster peered over his mother's shoulder in the forward opening of the prairie schooner.

"Ooh, Dulcie! We gonna git a wile cow again!"

Dulcie was asleep and did not answer, and the woman in the sleet sun-bonnet pushed back her eldest. "Stay in the wagon, Buddy. Mustn't get down amongst the oxen. Lie down and take a nap with sister."

He crawled back, and his mother leaned forward to watch the approach of her husband and the cowboy. This was the second time in the past two days that an ox had fallen exhausted. With the food so poor and the water so scarce, it seemed as tho the heavy wagon, loaded with a few household idols too dear to leave behind, a camp outfit and the necessary clothing and bedding for a woman and two children, was going to be a real hand-cap on the drive.

"Robert, if we had another wagon, I could drive it and make the load less for these four oxen," she suggested when her husband came up,

4 HURT IN MOONSHINE EXPLOSION

Father in Hospital, Mother and Two Girls Hurl'd From Beds

CHICAGO, April 12.—Explosion of a moonshine still wrecked a two-story building here today and broke many windows in the vicinity.

Daniel Samuels, saloon-keeper, was in his basement when the still exploded. Firemen rescued him from the debris and he was rushed to a hospital. His wife and two daughters were thrown out of bed by the violent blast.

Federal Janitor Guilty of Theft

Sam Owens, former negro janitor in the postoffice building, was found guilty by a jury in United States district court Wednesday on charges of theft from the government.

Owens was arrested by secret service operatives under Capt. Thomas B. Foster, who found in Owens's possession revolvers, a U. S. marshal's badge and other loot stolen from government offices.

Owens was to be sentenced Wednesday afternoon by Judge Netter.

Reply From Panama Is Unsatisfactory

WASHINGTON, April 13.—The reply of Panama to the last Hughes offer on the boundary question between that country and Costa Rica, was received at the state department today. Panama's answer is regarded by this government as "most unsatisfactory" it was learned.

The note reiterates Panama's refusal to accept the White award as a basis for settling the boundary controversy. This award was upheld by Secretary of State Hughes.

Wilhelm Sorrow Over Wife's Death

DOORN, April 12.—Former Kaiser Wilhelm, grief-stricken at the death of the former empress, was unable to complete funeral arrangements today.

Wilhelm insisted on arranging the services himself but refused to set the hour. Clergymen and others arriving for the private funeral in Doorn chapel did not know whether it would be Thursday, as first planned, or delayed until Sunday.

She did not at once surrender. Pursued by ennui, Mr. Ross went to California where, no doubt, he found succor from boredom by further philandering.

Returning, he popped the question and was promptly accepted.

IS ALL THIS FUNNY? WELL, THAT DEPENDS

Now all this may be funny or not, as you look at it. The amazing thing, to my mind, is that the girl's mother went with Mr. Ross and her daughter to the courthouse for the marriage license!

In my days boys of 16, if they were normal, were just boys. They could wash their hands and faces, but never could they find the soiled corners behind the ears. It was the "awkward age" when a boy was all arms and legs. He blushed easily and was ashamed to be seen with girls.

It was about then his first love affair began—a tremendous delusion.

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IT'S FUNNY IF YOU FEEL THAT WAY!

M. Ross, 16, Tells Why He's in Jail; "Another Woman" in It

BY FRED L. BOALT
PORTLAND, Ore., April 12.—Youth works fast nowadays.

Mrs. Lucile Ross, 16, is suing Homer L. Ross, 16, for divorce, alleging an affair with Mrs. Thelma Ford, 17.

Mr. Ross, who, I understand, is a sophisticated man about town, is in the county jail, his arrest having been caused by Mr. Ford, a middle-aged gentleman of 19, who charges that the philandering Mr. Ross alienated his wife's affections.

WHAT HE TOLD THELMA FROM THE FIRST
From his cell Mr. Ross issues to the press a formal statement, to the effect that "they have nothing on him." The statement concludes:

"I told Thelma when we first met I couldn't afford to get mixed up with a married woman. We were nothing but friends, and if my wife had not been kicking up this fuss about the divorce I would not have been arrested."

It offends the dignity of Mr. Ross that he, who has seen so much life, must be tried in the juvenile court, and that the divorce cannot proceed until a guardian ad litem can be appointed over him, as he is not of legal age.

CAME HOME AGAIN AND POPPED THE QUESTION
I am bound to say Mrs. Ross does not seem broken-hearted over the shipwreck of her marital adventure. She speaks smilingly, indulgently, of her husband's philanderings.

One would be justified in suspecting that these children first met at a naughty dance or a wicked movie show for such things contribute to juvenile delinquency, we are told.

The fact is, they met at the Calvary Baptist church. They had known each other just three days when Mr. Ross asked Lucile, who is the foster-daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Wean, 562 W. Eighth st., to marry him.

She did not at once surrender. Pursued by ennui, Mr. Ross went to California where, no doubt, he found succor from boredom by further philandering.

Returning, he popped the question and was promptly accepted.

WHORE FOR MAGAZINES AT AGE OF 14
When she had reached the age of 14 she was writing short stories and articles for the magazines, under the name of Bertha M. Muzzy, her maiden name.

At the age of 15 she taught school in Minnesota, then went to Montana with her father and taught school in the foothills, about 40 miles from Great Falls.

The married Bower at 19 and gave up teaching school, spending most of her time with literary work and on ranches.

Six years later appeared "Chip of the Flying U," a Western tale that immediately took the country by storm and established the fact that she could write the best Western stories on the market. At the advice of her publishers, Mrs. Bower dropped this form.

B. M. Bower, who is known wherever the English language is read,

Lives Wild Life She Writes "B. M. Bower" Is a Woman



"B. M. Bower," writer of famous Western stories.

WOULD you think a woman could write stories about the old West, about cowboys, cattle and chaparral better than a man could? Well, a woman does. That woman is Mrs. Bertha M. Sinclair, known to thousands of readers as B. M. Bower, who wrote that stirring romance of the West, "Cow Country," which runs serially in The Star beginning today.

Mrs. Bower has lived in the West with the cowboys since she was a child.

She was born in Minnesota and received an elementary school education there. She was the youngest of seven children.

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Big Loan for Cuba Planned in New York
HAVANA, Cuba, April 13.—A huge loan, possibly as high as \$20,000,000, to tide Cuba over her financial crisis, is expected to be consummated in New York today.

The money will be devoted to marketing the sugar crop.

Large shipments of sugar will be sent to the United States as security having met some of their value because of conditions here.

Winlock Boy Is Shot by Playmate

WINLOCK, Wash., April 13.—Eugene Veness, 10-year-old son of F. E. Veness, one of the Northwest's most prominent lumber men, is in a serious condition here today as a result of being accidentally shot in the head by a playmate late yesterday.

Buddy looked for the dust cloud of the herd, and was surprised to find it smaller than he had ever seen it, and farther away.

He was not afraid, but he was hungry and thought his mother would wonder where he was. He knew that old Step-and-a-Half, the lame cow, was stirring things in his Dutch oven over the camp fire. Buddy could almost smell the beans.

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EXTREME PENALTY FOR GIRL ATTACK!

Civilian Nurse at Army Hospital May Die From Injuries

TACOMA, April 13.—Death will be the penalty Lawrence Bogart and Everett Emepyn, two Camp Lewis soldiers, will pay if they are convicted on the charge of assaulting Miss Eleanor Scheyer, a civilian nurse at the camp hospital in Green park, adjoining the cantonment, Tuesday.

The two soldiers are held in solitary confinement at the army post today. Assistant U. S. District Attorney Boyle announced this morning that he expects to file charges against them before the U. S. commissioner tomorrow.

ONLY PENALTY UNDER U. S. LAW IS DEATH
He said the only penalty for the crime under federal law is death.

Two army intelligence officers and an operative from the bureau of investigation of the department of justice are working on the case now. The federal grand jury, which is scheduled to meet here in June, will investigate the charges.

Miss Scheyer, accompanied by John Clifford, a soldier, were walking in Green park yesterday when two soldiers approached them.

The two drew automatics, then tied up Clifford and the girl. The girl was dragged into the brush, while Clifford was bound to a tree. After the two soldiers had left, the girl managed to slip her hands out of the ropes with which she was bound, and reached Clifford's side and released him. Clifford then carried her to the base hospital.

Searchers for evidence as to the identity of the attackers found a paper in Green park, near the scene of the crime, bearing the name of Lawrence Bogart. The military police found Bogart in bed. He said he had been walking thru Green park with Emepyn, but denied knowledge of the attack. The tent in Green park, near the scene of the crime, bearing the name of Lawrence Bogart, the military police found Bogart in bed. He said he had been walking thru Green park with Emepyn, but denied knowledge of the attack. The tent in Green park, near the scene of the crime, bearing the name of Lawrence Bogart, the military police found Bogart in bed. He said he had been walking thru Green park with Emepyn, but denied knowledge of the attack.

DEATH PENALTY IS PROVIDED
The military authorities cannot try the two men by court-martial in peace times. However, both the court-martial law and the federal code specify that punishment for this kind of a crime shall be death.

Major Myron Cramer, judge-advocate at Camp Lewis, conferred with Assistant U. S. District Attorney Boyle here late Tuesday on the case.

Boyle says that positive identification of the two accused soldiers has not been made, because the girl is in such a condition in the hospital that she cannot identify them.

Her face and body are covered with bruises where she was kicked by her assailants and her wrists are deeply cut from the ropes that bound her.

Feeling at Camp Lewis is running high as the result of the crime.

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Here's The Star's New Serial Novel—'COW COUNTRY', by B. M. Bower

of drawers in the wagon.

"No, Eepny," Buddy stated emphatically, and crawled past sister and lifted a flap of the canvas cover. The last button popped off his pink apron. Buddy stopped long enough to pull the apron off and throw it beside his father and walked down the canvas flap and walked down the spokes of the rear wheel. He did not mean to get in the way of the wild cow, but he did want action for his restless legs.

So Buddy went away from the wagon and down into a shallow dry wash where the wild cow would not come, and played. The first thing he saw was a scorpion, and he threw rocks at it until it scuttled under a ledge out of sight. The next thing he saw that interested him was a horned toad; a lawn-toe, he called it, after Ezra's manner of speaking. He took after this lawn-toe, that crawled into various hiding places only to be routed out with a sharp stick.

After a while Buddy, still in pursuit of the horned toad, emerged upon the level where the herd had passed. The wagon was nowhere in sight, but he knew that the brown under his narrowed horizon was the dust over the herd. In the distance he saw the "drag" moving lazily along after the dust-cloud, with barefooted negroes driving the cattle. Emphatically Buddy was not lost.

When he pounced at last upon the toad he disturbed a colony of red ants on moving day. The close ranks of them caught and held Buddy's attention. He tucked the toad inside his underwaist and ignored its wriggling while he squatted in the sunshine and watched the ants.

The ants led him to a tiny hole. A rattlesnake buzzed warily around them, but he did not care. He roused within him a fighting spirit. Rattlesnakes he knew as the common enemy of men and cattle.

He chose a rock as large as he could lift and heave from him, and threw it at the buzzing, gray coil. He did not wait to see what happened, but picked up another rock, a terrific buzzing sounding from the coil. He threw another and another with all the force of his healthy little muscles. For a 4-year-old he aimed well; several of the rocks landed on the coil.

The snake wriggled feebly from under the rocks and tried to crawl away. Buddy had another rock in his hands and in his eyes the fire of righteous conquest. He lifted the rock high as he could and brought it down on the battered head of the rattler. After a few minutes it lay slack, the tail wriggling aimlessly.

Then, sure the snake was dead, he took it by the tail and went back to see what the ants were doing.

Buddy was fascinated, lost to everything else. When some instinct warned him that time was passing, he stood up and saw that the sun hung just above the edge of the world.

Buddy looked for the dust cloud of the herd, and was surprised to find it smaller than he had ever seen it, and farther away.

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