

Ho-hum! Which Seattle Paper Has the Largest Circulation?



YES, Dear Reader, these circulation arguments make us just as tired as they do you. Others may lie and camouflage, but the little fact remains that The Star's daily circulation of 67,000—going up—is at least 10,000 copies in excess of that of any competitor, six days a week, seven days a week, or any way you want to figure it. Ho-hum! Spring fever certainly has had a bad effect on some people—isn't it the truth? And ain't mathematics terrible?

Weather
Tonight and Friday, fair; heavy frost in morning; mod. westerly winds.
Forecast

The Seattle Star

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SEATTLE, WASH., THURSDAY, APRIL 14, 1921. TWO CENTS IN SEATTLE

10 DEAD, 75 INJURED IN TEXAS TORIADO

Our Pet Peeves:

Whole Bag of 'Em. Gum-Chewing Flappers Mid-Street Halts. And No Home Brew.

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

BY JAMES L. MORRISON

SO YOU WANNA KNOW what 'a pet peeve is, do you? Well, I'm gonna write mine in regular English so that folks won't have to run to the dictionary to find out what it is. If the readers of this column think it is a cinch to write a pet peeve they will find they are mistaken, for most of them will be in the same boat I am; they will have so many that they won't know which one to write about first.

Why do the women start to cross the street in the middle of the block (course the men don't do such a thing), making it necessary for me to jam on all my brakes at once and burn up about \$40 worth of tires? That's one.

Why do these flappers about 15 years old insist upon chewing gum in the movies with their mouths wide open? Is it because they think the gum manufacturers do not do enough advertising? Or perhaps they get a free package for letting the general public know that they are still making gum. Well, it makes me peeved every time I hear one.

That's two.

Why don't they let us have home brew? I think this is my pet peeve. If they ever pass that bill where they are allowed to sell that nice amber fluid for medicinal purposes, I know that I will be sick about two cases a week. I like it, and it makes me peeved because I can't get it.

Three down.

I will refer you to Daisy Henry's peeve about being a "shrimp." The fellow I work with call me "Little Jasper," "Runt," and such endearing names, and I have a friend that calls me "Tom Duff." Wouldn't that make you peeved? It just burns me up.

And the income tax and the poll tax. Wow! They make me so doggone peeved that I refuse to write any more, 'cause if I do it won't be fit to print.

Say O'Callaghan Won't Leave U. S.

CHICAGO, April 13.—Donald O'Callaghan, lord mayor of Cork, is not going to leave the United States in compliance with the ruling of the government.

This word was received today by the committee of the American Association for the Recognition of the Irish Republic from O'Callaghan, who is in the East.

O'Callaghan is to speak here Monday night and then continue his speaking tour west of the Mississippi.

HUMPHREY LOSES SHIP BOARD JOB

Col. Chas. R. Forbes in List Believed Decided on by President Harding

WASHINGTON, April 14.—President Harding today was understood to have determined on the following appointments for members of the shipping board:

James A. Farrell, chairman, and former Senator George Chamberlain, of Oregon; Col. Charles R. Forbes, of Seattle; former secretary of Commerce Alexander James A. Thompson, of Mobile, Ala. Who the other members of the seven-man board will be is still unknown.

Forbes, the nominally of Seattle because he maintains a residence on Mercer island, is now at home in Washington, D. C. He was one of the original Harding men.

Former Congressman Will E. Humphrey, of Seattle, was a candidate for the shipping board, and though a noisy campaign was made for him, it evidently bore no fruit. The Senate Chamber of Commerce was induced to recommend him.

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100 Line Up to Pay Tax for Existence

Thursday, the first day for collection of the poll tax, found 100 persons responding at the rate of \$5 a piece to County Treasurer Wm. A. Gaines during the forenoon. The mails brought the dues for the privilege of living from 25 others.

Gold Dust in Safe of Princess Sophia

Several pounds of gold dust and gold nuggets were on display in Federal Judge Neterer's court Thursday morning. The precious metal represented part of the contents of the ill-fated Princess Sophia's safe, that was raised by Diver Frank Walters last summer. The Sophia was sunk in Alaskan waters 20 months ago.

Testimony was taken in court to determine the amount of expenses he charged against the contents of the safe. A decree is being prepared.

Murder Trial Ends; to Jury This P. M.

In behalf of Thomas Gurand, Vaahon island fisherman, charged with first degree murder for shooting Oscar Boken, December 8, Attorney Arthur Griffen, for the defense, consumed the entire morning Thursday in his argument to the jury. The case, it was expected, would be in the hands of the jury this afternoon.

Baby Boy Born to Widow of Slain Officer

Nearly every cop read it with a peculiar thump down under his star.

It headed the police bulletin Wednesday night. It read: "Mrs. William Angle is at Providence hospital, room 273, and is doing nicely. It's a boy."

"W. H. SEARING, "Chief of Police."

The reason for the peculiar throb under the star is that "the boy" is the son of Patrolman W. T. Angle, slain with two other policemen by the bandit, John Schmitt, who was hanged for his crimes April 1.

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May day coming up. Humane week still on. Weather note: Snow on cherry trees. Umbrellas, raincoats, pases today (maybe).

Chicken pox leads list of contagious diseases in Tacoma. College of Puget Sound ends drive for \$1,000,000 endowment.

I. W. W. denied use of Spokane church for amnesty meeting. Jury finds W. B. Graft guilty of burglary in the second degree.

Tastes cannot corn, ill with potato poisoning; Mrs. Soda Bowers, Yakima. Short change artists in limousine bunks A. C. Hootentyle, 3100 14th ave., out of \$5.

Wants to see real city. R. P. Bonham, immigration inspector, Portland, in town Wednesday. Legal views on social questions. Superior Judge King Dykeman, Esq. in court, Thursday noon.

ErTTTTTTTTT Maurice Rey McMicken, veteran commuter, takes first plunge in Puget Sound Wednesday.

Thieves have royal time and steal \$40 worth of crowns from office of Dr. L. C. Stuart, 4058 Arcade building.

Boy, bring two croix de guerres! E. Ernest Owen, mayor's secretary, Portland, he will wear straw hat May 1.

You serve! Ben Evans, playfield chief, tells park board Wednesday of plans for increasing tennis facilities.

Purse snatcher flees toward waterfront after grabbing purse of Eva Clamont, 1409 Fifth ave. at First ave. and Pike st.

Quota valley folks seek safety road to Quinault river. They're buried in heart of Olympic forest. Fear being trapped by fire.

Outlines school building program. Delta Epsilon fraternity, banquet Wednesday night, Floyd A. Naramore.

ARMSTRONG SEES SEVEN; NOT A JUDGE

He Would Have Given the Contract to All the Girls, and Then Run

BY HAL ARMSTRONG

If I were judge of a moving picture contest — But I am not judge. I am too susceptible perhaps.

Anyway, I went to the Pacific International Film Enterprises studio, at 14th ave. and E. Pine st., yesterday afternoon, and saw—Oh, boy!—saw seven!

I grope for words to describe them. They were seven girls, being made ready for their second tryout in The Star-Universal movie competition for a \$1,000 contract to play in Universal films.

BUBBLE OF GOOD NATURE "MAKES THEM UP"

Mr. Binney was "making them up." Mr. Binney's first name is Harold, but his jollity makes up for that. He is a big bubble of good nature. He patted their dimpled cheeks with grease. He smiled into their eyes and told them they had wonderful lashes. He roused and powdered them. It was evident that he enjoyed it.

I would rather be a "makeup man" than a judge, but I am neither. We climbed into autos with cameras, tripods, boxes and good humor, and drove to Volunteer park. The sun came out. It was a perfect afternoon for "shooting" movies.

"Now," said Mr. Binney, "I will have two of you girls come strolling down this path together. You are looking just as the tulips and the pansies."

"You say, 'Aren't they beautiful? Oh, look! Isn't this wee one sweet?'"

"Then you come on, look up, register surprise, and say, 'Oh, there comes Mary! Why, so she does! Yoo-hoo, Mary! Come on over! Stand on your tiptoes, and wave at Mary, to attract her attention. Don't be affected; just be natural. All right. MARY IS ABURED TO WAIT A MINUTE"

"Now, you two other girls are coming down towards the steps here from the driveway, talking together and looking at the tulips and the pansies."

"You remaining three girls come into the picture from the path there by the pond. You are looking at the goldfish. As the four other girls see you, you look up and register smiles and wave. You say, 'Yoo-hoo! All right, we're coming over.'"

"All seven come into the center of the picture here together, smiling, happy. You haven't seen each other for a long time and you have lots to talk about, and you're all

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MOVIE CONTESTANT GETS A REAL MAKE-UP



No wonder Director Harold Binney liked the job of "making up" Miss Peggy Lampman, entry in the Star-Universal \$1,000 film actress contest. The interested spectator is Miss Ruth McAllester, another contestant.—Photo by Price & Carter, Star staff photographers.

2 POLICEMEN DRUNK, CHARGE

Two policemen have resigned under pressure on charges of being drunk. It was learned Thursday.

F. G. Briggs and D. L. Wood were the officers.

The two officers were arrested with three other persons in an auto last Saturday night, it is alleged.

They were charged on a charge of driving while drunk.

Ernie Henry, 29, broker; H. M. Cole, 37, salesman, and Lillian St. Clair, 21, housewife, were the three other members of the alleged party. Charged with being drunk, they were held in police court.

The arrest of the party came after they had an accident on the Spokane st. bridge.

Slush Fund for Tax Plot Charged

WASHINGTON, April 14.—Demands for congressional investigation of the movement to adopt a sales tax this session were made today by Representative Frear, of Wisconsin.

In a speech in the house he charged that Jules Bache, New York broker, and Meyer B. Rothschild, New York wholesale jeweler, head a movement by New York jewelers, candy men, druggists and others, to organize a huge slush fund and maintain a well-financed lobby at Washington to put over on the people a sales tax on everything they eat, drink and wear, and lessen the tax on big business interests.

Frear introduced a resolution demanding an investigation of "this scandalous condition."

TWO JAPS ARE FOUND GUILTY

In a sealed verdict returned in Federal Judge E. E. Cushman's court Thursday, Torakichi Saito and Mitsuyoshi Fujiwara, former members of the crew of the Japanese Alabama Maru, were found guilty of conspiracy to smuggle seven of their countrymen into the United States.

They face a maximum penalty of two years' imprisonment or \$10,000 fine, or both. Sentence will be pronounced Monday.

By the same verdict Shotoya Yamane, Seattle restaurant keeper; T. Yoshida, Kent farmer, and S. Saki, fireman on the Alabama Maru, were acquitted of conspiracy charges.

Saito, ship's quartermaster, and Fujiwara, ship's carpenter, were convicted in connection with the smuggling of seven Japanese stowaways that were found concealed on the Alabama Maru when she arrived in Seattle, December 20, 1920.

Tacoma Bread Price Is Cut, but Not Here

TACOMA, April 14.—Retail bread prices were elated by two bakeries here today. The new price is 13 cents for a pound and a half loaf, or two loaves for 25 cents. The prevailing price has been 15 cents.

Seattle prices continued generally flat at 15 cents, with no prospect for an immediate reduction, according to bakers.

13 Men From Wreck of Ship Are Saved

BEAUMONT, Tex., April 14.—Thirteen members of the crew of the ill-fated Col. Howie were picked up eight miles off the port of Tampico, according to a radio message received by port authorities today.

APPEAL FOR RELIEF SENT OUT TODAY

Town of Melissa Is Destroyed by Twister; Official Parties Search Ruins

DALLAS, Tex., April 13.—Ten men and 75 injured today as the result of the twister that wrecked the town of Melissa, Tex.

Appeals for relief from the damage of the tornado that swept thru the country late yesterday reached here today.

Relief parties are searching the ruins of the town.

All churches in the town, three cotton gins, every business house except a bank, the postoffice and the Houston & Texas Central railway station were wrecked by the twister, which formed near Franklin, in the farm houses about Roland and Chambersville, and then gave way to its full force as it reached Melissa.

Five of the known dead are negroes. The other three are children. Scores of business men, citizens and physicians were made into relief parties and rushed to Melissa when word of the storm first reached here.

Famous Hotel Is Lost in Flames

SANTA BARBARA, Cal., April 14.—Origin of the fire which destroyed the famous Ambassador hotel here last night and drove over 100 wealthy guests from the building in more or less disorder was still a mystery today.

Many of the guests, who were largely Eastern people, lost valuable belongings.

Among the guests routed and losing their baggage and belongings were: H. K. Kent and wife, Seattle; S. E. Brown, Portland, Ore.

Two Men Overcome in Johnstown Fire

JOHNSTOWN, Pa., April 14.—Fire today threatened destruction of a block of buildings in the center of the business district here. All fire companies of the city and adjoining boroughs were called to fight the spread of the flames.

Two men were overcome.

War Is Declared on Eastlake Speeders

"Competition among jitney drivers is making Eastlake ave. a veritable speedway," Lieut. C. G. Carr, traffic division chief, said Thursday. "With Westlake ave., Eastlake is one of the worst streets for speeding in the city."

After complaint had been made to Mayor Caldwell a drive against speeders on these two streets was started Thursday.

Mother read out of her Bible, and all the boys held their hats in front of their, with their hands clasped, and looked at the ground while she read. She sang, "We Shall Meet Beyond the River," then she sang "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

It was from that day that Buddy missed Frank Davis, who had mysteriously disappeared.

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Here's The Star's New Serial Story: COW COUNTRY, by B. M. Bower

BEGIN HERE TODAY

Bob Birnie, "bottle king," with his wife and two children, Buddy and Dulcie, a number of companions and a herd of cattle, follows the buffalo trails north in search of a new location. Four-year-old Buddy strays from the wagon and is lost. He follows the dust cloud of the herd and, overlooking the cook wagon after nightfall, finds a horned head in his house and dragging a dead rattlesnake which he has killed. Pasturage is scarce for three days the outfit can find no water. The herd becomes almost unmanageable.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

(Continued From Yesterday)

The howling of the herd became a doleful chant of misery.

and follow. If there's any water in this country they'll find it."

It was long past midnight when a little wind puffed out of the darkness and the oxen threw up their heads and sniffed, and put a new note into their "M-baw-aw-mmm!" They swung sharply so that the wind blew into the front of the wagon.

"Glor-y, Missy! Dey smells watah, shob's yo' lawn!" sobbed Ezra as he broke into a trot beside the wheelers. "Lookit dat-ah huld a-gin' it! 'Tain't fur, Missy."

Buddy clung to the back of the seat. The tattoo of widespread horns clashing against widespread horns filled him with a formless terror, so that he let go the seat to clutch at mother's dress. He

was not afraid of cattle—they were as much a part of his world as were Ezra and the wagon and the camp-fires—but he trembled with the dread which no man could name for him.

These were not the normal, everyday sounds. The herd had somehow changed from plodding animals to one overwhelming purpose that would sweep away anything that came in its path. Two thousand parched throats and dusty tongues—and suddenly the smell of water, and every intervening second a delay against which the cattle surged blindly. It was the mob spirit, when the mob was fighting for its very existence.

Perhaps Buddy dozed. The next thing he remembered, day was breaking. The herd was still going, but now it was running and some how the yoked oxen were keeping close behind. Buddy heard dimly his mother's sharp command to Ezra:

"Stand back, Ezra! We're not going to be caught in that terrible trap. They're piling over the bank ahead of us. Get away from the leaders. I am going to shoot."

Buddy crawled up a little higher on the blankets behind the seat, and saw mother steady herself and aim the rifle straight at Crumpy. There was the familiar, deafening crack, the acrid smell of black powder smoke, and Crumpy went down loosely. The gun beached black

smoke again and Crumpy's yoke-mate pitched forward. The wagon stopped so abruptly that Buddy tumbled helplessly on his back.

"Unyoke the wheelers, Ezra, and let the poor creatures have their chance at the water," she cried sharply, and Ezra, dodging the horns of the frantic brutes, made shift to obey.

Fairly on the bank of the sluggish stream with its treacherous patches of quicksand, the wagon stood halted by the sheer nerve and quick thinking of mother became a very small island in a sea of wailing backs and tossing horns and staring eyeballs. Bids shouted and lashed unavailingly with their quirts, trying to hold back the full bulk of the herd until the foremost

had slaked their thirst and gone on. But the herd was crazy for water, and the foremost were plunged headlong into the soft mud where they mired, trampled under the hoofs of those which came crowding from behind.

Someone shouted a warning. On the echo of that cry, a man screamed twice.

"Ezra," cried mother fiercely. "It's Frank Davis—they've got him down. Climb over the backs of the cattle—there's no other way—and get him!"

"Yes'm, Missy!" Ezra called back, and then Buddy saw him go over the herd, scrambling, jumping from back to back.

and the funeral they had later in the day. Down at the edge of the creek the carcasses of many dead animals lay half buried in the mud. Up on a little knoll the negroes dug a long, deep hole. Mother's eyes were often filled with tears that day, and the cowboys scarcely talked at all when they gathered at the chuck-wagon.

After a while they all went to the hole which the negroes had dug, and there was a long something wrapped up in canvas. Mother wore her best dress, which was black, and father and all the boys had shaved their faces and looked very sober. The negroes stood back in a group by themselves, and every

few minutes Buddy saw them draw their tattered shirtsleeves across their faces. And father—Buddy looked once and saw two tears running down father's cheeks. Buddy had never dreamed that fathers ever cried.

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