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Home Brew



OUR DAILY FICTION

Once upon a time there was a man who owned a lot in the Westlake district. And somebody said it would certainly make a property boom if the public market would be moved there. And the city council called a meeting. And this man came to listen and to speak. And when his turn came round he said: "Gentlemen, I have a piece of unimproved property in the Westlake district. But I think the market should stay in the old district just the same because most people would be hurt than benefited by the removal."

At the next meeting of the Westlake Ave. Improvement club he was elected president.

D. H. J. of Ballard sends this: I put my arm around her. She looked into my face. And said: "The hospital for you, my boy—Your arm is out of place."

And he adds that the verse is "home-made right here in Ballard."

Not the only home-made thing in Ballard; but let it go at that.

There were no divorce cases at the courthouse all day Saturday. Mebbe the consumers' strike is branching out in new fields.

HE ROLLS HIS OWN

When the Eskimo's igloo caves in on his dome—

And knocks all the bark from his scalp,

We pity the poor chap, without any home,

So all of us pitch in and help.

We subscribe to campaigns when the Southern Chinese

Sheds sugar to put on his rice,

Or some cannibal tribe wishes us for its tea,

Which is all, be it said, very nice.

We donate to this and contribute to that,

But there is no truth in the rumor

You hear that they're going to pass 'round the hat

For the poor, old, down-trodden consumer.

We pick a shoveler because he looks like a shovel, but we choose a congressman because he can shake hands well.

MARY, CALL THE CATTLE HOME!

From the Sullivan (Ind.) Democrat. FOR SALE—A registered, milking short horn bull \$125.00. J. K. Coulter.

The average person had much rather witness a divorce proceeding than a wedding ceremony.

CURIOSITY

In other people's business I am not inclined to meddle,

Working in, I'm proud to say, has never been a fault of mine—

But frequently I wonder

What in the bloomin' thunder

The operator's doing while I'm waiting on the line!

One reason why poets sing so much of summer is because park benches are so chilly in the winter.

The white paper shortage doesn't seem to worry the editor of a Hartford City (Ind.) paper, who tells of somebody being "burned by a hot stove."

A pessimist's idea of a good time is to glance over his pile of rent receipts.

A Washington paraphraser predicts that if sugar keeps on declining in price, taking candy from a baby will not be considered as grand larceny.

ALL WRONG

"We are lost!" the captain shouted. As he staggered down the stairs; "I thought it was a beverage, but 'twas tonic for the hair!"

Vincenzo Bryce, in his new book, expresses a poor opinion of American judges. When was he in Olympia?

A New York alderman has jumped into fame by saying publicly he had never heard of Einstein. Our guess is that the man was just a bit more honest than his fellow members.

How many members of the Washington legislature do you suppose never heard of Einstein?

SOME MORE OF THE "UNDER THE FELLOW" STUFF

Manager Cassidy of the Hick's park baseball team believes he has uncovered a conspiracy among members of his team to throw the baseball game last Sunday. His suspicions were aroused when he discovered that three of his players had money invested in a baseball pool. The score in Sunday's game was 5 to 4 in favor of the Park team at the end of the fifth inning. Some of the stars commenced playing like amateurs until Princeton secured the lead by scoring six runs in the next two innings. The manager is brokenhearted over the disclosure.—Spring Valley (Ill.) Gazette.

"The appointment of George Harvey" postcard E. W. D. "is a good thing in more ways than one. We not only get rid of Harvey but also of Harvey's Weekly."

The Untimely Decay of the Alibi Industry

ONLY YESTERDAY, tho it seems much farther back than that, a very considerable number of our good citizenry was devoting leisure hours and much mental ingenuity to the fashioning of the more or less perfect alibi for home consumption.

And today scarcely an alibi is needed in all the land. Our facility of invention seems likely to suffer during the long drought, for these days everybody goes home, whether wanted or not.

Remember how the good man of the house would get side-tracked between the office and the car, and would, in one of those now forgotten emporiums termed buffets, pass an idle hour in care-free abandon? And then his eye would chance upon the clock, which said 6:30; then he would abstract himself from the jovial repartee and meditate a moment; then he would wend him to the nearest telephone booth, where, in the most dulcet tones that safely married masculinity ever gave voice to, he would sing his latest alibi.

Ah, those dear dead years! How did that song and dance go now?—Tum-te-tum, te-tum—ah, a memory revives! It went about this way:

"Hel-LO, sweetness! Sounds mighty good to hear your dear voice after a hard day downtown—where am I? Oh, I'm still downtown; just dropped into a pay booth to say hello. Any little thing you want me to bring home—what's that? Oh, when am I coming home to dinner? Well, you see, dear, it is this way: There's a dod-gasted special conference tonight between the heads of the department, and some of 'em wanted to get thru in time for the opera, so we called it at 7:30, and, you see, that won't give me time to get home for dinner and back again.

"No; this is business. Oh, I'll be home early. Of course, I can't just run away and leave the fellows after the conference, you know, but I'll be home by 10,

sure. But you needn't wait up for me, something might come up to detain me. Good-bye, dear; good-bye."

Of course, that's a poor specimen, but it will serve as illustration. To attain the truly artistic reaches of the alibi, it had to be done on the spur of the moment, when one was fresh from the perils of watching schooners dash over the bar.

Then next morning friend husband is glum and bedded down in the morning paper; hair pulling a bit, head a bit throbbly, tongue a bit furry; too many cigars at that conference. And right in the midst of his reading the good wife asks, in the still, small voice women reserve for such occasions: "And how did the conference go, dear?"

Hubby, caught under the chin of his recollection, grunts: "Conference! What conference?"

"Why, the one that kept you downtown until all hours this morning, of course."

"Oh, yes; hum—er—to be sure; conference, exactly. Oh, it rather dragged a bit, and then a fellow's car broke down and I had to take him home, 'way out in Arlington, and I had a puncture and spent midnight chasing up another inner tube." Poor fish! And he, of course, forgot all about having introduced that extra tube into the alibi and in due time had that forgotten bull to feed and water with the more or less nutritious fodder of his extemporaneous imagination.

What are these families doing tonight? Is she happy, now that he is always home before 6? No need to ask about him—he doesn't count. Do they ever get tired of seeing each other hanging about the house and wish earnestly that just for a night the alibi days would return?

Or have they started to get acquainted all over again, and rediscovered the delights of mutual pleasure seeking?

Anyway, the alibi art is gone—probably forever.

SETH TANNER



A dairy with a fancy name is usually about as sanitary as the Old Glen Bucket. It's hard to believe a fellow what's always calls somebody a liar.

Uncle Sam M.D.

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

Fumigation

Is it necessary to fumigate the home after a case of scarlet fever?

Many health authorities have abandoned terminal fumigation after scarlet fever. It is advisable, however, to give the house a good cleaning and airing. Since some boards of health still insist on fumigation, you should consult your local health officer and follow his instructions.

Constipation

I am very much troubled with constipation. I have taken pills, etc., but it does no good. Please tell me what I should take to overcome this trouble.

If you will send me your name and address, I will send you an article recently prepared on this subject entitled "Chronic Constipation," which may be of service to you. Address: Information Editor, U. S. Public Health Service, Washington, D. C.

Cockroaches

I am troubled with cockroaches in my house. What poison should I use to get rid of them?

If this writer will send his name and address, I will be glad to send him a statement dealing with the subject.

The Fiji Islands have almost no native animals.

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

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A Letter From Herb Schoenfeld

(Exactly as he knocked it out on his little old typewriter, without the aid of a stenographer, except that he used blue and red ink.)

—I have just a minute to slip you a hurried word

—Just returned from an extended trip

—an' while having had a wonderful time an' everything, was distressed much with the impression 'bout Seattle that prevails thru-out—everywhere!

—we are in to the neck in Quickstands of Bankruptcy

—gone—finished, just like that

—an' I felt we have to give ourselves a mighty heavy jolt to offset this wicked propaganda being circulated to the detriment an' antagonistic influence of our commercial activities

—found on return some sort of effort being made to do this

—but seems to me lacking the punch—the kick—the smash an' the splash an' the vigorous action necessary for us to sell ourselves to ourselves

—an' Lord only knows how much we need it—particularly after our return to the city limits

—so this is the hurried story—you know how we seem to have a sort of "After-Prosperity Indigestion"—how it appears, at least on the outside, how we are growning an' grunting an' belly-aching—?

—can't you grab this in your usual vigorous way an' try an' get a strange hold on the PEP situation?

—such a wonderful opportunity—there's no stronger demand for any other activity in which you can lend your immediate and 100% efforts than to instigate some move to murder an' exterminate the pessimists in our family circle an' smash the sunlight, the brightness, the joy an' delight of living in Seattle into others

—why not land on something like this?

—it's only a ruff quick that as I'm so blooming anxious to get some immediate action started on a Grand Extermination of the family Knockers

—organize (figuratively) an "Optimists Club" or League or something like that—every Seattle must join, no fees, no nothing—nothing but a pledge, etc.—the slogan to be

"ORGANIZED OPTIMISM AND CO-OPERATION"

—"All for Seattle and Seattle for All"

—every bloomin' "member" to wear a button with an linked "O O" on 'em, distributed from your place or some downtown office—central point

—any blooming thing to help an' recreate the alleged Seattle Spirit, etc., etc., etc.

—do you "get" wot I am trying to get at?

—jerkily but put the Star punch into it and help

—the present "amateurish" efforts to do this don't seem to me to be getting very far

—that's all

—if this is worth anything—yes

—if not—not!

—we have stagnated, can we kick ourselves into action?

—hurriedly,

HERBERT A. SCHOENFELD.

Observations

A month ago, King county superior court was 1,800 cases behind. With 15 judges on the bench last week, the number has dwindled to 700. Looks like the calendar may be in good shape by vacation time. And by the time vacations are over, things will be normal again, if you know what we mean.

Seattle woman who called up police to tell 'em she's a bigamist, has the local authorities puzzled. Still, a woman may need two husbands to support her. What is more puzzling is the main bigamist.

A French writer says the French are still eating war-bread; and their attitude indicates that there is something in diet, after all.—Kingston (Ontario) Whig.

When we can no longer blame things on liquor or war's reaction, we may begin to suspect that human nature itself is a little faulty.—New London Day.

Our opinion of "experts" hasn't been changed by the fact that Germany wishes to submit the matter of indemnity payments to them.—Washington Herald.

In a period of deflation, put up or shut up means put up more collateral or shut up shop.—Albany Times-Union.

Hungary evidently realizes that she can't be cured by an heir of the dog that bit her.—Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.

Great Britain appears to be a body of land wholly surrounded by hot water.—Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.

The tears over lost profits are taking the place of the old-fashioned profiteers.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Another solution of the housing problem is to keep the mooves running night and day.—Pasadena Post.

Begins to look as if perpetual motion has been solved by bolshevism's tottering.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Importation of cheap foreign fabrics makes the survival of the fit very doubtful.—Washington Post.

What is wanted from the Germans is less say and more pay.—Paterson Press-Guardian.

Leary building elevator operators almost mob thief. Giving him a lift, as it were, into jail.

Either the crime wave is subsiding or people are getting used to it.—Chicago Daily News.

But maybe that was the only way to suppress Harvey's Weekly.—Indianapolis Star.

Great Britain's minor troubles are major.—Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.

Inquiring Reporter



TODAY'S QUESTION

Will you wear low shoes this summer?

ANSWERS

L. E. MORGAN, 1530 Seventh ave.—I'm likely not to wear any if things keep thus.

R. J. WARNER, 711 Pine st.—I never do. I don't like 'em.

R. N. FAIR, 115 Bellevue ave. N.—When a real long stretch of sunshine comes—maybe so.

SAM M. YELDER, 1913 E. Pike st.—If I catch you doing it, I'll do something else.

P. J. MCCARTHY, 1216 1/2 Second ave.—Ask my wife.

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