

Cynthia Grey

Will Seattle Present a Solid Front for Clean Motion Pictures? One Resident Is Out for Clara Hamon's Scalp.

Dear Miss Grey: Several times discussions have come in your columns that I have wanted to write my opinion of, but I always put it off until it was too late. But today I decided to write a little myself—some other writer expressed himself some time ago, and I heartily agree; but what prompts me to write now was the lecture on cleaner motion pictures delivered yesterday by that fine actor, George Hoban. Let me tell you, he hit the nail on the head when he said as much as the public goes to see immoral, suggestive pictures, just that long will they be produced.

I wonder how long people are going to continue to support these evil-minded pictures? Mothers and fathers are you and your young sons and daughters going to help pack the theatres when Clara Hamon drags her filthy life before your eyes on the silver sheet, or are you going to refuse to help make it pay? I should think she would be ashamed of it instead of flaunting it in public for other people who are as weak-minded as she is to copy after.

If I had my way, Clara Hamon would be put on trial again and sent where she belongs. Had she been a poor, unattractive girl she would have been scorned—people, decent people, would draw their skirts aside; but it is the same old story, money does anything and everything.

I am not making this letter one-half as strong as the emotions inside me dictate; but let me say in closing I hope the people in Seattle will think themselves about anything so base as reviewing this girl's life of shame, decorated with fruits and flub-dubs, to mislead the public, who sit, filled by the moaning or wailing notes of emotional music.

A READER.
 Inventor of
 Telegraph Photo

Dear Miss Grey: What is the name of the inventor of the telegraph photo, his nationality and the date of his invention? R. R. Edouard Bellin, a Frenchman, perfected the invention in 1820, and the apparatus was installed in the offices of the New York World November 14, 1920.

Festest Train
 Dear Miss Grey: What is the speed of the fastest train in the United States; what road runs it, and in what state or states does it run? JOHN.

"The Twentieth Century Limited" of the New York Central, runs between New York and Chicago. The mileage from New York to Chicago is 913 miles; the scheduled time for the "Twentieth Century" is 19 hours; and its speed is 51.51 miles per hour.

Brooklyn Bridge
 Erected by Roebling

Dear Miss Grey: Is it true that the man who erected the Brooklyn Bridge was killed and what was his nationality? JOHN A. Roebling, a Prussian by birth, was the engineer in charge of the construction of the Brooklyn Bridge. In July, 1869, while engaged in this work, his foot was crushed by being caught between some timber and the girde of the ferry slip, just as a boat was coming in, and he died of lockjaw 14 days later. The bridge was completed in 1883, under the direction of his son, W. A. Roebling.

Volcano in U. S.
 Dear Miss Grey: Are there any volcanoes in the United States proper? If so, what are their names? I where are they? N. M.

OUT OF TOWN.
 We assume you mean active volcanoes. There is one which has been active within the last few years— Lassen peak, in northern California. There are a large number of dormant volcanoes in continental United States.

Liberia and Abyssinia
 Dear Miss Grey: Under what government or protection are Liberia and Abyssinia? Both are independent. France, Italy and Great Britain agreed to preserve the integrity of Abyssinia. Abyssinia is governed by an empress. Liberia is a republic.

Meaning of Phrase
 Dear Miss Grey: What is the meaning of "With visor closed and lance in rest"? ED.

The visor was the front piece of a helmet, which could be lowered so as to completely shield the face. The lance is a long shaft with a sharp steel head. There was a device called the "rest" attached to the scabbard for the purpose of steadying the lance when couched for a charge. Evidently the knight in this quotation was holding his lance ready for a charge, with the butt of the lance in its rest on his arm.

Cadix is one of the best fortified cities in Spain.

80 Years Old - Was Sick

Now Feels Young After Taking Eatonic for Sour Stomach

"I had sour stomach ever since I had the grip and it bothered me badly. I have taken Eatonic only a week and am much better. Am 80 years old," says Mrs. John Hill.

Eatonic quickly relieves sour stomach, indigestion, heartburn, bloating, distress after eating because it takes up and carries out the excess acidity and gases which cause most stomach ailments. If you have "tried everything" and still suffer, do not give up hope. Eatonic has brought relief to tens of thousands like you. A big box costs but a trifle with your druggist's guarantee.

Cow Country

BY R. M. BOWER
(Copyright, 1921, by Lillian Bower & Co.)

(Continued From Yesterday)
 "He'd better hurry back if he wants another shot at me," Bud grinned. "I'll just lead you into camp. I think—but you couldn't get a job roping gateposts, on the strength of this exhibition."

It was not until they were both mounted and headed for Little Lost, the captive with his arms tied behind him, his feet tied together under the horse, which Bud led, that Bud began to look for Honey. But in the light of the moon he saw the deep imprints of her horse's hoofs where he had galloped homeward. She had probably gone for help.

Robbers had been intended. Probably he and Honey had been followed into the Sinks, and even the sheriff had not seen this man at the races, his partner up on the ridge might have been just as Dave Truman and three of his men were riding down into Sun Creek ford on their way to the Sinks. Dave spoke first.

"Honey said you were waylaid and robbed or killed—both. How'd yuh come to get the best of it so quick?" "Why, his horse got tangled up in the rope and fell down, and I fell on top of him," Bud explained cheerfully. "I was bringing him in. He's a bad citizen, I should judge."

"I'll pass him along to the sheriff—he may know something about him. Neise and Charlie, you take and run him in to Grater and turn him over to Kline. Was he alone, Bud?" "He had a partner upon the ridge. So far off I couldn't swear to him if I saw him face to face. I took a shot at him, and think I nicked him. He ducked."

"You nicked him with your six-shooter? And him so far off you couldn't recognize him again?" Dave looked at Bud sharply.

"Well, he stood up against the skyline, and he wasn't more than 75 yards," Bud explained. "I've dropped antelope that far, plenty of times. The light was bad, this evening."

"Antelope," Dave repeated meditatively, and winked at his men. "All right, Bud—we'll let it stand at antelope."

Bud rode on to the ranch. Honey ran out to meet him. She was anxious that he should not think her cowardly.

"I saw a man throwing his rope and it looked as if he had dragged you off the horse. So I ran my horse all the way home, to get Uncle Dave and the boys."

CHAPTER XIV
 Even Missions Help
 Bud wanted a talk with Marian. He hoped that she would be willing to tell him more than could be written on a cigar paper, and wanted to let her know that he was anxious to help her.

Lew returned with a vile temper and rheumatism in his left shoulder so that he could not work, but stayed around the house and made his wife miserable by his presence. On Wednesday morning Marian had her hair dressed over her ears—but she did not quite conceal from Bud's keen eyes the ugly bruise on her temple. Bud dared not look at her or at Lew. He tried to eat, finally gave up the attempt, and left the table.

In getting up he touched Lew's shoulder with his elbow, and Lew let out a bellow of pain and an oath. "Fardon me, I forgot your rheumatism," Bud apologized perfunctorily, his face going red at the epithet.

Thursday came, and still there was no chance to speak a word in private. Thursday brought a thunderstorm, and Friday noon Bud went out to an old calf shed where he had discovered in the edge of the pasture and gathered his neckerchief full of mushrooms. Then Bud took long steps to the kitchen door.

"Here are some mushrooms," he said guardedly. "They're just an excuse. It came to my mind when you matter, Mrs. Morris. Is there anything I can do? I took the hat you gave me in the note Sunday and I discovered right away you know what you were talking about."

"I tried to put you on your guard. I know that the rooms were here every Sunday are just veiled attempts to cheat."

"Don't go around with a dollar in your pocket. There are men in this country who would willingly dispense with the formality of racing a horse in order to get your money."

"You're different," he went on. "You don't bring home anything out of this kitchen. They ought to have a man cooking for these men."

"Oh, the kitchen!" Marian exclaimed impatiently. "I don't mind the cooking. That's the least—"

"I—I don't suppose that's it altogether. I'm not trying to find out what the trouble is—but wish you'd remember that I'm ready to do anything in the world that I can. You won't misunderstand that, I'm sure."

"No-o," said Marian slowly. "But you see, there's nothing that you can do—except, perhaps, make things worse for me." Then she lightened that statement, she smiled at him. "Just now you can help me very much if you will go in and play something besides the 'Blue Danube Waltz.' Tell Honora you got her some mushrooms."

Bud's glance followed her thru the window. Lew was coming up to the house with a slicker over his head to keep off the drizzle. Bud was in the sitting room and had picked Honey off the piano stool, had given her a playful shake and was playing the "Blue Danube" when Lew entered the kitchen and kicked the door shut behind him. If Burroback Valley was scheming to fleece a stranger at their races and rob him by force if he happened to win, then Bud felt justified in getting every dollar possible out of the lot of them.

(Continued Tomorrow)

A. W. WHISTLER
 TEACHER OF PIANO
 LECHETZKY METHOD
 Special course (intensive system) for adult pupils.
 401 Montellus Bldg.
 Elliott 2794 Res. East 9661

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS



Helen Lays Down the Law



OH SWEET LITTLE BLUE LAWS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



You Can See Tag Is Being Brought Up Properly



BETTY AND HER BEAU



Star Seattle Story Book

By Mabel Cleland

Page 350

MARY GOES TO MARKET
 Until the end of the year 1881, Mary did her house-keeping camp-style. There was the new house to be built, and the land to be cleared and all the woman's work to do, besides—cooking and cleaning up and sewing. Things went out fast in a rough place like that, and one can carry so few clothes into the forest when one packs all her belongings on her back, that every once in a while Mary had to go back over the rough trail to Wilkinson to do some sewing.

And, of course, while she was there, she got provisions to take back with her to her homestead. One morning early she started off on the horse, her plans all made to sew that day and return the next morning.

She had not gone far when the clouds seemed to drop down on her, they came so close. It was dark in the woods, and the air was heavy with a coming storm. Mary looked up at the gray clouds and urged her horse as much as she dared, up steep banks they climbed, up and up, only to slip and slide down on the other side. Around sharp shoulders of rock, the trail led, a narrow path with tree tops below and little streams foaming at the bottom of the chasm.

(To Be Continued)

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

By Olive Roberts Burton

THE PILE OF RAGS



"That must be Mr. Camel sneaking in this red-hot sun! Hey, there!" he called. "Aren't you mixed up, old boy? This isn't the North Pole. There isn't any ice nearer than the Sultan's refrigerator. This is the Great Brown Desert, and if you keep yourself so hot you'll get the pip."

"What's the pip?" demanded the pile of old rags, staggering onto its feet.

"Why it's Mr. Camel himself!" cried Nick.

(To Be Continued) (Copyright, 1921, N. E. A.)

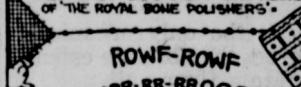
A Japanese marine grass yields a fibre which strengthens and cheapens thread.

STANDARD MONUMENT COMPANY
 Phone North 121
 2220-23 Fremont Ave. Seattle

DIGNITY OF DESIGN in a monument does not necessarily preclude some lighter artistic effects. A bunch of flowers, a frieze, a scroll or some other addition to the plain lines will give the monument the warmly human tone it should express. Let us show you what we mean in our book of designs. Special attention given to out-of-town orders and inquiries. Prices right. Write for particulars.

THE CRAZY QUILT

BY AHERN



Confessions of a Bride

Copyright, 1921, by The Newspaper Enterprise Association

JANE PLANS TO FLEE
 My heart called to my husband. I buried my head in my pillow. I shut the world out; I tried to send my spirit to Bob.

Often in the springtime of our love, I had been able to call to him across time and across space. He and I could count half a dozen experiences which were remarkable even if considered as coincidences. We had come to accept telepathy and to rely upon it.

But at last came the moment when I called to Bob—and called in vain! He was not thinking about me! That was why I could not wireless him! There was a barricade about him which I could not get through. He had shut me out! He repelled me!

He was thinking about some other woman! Thus I hurt myself. Tormenting thoughts raged within me.

Bob never would appreciate me until too late—until he was married and forced to live the routine of the ordinary home with that silly, empty-headed, vain beauty of the tawny tresses.

"Oh, of course, he will be happy with her for a little while," said I to myself. "Far better pleased than he has ever been with me, probably. Finally he will be bored to death. I am not a beauty, but I have a thousand resources which she lacks. Bob will substitute Katherine Miller when he is wrinkled and not a bit prettier than I, at 50. But years before that, Bob will have to agree with Socrates that 'beauty is a short-lived tyranny.' When his joy in her beauty is done, there will be years and years of commonplaceness—for Bob—that is—if I run away—and he marries Katherine!"

Such was my distorted futurist vision.

It charmed me. I would hide in a strange city. Perhaps such a wilderness would be a good thing for me. I could think things over. I didn't flatter myself that my husband would miss me. Doubtless he would feel vastly relieved to have the liberty to come and go without accounting for his time to a wife!

I decided to starve to death, because, if I divorced Bob, Katherine Miller would marry him immediately. Until I was proved to be dead, or had been lost for three years, they could not wed. That way, I could harass them most.

So I worked myself up into a condition of peculiar exaltation. I was no longer hurt or bitter. I believed that I was simply facing a hard fact of life, which was about as pleasant as a tornado.

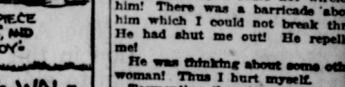
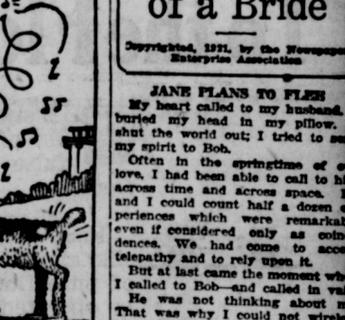
I had given Bob everything, all the glory and the humility of a woman's love. He had divided his devotion, he had given me a part for the whole.

I regarded myself with astonishment. How could I, a girl of sense, have been satisfied, for so long, to give so much for so little?

(To Be Continued)

EVERETT TRUE

BY CONDO



Field Glasses

All Sizes and Prices

Binoculars

We specialize in
 "Leclair" "Colson"
 "Lutz" "Hensold"
 "Busch" "Goers"
 "Bauch and Lomb"

Write for Price Lists or Selections to Try Out

Seattle Optical Co.
 Established Since 1890.
 715 Second Ave.

QUILTING

We quilt your pieces. Quilts and comforters in beautiful designs, \$1.50 to \$2.50 each.
 142 N. SEVENTY-SIXTH ST.
 Phone Ballard 2914

STANDARD MONUMENT COMPANY

Phone North 121
 2220-23 Fremont Ave. Seattle

DIGNITY OF DESIGN in a monument does not necessarily preclude some lighter artistic effects. A bunch of flowers, a frieze, a scroll or some other addition to the plain lines will give the monument the warmly human tone it should express. Let us show you what we mean in our book of designs. Special attention given to out-of-town orders and inquiries. Prices right. Write for particulars.

COUGHS

Apply over throat and chest - swallow small pieces of -
VICK'S VAPORUB
 Over 17 Million Men Used Yearly