

PEACE IN SHIP STRIKE TODAY?

On the Issue of Americanism There Can Be No Compromise

The Seattle Star

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Weather
Tonight and Tuesday, showers; moderate southerly winds.
Temperature Last 24 Hours: Maximum, 56. Minimum, 42. Today noon, 53.

LET NOT THIS BOY'S BLOOD BE ON YOUR CONSCIENCE, WEE COYLE

Dear "Wee":
Give Isom White a chance, Wee. A chance is all he is asking of you. Don't let the dignity of a lieutenant governorship, which, in the absence of the governor, imposes upon you the duties of governor, dwarf your sense of good sportsmanship.
The state knows you and loves you because you have been game—game on

the gridiron, game on the track, game on the field of battle. And it asks you to be game in the governor's chair.
You are besought to give Isom White, a mere youth facing the gallows, a stay of execution for 30 days. By that time Gov. Hart will be back. If Isom hangs then, his blood will be on Hart's conscience. If he hangs on May 20, you must bear the responsibility.

If this boy must be executed, what harm will be done if a reprieve of 30 days is granted? Give him his chance to battle for his life before Gov. Hart.
The "Wee" Coyle of old, we feel, would give him that chance. And Lieut. Gov. William J. Coyle of today ought to do the same. Let not frigid officialdom congeal the warm-bloodedness of good sportsmanship.

Quits Race, Goes in Films Entrant Acts on Own Hook



Miss Grace McClure, of 416 E. Roy st., entered The Star-Universal Film company contest a month ago in the hope of winning the \$1,000 contract to play in pictures at Universal City this summer, then cut her contest chances adrift and went to Los Angeles to enter the movies on her own hook.
Miss McClure had been entered in the contest semi-finals by the five judges and seemed in a fair way to be picked for the finals.
Unfortunately, when the judges learned she had left the city, they had to drop her from the contest. This was done when she failed to appear for the semi-final tryouts.

ENGINEERS AGREE TO SUBMIT TO WAGE CUT

Employers, However, Object to Working Conditions They Demand
Altho no definite official action had been taken by the local seamen's unions, the opinion was freely expressed Monday that events were shaping for an early end of the shipping strike that has tied up shipping board vessels thruout the country for the last eight days.
"Hope for an early settlement was based chiefly upon the fact that negotiations between union officials and representatives of the shipping board were due to be resumed in Washington today, coupled with the fact that the Engineers' association, upon which the strike seems chiefly to depend for success, was willing last Saturday to accept the new wage scale.
The offer of the engineers, however, was coupled with a demand for overtime pay, and certain other conditions that operators and the shipping board at that time declared they could not accept.

WHITE'S LIFE UP TO COYLE

Confessions of a Husband

I WELCOME TEMPTATION—AND DODGE IT
"Aren't Edith and George a lot of fun?" Dot asked at breakfast.
"Edith is certainly live enough," I confessed.
"That doesn't sound very enthusiastic. Don't you like them?"
"I like them all right, but dear, they exactly our sort!"
"Why, I don't know what you mean. Edith has been simply lovely to me."
I had to confess she had. She would call by in her automobile to take Dot to pay calls or go shopping; if Dot had a headache one day the other would telephone every day for a week to find out how she felt; if Dot wanted to go to the suburbs Edith's car was at her disposal.
Then we had gone to see them last night and Edith had practically adopted us as "lifelong friends, insisting on calling me by my first name and making an engagement with us for later in the week.
I would have died then and there rather than hint at my suspicions to Dot. Somehow or other, a man never seems so foolish as when he is trying to keep away from temptation.
There is no reason for this, but the world is cynical and most of us would prefer to be suspected of anything else rather than virtue.
Besides, I had only the vaguest kind of suspicions. After all, what had Edith done except to try to be a good hostess and to make herself agreeable? If I had any other thoughts it was my fault and not hers.
So I merely grumbled something to Dot about George being colorless and Edith talking enough to make a man dizzy.
"Isn't that just like you?" she exclaimed. "I go with all sorts of people for your sake—look at the Hendersons—they don't even put on a clean tablecloth when they invite us for dinner! (This wasn't exactly the truth; we had dropped in unexpectedly.)
"And now when I find a couple I like—Edith is perfectly lovely to me—you make a face about it and say they aren't our sort. Why, if we aren't their sort I wish we were!"
"All I say is that if we had to live on an allowance from your father-in-law the way George Slocum has to depend on his, we'd have to get along on pretty good rations!"
It was a mighty good retort, because it was common knowledge that George was hardly more than a bookkeeper in his father-in-law's office, and that the old gentleman gave his daughter an allowance several times larger than the salary he paid her husband.
I chuckled over this on my way downtown, the way it should have delighted me so much I do not know. Perhaps I would not have liked to confess how pleased I was at my knowledge that Dot would pay little attention to my protests and would go on making "dates" with the Slocums.
When I got to my office I forgot everything except the fearful mess that things were in down there. I was deep in my work when a stenographer came to my desk and said: "Mr. Howard, you're wanted on the 'phone."
"Find out who it is," I growled.
"Mrs. Slocum," the answer came back in a moment.
"Tell her I'm out."
(To Be Continued)

MADGE ANNA CALM WHEN CASE OPENS

Faces Second Trial for Murder of Husband; is Clad in Black
Nine prospective jurors to determine the innocence or guilt of Madge Anna Sawyer, charged with murder in the second degree for shooting her husband, Howard L. Sawyer, last May 13, were examined between 10:30 and 11:10 Monday morning without the exercise of a single challenge for cause by prosecution or defense.
The trial opened at 10:30 a. m. before Judge Edward C. Mills of Walla Walla, who, as a visiting judge, occupied Judge Gilliam's department of the superior court.
The 12 prospective jurors, as called, but whose examination was not complete at 11:10, when Walter Fulton, attorney for Mrs. Sawyer, asked for a recess, his client was indisposed, included seven women and five men.
The case was to have opened at 9:30 before Judge John M. Wilson of Olympia, but Judge Wilson failed to arrive.
The courtroom where the trial opened was crowded, but none of Mrs. Sawyer's relatives nor of her dead husband was present. Mrs. Sawyer was attended by Mrs. C. E. Lake, whom she called her "Seattle mother." Her own mother, Mrs. R. Reiter, is ill in Vancouver, B. C.
Mrs. Sawyer was clothed completely in black, her dark, luminous and sorrowful eyes showing beneath the brim of a drooping straw hat. She appeared to be calm.
One victory was scored in her favor Saturday afternoon when she was awarded the bulk of the estate of the husband she shot.
The award of the estate, appraised at \$15,000, but likely to mount into hundreds of thousands if a marine engine invented by Sawyer comes into general use, was made by former Superior Court Judge John S. Jurey, sitting as judge pro tem.
Judge Jurey held that the laws of the state of Washington entitle a woman to her husband's estate if he dies without making a will, regardless of whether she killed him.
Mrs. Sawyer's plea at her former trial for the killing was self-defense. She admitted the fatal shooting was done May 10, 1920, on the shore of Lake Union, near the houseboat in which they lived. When she was convicted a new trial was granted by Judge Boyd J. Tallman because of alleged irregularities and a claim of newly discovered evidence by the defense.

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Hey!
You fishermen!
What luck Sunday?
Lake Washington croppie grounds crowded.
W. N. G. gets orders for Memorial day parade.
Rotary club takes up campaign for Boy Scout three-year budget.
James Buchanan succeeds Rudolph Nittell as manager of Assembly hotel.
Wants \$2,980 for hurt knee. Florence Connors sues C. P. R. railway.
Chamber Commerce reports plenty of help on farms until harvest season.
Saturday is National Hospital day. Wounded service men to be remembered.
"Weary" Wilkins tells Green Lake school children Monday all about thrift.
Army to hold summer military camp to train amateur wireless operators.
King of Greece has not abdicated, says C. D. Lillipoulos, local Greek consul.
Patrolman R. E. Van Horne draws 30-day suspension for alleged fake liquor raid.
Advance bookings show 31 parties signed up for trip thru Rainier National park.
Here pressure brought to bear; Kiwanis club urges President Harding to visit Seattle.
Drive a car? Gotta get license (pay \$1) after June 10, according to new state law.
Record of burial place of world war veterans sought by adjutant general. Call Main 6714.
Northwest mills report more than \$20,000,000 feet lumber booked for foreign shipment.
Cash prizes offered for Fourth of July posters. Information at room 187 Stuart building.
Here McDonald, proli. chief, wants to abate Amberst hotel, 1610 Second ave., under dry act.
Membership drive opened by Women's Commercial Club. Call Main 1582 or Ballard 3080.
Christensen's hall, Thursday night: Proposed Beacon hill motor bus service up for discussion.
Campfire girls rejoice. Raise \$2,380, one-third amount needed to purchase summer camp.
Transfer of headquarters state military department to Olympia postponed till after August 1.
Last of survivors of sunken steamer Tokuyasu Maru left for Japan Saturday on Alameda Maru.
Dr. Jacob Gould Schurman, new minister to China, invited to Seattle by Chamber of Commerce.
Rev. J. M. Wilson, former pastor of Westminster Presbyterian church, returns to Seattle after nine-year absence.
Got away twice; twice recaptured. Abe Toroyoshi, Jap stowaway, deported in Irons Saturday on Alabama Maru.
Unlucky owner of 44 quarts of whiskey, Edward Wyard, 215 Columbia st., was facing liquor charges Monday.
Yuen Tong, nephew Goon Dip, Chinese consul, bound over to federal grand jury on \$200 bail. Dope charges.
James Lupton, 25, was in jail Monday. Patrolman J. Hill says he had a loaded revolver and an auto tire that did not fit his auto.
Electric wires placed at side streams to keep migrating fish in main stream of Yakima river, according to plans of state fisheries board.
He gets a nice trip. Deputy U. S. Marshal Edwin R. Tohey to take two prisoners East. J. P. Wheeler, to Salt Lake; W. D. Meeks, alias Miller, to Chauncey, W. Va.
Released on \$750 bail. Geo. Tracy, charged with running bar at 1505 1/2 Hewitt ave., Everett. Final hearing Thursday before U. S. Commissioner Robt. C. McClelland.

WAR RISK OFFICE TO STAY HERE?

Forbes Wires He's Willing to Consider Offer of Cheaper Rent
The war risk insurance office will not be moved from Seattle to Tacoma.
This was the belief of Seattle men conducting the fight against the proposed removal, following receipt by the Chamber of Commerce Monday of the following telegram from C. R. Forbes, director of war risk insurance:
"In response to your wire of Saturday, I will say that economy must be practiced to reduce rents over the entire country to the absolute minimum. No steps are being carried out of such a program will be taken that will jeopardize the service to be rendered to disabled ex-service men and women. What figure for cheaper rental will Seattle offer? No orders have been issued to move offices from Seattle. I appreciate your interest in this matter and request your co-operation."
"CHARLES R. FORBES."
The telegram was in response to strong wires of protest sent Saturday afternoon by the Chamber of Commerce.
Arthur K. Priest, director of the civic bureau of the Chamber of Commerce, left Seattle Sunday night for Washington, D. C., taking with him several offers of cheaper rent in Seattle.
Congressman Miller wired Monday that Forbes had agreed not to take any action until Priest arrives in Washington and presents Seattle's offers.
These offers covered office space below the figures submitted by Tacoma.
Tacoma's best offer was \$147 per square foot. One Seattle offer, that of the Seattle Transfer building, 24 W. Connecticut st., used as general

MAY SAVE BOY FROM THE NOOSE

Reprieve to Be Asked of Acting Governor for Doomed Slayer
Louis F. Hart, governor of Washington, today left the state to be gone three weeks—that is, until after the date passes for the execution of Isom White, 19, at Walla Walla for murder.
"Wee" Coyle, lieutenant-governor, is the sole hope remaining to the subcommittee and others who are trying to save the White boy from the gallows. The death date is May 20.
Coyle, leaving Seattle today for Olympia, said he probably will not grant the boy a stay of sentence.
"I know very little of the details of the case," said the lieutenant-governor just before leaving for Olympia this morning, "except that he killed that man at Everett. It's pretty hard to say just what I will do, but if everything is regular I hardly think I'd interfere with the court's orders."
At Everett, however, Joseph H. Smith, White's attorney, was preparing papers asking that Coyle grant a 30-day reprieve.
This would delay the execution till June 20 and place the responsibility on Governor Hart, who plans to return early in June.
Hart has gone to Washington to attend an irrigation conference, at which governors of 14 western states will be present.
Offices by the Skinner & Eddy Shipbuilding Co. during the war, is 75 cents a square foot up to 25,000 square feet, with more facilities in the way of elevator service, heat and light than Tacoma offers.
Selling several pairs of silken hose, Alfred Walling, 47, was caught in downtown department store by Patrolman R. F. Harrington.

Posts \$7,500 Bonds for Eddie Cicotte

CHICAGO, May 9.—D. Cassidy, Detroit attorney, today appeared in criminal court and posted \$7,500 in bonds for Ed Cicotte, indicted former member of the White Sox team.
Cicotte, who is charged with conspiracy to "throw" the 1919 world series between the White Sox and Cincinnati Reds, did not appear.

Pickpockets Work Here; 2 Are Robbed

Pickpockets were busy Monday. Elsie Hubert, 25 W. Roy st., lost \$5.75 in checks, while Mrs. M. Underhill, 1114 Marion st., was robbed of \$2.50.

Trousers Burglar at Work on Yesler Way

The trousers burglar visited B. M. Varon, 1117 1/2 Yesler way, Monday. He took a pair of trousers, a watch and a small amount of cash.

Moral: Don't Kick an Old Tomato Can

BUTTE, Mont., May 9.—When Mrs. Francis Rowe went to the door today to get her morning paper, she found it weighted down with a rusty tomato can.
She tossed the can away.
A rattle attracted her attention. She investigated and found two diamond rings and a wrist watch inside. The jewelry was stolen from her by two masked burglars a week ago.

Grease for Honey Cause of Murder

EUGENE, Ore., May 9.—Honey jars containing grease caused Maseppa L. Smith to shoot and kill Joe Johansen during a quarrel early this morning at the home of the latter near Heceeta, in the extreme western end of Lane county. Both men are single and home-readers. Smith made his confession over the telephone to Sheriff F. G. Stickels this morning.

MARINE ENGINEERS VOTE TO END STRIKE

At a special meeting Sunday, Marine Engineers' Beneficial association No. 38, of Seattle, voted by an overwhelming majority to end the strike.
The wage cut of approximately 15 per cent, and the bonus plan suggested by Admiral Benson, chairman of the shipping board, who is acting as voluntary mediator in the controversy, were voted for by 175 members of the association.
It was reported from Portland and San Francisco, however, that locals in those cities had rejected the same proposition.
A wire received from Admiral Benson Monday by R. M. Semmes, district manager for the shipping board, stated that no new developments were apparent in Washington this morning.
SEMMES THINKS MEN READY TO GO BACK
"I believe that the men as a whole are ready and willing to go back to work," Semmes said today. "It was not for their orders from the union heads most of them would go back in 15 minutes."
Semmes reported that barring a few threats against strike breakers, the walkout was being conducted in an orderly manner.
At the Pacific Steamship company offices it was stated at noon Monday that the announced laying off of 200 employees had not yet been put into effect.
The company was making every effort to sail the steamship City of Seattle for Alaska Monday night.
Altho the action of the radio men is a concerted one, it is not at the (Turn to Page 11, Column 6)

"THE GOLDEN SCORPION"

By SAX ROHMER Copyright by Robert M. McBride and Co.

PART ONE
CHAPTER I
Keppel Stuart, M. D., F. R. S., awoke with a start and discovered himself to be bathed in cold perspiration.
He glanced at the luminous disc of his watch. The hour was 2:30. Stuart sat up in bed, slowly and cautiously, looking all about him.
A faint clicking sound reached his ears. The clicking was repeated.
"There is someone downstairs in my study," muttered Stuart.
He walked barefooted across to the dressing-table and took up an electric torch which lay there.
He walked resolutely to the door, threw it open and cast the beam of light on to the staircase. Softly he began to descend. Before the study door he paused. He threw open the door, directing the torch-ray into the room.
Cutting a white lane thru the blackness, it shone fully upon his writing-table. Papers and books were scattered untidily as he had left them, surrounding a tray full of pipe and cigar ash. Then, suddenly,

he saw something else.
Stuart stood, quite still, staring at the table. There was no sound in the room. He crossed slowly, moving the light from right to left. His papers had been overhauled methodically. The drawers had been replaced, but he felt assured that all had been examined.
One step into the room he took and paused—palsied with a sudden fear which exceeded anything he had known.
A white casement curtain was drawn across the French windows . . . and outlined upon this moon-bright screen he saw a tall figure. It was that of a cowed man! Even as he looked, the shadow of the cowed man moved—and was gone.
Stuart ran across the room, jerked open the curtains and stared out across the moon-bathed lawn. Its prospect terminated by high privet hedges. There was no one on the lawn; there was no sound.

and tried to recall what had occurred during the night. No one was stirring in the house, and he rose and put on a bath robe. Bright sunlight was streaming into the room, and he went out on the landing, fastening the cord of his gown as he descended the stairs.
His study door was locked, with the key outside. Save for the untidy litter of papers upon the table, the study was as he had left it on retiring. If he could believe the evidence of his senses, nothing had been disturbed.
Not content with a casual inspection, he particularly examined those papers which, in his dream adventure, he had believed to have been submitted to mysterious inspection. They showed no signs of having been touched.
"Well," muttered Stuart—"of all the amazing nightmares!"
Keppel Stuart was a dark, good-looking man of about 32, an easy-going bachelor who, whilst not over-ambitious, was nevertheless a brilliant physician. He had worked for the Liverpool School of Tropical

Medicine and had spent several years in India studying small poisons.
At about 10 o'clock that night, having been called out to a case, he returned to his house, walking straight into the study as was his custom and casting a light Burberry with a soft hat upon the sofa beside his stick and bag.
Mrs. McGregor, the housekeeper, a gray-haired Scotch lady, attended with scrupulous neatness, was tending the fire at the moment, and hearing Stuart come in she turned and glanced at him.
He began to unlace his boots as Mrs. McGregor pulled the white casement curtains across the windows and then prepared to retire. Her hand upon the door knob, she turned again to Stuart.
"The foreign lady called half an hour since, Mr. Keppel."
Stuart desisted from unlacing his boots and looked up with lively interest. "Miss Durian! Did she leave any message?"
"She observed that she might repeat her visit later," replied Mrs. McGregor, and after a moment's hes-

itation: "She awaited your return with exemplary patience."
"Really, I am sorry I was detained," declared Stuart, replacing his boot. "How long has she been gone?"
"Just the now. No more than two or three minutes. I trust she is no worse."
"Worse?"
"The lass seemed o'er anxious to see you."
"Well, you know, Mrs. McGregor, she comes a considerable distance."
"So I am given to understand, Mr. Keppel," replied the old lady; "and in a grand luxurious car."
"Mrs. McGregor"—he walked over to her and rested his hands upon her shoulders—"you are a good mother to me, your care makes me feel like a boy again; and in these gray days it's good to feel like a boy again. Good night, Mrs. McGregor. Don't think of waiting up. Tell Mary to show mademoiselle in here directly she arrives—that is if she really returns."
Mrs. McGregor slowly opened the (Turn to Page 9, Column 2)

Vandever Custin, prof. school business administration, U. of W., to address Municipal league Tuesday noon. Blanca.

Rob Delicatessen; Escape in an Auto
After robbing the delicatessen of A. Toresi, 725 Union st., of \$38, early Sunday, two bandits escaped in an auto. During the robbery one of the bandits kept Toresi covered with a gun, while the other stood guard at the door.