Now They Actually Are Giving High-Class Vacations Away Free!

Young men, here's a tip. It's from the "inside."

The Citizens' Military Training Camp isn't a part of the army at all. Never mind what you thought.

It's your chance to get something for nothing.

You get the recreation. You get the swims in American lake. You get the keen appetite, the wholesome food. You get the physical development, the rifle practice, the comradeship with other active young men. In short, you get a month's vacation—free.

The army takes the gamble.

If you don't like it when you're thru, it's nobody's business but yours.

While you're there at Camp Lewis you won't even be quartered near the regular army men.. You're to be in a class by yourselves—upright young men with your own ideals.

When you finish the blue course—that's the third; they give also the white and blue—you may want to take advantage of your eligibility for a commission. But that's your business.

If you're between 16 and 35 and can spare the time, it's your loss if you hang back. If you're between 16 and 35 and have no job, grab your chance.

Hurry up. Time is short. The camp opens July 6. Don't let them fill your place with a youth from some other state. Washington, as matters stand, is the only state that is short of its quota.

See the man in charge at the C. M. T. C. office, American Legion headquarters, Stuart building, and see him at once.

$1,000 REWARD IS OFFERED FOR MRS. MAHONEY

On the Issue of Americanism There Can Be No Compromise

The Seattle Star

Weather
Tonight and Wednesday, fair; moderate westerly winds.
Temperature Last 24 Hours Maximum, 64. Minimum, 52. Today noon, 62.

7TH LATE EDITION

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VOLUME 23 — SEATTLE, WASH., TUESDAY, JUNE 28, 1921. — TWO CENTS IN SEATTLE

WOMAN MAY BE ALIVE!

Search of Lake's Bottom for Body Is Futile; Public Is Asked to Aid

The county commissioners Tuesday voted to offer a reward of $1,000 for the information leading to the whereabouts of Mrs. Kate Mahoney, missing wealthy and aged bride, in connection with whose mysterious disappearance her husband, James E. Mahoney, is held in county jail.

"One thousand dollars reward for Mrs. Mahoney, dead or alive" was the commissioners' offer. They acted on a suggestion made by Prosecutor Malcolm Douglas, who has been active in pushing the diving operations at Lake Union, where people have all along believed that Mahoney submerged the body of his wife, in a trunk.

Search of the lake has proved futile to date, and Tuesday's action by the commissioners is taken to be a tacit admission that it is impossible to find the body there.

In offering the reward, the commissioners have called upon the public to aid in the search.

Chairman Claude C. Ramsay, of the commissioners, said:

"We are going to back the prosecutor to the limit. It looks like cold-blooded murder has been committed, and we will do our utmost to secure the evidence necessary to convict the guilty party."

Mrs. Mahoney was five feet, two inches in height and weighed approximately 125 pounds. She wore a brown wig and had blue eyes. She was said to have been an incessant talker.

Home Brew

ing Zour, Mes Comarades! Does body know of a summer job with work and fat pay?

• • •

uit making a joke of prohibi- said Roy Haynes, the new fed- prohibition commissioner, in his public statement. Tell your bles to the police, Roy.

• • •

ooking over the sport ed's figs, we find that Portland leads Pacific Coast league in games ost won.

• • •

NATURAL HISTORY NOTE

William Philip Sims, Star correspondent, says the dust of the Gobi desert is carried 1,000 miles by the wind and deposited on the Yangtse river. Huh, that's nothing! The Stillmans get into a family row in New York and the muck spreads out as far as Seattle.

• • •

One of our trained investigators reports that Indian women, selling baskets on Second ave., are wearing the habiliments of their white sisters. Another instance of the demoralizing effect of civilization.

• • •

NEXT!

T. Robertson, one of our pet contribs, Walt Masons thusly:

The years can bring us anything, the most unheard-of stuff; it now appears this vale of tears is sorrowful enough. For instance who for the life of you, once thought you'd live to see the world resort to the wicked sport of a Welch's grape juice spree? The evil ways of folks these days have made us sore perplexed, when you stop to think what they dare to drink, what will some folks do next?

• • •

We don't know any reason why verse shouldn't be written like prose. It's like hiding baby's pill in a jelly bean. Baby don't know the pill's there, until the dose is in his tummy.

• • •

At any moment now the earth is likely to dash thru the tail of Pons-Winnecke, a wandering comet. No damage will be done, but the grape brotherhood may see a few more stars than usual.

You Are Face to Face With World's Greatest Tragedy!

(An Editorial Directed at Every Adult in the State of Washington)

YOU are here face to face with the world's greatest tragedy—the tragedy of a little child.

At five Agnes Katherine Hughes was a prodigy; at six she is a crushed flower.

A year ago she could speak three languages, could sing beautifully and could dance like a fairy; today she is mute and paralyzed.

The tragic transformation is laid to 11 words: "There's a bogey man in that room and he'll catch you."

The words were spoken by a thoughtless woman; spoken in the same thoughtless way that many adults speak to frighten little children.

The child, highly strung and extremely sensitive, was at first merely scared—then became hysterical.

After a few days a numbing paralysis began to creep along the muscles of her body; finally it affected her tongue and her last spoken words were, "Bogey man."

Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Hughes, of 638 Evergreen ave., Millvale, Pa., have almost frenziedly spent their money to undo the havoc wrought by the 11 senseless words. All without avail.

Finally, they have appealed to the healing professions of the country for aid. Hundreds of physicians have answered, offering aid.

Meanwhile, Agnes is being cared for in a Pittsburg hospital, where a dozen doctors are giving their best to cure her, while they sift the suggestions that have flooded in upon the parents.

And these 12 men, wise in the ways of little children, send out this warning to the parents, and aunts and uncles, and brothers and sisters, and people everywhere:

"Never frighten a little child!"

STAR MAN INTERVIEWS "TARZAN" CREATOR

The Star sent a reporter to talk with Edgar Rice Burroughs at his California ranch. Burroughs is the author of the sensationally popular Tarzan novels, the latest of which, "Tarzan the Terrible," is to be published in The Star beginning Saturday. Following is the story:

• • •

BY STAFF CORRESPONDENT

TARZANA RANCH, Van Nuys, Cal., June 28.—Why I paused before making known my presence outside the office of Edgar Rice Burroughs I don't know, but just as I raised my hand to rap there came from within a voice, and my hand stopped in mid-air. And then indeed was I glad that I had hesitated, for the voice was saying:

"Tarzan smiled and threw a piece of dead-wood at the face of the angry creature below them. Instantly the great bony hood over the neck was erected and a mad bellow rolled upward from the gigantic body.

"Fully 20 feet at the shoulder the thing stood, a dirty slate-blue in color except for its yellow face with the blue bands encircling the eyes, the red hood with the yellow lining and the yellow belly.

"The three parallel lines of bony protuberances down the back gave a further touch of color to the body, those following the line of the spine being red, while those on either side are yellow. The five and three toed hoofs of the ancient horned dinosaurs had become talons in the gryf, but the three horns, two large ones above the eyes and a medium horn on the nose, had persisted thru all the ages."

This assuredly was no place for a timid person, and the T in the middle of my name stands for just that. And goose flesh! I looked like a nutmeg grater.

Why had I consented to interview this creator of Tarzan?

He must be a forbidding person. I started—mentally—but the horror of that creature I had just heard described held me in its terrible grip.

Turn to Last Page, Column 2)

Start "Tarzan the Terrible" Saturday

Taxi Man Up Today for Dope Charges

Perry Moore, taxicab driver, arrested by federal and White Cross agents, the latter assisted by prominent Seattle society women, was scheduled to be taken before United States Commissioner Robert W. McClelland at 4 p. m. Tuesday for final hearing on narcotic charges.

Broke U. S. Dry Act; Draws Prison Term

George Ray, thrice indicted by federal grand jury for fracturing the dry act, pleaded guilty Tuesday to two of the charges and drew six months in jail. The third indictment was dismissed.

ARREST POLICE CHIEF!

2 Bremerton Girls Say He Forced Them to Pay Him "Hush Money"

BREMERTON, June 28.—Police Chief Frank Reynolds, deacon of the First Baptist church, and secretary of the Sunday school, under arrest here charged with extortion, denied today that he accepted bribes from underworld characters for protection.

Reynolds is charged with accepting $110 from J. B. Biteman, proprietor of the Rainier hotel, near the navy yard, and two hotel guests, Bernice Evans and Betty Gordon.

The alleged bribe was passed, according to the information filed by Prosecutor Ray Greenwood. While Reynolds and his policemen were busy denying the charges today, Prosecutor Greenwood was in Seattle with Biteman and the two girls, said to be after half a dozen other witnesses to other alleged bribery transactions.

PROSECUTOR MAY FILE BARRAGE OF CHARGES

The prosecutor is understood to be preparing to file a barrage of charges against the chief and members of his force.

"I am going to stay on the job," said Reynolds, who was granted a 60-day leave of absence by the city council after the charges were filed. "I am not going to take a vacation. I offered to resign, but they wouldn't let me. I'm going to stick on the job and win out, because I'm in the right."

Reynolds exhibited a threatening letter which he says he got in the mail last night. The letter purports to have been written by sailors. It warned Reynolds "to lay off or you will find it convenient to walk off the dock by night."

Reynolds said his arrest is a culmination of long trouble with boys from the navy yard.

"I have been in office since January 29," the chief said, "and have averaged two or three bootleggers a week. The reports show we have taken in from $100 to $1,200 a month from fines and forfeited bail. The Rainier hotel is one of the crookedest joints in town. We have arrested more than a score of gamblers, white and negro women and hopheads out of the Rainier.

"A Filipino was killed here a year ago. They have offered me and my policemen money time and again.

"I won't take their money—I don't want it. I am a man with a family, a deacon in my church and a Sunday school officer, and I'm proud of it. I don't even chew or smoke tobacco. About a month ago we took a negro woman out of that hotel crazy with dope.

"I told them then I didn't want any of their money because I was going to arrest them every time I could catch them.

TRYING TO MAKE IT SUNDAY SCHOOL TOWN

The sailors say they don't like Reynolds' administration, because he is trying to make Bremerton a "Sunday school town."

Since Reynolds took office there have been frequent rioting and other disturbances. Sailors and marines have stormed the jail, demanding the release of men from the battleships, whom Reynolds had arrested.

The sailors say the town of Bremerton should be run by the navy yard officials instead of by civil authorities.

A week ago the town dog catcher, Henry Johnson, was run out of town by sailors, who wrecked his cleaning and pressing shop, smashing the windows with stones, because, they said, he was a stool pigeon.

The city council has asked Judge Walter M. French to call a jury and try Reynolds at once.

Booze Sleuths Work but Get No Results

Altho the entire force of federal prohibition agents was out after booze runners Monday night, no report that they made any arrests was turned into the headquarters up to noon Tuesday.

"Sadie, the Maid" Finds Herself in Charge of Kitchen

Reporter, Masquerading as Hired Girl, Tells Experiences in Queen Anne Hill Home

She knew how to cook excellent fudge, but her knowledge of housework was extremely limited—when she graduated from the journalism department of the university last week and came to The Star seeking a job. But when The Star assigned her to seek work as a "hired girl" in various Seattle homes, so that she could write of her experiences, she was game. Here she tells what happened to "Sadie, the housemaid," on her first day out:

By Wanda Von Kettler

With a brand new, stiffly-starched kitchen apron tucked securely under my arm I started out on my second day as "Sadie Goff—in search of general housework."

Now the lady on Queen Anne Hill had said I might come to her "on trial." So I landed on the doorstep early Thursday morning.

Miss Von Kettler as "Sadie Goff, hired girl."

It was a wonderful feeling to gaze upon the seven-room house from without, and dream that once within I would be given sole possession of the kitchen sink and all it contained; to know that the house was mine from top to bottom—when I used the broom; to realize the clothes lines hung in the back yard for my convenience.

I was told again, upon entering the hall, that I did not look experienced enough to handle two boys and an electric stove. I replied by crawling out of my blouse and wriggling into the stiff new apron.

"The dishes—" I asked, "o' course you left 'em?"

"Just out here," she replied, and led me thru the kitchen to the breakfast nook where numerous cups and bowls and spoons lay in reckless and unbeautiful heaps.

• • •

"Now, I wish," she explained, "I wish, after you've cleared up these, that you'd clean out the ice box—you know, take it apart and wash each piece separately."

I thanked her softly to myself for explaining the latter.

Of course I had seen an ice box before, but I didn't know it came apart. I knew it held butter and milk and pickles and occasionally ice, but I did not suspect it of being moveable from within.

I dragged out the food and incidentally discovered some delicious chipped beef and a bowl of cherries. The pits of the latter were carried out with the refuse from the breakfast table.

Then came the in'nards of the ice box. The lining of its attic, the cosy corner in which the ice nestles, came out in three pieces, while the shelves on the bottom, with the aid of a little jerk, separated themselves readily from the great whole. The ice in the meantime was placed in the sink. All of which goes to show that I was very efficient, and the box was cleaned and polished before more than half of said ice was melted by the dribbling hot water.

• • •

Just as I began my wrestle with the vacuum cleaner, the doorbell rang, and the "missus" from the second floor called down, "Sadie, you answer the door." Now, I hadn't been called by my name before, so the sensation was new, and I liked it. It pleased me almost as much as the creamed carrots I concocted and fed to the family at noon.

• • •

That family was quite possible. There were two little kids who were real—real little boys and real little men—the kind who know how to say, "Oh, I beg yer pardon," when stumbling over one's feet. But they couldn't help being nice; they were their mother's sons, and she was a nice mother.

She treated me so everlasting decently that I wanted to weep on her shoulder and tell her I was nothing but a cheat and a crook. But I didn't—far be it from me to be sentimental.

• • •

It was not until 3 o'clock that I decided that quitting time had come. Quitting time and ironing time came together.

I had coaxed an electric burner into cooking the carrots, I had tugged the carpet fringe away from a hungry-mouthed vacuum cleaner, I had juggled the dishes from two feedings, and I didn't feel inclined to press out the ruffles of a petticoat.

So I said "I guessed" I had to go. The lady I was staying with, I explained, didn't have anyone helping her, so I thought I'd better get back in time to help with the supper, seein' as how I was gettin' my room for nothin'.

Whereat the lady on Queen Anne

IT HAPPENS DAILY

Incompetent Driver at Wheel; Four Narrowly Escape Death

AN automobile driven by Miss Helen Farrer, 1900 W. Garfield st., ran wild Monday night when Miss Farrer dropped unconscious at the wheel at 15th ave. W. and Wheeler st.

The auto first struck a police auto, turned and climbed up on the curb and tore thru the railing of the W. Wheeler st. bridge, coming to a stop with the front end of the car hanging over a high embankment. None of the four occupants of the car was injured.

With Miss Farrer were Mrs. Walter Dobbs, 1900 W. Garfield st., Mrs. C. Oberg, of Tacoma, and Joseph Ruby, 7612 Jones ave. ACCORDING TO A REPORT, MISS FARRER HAD BEEN ILL AND WAS DRIVING FOR THE FIRST TIME IN SEVERAL WEEKS.

TRY TO END BIG FIGHT!

Reformers Declare in Court It Is a Gigantic Scheme for Swindling

JERSEY CITY, N. J., June 28.—An attempt to stop the championship fight between Dempsey and Carpentier here Saturday was made in chancery court here today.

Robert Watson, president of the International Reform bureau, accompanied by counsel and five local clergymen, asked Vice Chancellor Stevenson to issue an order directing Tex Rickard and other promoters of the fight to show cause why an injunction should not be issued against it.

Vice Chancellor Stevenson today declined to act on a petition for an injunction to prevent holding the Dempsey-Carpentier fight here next Saturday.

Stevenson gave representatives of the International Reform bureau permission to go before another judge with their petition.

H. C. Gilson, representing the reform bureau, declared that those promoting the fight were issuing the counterfeit tickets which have appeared in some Eastern cities.

It was announced that the motion to have the fight stopped would be urged on four grounds.

These allegations were:

That the bout is to be a prize fight, not an exhibition; that the promoters are engaged in a gigantic swindling scheme thru the issuance of counterfeit tickets; that the fight will attract undesirables to Jersey City, and that it will be demoralizing to youths.

John Milton, corporation counsel of Jersey City, arrived at the courthouse shortly before the hearing opened. He said he had been asked by Tex Rickard to appear as attorney in opposing the motion.

Gilson declared he was prepared to support the argument that the fight promoters aided in causing counterfeit tickets to be printed.

The clergymen with Watson were James D. Parker, Jormain Brace, Frank H. Potter, William Parsons and Harvey Dell Wyatt. All are from Jersey City.

Parker appealed to Prosecutor P. P. Garvin yesterday to stop the fight.

A quick ruling was expected, as Chancellor Stevenson had another case to hear during the afternoon.

• • •

Carpentier Fast, Says Jim Jeffries

BY JAMES J. JEFFRIES
Former World's Heavyweight Champion

Jim Corbett came near beating me at New York years ago, and now that the old days of my fighting career are beginning to round out the mellower side of human nature, I guess I might as well admit that Jim had me worried up to that 23rd round.

I am recalling this fight with Jim Corbett to back up what I said in yesterday's article to the effect that in meeting Carpentier Dempsey is going against the fastest man he ever met.

It was just about the case when I met Jim Corbett. What a night that was. I happened to catch Jim right, in the 23rd round, but a lot of the critics said next day that Jim would have had the decision if luck wasn't with me. Possibly the newspaper boys were right. Jim gave me a terribly hard battle. He was a wonder with the gloves.

Carpentier is regarded by all who have seen him as fast as a bullet and tremendously clever. Jack Dempsey is a strong boy. I was a strong man, too, and considered very dangerous for a fellow that had been out of the ring as long as Jim had at that particular time.

But Jim Corbett, they say, had me beaten up to that 23rd round when I was fortunate enough to stop him with a knockout blow.

Carpentier has but 12 rounds to stave Dempsey off. If Carpentier can do as well with Jack as Jim did with me there's no telling whether or not Dempsey retains the title.

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