

BOOTLEG BATTLE OFF ALKI!

On the Issue of Americanism There Can Be No Compromise

The Seattle Star

7TH LATE EDITION

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VOLUME 23 SEATTLE, WASH., TUESDAY, JULY 5, 1921. TWO CENTS IN SEATTLE



Weather
Tonight and Wednesday,
fair; moderate west-
erly winds.
Temperature Last 24 Hours
Maximum, 64. Minimum, 51.
Today minimum, 56.

Home Brew



Howdy, folks! Nothing to cele-
brate now until Memorial Day!

More than \$50,000 spent on fire-
crackers yesterday, and twice that
sum spent on fire water.

We've quit sending our collars to
the laundry; bought a sausage grinder
and are doing our own.

WOMAN! DROP THAT FLATIRON!
Some tired business men send
their wives away for the summer.
Others stay tired.

Soldiers, civilians and second lieutenants
marched in the Fourth of
July parade.

Most any girl can get a man to
teach her to swim, says the lady
next door.

THAT LIGHT FANTASTIC TOE
H. C. Hughes, marine magnate,
reports a friend disappeared from
a dance. But "he was found sitting
outside in his automobile, with his
tight shoes off, resting his poor,
tired feet."

Wanted—Yarn salesman, thoroly
competent. Wanted for mill spin-
ning American yarns—Advertisement
in Manchester (England)
Guardian.

One drink of home brew makes
the whole world spin.

The reason they call it "the so-
ciety set" is because that's all they
do.

OBJECT BIGAMY!
Would like to meet party of four
I met at beach dance August 27.
Object matrimony. Mr. Casey, box
576, San Francisco Chronicle.

JOSH WISE SAYS
Spend wisely all the time you
save.

Things are kinda quiet. We wish
Admiral Sims would go into vaude-
ville.

Seattle officials are pondering on
the advisability of using trackless
trolleys on the municipal lines.
Mebby they have grown tired of
the seatless trolleys.

Some of the magazine covers
should be barred from the males.

MAYBE SHE'LL HAVE BETTER LUCK
Mr. Alvin Evans didn't have good luck
with her incubator. She had only 29
chicks, but she is undaunted and
is setting again—Sedalia (Ark.)
Democrat.

A New Orleans boy genius has
answered Thomas Edison's "Where
is the deepest place in the sea?" He
says, "The Bottom."

More people reported jumping
their board bills in Seattle. Idle
roomers?

One look at the bathing suits at
Alki Point and you know why the
waves are wild.

Revised: Can you keep my daughter
in the alimony to which she has
been accustomed?

SET THE JUDG WAS SURPRISED
Mr. Whitaker also does some of the
best acting as the judge who learns that
he is Eliot's daughter—Little Rock
(Ark.) Gazette.

The Girl Next Door says it's not
so much a question of what to wear
as a question of what to leave off.

A lot of people here are begin-
ning to eat yeast—apply the power
of advertising and they'll eat wall
paper.

THAT OLD TRICK AGAIN
Insulted as we have been, the dele-
gates rose to their feet (thanks to the
tack of the president), others moving
for the expulsion of our poor candidate,
and others asking him to leave the room.
—A. Benavides in the Manila (P. I.)
Times.

In these days of millions of motor
cars, people take life easy—and
often.

THE searchlights of
business are the
Star's Classified Ads.
More than 67,000 people
read them daily and
profit by their use. They
furnish what is wanted
and dispose of what is
not wanted.

Part the Fool and His TNT

(EDITORIAL)

NOW that we have been back to old-fashioned Fourth of July normalcy once again and have made all the streets and public places of our fair city unsafe over the holiday for democracy and unsafe for republicanism and unsafe for everything else that lives and breathes or is subject to fire hazard, let's abolish the giant cracker permanently.

At least as a downtown and informal means of social intercourse. There is a type of moron who seems never one-tenth so abundant as for 48 hours just prior to the anniversary of the Declaration's adoption and during and for some hours after said birthday's close.

The class of numskull to which we refer is 99.87 per cent male with just an occasional witless woman scrambled in. These people herd together at transfer points and other congested corners with unlimited supplies of dynamite and for hours pass the time in mirthfully saluting all passersby with detonations and eruptions. If a nervous woman or an old man is so unfortunate as to invade their sector these Boob Berthas gleefully redouble the bombardment. A SMALL CHILD BEING LED BY THE HAND GIVES THEM UNUSUAL SCOPE FOR ORIGINALITY AND PLEASURE. Open car windows and sedans further delight these Firecracker Heroes.

If there were only some means available for enrolling all these wittlings on, say, July 1, and placing them in large subterranean masonry vaults about as close together as they could comfortably stand beside the piles of their ammunition and leaving them there by themselves for a week with only a few deaf and dumb policemen in gas masks and armor coats to bring them new stacks of giant crackers and matches, The Star would be thoroly in favor of continuing these old-fashioned TNT soires.

But unfortunately we lack the masonry chambers. As all our public officials are pledged to a policy of retrenchment, a bond issue to build a set does not seem feasible.

The only alternatives remaining are:
(1) For all the sane people and those who wish to remain sane to retire beyond the city limits whenever the Hun Offensive of Early July approaches the zero hour. Or—
(2) To put the old asbestos blanket back on the Dynamite Hoodlums.

They haven't any sense, and they ought to be kept away from fire and high explosive.

STOREROOM OF BUTLER RAIDED

Hotel Employe Among 6 Under Arrest

Three white men and three Japs were under arrest on liquor charges Tuesday, as a result of the activities of federal prohibition agents in two counties over the week-end.

Holding the storeroom of the Butler hotel Saturday night, agents arrested Storekeeper Charles Thomas, after they had found 10 quarts of Canadian liquors secreted about the place, it became known Tuesday.

Thomas is said to have admitted to the officers that he sold drinks. The agents state that while they were there five customers came in to purchase their thirst.

Saturday night, also, T. Tanl, 105 Washington st.; T. Ona, 122 Washington st., and T. Takahashi, 602 Sixth ave. S., were taken into custody after the officers say they bought drinks from each of the three.

Sunday the agents transferred their interest to Spokaneish. There Arlie La Crose was arrested for possession of half a gallon of moonshine, and H. Richbow was shown a cell after he had, according to the officers, supplied their craving for hard liquor.

Richbow was turned over to state authorities for prosecution. The five others will be charged in federal court.

THUGS ATTACK HOTEL MANAGER

Brutally attacked and beaten about the head by three armed thugs when he answered the doorbell at his home, 1419 Minor ave., early Tuesday morning, J. W. Skaggs, 60, proprietor of the Lonsdale hotel, sustained such serious injuries he was removed to city hospital.

Skaggs was confronted by the three thugs, who demanded money. When he protested, the men attacked him, beating him with fists and a revolver butt. They departed after taking \$40.

NO BUSINESS IN FEDERAL COURT until Saturday, when naturalization hearings are scheduled. Judge Jeremiah Neterer is in Bellingham.

PRISONERS SING TO AID ESCAPE

"Glory Hallelujah" Fails to Drown Noise

Mark McCoy, held for safe keeping, and Charles O'Malley, alleged dope peddler, were captured after a daring attempt to escape from the city jail early Tuesday morning, after they had forced their way to the roof of the jail thru a narrow tin ventilator.

While 23 prisoners sang "Glory Hallelujah" to drown the noise of their escape, the two men pounded a hole in the iron grating leading into the ventilator with an "Oregon boot" that McCoy was able to pry loose from his leg.

A nurse in the city hospital heard the noise and notified Jailers Gil Philbrick and C. Brodnix, who ran to the roof and poked a gun in the faces of the two as they thrust their heads over the rim of the ventilator.

They climbed the rest of the way out and were taken back to jail. The prisoners ceased singing when the two were brought back. A wholesale jail delivery is thought to have been slipped.

Last Friday George Hayward, 21, sailor, alleged burglar, attempted to escape from the same ventilator, but was recaptured on the roof by Patrolmen Davey and Scheible.

McCoy is being held for Traveling Guard H. Collins of the state penitentiary.

IT WENT OFF TOO DURN SOON
Prosecuting Attorney Malcolm Douglas was wearing a fourth of July wound stripe on his left arm Tuesday.

"It exploded before I expected it," he said.

Says Caruso Is Not Recovering

NEW YORK, July 5.—Capt. Anthony Fulton of the United States army intelligence service, just returned from Naples, said Enrico Caruso continues in poor health and may never sing again.

Harding Returns to White House

WASHINGTON, July 5.—President Harding arrived in Washington this afternoon from his July visit to the home of Senator Frelinghuysen at Raritan, N. J.

Said He Took Photographs of Spirits! Now 'Daddy' Dobbyn Has Joined Them



Left—Sylvester Dobbyn (photographed the day before he died) as he appeared when attempting to summon for The Star his friends in the spirit world, and above, his little house at 4228 Bateman st. Right—Portion of message Dobbyn believed dictated to him by Abraham Lincoln. Inset is "spirit" photograph. Central figure is Dobbyn, surrounded by "spirits" of his deceased children, Charles, Stella and Carrie, two nephews and an Indian friend.—Spirit photo by Dobbyn; others by Price & Carter, Star staff photographers.

"TARZAN THE TERRIBLE"

BEGIN READING HERE TODAY WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY

TARZAN OF THE APES, who learns that his abducted wife lives, goes into the wilds of Africa in search of her. She had been sent across the border into the Congo Free State in charge of

LIEUTENANT OBERGATZ and a detachment of native German troops. While Tarzan is in a tree, a strange white man approaches, pursued by a lion. Tarzan kills the lion. To his amazement, Tarzan discovers the man he has aided has a tail. As Tarzan and his companion are eating, another man with a tail leaps upon the first one. The second man is covered with black hair. The hairy one knocks the strange white man unconscious. Then Tarzan attacks the hairy creature. They quit their own fight when a tiger charges them. Together they kill the tiger. The hairy man then extends his hand in friendliness to Tarzan. The tailed white man recovers consciousness. The three set off together. Tarzan learns that the name of his hairless white companion is

TA-DEN, and that the name of the hairy black man is OM-AT. Tarzan learns that Ta-den lives in A-lur, and that he is a Ho-don, while Waz-don tribes, of which Om-at is a member, live in caves and forests. Ta-den has fled A-lur because of a quarrel he had with his king, KO-TAN, over a love affair between Ta-den and O-LO-A, the king's daughter. It is the king's desire that his daughter marry.

BU-LOT, son of MO-SAR, a mighty chief, whose grandfather was king. Ta-den decides to return to his home. Tarzan agrees to go with him. So does Om-at, tho he has been driven rom home by

ES-SAT, his chief, who feared that Om-at would become the head of the tribe. The three swear to fight for each other on the journey.

BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS (Copyright, 1921, A.C. McClurg & Co.) (Continued From Yesterday)

The trail over which Ta-den and Om-at led and which scarcely could be dignified even by the name of trail was suited more to mountain sheep, monkeys, or birds than to man; but the three followed it were trained to ways which no ordinary man might essay. Now, upon the lower slopes, it led thru dense forests where the ground was so matted with fallen trees and over-rioting vines and brush that the way held always to the tangle; the next dizzy and terrifying was the one that Om-at chose across the summit as he led them around the shoulder of a towering crag that rose a sheer 2,000 feet of perpendicular rock above a tumbling river. And when at last they stood upon comparatively level ground again Om-at turned and looked at them both in-
tently and especially at Tarzan of the Apes.

"You will both do," he said. "You are fit companions for Om-at, the Waz-don."

"What do you mean?" asked Tarzan.

"I brought you this way," replied the black, "to learn if either lacked the courage to follow where Om-at led. It is here that the young warriors of Es-sat come to prove their courage. And yet, the we are born and raised upon cliff sides, it is considered no disgrace to admit that Pastar-ulved, the Father of Mountains, has defeated us, for of those who try it only a few succeed—the bones of the others lie at the feet of Pastar-ulved."

To-den laughed. "I would not care to come this way often," he said.

"No," replied Om-at; "but it has shortened our journey by at least a (Turn to Page 11, Column 1)

Light Snow Falls Near Boulder, Col.

DENVER, July 5.—A light snow fell near Boulder and at Estes Park yesterday.

Had Curious Collection of "Ghost" Pictures; Believed in Them

Funeral services for Charles Sylvester Dobbyn, 70, a resident of Seattle for 12 years, who died at his home, 4228 Bateman ave., Friday, were held from the Batterworth mortuary Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. The body was cremated.

By E. P. Chalcraft
"At last he knows." That is the thought that flashed into my mind when I read the announcement of Sylvester Dobbyn's death.

And then there came the tinkling of an old music box, chiming out the sweet strains of the hymn, "Saved by Grace."

"At last he knows," I thought, "whether his mother, his children and his friends who had passed beyond really appeared to him from the spirit world, as he so firmly believed. He has solved the riddle."

I knew "Daddy" Dobbyn, as he was lovingly called by friends, for a brief three hours. Yet I shall never forget him.

I saw him on Thursday. On Friday he died.

Daddy Dobbyn was alone in his two-room house at 4228 Bateman st. when I knocked at the open door.

"Come in," he called in a clear voice.

I found him in bed. A white haired, woefully emaciated old man, with steadfast, friendly gaze and quick flash of hand.

"The pictures? There they are. Yes, certainly I'll tell you about them. Sit down, friend."

Tacked upon the wall by his bedside, was the oddest collection of photographs I had ever seen. More than 50 of them.

"He takes spirit pictures," I had been told, and that was what brought me out there.

In the center of each photograph was the likeness of Dobbyn himself, as he appeared before he became ill. Around the figure in the middle appeared other fainter images, which, Dobbyn said, were likenesses of departed relatives and friends. They did look rather thin and ghost-like.

For three hours we talked, and Dobbyn told me how he called the spirits to him, how he photographed them, how they conversed with him and dictated messages.

Sylvester Dobbyn was born and raised on a farm near the town of Florence, Ontario, Canada, he told me. He was 8 years old when his mother died. She was 27. It was a few days after that when he became aware for the first time that he was a medium.

"I had cried myself to sleep," Dobbyn said, "when suddenly I was awakened, and there stood my mother.

"Is that you, mamma? I asked, and she replied, 'Yes, son; I'm here all the time. I shall watch over you and guide you, so that you will never go wrong.'"

"And she did," Dobbyn said, eyes glistening, "she never deserted me thru all these years. Did you, mamma?"

After that first time, not only his mother, but other relatives and friends who had died appeared to him frequently, Dobbyn said, and he soon found that he could summon them at will.

"I married," he said, "and in the years that followed lost six of my seven children and my wife. See that picture up there? The young woman in the corner is my wife. Looks happy, doesn't she? And on the other side is Stella, my daughter. I have only one child left, that's Mollie. She's Mrs. Fred R. Harrison, and lives on Queen Anne hill. Her number is 1117 W. Blaine st.

"All of my loved ones have communicated with me from the other side. And I have photographed them all, too."

SHOTS FLY ON BEACH!

Whisky Runners on Boat Mistake Men Ashore for U. S. Agents

Bullets flew thick and fast over the black waters of Puget Sound at Alki Point early Tuesday in what is believed to have been a battle between two squads of whisky runners.

Police theory is that booze runners from across the Canadian border in a high-powered motorboat, cautiously approaching the point with a load of whisky to be cached there by pre-arrangement, mistook their confederates on the shore for federal officers.

They opened fire, and for several minutes, bullets whizzed over the water and scattered on the beach.

Patrolman Frank Simmons, of the West Seattle precinct, heard the shots and arrived at the scene of the engagement just in time to witness the final "skirmish."

The men ashore had disappeared, but the motorboat "raider" was gathering speed, with her nose pointed up Sound.

The shore party apparently had fled precipitately. They left a black bag containing a telegram and a suit of black clothes, lying under the board walk.

The telegram was addressed to A. Hillyer, care of L. D. Dowd, Portland rooms, Victoria, B. C. It read: "My address for short time C. J. Ogara, Savoy hotel, Seattle, Wash. Rush me all information."

Inquiry at the Savoy failed to disclose anybody by the name of Ogara registered there.

Patrolman Simmons found what he believes was the place where the booze runners intended to cache their wet cargo.

A section underneath the board walk had been boarded up, and a quantity of carpenter's tools had been left behind.

Want \$10,620 for Japanese Death

Suit for \$10,620 damages for the death of S. Okanishi was instituted against the city Tuesday in Judge J. T. Ronald's court. Okanishi was driving a wagon at Eighth ave. and Adams st. on June 3, 1919, when he was struck by a municipal car. He died three days later. His wife and children claim that the street car was negligently operated.

Shooosh! 'Doc' Is on Trail of the Higherups

JERSEY CITY, N. J. July 5.—"Jack Dempsey is an old offender," said Dr. Willbur Crafts today, discussing the reform bureau's plans for the indictment of the world's champion on assault and battery charges, following his knockout of Georges Carpentier last Saturday.

The advertised meeting to lay plans for the indictment of Dempsey and the impeachment of Governor Edwards of New Jersey resulted in the attendance of one man, Dr. Crafts, himself. The reform bureau superintendent is about to start on a whirlwind tour of the state bearing his banner, "Bouts and Beer." He unburdened himself on the question of Saturday's bout.

"Someone high up is going to be punished," was as definite a statement as he would make. "Dempsey is guilty on three counts. He violated the crimes act, the boxing law and committed assault and battery. Moreover, he is an old offender. He has assaulted many people and broke the boxing laws at Toledo, two years ago."

Governor Edwards, Crafts said, has been grossly guilty by being present at Saturday's bout, besides failing to use his position to stop the fight.