

The Seattle Star
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Well, Break Another Record!

We note that the John B. Agen heirs have paid a state inheritance tax. It came to the tidy sum of \$32,313.81. Immediately upon receiving the check, Olympia officials sent out a news story that a new record had been set, inasmuch as the tax was the largest yet collected under that law.

Go to it, collectors; break another record! You haven't yet got hands on a bean of the Henry Hewitt, Jr., inheritance tax. And where Agen left pennies, Hewitt left dimes and dollars. His was a multi-millionaire hoarding. He had acquired forests, mines, townsites, stocks, bonds, mortgages, business buildings and other chattels until he was rated as Tacoma's wealthiest man, if not the state's wealthiest.

As death approached he deeded his vast wealth to a holding corporation, and on that flimsy pretext his heirs have so far dodged payment of a single cent.

Collect the hundreds of thousands—maybe a million or more—that the Hewitts owe this state, Olympia officials, before you brag of new records set. Hewitt died long before Agen did. Hewitt owes many times what Agen's heirs cheerfully paid. Collect it!

Innocent Or Guilty?

(From the New York World)
 Friends of fair play will watch hopefully the efforts of Capt. Robert Rosenbluth to obtain a congressional investigation of the origin of the charges of murder which were preferred against him by the department of justice and then suddenly dropped without action.

Such an attitude as was manifested by the department toward an officer who had borne an excellent reputation cannot be justified by the facts known to the public. So far as the evidence has been published, it indicates that Capt. Rosenbluth was mistakenly charged with the murder of Major Cronkrite, that the error was brought forcibly to the attention of the government and that the case was then hastily and mysteriously dismissed, the evidence being handed over to a prosecuting attorney in the State of Washington, who said it was too flimsy to warrant further action.

If Capt. Rosenbluth was guilty, or if there was the slightest chance of finding him guilty, the department of justice could have no excuse for shelving the case. The assumption must be that Attorney General Daugherty or his assistants were convinced that an error had been made and the prisoner was innocent.

But if he was innocent the shelving of the proceedings has even less excuse, for it leaves a guiltless individual with an unclarified accusation hanging over his head.

"Move to Bring Troops Home Brewing in Senate" — headline. Perhaps it means "To Home Brewing."

Sign in a laundry window: "I want your duds in my sud."

The knows how it.

If Men Weren't So Suspicious

The six million farmers of the country have lost billions and a fifth of them face actual bankruptcy thru the control of the markets exerted by a few boards of trade, millers, creamery trusts and packing combines.

And yet the farmers of the nation could sweep all this out of the way and deal directly with the public, to the mutual profit of producer and consumer, if the farmers could get together.

These six million producers have money enough to buy the packers, the railroads, the commission outfits, and to operate grain markets in every city in the nation. They could settle their troubles in six months if they could agree upon a program, and would spend as much on it as they do on gasoline, tires and new trucks and tractors.

The workers of the nation as yet they are being gyped out of a living wage by the conspiracy of a few great industries like the steel trust.

But if the workers of the nation really got together, made a jack pot of 10 per cent of their wages for a year and let a wise committee handle this money to get results, it could buy the steel trust and half a dozen of the railroad systems of the nation and have money left.

If the workers of the country will save as much cold cash any year as they did during the war for Liberty bonds and thrift stamps, and will use this money to gain stock control of industries that believe are fighting union labor, the workers will run these industries within two years.

Ten per cent! Could they do it? Of course they could; the printers are doing it today for a much lesser ambition; doing it easily.

A million dollars is just as big whether one man digs it up or half a million fellows donate two dollars a head. Suspicion of each other is the only limitation.

The road to prosperity is marked by the signs of advertisers who have gone on before.

The Inventor of Ice Cream

Next time you eat ice cream, consider the debt you owe to Samba Jackson, negro pastry chef in a New York tavern, who gave the world its first dish of ice cream 105 years ago this month.

For years, Samba had a monopoly on the manufacture of ice cream, because he kept his process a closely guarded secret. All that is definitely known about his discovery is that it was an accident.

It might not be a bad idea to erect a monument somewhere to Samba. And, while about it, surround his black-marble statue with effigies of the men who gave us artificial ice, lemonade, refrigerators and fans.

Ice, the gift of Nature. You may think it's only recently that man learned to cut it in winter and store it away in sawdust which, insulating, keeps out the heat and prevents thawing.

Yet as far back as the days of Nero, Roman slaves packed snow in underground pits, pounding it into ice for summer use.

Dealers in ice and packed snow were common in France 150 years ago.

In 1778, ice cut from a pond in New York city was shipped by boat to Charleston, S. C. That was the beginning of a great ice export business.

In these days artificial ice was not commercially practicable. Scientists had experimented for centuries to produce low temperatures artificially, but the first American patent for making artificial ice was not taken out until 1834—by John Gorrie, a doctor in Apalachicola, Fla.

Charles Tellier, who died in 1913, was the inventor of cold-storage refrigeration, without which Seattle and other cities would find existence far less pleasant.

When he was 35 he said: "The advantages of poverty are overrated. The rich declare that poverty brings out a man's good points. Well, so it does—by the roots."

And Tellier knew what he was talking about. Despite the incalculable value of his invention to the world, he died in poverty.

Fans are ancient. All races have them. The cave man probably fanned himself in July with a dried palm leaf or a slab of bark.

Electric fans, without which you'd find summer harder to endure, were of slow evolution, many contributing.

But they were made possible by Thomas Davenport, an impoverished Vermont blacksmith, who in 1834, built the first rotary electric motor.

Lemonade alone of the five great reliefs from summer heat cannot be traced to any individual.

Lemons originally grew wild in India. Arabian armies transplanted them to Asia. The Crusaders carried them into Europe nearly 1,000 years ago. Later, sailors brought them to America and planted them.

It has taken centuries, thousands of years, possibly millions, to put lemonade, ice cream, electric fans, artificial ice and refrigeration within reach of all.

What new devices for making summer in hot climates more endurable will be discovered in the centuries that lie ahead?

Still's still still.

See America threat!

In Seattle's Back Yard

"You want to know where to fish, and you don't want to go too far from the city?"
 The Old Fisherman crossed his khaki-covered knees, stuffed a wad of plug-cut into his odoriferous pipe and carefully inspected a red and white Royal Coachman.

"Of course I could tell you of streams 'way back in the Cascades," he continued, "or I could send you to the Upper Elwha in the Olympics. But that's not what you want."

"You want a lake or stream close to the city, yet where there are still a few fish to be caught."
 "Now I'll tell you of a lake that is mighty close to the city, where few people ever dream of fishing and yet where there are some mighty fine members of the finny tribes to be hauled out of the water."

"You can reach this place in a few minutes by sloop. Twenty years ago, a score of fishermen made their \$3 a day selling their catch right here in Seattle, and yet, so little known is this lake, that there are just as many fish there now as back in 1890."

The old fisherman glanced about absently.

"You probably don't know where this lake is, even if you have lived 25 years in Seattle," he finally drawled, "so I'll tell you its name. It is known as Lake Washington and it is part of Seattle's back yard."

They should estimate the retina crop in gallons.

Style designers must think every body was born in Missouri.

Shifting Responsibility

Get rid of superstition, good folks.
 It is a superstition that blonds are fickle and that brunettes have no creative genius.

It is a superstition that red-headed men have ungovernable tempers and that bald-headed men inhabit the front rows of musical comedies.

It is a superstition that America is ruled by its women and that its men think of nothing but getting rich quick.

But, the most persistent superstition of all is that any government in a democracy is better or worse than the average popular sentiment of its day.

The United States government at this day and hour is the people of the United States in unconscious display of their virtues and vices.

The superstition that politicians are a race of men apart, and that they breed special kinds of depravity, is a device of our own minds to hide the mirror from our eyes.

In truth, we are like that; but the evil we see in our legislators and our executives must be reduced to its true proportion by allowing for the exaggerations of political strife. Write that much off, and what remains is a living picture of ourselves.

We, the people, should take heart then. For, we know we are rather a decent lot at bottom, slowly conquering original sin, and doing right whenever we can with safety. Let us give the government an occasional credit mark by the same token.

Babe Ruth delights to "swat the fly."

Now they used and live snappily ever after.

REMARKABLE REMARKS

The English-speaking peoples of the world should come together, think together and work together.—Chauncey M. Depew.

England and France are lazy. America is active—running about like mad.—J. Osawa, Japanese engineering expert, visiting in America.

Woman desires flirtation, but does not wish it to assume an unbecoming form.—August Forel, former professor of psychiatry at Zurich, Switzerland.

Poems for your Scrapbook

WHILE SUMMERS PASS

BY ALINE MICHAELIS

Summer comes and summer goes,
 Flies the primrose, fades the rose;
 But his footfall on the grass,
 Coming swiftly to my door,
 I shall hear again no more,
 Tho a thousand summers pass.

Once he loved the clovers well,
 Loved the larkspur and the bell,
 And the scent the plum-buds yield;
 But strange flowers his soul beguiled,
 Pallid lilies, laurels wild,
 Blooming in a crimson field.

So he plucked the laurels there,
 And he found them sweet and fair
 In that field of blood-red hue;
 And when on a summer night
 Moonlight drenched my clovers white,
 Lo! he picked Death's lilies, too.

It may be that 't is 'en tonight,
 With the larkspur and the bell,
 Where his shining soul must dwell,
 He has found some flowers more sweet
 Than the clovers at my feet,
 Some celestial asphodel.

But while summer comes and goes,
 With the primrose and the rose,
 Comes his footfall on the grass—
 Gladly, lightly to my door—
 I shall hear it echo o'er,
 Tho a thousand summers pass.

LETTERS TO EDITOR

Husbands and Guests

Editor The Star:

It would be easy to imagine that the man who wrote the editorial, "If Not, Why Not, Seattle Husband?" is a financially well-to-do man in a home with plenty of hired help and probably no children. All is well ordered in this home, and immaculate, and there is no enthusiasm and little noise. I can picture wifery, fresh and sweet, dispensing hospitality and charm, while the ceaseless grind of the household goes on, entirely apart from their lives.

But just take a glimpse into the poor man's home. He can't come home and act like a guest if the wheels of the domestic household are to run smoothly and right. To do so means his wife must run all the machinery. He is not a king, to sit around and expect service.

When my "king" comes home, he has the porch steps to wash, the yard and garden to look after, the soap level with an office. Mr. Editor, I hope you didn't write that editorial. Yours for comradeship,
 L. N. M.

The man the editorial refers to tells me that he not only hasn't plenty of "hired help," but has none whatever. He denies he is "financially well-to-do." He has two children. He asks why washing the porch steps, playing catch with sonny, etc., need prevent the husband acting like a guest when in his home. In somebody's else home he might do both those things.—Editor.

Of course, each should see the bright side of the work and in that way "make a good impression" on

the other, but my husband couldn't make a good impression on me by taking a guest's attitude in his home, and if I took that attitude I tremble to think of the impression I'd make on him.

The editorial says the woman might be more zealous to please. Does a man think he can please by having the detached attitude of a guest at his own hearthstone?

To the writer of the editorial I want to say, you must be a flint-hearted man. You talk as if the man's position in the home were parallel to the woman's position in his office. Don't the children belong to you? Shouldn't you work for them, for their happiness? Where is your feeling of love, tie, of affection? Is there nothing but sordid materialism in your make-up?

The home—the most sacred institution on earth, the nucleus of life and inspiration—put down on the same level with an office? Mr. Editor, I hope you didn't write that editorial. Yours for comradeship,
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Shut-in Enjoys "Wayfarer"

Editor The Star:

In behalf of Mr. Barbeau, my son Gerald and myself, I want to thank you and all who had any part in Wednesday night's entertainment of shut-ins, for the pleasure Gerald derived from witnessing the performance of "The Wayfarer" as your guest.

He is only 14 years old, but is passionately fond of music, and he feels he had a wonderful treat. He has been bed-ridden with a broken limb since New Year's eve, and he was overjoyed to be so privileged.

Again thanking you for your thoughtful kindness, and may The Star's good work "carry on." I beg to remain, very cordially,
 MRS. G. L. BARBEAU,
 2109 Second Ave. N.

Proposed for Film Honors

Editor The Star:

Your paper, the best on the Coast anywhere, boosted Frankie Kiolet to fame. It has been a wonderful thing for The Star and Seattle, but the movies need more children. Why not boost them thru The Star?

I am particularly interested in a little child I see on the street, at the corner of E. Pine and Bellevue. I do not know her last name. She calls herself Ramona, and she lives upstairs, over the Bellevue grocery. Every one on the corner loves her. She is gloriously beautiful—olive complexion, big brown eyes that seem to be laughing at one all the

time, and hair—wonderful hair—such as some mothers would give a small fortune for and Mary Pickford would be proud of. It is just one mass of golden brown curls. The child's mother needs some one to interpose a leg in the movies, some one like the press to boost the child. It would be a big thing for The Star, and many a camera man would love to have that child in front of the camera. She is just as active as she is beautiful, and just as pretty in coveralls as she is in silk—in fact, she is beautiful any way you find her. Sincerely,
 TOM F. LEWIS.

Try This on Your Wise Friend

A frog is at the foot of a bank four feet high. He climbs up two feet a day and slips back one foot at night. How many days will it take him to climb up?
 Answer to Saturday's: Five calves, 1 pig, 94 lambs.

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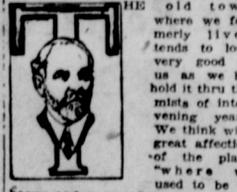
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OLD HOME

BY DR. WILLIAM K. BARTON.



HE old town where we formerly lived tends to look very good to us as we behold it thru the mists of intervening years. We think with great affection of the place "where we used to be so happy and so poor."

That is to our credit. But it is not to our credit if we permit this to make us discontented with the place where we now live.

I knew a good man who looked back with pathetic longing for the town where he had grown to manhood and married.

He and his wife had grown up there, and they knew every one, and if there were any bad people there, neither of them could remember it.

That town, as they remembered it, was Ward I in the New Jerusalem. They tested everything in every other place by its failure to be as good as their old home town.

The time came when they sold their home in the town where I lived and moved back to spend their last days in their old home town. They were able to endure it about 18 months.

Then they returned and bought back their home in our town at \$1,000 increase, and were the gladdest people to get back it has ever been my lot to know.

But it was as much as one's life was worth to ask them why they did not remain back in the town where they were born. They said it had changed; that the good old friends had died or moved away, and a new generation had grown up with different ideals and habits.

Very likely. And the pity of it was that they had wasted so much longing to be back. They might better have expended that same energy in loving the town where they were.

There are people who live in discontent, imagining that the place where they live is the worst place on earth, who could be moderately happy and decently useful if they would accept their situation happily and try to be good for something in the place where they are.

THE DOCTOR'S DECREE
 Then congress sits as a doctor and determines that beer is never fit for use as a medicine.—Sen. Williams (D), Miss.

THE STANDARD SHARE
 My information is that out of the 107,000,000 barrels imported from Mexico last year the Standard Oil Co. imported 106,000,000 barrels.—Rep. Fordney (R), Mich.

THE JIGADIER DOCTOR
 All that is left of the republican wedding festivities is the smiling, droll, cherubic face of Jigadier

AS CLEAR AS MUD
 The gentleman wants a law that will so plain that he who reads it—just as simple as the income tax law.—Rep. Walsh (R), Massachusetts.

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The Prince of Denmark, Children Dear, Shall have Attention Now and Here.

New Hamlet's Father's Specter walked; And more, that ghostly Parent talked.

"You think," he told His quaking Child, "That just because My Death was styled

"An Accident From Insect Bite, The Facts were not Reported right.

"I'll tell the World It wasn't so, Your Uncle wanted Me to go

The Queen, however, Being dry, Just lapped it up, Despite the Cry

Of Uncle Claude, Who saw, too late, That he'd been Deceitfully Crossed by Fate.

"You Dirty Dog!" Prince Hamlet cried, And then committed Regicide.

Just prior to His own Demise, Which came to him As a Surprise.

He had not been Apprised, you see, Of Uncle's spiteful Cruelty!

—FRANCIS BARDEMAN.

more vicious drink than coco cola. Dr. Wiley said so officially. It is a habit-forming drink which leads from one bottle to two, from two to four, from four to half a dozen; and I have had the best doctors tell me that it destroys in a woman the power to become a mother, if she becomes addicted to it; and that infamous drug is even now trying to escape taxes in the state of Georgia.

The present governor of Georgia was elected on a platform pledging him to tax it. The Coca Cola Co., the Cherry Cola Co., and some other manufacturers of soft-drink poisons ran near beer and pure beer out of the state and deprived the state of \$500,000 in taxes. Deprived of those taxes, the state is now virtually bankrupt, and is seeking wherewith to make buckle and tongue meet.—Sen. Watson (D), Ga.

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