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# The Seattle Star

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## The Tragedy of Gen. Greene

No member of the one-time 91st division or other Pacific Northwest citizen who knew Maj. Gen. Henry A. Greene will doubt that his death last week was due to a broken heart.

When peremptory orders from Washington arrived by telegraph on the hour of the 91st's departure for France and the great adventure, relieving Gen. Greene of command, reducing him in rank to a brigadier and sending him to the Philippines—in that hour a proud soul was crushed.



GENERAL H.A. GREENE

Gen. Greene came of a military family. One of his forefathers had fought honorably in every previous war of the republic. He had been able to boast of a long, active and varied career in the army. Now, just in the closing years of his military life, was to come the supreme opportunity for him to add a cap-stone of glory to the distinguished record.

And in the very act of entraining for the debarkation camp fell the blow that to Gen. Greene meant both cruel disappointment and disgrace.

The reason for the summary action of the war department has never been officially set forth. It is known, however, that the principal, if not the sole reason, grew out of charges of graft and favoritism in connection with the awarding of concessions at Greene park, the amusement area of Camp Lewis.

So far as The Star has ever been able to ascertain, nobody accused the commanding officer of profiting a nickel's worth from the shady transactions in question or having knowledge of them.

But where Gen. Greene probably was blamable was in refusing to listen to warnings and petitions setting forth the charges against certain members of his staff and a few civilians who were in on the despicable business. Gen. Greene was loyal to the men directly under him, felt them to be his friends, believed wholeheartedly in their integrity and refused brusquely even to hear evidence against them.

He was a victim of the double-cross. The grafters knew his weakness (admirable weakness, it might be called), and relied upon it. They escaped punishment and even exposure, for the greater part, and let the blow, when it came, fall on the head of the stern, upright old soldier who did not understand the language of commercial graft and chicanery.

War had its tragedies at home as well as in the trenches. Gen. Greene was the outstanding figure in one of the most conspicuous and saddest of these grim episodes.

### Come On, Let's Play

George F. Baker, multimillionaire head of the First National bank of New York, never smoked a cigar or played golf until his 70th birthday.

"Now he is regarded as a nut on both," says a writer in the Boston News Bureau, a financial newspaper.

The big leaders of Wall st. all have hobbies—something at which they can play like boys. No matter how busy they are, they periodically thrust all work aside and relax in some favorite sport or feat.

That refreshes them—keeps their bodies young, their brains keen and alert.

It's said in Wall st. that the financial giant who refuses to give a pass of his time to recreation doesn't last long. He can't stand the pace.

Something for you to think over. Have you a hobby—some way to play? If not, you're probably in the first stages of dry rot—mental and physical.

The favorite sport of Wall st. operators is golf. Some millionaires have their private links. Others prefer the public grounds.

S. R. Guggenheim's hobby is hunting. He always shows up in Scotland during the grouse season.

Many Wall st. men, including J. P. Morgan, go in for yachting. A. C. Bedford, chairman of the board of Standard Oil, gets his play in horseback riding. Harry Sinclair and J. S. Cosden, two other big oil men, have a string of race horses. Harry Davison, of the Morgan bank, is another horseman—and seems to enjoy horses as much as big business.

A. B. Hepburn, chairman of the Chase National bank, gets his play in fishing and running a farm.

Samuel Untermyer raises prize chrysanthemums, and his fancy dogs at his million-dollar home rival, in numbers, any small-town flock of mongrels you ever saw.

All very fine, you say, but I haven't a yacht or a stable of horses or money to get into a golf club.

Shucks! The millionaire doesn't get any more fun out of his yacht than an Alki point or lake shore resident gets out of his row boat.

And most any old tub can be converted into a sail boat that will whisk you to Bainbridge Island and back.

It doesn't matter what kind of tools you play with. A pole cut from the woods catches as good fish as a fancy rod of split bamboo.

Play is the thing that counts. It relaxes you, freshens you, makes you fit and eager for another tussle with work. Besides, if you don't find time to play, you're missing most of the real joy of life.

### Our Loan to Europe; Lost? No!

That money we loaned to Europe—will we ever get it back?

If we do, it'll wipe out about half of our war debt.

Great Britain, for one, apparently is in better financial condition than most of us realize.

Altho Great Britain has sold a lot of her foreign securities during the war, she still has \$15,000,000,000 invested abroad—\$3 for every \$1 it owes.

The British national income is about \$22,000,000,000 a year. That's 83 per cent more than in 1913.

The average banker would call that pretty good security.

The Girl Next Door says these drug store bills make her red in the face.

### Bad News for Whisky Drinkers

Nearly a million quarts of whisky were withdrawn from bonded warehouses and distilleries during June.

This makes you grin and reflect that, for a dry country, we're still rather wet. Or possibly the national health is very low.

But the stream of liquor is gradually drying up. In the first six months of this year, only 5,949,224 quarts of whisky were withdrawn from bond. Same period a year ago, withdrawals were 20,682,292 quarts.

Only a matter of a few years until whisky will be as scarce as opium.

Briefly, the Russian tale is: brag-nation, stag-nation, rag-nation.

### HOW MUCH DOES IT HURT?

BY WILLIAM H. BARTON

FEW days ago a lady said to me, "Many years ago a friend of mine said this in my hearing, and to me among others: 'Don't forget that injuries that are inflicted upon you, and that disappointments that you suffer, are all, in the nature of them, temporary; but the spirit in which you meet them is the permanent and eternal element in the experience.'"

She said it had meant much to her all her life to remember that saying. When anything had happened to hurt her feeling, she had said, "This hurts, and I will not deny it; but how much it hurts, and how long it hurts, depends upon me."

She said that when any disappointment had come to her, she had learned to say, "I am disappointed, and there is no reason why I should

### No Divorce in Carolina

The agitation for more uniform and stringent laws to stop the rapid increase in divorce throughout the nation has thrown South Carolina into bold relief as the only state which has no divorce "evil."

In this Southern state a divorce cannot be obtained on any ground whatever. And re-marriage of persons getting divorces elsewhere is forbidden by law.

The bishop of the Episcopal diocese of the state, after studying the cause and effect of divorce as a national problem, is authority for the statement that no state has a purer home life than South Carolina.

In the international game, kings, queens and jacks are all wild.

### Queer Weather, But Not Here

Twenty-six inches of rain fell in South Africa during June. It was the wettest and coldest month ever known in that part of the world, says the Capetown weather bureau.

About half way between Seattle and the North pole, this summer, there has been an unusually hot belt running around the world. Trappers report that a temperature as high as 110 has been common as far north as the southern end of Hudson bay.

Weather this year has been peculiar everywhere except in our own Northwest.

We've always wondered why anybody wanted to live anywhere else, anyway.

## LETTERS TO EDITOR

### Star Publicity Gets 'Em

Editor The Star:

A few days ago you published an article in the paper calling attention to the disreputable looking totem pole which Mr. Preston was forced to point out to Seattle visitors as an example of our park board's efficiency.

He wishes to thank you for the article and for the result it accomplished—the totem pole is being painted. We think The Star is some paper.

More than ever yours for publicity,  
MRS. SWEETMAN.

### Teachers Overpaid

Editor The Star:

I thank you for your views on a small part of the tax question, and will cheerfully admit that you are a brave man to show a comparison between the sacred school-teacher and the profiteering shipyard slacker.

The comparison is great. For instance, a husband and wife are on the Seattle school payroll for four salaries. For December, 1920, they drew \$567, and January, 1921, they drew \$586, and February, 1921, they drew \$576; a total of \$1729 for 57 days' work, or over \$30 a day.

A very favorable comparison with your bootlegger who risks loss and imprisonment, and does not make \$75 every day he works.

The wife is on the payroll under two different names, and is in the

city directory under a third name. I suppose, my dear Mr. Editor, that you will not consider them as being overpaid?

A good teacher is worth any price within reason, but the price we are paying is beyond reason, especially when they have to be supervised by higher priced supervisors. Why not cut out this supervision? It makes a fool out of a good teacher.

If a teacher needs a supervisor, then we do not need that teacher. The Seattle schools are putting salaries above results, creating an aristocracy and robbing the pupils of the fundamentals of an education which will be of real value to them in after life. Pink teas are all right for lounge lizards, but ability to work out the problems of life is necessary to good citizenship.

Yours for good citizenship,  
A. T. AXFAYER.

### What This State Needs

Bellingham, Aug. 15, 1921.  
Editor The Star:

Have been visiting in this city for a few weeks and yesterday read in The Star interviews with various editors, secretaries of commercial organizations, etc., in regard to the necessity for publicity for the Pacific Northwest, in which as you know we have always been greatly interested. Recently the enclosed remarks from a Michigan editor came to our notice and they might well have been written by a Pacific Northwestern editor in regard to this part of the country.

Tom Skayhill, the Australian soldier-poet, who recently lectured here under the direction of the Chatauqua organization, said in an interview that we had the finest country in the world here, but apparently didn't know it.

The business men of the Pacific Northwest could do no more beneficial thing than to inaugurate a publicity campaign right here at home to educate our own people to the importance of the climatic and scenic advantages which they possess, as well as the commercial and industrial opportunities.

The definition of "Boost" is to push, to pull, to assist. Suppose every resident of the Pacific Northwest should make it a point to push, pull or assist in every possible way the upbuilding of this section of the country?

Suppose we took it upon ourselves to let the people of such states as New Mexico, Arizona, Wyoming, Nevada, Colorado, Southern California, etc., know of the delights of the summer climate of this region?

Do we ourselves realize what a treat the cool, cloudy afternoons in the summer, with a dash of rain in the afternoon, just before sunset, are to those people who are sufficed with the sunshine of the south?

Let us wake up to a realization of the wealth that lies in our dooryard and make the same use of it that our enterprising southern neighbors do of their winter sunshine.

Respectfully yours,  
M. G. MITCHELL,  
Secy. Mitchell Nursery Co., Tacoma.

The enclosure follows: "Michigan needs advertising. It needs to be advertised by its own people. Michigan natives seem to think it a sin to talk about themselves. We dub along, believing the world knows as much about Michigan as we do. Wherever men and women assemble to praise their own commonwealths, there are those who sit quietly aside and say nothing. Make a bet that those who say the least are from Michigan. You'll win. The people of Michigan are still living by the old outworn adage that silence is golden.

"We need an alarm clock in Michigan, a big one that can be heard all over the state. We need something to keep us awake. We are woefully indifferent to opportunity.

After the show, we'll go to Boldt's—Advertisement.

**\$1.00—CHOICE ROOMS—\$1.00**  
**New Doolington Hotel**  
Vine and Spring. Main 2769  
200 Rooms—120 at \$1.00  
STRICTLY FIRST CLASS  
J. J. Ryan R. P. Kelly

**TO LAKE CRESCENT**  
Take Steamer Solde, leaving Colman Dock at midnight daily, connecting at Port Angeles for BINGER'S SEAVELY Lake Crescent



**DR. J. R. BINYON**  
Free Examination  
**BEST \$2.50 GLASSES on Earth**

We are one of the few optical stores in the Northwest that really grind lenses from start to finish, and we are the only one in SEATTLE—ON FIRST AVENUE Examination free, by graduate optometrist. Glasses not prescribed unless absolutely necessary.  
**BINYON OPTICAL CO.**  
1110 FIRST AVENUE  
Between Spring and Seneca

## Poems for your ScrapBook

### NOS IMMORTALES

BY STEPHEN VINCENT BENET

Perhaps we go with wind and cloud and sun,  
Into the free companionship of air;  
Perhaps with sunsets when the day is done,  
All's one to me—I do not greatly care;  
So long as there are brown hills—and a tree,  
Like a mad prophet in a land of death—  
And I can lie and hear eternally  
The vast monotonous breathing of the earth.  
I have known hours, slow and golden glowing,  
Lovely with laughter and suffused with light,  
O Lord, in such a time appoint my going,  
When the hands clinch, and the cold face grows white,  
And the sparks die within the feeble brain,  
Spilling its star-dust back to dust again.

"We need competition. We need to be stirred up."  
"And, with it all, Michigan is still good."

From "The Glory of the States, Michigan," BY A. P. JOHNSON, Publisher of the Grand Rapids News.

### In the Year 1921, Eighth Month

AUGUST, 1921 A. D. (After Christ) (A Long Time After)

Editor The Star:  
Now it came to pass in the eighth month of the year 1921 that the rulers of the county were Rama, Dobe and Siml. They had been chosen by acclamation of the people

for their great wisdom. The three wisest men of the county. Their offices were in the great City of Sealth, but they ruled throughout the county. They were loved by all the people for their great works. The people of the county so loved the wise men that they made them

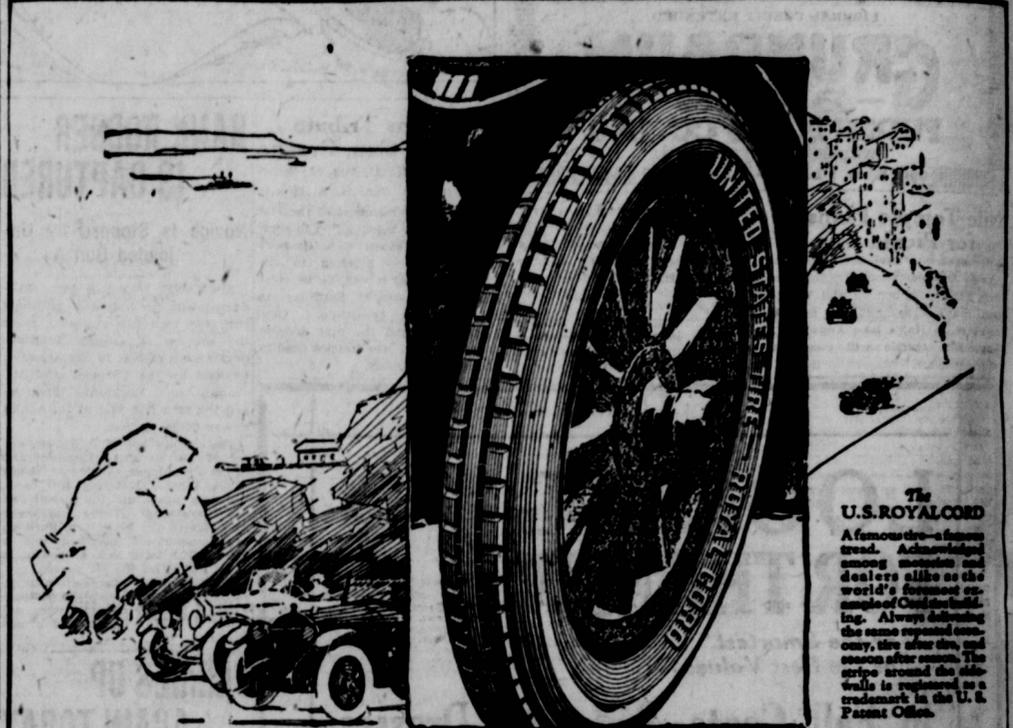
overseers and gave unto their control their boats. Certain Pharaonic people of the great city of Sealth had caused great taxes to be imposed on the people of the city, and across a great lake on the eastern side of the city many people were camping to avoid the heavy tax on their income. These boats were to carry the people to their tanks in the morning, and to their homes in the evening.

Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof, but the wise men loved the people and built them great docks, the finest in that part of the country. They also had the boats in good repair. And it came to pass that the people of the city groaned under the heavy taxes and they were leaving the city in large numbers. Rich land owners in the city greatly disliked the exodus and knowing that money talketh they went into consultation with the three wise men of the county and after a time an edict came forth. It was a wonderful edict, filled with mystery and complication, but the wise men and the men of money had great understanding.

"The wise men said unto the people, 'We have done you well, but our conscience will allow us to go no farther, so we will give your boats in control of certain rich men who can do you better. To show our love for you we will take away half your boats and to protect the rich men we will pay them also further remuneration.'"

This arrangement looked good to the people of the City of Sealth. They said unto themselves, "Great are our wise men, they give us the rich a white elephant."

But the rich men and the wise men winked at each other. They were wise men.  
W. E. LEHOUQUE  
Bellevue, Wash.



## To Car-Owners Everywhere About the Tire Merchant who is Happy in his Business

**EVEN** today some motorists are still looking for the ideal tire dealer. Alert, courteous, carrying a complete stock of good tires. As eager to serve you with a valve cap or a tube, as with a new spare.

His enthusiasm a reflection of his clean business and his happy relations with his customers.

With midseason here—the sales of U. S. Royal Cords all over the country during April, May, June and July, 1921, exceed the same four months of last year by 88 per cent.

You might expect merchants who are seeing such remarkable sales increases to be preoccupied with figures to the exclusion of all else.

Yet you will not be surprised to hear them speak of the pleasure of handling Royal Cord Tires.

The cleanliness of the transaction. The fine kind of people attracted to their stores. The freedom from worry. Satisfied, permanent customers. Steady demand as against "spotty" sales.

There is so much glib talk these days of "merchandising" in the abstract, that perhaps some have overlooked the need of a man being happy as well as prosperous.

What keeps business more satisfying than the pleasure of dealing in quality? Of having the authority of quality? Of creating self-respect both in buyer and seller?

As U. S. Royal Cords are doing today.

As people say everywhere  
**United States Tires are Good Tires**

# United States Tires

## United States Rubber Company

Tire Branch, 212-216 Jackson Street