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The Seattle Star

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Japs on Normal School Payroll

The Star is told by a Seattle man who spent the week-end visiting Ellensburg Normal school that the cooking and janitor work of the institution are done by Japanese!

Sixteen men are thus engaged, this guest was informed. This is an astounding state of affairs, and ought to be rectified at once. There is no excuse for the Ellensburg Normal, in these days when American men and women so badly need the work, to employ Oriental aliens.

Fire these Japs, Mr. President, and put citizens on the payroll.

Explanation Should Be Made

There are circumstances in connection with the purchase, building and terrible tragedy which marked the finish of dirigible ZR-2, which require a lot of explaining.

Until they are explained to the entire satisfaction of the people of the United States, the naval bureau of aeronautics will be under suspicion as to its competency.

In the first place, whose was the final decision which made us the purchaser of ZR-2, a foreign-built airship of new and to a very great extent experimental type? Why were the British willing to sell her to us?

To what practical use were we to put this giant of the air which could not be as well or better served by a smaller craft of tried and proven type, built in America, by American workmen, under constant supervision of our own experts?

Did the fact that she was the biggest thing of the kind ever designed so appeal to the pride and imagination of our navy officials that they did not give enough consideration to the possible structural weaknesses which such great size might involve?

When these weaknesses actually developed, as they did during her first practice flight several weeks ago, did our naval authorities insist upon a complete re-checking and re-proving of every engineering problem involved?

Or were they so anxious to accomplish the dramatic flight across the ocean at the time it had been promised, that they permitted superficial repairs which did not correct the fundamental weakness?

In other words, did they take chances which they had no moral right to take considering the fact that the lives of scores of brave men were involved in the gamble?

The following is from a cable dispatch published in this country a few days ago describing the practice flight of ZR-2 about a month ago:

"An unfortunate mishap occurred thru the buckling of two intermediate transverse frames and also an intermediate longitudinal frame, just aft of frame No. 7. . . . The navy department has been advised that the girders which failed have been repaired; that all intermediate transverse and longitudinal girders in the bottom part of the four parallel sections involved have been strengthened by extra bracing pieces."

These words "repaired" and "strengthened" used in this connection do not have a satisfying sound.

There was at least one member of the American crew which was to bring ZR-2 to this country who was not satisfied.

Llewellyn Stevens, machinist's mate, wrote to his parents at Atlanta that he "hoped to God" he wouldn't have to go up in ZR-2, because two girders had buckled on her trial flight. The letter was received the day before ZR-2 collapsed and exploded, with a death toll of 47.

Ford's Rate Reductions

Henry Ford is having a terrible struggle to make the rate reductions on his recently purchased railway effective.

The interstate commerce commission seems to be afraid to have such a dangerous precedent established.

At first the I. C. C. held up the reductions for 30 days for "investigation." Now it has ordered a further suspension until January 1 on most of the reduced schedules, for "further investigation."

Just what the "investigation" and "further investigation" are all about is not clear.

But then there are a lot of things about I. C. C. methods that are beyond the understanding of the average citizen.

Its chief function seems to be to raise rates and keep them up. We suggest letting Henry Ford cut first and investigating afterward.

Rainbow Chasers

Old-timers who headed the Klondike gold rush in 1898 hold a reunion in Dawson, city of the far-north Canadian Yukon. They celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the first rich strike of Klondike gold on Bonanza Creek.

There was adventure for you—the only really big gold strike since the Forty-Niners went overland in prairie schooners to California.

Thousands perished in the Yukon snows, seeking gold.

Yet the greatest amount of the yellow metal ever taken out of the Klondike in a single year was \$22,000,000 in 1909.

Klondike took more in human life than it gave in wealth.

Generally it's that way with rainbow chasing. It costs more than it's worth.

The Silesian trouble is running longer than a Broadway bedroom farce.

In these days of shooting husbands, women with high aims are in demand.

Live and Learn

A New York gas company has been turned down by the public service commission on its request to raise rates from \$1.15 to \$1.20 per thousand and to increase its minimum charge from 40 cents to \$1 per month.

The investigation conducted by the commission showed that the existing rates yielded 7 1/2 per cent net profit on the investment in 1920 and that the profit this year will be greater.

The New York public seems to have found a way to protect itself against public utility gouging.

There is a lesson in this for Seattle.

The old-time "sour-dough" prospectors, celebrating in Dawson, must speak in hushed voices about "Skookum Jim" Mason.

Skookum Jim, a Siwash Indian, discovered the gold fields of Klondike.

Prospecting with his brother, Cultus Charlie, and with "Siwash George" Carmack, Skookum Jim, while his companions slept, went down to a creek, by an old birch tree, and panned a handful of gold from the gravel in a few minutes.

The world went gold mad when the news traveled out.

Skookum Jim took a steamer to Seattle and spent \$100,000, buying everything that caught his eye.

Five years ago this discoverer of the Klondike died a pauper. He was a rainbow-chaser.

As in all gambling games, as in all rainbow-chasing, the majority of the Klondike gold-seekers came home broke.

Pondering that, you reflect that rainbow-chasing rarely pays.

The best opportunities are at home—right here in Seattle.

There's further food for thought, in that time has shown there is a thousand times the wealth in the furs, salmon, timber and oil of Alaska and the Yukon than there ever was in gold.

That's the way here, too. Many seek gold—the easy money. But the real wealth is in hard work, useful service and the unromantic but profitable necessities of life.

A friend in need leaves you broke.

Many a man is driven to despair in his own car.

Criticizing one's voice usually raises a protest.

Lots of self-made men forget their wives bossed the job.

Milk is being made from oats, peanuts and water. Oats and peanuts are the new ingredients.

Women have always had a roll in their stockings.

Greeks get Turkey's Angora. It's a city.

A fool and her money are soon married.

Music in 2120 A. D.

The oldest piano in existence is exhibited at the Metropolitan museum in New York. It was made 199 years, or in 1723, by Cristofori, inventor of the pianoforte. Doubtless, it was the marvel of its day.

But wouldn't the people of 1722 have gaped if they could have seen a modern phonograph!

Wonder what kind of new musical instruments they'll have 199 years hence?

Maybe the tariff can't please all because it has too many duties.

Try This on Your Wise Friend

If a man had one-half as much more money; one-third as much more and one-sixth as much more he would have \$60. How much had he actually?

Answer to yesterday's: The man with the six dozen dozen. (A half a dozen dozen is 72 oranges. Six dozen dozen is 72 dozen oranges.)

Poems for your Scrapbook

THE PLACE OF CONTENT

BY BERCEON BRALEY
(Copyright, 1921, by Seattle Star)

Home? It's a place where it's good to be
When your heart is light and your mind care-free;
It's a place to dream and a place to rest;
It's a place to welcome the welcome guest;
It's a place whose motto is "Do as you please,"
Where you needn't fuss, where you take your ease
However you choose; it's a place that glows
With peace and comfort and calm repose;
It's a place you look to from afar
As a light that beckons, a guiding star—
When life is joyous and filled with bliss,
Home is a place where it's good to be!

Home? It's a place where it's good to be
When fate brings sorrow or tragedy;
A place where sympathy comes to you,
Where thoughts are tender and words ring true,
Where you feel the clasp of a loyal hand
And the love of those who can understand;
When life is tragic or gay and free,
Home is a place where it's good to be!

LETTERS TO EDITOR

Help Edit The Star to Suit Yourself

If you wish to voice a public grievance, if you know a piece of news that the reporters have overlooked, if you have observed a good deed that you think should be recorded, if you feel a little editorial bubbling up irresistibly in your system—write the editor a letter.

Keep it short; there are many other letters pressing for publication. Be fair and tolerant in your statement. Avoid bitter personalities. Stick to the main point.

Write on one side of the paper, plainly. If possible, typewrite the letter. Sign your name and address. If you do not wish them printed, say so and suggest a pen name or initials.

This is your department; edit it.

Asks Help for Convict

The Star received a few days ago a letter from a convict in the state penitentiary asking for publicity in regard to some writings he was trying to market. The prisoner gave the name of a Belfair, Wash. woman as reference. Following is a letter on the subject from this woman:

Editor The Star:

Your favor of August 23 has been received, and in regard to prisoner No. 4119, J. H. Le Roy, would say that I believe he will try and "go straight" when paroled. And I am reasonably sure that whatever money he may obtain from the sale of his booklets will be used to help him get a new start when released from the state penitentiary.

You know the great difficulty the paroled man has to contend with, especially when he is penniless. The police, who may know something about his past, are so apt to hound him and perhaps even arrest him for vagrancy when the man is doing his best trying to find work. The times are hard, as everyone knows, and for one who has been shut away from the world for so many years

(this man has served 15 years) it is not always a very easy matter to get employment. So, of course, it is very important that this prisoner have a little money to fall back on until he can adjust himself and find work.

If The Star can help by giving publicity to J. H. Le Roy's booklets, entitled, "Love, Happiness and Misfortune," and "After Thirty-two Years of Bitter Remorse and Nights of Burning Anguish He Leaves the Underworld's Wretched Humanity," it would help him to get the desired capital to start life all over again.

Mr. Raymer, of the Raymer's Old Book Store, First Ave., Seattle, has kindly consented to place these booklets for sale in his store, "just to help the man out." Also they may be ordered from the prisoner author, P. O. Box 529, Walla Walla, at 15 cents per copy.

And if The Star can help this man to find a position when he is released that would be splendid.

Thanking you,
Very sincerely,
ANNIE M. BURGESS,
Belfair, Wash.

The Fruit of Mob Law

Editor The Star:

At Mason City, Iowa, the other day, a socialist lecturer, a woman, was mobbed while speaking by a gang of men, kidnaped, taken 10 miles into the country and "dumped out" into the road. A brave deed, to be sure!

These hoodlums were supposed to be members of the American legion or the Ku Klux Klan.

The occurrence was typical of mob rule, an attack on a woman and free speech, and is only one of a number that have occurred of late. If these organizations must be, if these self-appointed committees of public safety must operate, I do not care if they be members of the American legion, the Ku Klux Klan or what not, let them at least do something as near like men as mob rule and night riding will permit. Let them do something the public as a whole will perhaps applaud, and go after big game.

Why not grab some big fellow, some senseless profiteer, who thinks himself safe from reprisal, or some political pirate, elected to office, who is abusing the public confidence and laughing at his constituents, and give them a coat of tar and feathers?

By the way, Mr. Editor, has the poll tax law been repealed, is Gov. Hart dead or the Scandinavian American bank depositors got their money yet? Sawful quiet.

VETERAN,
Portage, Wash.

A Hot Shot From Tolt

Editor The Star:

In answer to a letter in The Star August 19, headed "Married Women in Jobs," and signed by "A Constant Reader of The Star":

He may be a constant reader, but I think he may also be one of the constant loafers on the streets of our city, one who will not work even when given the opportunity.

I was in Seattle August 18, with four or five hours of leisure while waiting for some dental work to be completed. So I made up my mind to make a little investigation in regard to the chances of a man being able to procure a job if he really wanted one.

I visited six employment offices. I could have gone out on at least 75 different jobs, as follows: Bucking, falling, slashing, mill yard work, plasterman, railroad work, bridge carpenter, working on farms, at wages ranging from \$2.50 to \$5.00 a day.

At two offices agents were out on the sidewalks crying out the jobs they had orders to fill. Hundreds of able-bodied, husky men stood around, and not one of them even so much as asked a question in regard to any job enumerated.

Can "Constant Reader" say any of these men were wanting a job? Was it necessary to discharge energetic married women to satisfy these lolling lumps? NO! And many of them were, true enough, returned soldiers, strong and healthy.

I am a poor man and a working man, and I am aware that laborers are underpaid in comparison to the high cost of living.

If given support for themselves and little ones thru the acceptance of a job by their loafing husbands, many of the married women holding down jobs now would no doubt be willing to resign the positions they are compelled to hold.

I am an ex-soldier of '98, and a volunteer. But I claim no special honor or favor above my fellow-men. I did no more than the duties of manhood require of an American citizen.

I am not ashamed to sign my name in full. TOM PAINE, Carrier,
Tolt, Wash.

Why Supervise Teachers?

Editor The Star:

Why supervision of teachers? In all the other professions those who make a profession the means of a livelihood either keep up to date by their own exertions or some one else will get the business. Why not so with the teachers?

If a lawyer gave his case only the time it took in court, how many cases would he win? Why should not the lawyers have a supervisor? Why not the dentists, doctors, salesmen, and all other professions have supervisors?

How many professional people other than the school teacher would permit any other person to come around and tell them how to conduct their business?

The teachers, like doctors, dentists, engineers, mariners and others, must have a certificate of efficiency, and other qualifications, before they can practice their profession.

In all cases but the teachers that certificate means something.

Supervising teachers cost the taxpayer of Seattle some \$42,609.98 or more per year. (See financial statement of Seattle School District No. 1, June 30, 1920, page 7.)

It has also cost the competent teacher her confidence in her own ability and her self-respect.

It has cost the pupils confidence in their teacher's ability.

Who has been the result of our inefficiency? Why not get a new teacher? According to your editorial of Aug. 18th only 5 per cent of the pupils can compose a 200-word letter correctly. Is it not time to stop this efficiency-killing extravagance? If a teacher's pupils show inefficiency why not get a new teacher? With supervision abolished we will have increased efficiency at reduced expense.

Yours for less taxes,
A. T. AXFAYER.

AN INTERESTING CONTRAST



BY DR. WM. E. BARTON

We were sitting in a compartment on the train some weeks ago, and discussing a murder case which had just then occupying a good deal of space in the papers. One of the men finally summed up the situation thus:

"She is guilty, and the court knows and the jury knows that she is guilty. The story she tells is more than half false, but it will serve as an excuse for the verdict that is certain to come, and which needs the pretext of a reasonable doubt."

"As for the man, he got what was coming to him, and no one is sorry for what happened to him. The woman will be engaged by any one of a half dozen movie firms before she gets out of the town which she is tried, and her story will be run as a highly moral show."

It all happened precisely as he predicted, and the time must be near when the disgraceful stuff will be filmed broadcast, and she will get rich out of her shame.

"The bravest single exploit of the world war, so far as America had a share in it, was the deed of Sergeant Alvin C. York of the Tennessee mountains. He returned to a mortgaged farm in the hills of his native state.

He, too, had opportunity to earn a fortune upon the screen. The benevolent managers of the movies suggest to him that if he has conscientious scruples about using the money, he can turn it to charity. He refuses to touch it. He says:

"I would rather lose my farm and go back to work as a common day laborer than to commercialize the fame that was incidental to an act of providence."

This is the brave red-headed lad who single-handed killed 25 enemies, captured 132 prisoners and put 35 machine guns out of commission. Here's hoping Alvin York does not lose his farm. Here's doubly hoping that he does not lose his faith that patriotism and devotion to God and duty are not to be measured by cash.

From the Congressional Record

A PRIMER WE ALL SHOULD STUDY

Let me put the situation (in regard to excess-profits and excess-profits taxes) in the form of a primer on taxation:

Q. What is the excess-profits tax?
A.—A tax on excess profits.

Q. What are excess profits?
A. Profits in excess of a reasonable return on capital invested.

Q. Are excess profits concealable?
A. The practice of gouging excess (or unreasonable) profits out of the people in the stress of war has always been considered as highly reprehensible and as even unpatriotic.

Q. Was this largely the reason for the imposition of the excess-profits tax?
A. It was.

Q. Is there any reason for continuing the making of excess profits?
A. None whatever, except inherent greed.

Q. Would we stop the making of excess profits by repealing the tax?
A. We would not. The same spirit of greed which prompted their exaction in the first place would continue with unabated force.

Q. Is there any guarantee that if the excess profits are repealed, the profiteers would reduce prices to the consumer?
A. None whatever, except their propaganda arguments, which are far from being promises.—Representative Griffin (Dem.), New York.

What Is Starwich's Height?

Editor The Star:

Having been a constant reader of your valuable paper for many years, I would deem it a favor if you will answer the following questions:

1. What is Sheriff Matt Starwich's nationality?
2. What is his height without shoes?
3. Is there a specific height for the office of deputy sheriff?

YANKEE.

Wants More Steilacoom Facts

Editor The Star:

I have been reading "The Hell Hole at Steilacoom," by Mrs. Brown. It looks very strange, if it be true, and I have no doubt that it is, but there are some things that Mrs. Brown is leaving out.

And one of them is the name of her family physician. Why does she not tell the public about such a rascal? That may prevent some one else from having to go thru such a hell hole, or maybe worse; that loving husband has to say about such, and what is she going to do about it? Why doesn't her husband bring suit against the doctor that sent her there? And if it is not so, why do the authorities allow such a man's blood to be pumped into the human form, what will become of us?

I think we ought to have more information. It makes some think the husband must have been very weak to let things go on so long and so easy. Please let us know more about that place where most any one of us may have to go, if

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

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