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The Seattle Star

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A Slogan Worth Observing

You walk into many book stores nowadays and you see a sign:

"Buy a Book a Week."

That strikes you as a bit optimistic on the part of the bookseller. Does he really think he has a book a week that will interest the average buyer?

But then, it isn't meant to be taken literally. What the sign means is, "Buy More Books."

And that is good advice. The habit of reading will give you contentment that you can't get, always, from the movies, or your car, or from visiting with the neighbors over the back fence.

And here's another fact:

More books are being published that are WORTH BUYING, and WORTH READING, than ever before.

If Mr. Bookseller's sign read, "Buy a Book a Month," you could take it literally, and be well repaid.

Eight months of 1921 have gone. We believe there have been in these eight months, eight books WORTH BUYING.

Topmost, of course, as far as fiction is concerned, comes "Main Street," the remarkable novel by Sinclair Lewis, which bares the very soul of the American small town—easily the most important piece of American fiction produced in a decade.

"Main Street" has achieved the real distinction of being the "best seller" of the year, and at the same time a work of high literary merit, internationally recognized.

Four other novels already published this year would be more read and more talked about were they not overshadowed by "Main Street." These are:

"Miss Lulu Bett," by Zona Gale.

"Alice Adams," by Booth Tarkington.

"Poor White," by Sherwood Anderson.

"Moon-Calf," by Floyd Dell.

Then there's Harold Bell Wright's forthcoming "Helen of the Old House"—his first book for two years. In advance of its reading one may assert that it will fulfill the expectations of Wright's public.

"Literary critics" have a way of sneering at Wright. One of them once wrote: "Wright can't write." And all, or nearly all, repeat it.

This is because literary critics are mostly brainless parrots who flock in droves and who NEVER by any accident announce an opinion unless they believe it will meet with the approval of their fellow-critics.

Wright CAN write, and most of his work is much more worth while than the best of the novelists more favored by the professors and the pedants.

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Don't buy too many novels, if you intend to make it "a book a month." Remember that some of the most interesting reading is to be found in books of travel and history.

Get in the habit of reading such books and you will never give it up.

Probably the best travel book this year is O'Brien's "Mystic Isles of the South Seas." We admit it isn't as good as the earlier book that made him famous—"White Shadows"—but few men have produced two such volumes of equal merit.

And for history, by all means read Wells' "Outline of History."

You'll understand life, and enjoy life, much better for it.

Summit Park's Trouble

Guemes Beachcomber is the name of one of the smallest country weeklies in the state in size of print paper used. It mirrors the doings of Guemes Island, Whatcom county, and vicinity, and is published from Anacortes. But in editorial enterprise the Beachcomber is not lagging.

In its "Editorial Ebbings" for the current week it proclaims:

The Beachcomber reaches every daily and weekly publication in the state of Washington and we solicit the aid of our brothers and sisters in print in a matter pertaining to the duty of the public service commission. The Great Northern railway has deprived Summit Park Washington, of its freight and passenger station, unjustly and to the detriment of social and commercial welfare of the community, and for the continuation of which condition the public service commission is entirely responsible.

Summit Park, Fidalgo island, Whatcom county, Washington, is an important dairy, berry, poultry, fruit, hay, grain and potato-raising community. Stores, churches and schools have been erected there. It is at the crossing of the public highways, is the only logical point for a freight and passenger station and was maintained as such for 30 years and was removed about a year ago, when a cut was made by the railroad thru Summit Park hill, and was placed a mile away from the crossing of the highways and farther away from the market. Ninety-five per cent of the people of the community have petitioned both the railroad officials and the public service commission for the return of their station and are ignored. No effort has been made to right the wrong. The commission may treat other parts of the state located on the Great Northern and other railroads in the same way.

What we beg you, boys and girls of the state press, to do, is to help us coax the public service commission to do its duty by the people of the state. We'll do as much for you when occasion demands.

All of which sounds just and reasonable to The Star. Can't the public service commission lend the desired hand?

Butchers don't have any trouble making ends meat.

High prices are beginning to feel the cutting remarks.

Lots of fishermen catch theirs when they get home.

A friend is a man who dislikes some person you dislike.

The ties that bind are golf links.

Paper Marks

Germany continues to emit paper marks by the billions, the resulting inflation driving down the exchange value of the mark to nearly the lowest point it ever has reached.

Germans of all classes are indulging in an orgy of speculation, stimulated by the vast quantity of cheap money in circulation.

The situation is being viewed with alarm by the financial experts of the other nations.

They say that Germany is violating every law of sound finance and fear a smash which will be world-wide in its effect.

The Girl Next Door says beauty was once skin deep, but now it's knee high.

Water Dice

Large floating dice are being used at seashore resorts to gamble while bathing. Roll 'em on the water.

The one-piece bathing suit girls will take up any fad except swimming.

A manicurist lives by the hands of others.

When you see a man look at the calendar and grin he's a coal dealer.

From the Congressional Record

THAT HALF BILLION DOLLARS

I assert that under the terms of the "standard contract" entered into with the railroads a balance struck now between the indebtedness of the railroads to the government and of the government to the railroads will leave the railroads at this very moment owing the federal government over $200,000,000. I assert that the fabulous claim of nearly $800,000,000 now made by the carriers against the government is composed principally of claims for "maintenance of way," and that from 70 to 75 per cent of that claim is based upon the so-called "inefficiency of labor," a claim repudiated by the interstate commerce commission and by the director general of railroads as so speculative and contingent in character as to warrant no consideration whatever.—Sen. Stanley (D.), Kentucky.

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A FIGHTIN' PARSON

As a new member I want to say a few words concerning some of the arguments I have heard here on the floor of the house today and almost every day during the last five months. I feel very much like a minister in my section of the great state of South Carolina whose piety, brotherly love, and religion kept him from fighting, but who, when chased around his home by an angry citizen, finally became tired and got his dander up and stopped running and faced his pursuer and said:

"Brother, I have stood this as long as I can and now I am going to throw off my coat and my religion until I give you hell."—Rep. Fulmer (Democrat), South Carolina.

Poems for your ScrapBook

From contemporary verse

CONFESSIONAL

BY KATHERINE McKLUSKEY

I do not kneel at night, to say a prayer;
I think of spiders and I do not dare!

My knees are thin, and easily they could
Gather a splinter, roughened from the wood.

I'm cold, and bed is warm; I'm better there
Than in the outer darkness of a prayer!

But when the morning wakes up, pink and cool,
And sunrise makes our peach-blooms glory-full;

And God comes smiling down the garden-walk,
I run and slip my hand in His, and talk!

Try This on Your Wise Friend

If a man had as many more chickens as he has, and half as many more, and a third as many more, he would have 34. How many had he actually?

Answer to yesterday's: 24 and 23.

Subjects Star Readers Are Pondering Over

Makes New Building Offer

Editor The Star:

Under the caption, "Do You Want to Build?" you printed a letter from a non-resident in which an offer was suggested pertaining to building, he furnishing part of the framework, and he to wait for payment till settler had had time to construct and occupy his place.

The writer, a resident for many years, and here to use every effort to aid the upbuilding of our city, will go still farther in lending lumber, ground and assistance to prospective homeowners who demonstrate their firm desire to own a good home in the best part of the best city in America. I live right on the ground and among these homebuilders and stand ready to work and wait, and lend helps of many kinds, and also the benefit of my experience gained in a period of a generation or more—in short, I will gladly go farther in this than the average individual could ask.

There are many places in the U. S. A. where it is next to an impossibility for a man of little or no means to become a home-owner and be enabled to rear a family in their home, but not so Seattle, if he is lucky enough to take advantage of offers a few men stand ready to extend in this direction. In short, most of the lumber, one or more large, unencumbered lots, with title perfect and in good location, near pavement, and most all the utilities in, will be contributed to an industrious and worthy homeseeker who will contribute the labor needed to develop the home into a suitable abiding place for a self-respecting family. Immediate action may be had by applying to the man who makes this offer at his home, 9447 35th Ave. S. W., City.

CHARLES PARKER.

A Letter From Avridge Mann

To The Editor:

Dear Sir: It isn't hard to tell that business isn't very well; and there are some who shake their head and say, "Why talk about the dead?" And all of us, it's sad but true, at times get heltobetsy blue.

The other day I had the blues; the children needed socks and shoes, my bank account was shot to bits, my mail was full of Please Remits; for seven hours I stood the gaff, and made a dollar and a half.

With heavy heart and aching dome, I shut up shop and started home; and weary, dreary and perplexed, I wondered what could happen next—what final straw to lay me flat; and then the wind blew off my hat.

I turned around and heard a shout, "I caught it on the fly—your out!" And then a friendly-featured guy returned the hat with smiling eye, remarking, "Ain't it gospel truth, for battling lids, the wind's a Ruth!"

It wasn't much, but let me say, it drove my clouds of gloom away; hard times, I thought, would be a joke, if we could all be friendly folk, forget punctilio's veneer, and institute a "Friendly Year."

For lots of us have chanced to roam afar from what we know as "Home," and when we're blue, it matters much to miss or feel the friendly touch; we may be strangers, yet we can be friendly when we meet.

A. MANN.

One More Bit of Testimony

Editor The Star:

I have read with interest the story of Mrs. W. J. Brown in regard to her treatment at Stellacoom.

I was taken from a hospital in 1919 on commitment papers signed by my doctor, or at least he pretended to be one.

I know that some of the things that Mrs. Brown tells of are absolutely true, as I was choked and kicked and food forced down my throat in that so-called hospital ward for no reason on earth that I could discover.

I tried to tell one of the so-called doctors and was told that I was legally dead.

Have been to three attorneys and been told there is no redress, as there is no proof. Now, Mr. Editor, it almost seems as if the word of all those discharged patients ought to be proof enough.

Respectfully,
JOHN D. GAMMONS.
Yakima, Wash.

Sunset on Green Lake

The sun went down in ember glow,
Painting the West with red—and Lo,
Sparkling and shining through the brake
There gleamed a picture of Green Lake.

A silence came all too serene,
And settled on the lovely scene,
Completed 'ere it scarce begun.

I sat alone and watched the sun
Play on the lake its livid light
In brief combat against the night,
But darkness came to conquer all
As one by one the shadows fall,
Claiming this picture as their right,
Engulfed it in the garment night.

H. A. B.

The Vanished Goodies

Editor The Star:

On or about Aug. 8th a girl friend of mine was sent as a delegate from a telephone office in Seattle to visit the sick boys in the hospital here.

The girls in the telephone office took up a collection amongst themselves and it amounted to $12. They bought cigarettes and candy, oranges and such stuff to pass around among the boys here who are sick and helpless. She left Seattle on the steamer Sol Duc, and put her grip and this box that held the stuff for the patients in the hospital in a rack for that purpose.

But when she went to get off the boat at Port Townsend the box was gone, but her grip still remained.

She said that there were only three or four other passengers who got off the boat with her, and she says that none of them carried the box off the boat with them. So it must be up to some one of the crew to know where that box went to. The box could not have fallen overboard.

And what is more, this is not the first time this sort of thing has happened. But when you speak to a purser of the Sol Duc in a nice way about these things, he does not want to talk about it. I think this matter ought to be taken up and a settlement made to these girls who have spent their hard-earned money to try to cheer us boys over here a bit.

So, dear editor, if you can really find a little space and time in your paper, please print this, as we would like to have this sort of thing stopped. Not for our own benefit, but for the good-hearted telephone girls.

RAY McFOREY,
U. S. Marine Hospital,
Ex-Service Man,
Port Townsend.

Top-Heavy With Frills

Editor The Star:

The county superintendent of schools and the instructors at the King County Teachers' Institute are urging teachers to go back to the essentials and put less stress on the "fads and frills."

When one runs against business men and their comments on our schools, it seems as though it would be an incentive to the essentials. They tell us the average grammar pupil, as well as the high school pupil, cannot read in public intelligently; that they have a faulty pronunciation; that they mumble the words; that they give little or no expression. In arithmetic they stumble at finding the cost of articles sold by the hundreds, by the thousand and by the ton; that the majority are blocked on finding the square root of 12.1.

The topics in the eighth grade are full and somewhat topheavy, and in addition to those branches teachers are supposed to give instruction in general exercises, fire drills, painting, drawing, calisthenics, declamation, music, morals and manners, manual training, memory gems, domestic science, and two of the more recent ones are folk dances and sex hygiene.

The idea that the foregoing subjects are non-essential is not wished to be conveyed, but that the system is topheavy.

We hail the time when more stress will be placed on the essentials and less time on some of the semi-essentials.

GEO. W. SICKLES,
Bothell, Wash.

The Meaning of "Realtor"

Editor The Star:

Enclosed please find clipping from The Star referring to a dealer in timberlands charged with fraud and designated in the head line as a "realtor."

The word "realtor" is applied only to real estate dealers who are members of a local board, having membership in the National Association of Real Estate Boards, organized in 1908, for the advancement of the interests of real estate brokers and the protection of the public from unprincipled agents or brokers.

The party mentioned is not a member of the Seattle Real Estate Association, which is a member of the national organization, and we are writing you this letter to ask that hereafter the use of the word realtor in your columns be used with discrimination.

You will appreciate our position in the matter the more keenly, when we tell you that the license law for brokers which was vetoed by the governor, would have prevented such people from conducting a real estate business in this state. Washington is at present the only Pacific Coast state in which legitimate real estate dealers are not protected by a license law.

A test of the right to use the word "realtor" was made in Minneapolis, where the telephone company in its directory listed all real estate dealers under the heading, "Realtors," and refused to make any distinction. The matter was carried into court, resulting in a decision as follows:

"The court finds that the plaintiffs are entitled to grant to their members the exclusive right to use the word 'realtors' and that no other persons, firms, or corporations are entitled to use the said term, save only such as may be authorized so to do by the plaintiff."

Yours respectfully,
SEATTLE REAL ESTATE ASSOCIATION,
By SAM'L COLLYER, Secretary.

Inhumanity at Sedro-Woolley

Editor The Star:

The Northern State Hospital, at Sedro-Woolley, is all that has been represented by the two correspondents, Mr. Eckman and I. H. Arnold, whose letters appeared in The Star recently.

I know, for my mother was a patient at that institution for 27 days, upon the recommendation of our family physician. He advised that she be sent there to get the scientific care she needed.

Mother's condition was a nervous breakdown, due to worry and hardships in her younger days, in her struggle to raise her family. Thinking she would receive the best of care, I consented to let her go, but after 26 days grew anxious and decided to visit her.

She was overjoyed to see me, and clung to me like a child.

"Mother," I said, "are they kind to you here?"

"Hush," she replied; "I will tell you when I get out."

"Do you get plenty of good food—eggs, milk, meats, fruits, and the like?" I asked her.

She looked at me in surprise and replied, "Why, I haven't seen an egg since I came, and all the milk I get is a half a cup of skimmed milk for breakfast to put on my mush. I get a postage stamp of butter once a day, too, and that is for breakfast. And weak black coffee without sugar or milk."

"How about fruit and meats, ham and bacon?" I asked.

"We never get ham or bacon, and no fruit is ever served to us. Our dinner is always the same thing, stew made of barley and macaroni and dry salt pork, but no meat is in the stew. Just once the stew was made of mutton, and a small piece of meat came in the stew about the size of my two fingers for six of us. Boiled rotton potatoes were also served at this meal. Our supper consisted of dry bread and bouillon which was so rancid I could not drink it and took cold water instead."

"Did you get plenty of rest?" I asked, which was one of the great essentials.

"We were never allowed to lie down from the time we got up in the morning until we went to bed at night."

"Do you want to go home?" I asked.

She replied that she did so want to go home, and the pleading look in her eyes was more eloquent than words. When I told her I had come to take her home she was almost overcome with joy, crying and laughing at the same time. I took her to the hotel and she said it was the first meal she had eaten since leaving home. Then she told of the treatment accorded the patients.

Upon her arrival and after we had gone, she was seized and her clothes ruthlessly stripped from her and she was put into a hot bath, her long gray hair shampooed with laundry soap. She was not allowed to dry her body or head, but was sent to bed wet. There was nothing for the patients to read. No comforts of any kind. She witnessed cruel treatments often injuring the patient. One old lady in her eighties was slammed into her chair and her spine injured. When her folks came to see her, they were told that she fell.

She told of another patient whose trouble was talking incessantly. One of the nurses struck her in the mouth as hard as she could, but the poor creature went on talking as if nothing had happened.

My blood was up as I listened to this, and I asked:

"Mother, did they abuse you or use physical violence?" Her reply would determine whether I would continue on home with her in peace, or land in the Sedro-Woolley jail. She said she was not abused by physical violence for she gave them no trouble. I could write volumes on what mother told me she had to see and hear during the short time she was there.

Mr. Editor, is there no way of stopping this inhuman treatment? Is there no society or organization that could intercede for these poor unfortunates?

Where are our ministers? How about the Humane society?

I am a taxpayer, and I want to know how long we must continue to pay taxes in support of such houses of torture?

A SUBSCRIBER.

You can easily learn to dance at Bright's, 1604 4th, cor. Pine.—Adv.

Thoroughness

Characterizes our methods in every transaction, and our customers are accorded every courtesy consistent with sound business judgment.

4%

Paid on Savings Accounts
Accounts Subject to Check Are Cordially Invited

Peoples Savings Bank
SECOND AVE. AND PIKE ST.

Savings Deposits

Left With Us on or Before

Tuesday, September 6

Will Share in Earnings From

September 1

This bank remains open Saturday evening from 6 to 8 o'clock for the convenience of depositors who cannot find time to transact their business during the week.

Every dollar entrusted to the care of this Pioneer Savings Bank is invested in the best security—and not one dollar is ever loaned without security.

YOU MAY START AN ACCOUNT WITH $1.00.

Washington Mutual Savings Bank
1101 Second Avenue

Established 32 Years — Resources Over $14,000,000.00

This House Erected on Your Lot for $577.00

Size 15x22 feet. Living room 12x15, kitchen 8x9, bath, closet, two porches, window box, imitation blinds.

This includes all lumber, shingle roof, 5 windows, front door 9 lights, rear door 1 light, 3 inside doors, vertical grain flooring, concrete piers, one coat best white paint; transfer and erection on your lot. (No plumbing or wiring.)

Complete materials delivered on your lot, $577. Build the house yourself if you prefer.

Many other styles and sizes at reduced prices. See photos at our office or send for catalogue. "American" portable houses are as warm as houses with lath and plaster walls. Will last for 20 years or more.

You can move into your house in from 10 to 15 days.

AMERICAN PORTABLE HOUSE CO.
4006 Arcade Bldg. Main 3300.

Armageddon

When and Where Will It Take Place?

Who Will Be Involved in This Great Struggle?

Sermon Topic of
PASTOR G. W. PETTIT

Sunday, Sept. 4th
at 7:45 p. m.

Central Seventh-Day Adventist Church
Cor. Boylston and Olive St.
PUBLIC WELCOME!

REV. M. A. MATTHEWS

will deliver a sermon Sunday morning, entitled

The Light That Is Increasing

In the evening he will discuss the subject,

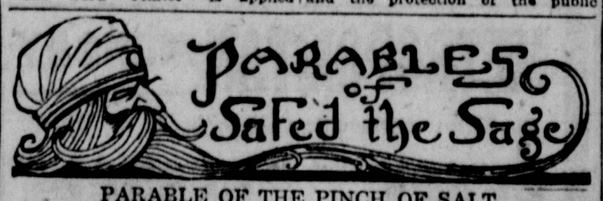
The Conspirators Who Are Assassinating the City

PUBLIC INVITED

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
Seventh and Spring

QUO VADIS

WINTER GARDEN
JAMES O. CLEASBY, Manager.



PARABLE OF THE PINCH OF SALT

By DR. WM. E. BARTON.

WHEN I dine at an hotel, and the waiter bringeth unto me a Plate of Soup, my first concern is to know how far he hath put his Thumb in it. But soon after that I become interested in the fact that the Soup hath not been salted.

Therefore do I look around for the Salt, and then for the Pepper, and about the time that I am eating the last of the Soup, it beginneth to be seasoned.

Whereas, when Keturah cooketh soup for her husband, that unworthy man findeth it good from the First Bite, for she seasoneth it Just Right. And when she Boileth Potatoes, she salteth the Water, so that the Potatoes are Salted all through; and she knoweth just how much of everything to put in.

Now, there is in life something which constantly reminded one of the added pinch of salt, without which the whole of life is in the Soup, and that Soup is flat, stale and unprofitable. For I have heard that in every molecule of human blood there is one atom of iron, and if that atom be gone, the rest is of no value, and the man dieth.

And this, although that one atom be but one in two thousand atoms of other stuff such as maketh up blood for the life of man. And I am told that the specks of dust in the air alone give us the beautiful Blue Sky, and that otherwise the heavens would be Black at Noon.

And I have noted in men's lives how often it appeareth that they have almost all the qualities which they need for success, but for the lack of a pinch of Courtesy, or the trivial virtue of Punctuality or some such-like small thing, they fail.

And so I think there is a certain Moral Value in these added small things like the pinch of salt. Wherefore, when Keturah handeth me my cup of Coffee, I ask her not, Didst thou put Sugar in it? But I ask her, Didst thou smile at it? For the smile is as important as the Sugar.

MOORE THEATRE

MAIN 6222 — MAIN 6222

ORPHEUM CIRCUIT VAUDEVILLE

GRAND OPENING BILL STARTS THIS AFTERNOON

Twice Daily—2:30 and 8:15 p. m.

Francis X. Bushman

—AND—

Beverly Bayne

—IN—

"Poor Rich Man"

A Satirical Comedy in One Act by Edwin Burke

Direction LEWIS & GORDON PRODUCING CO.

CHICK ROSE
YORKE & KING
Present
"THE OLD FAMILY TINTYPE"

HENRY & MOORE
"ESCORTS SUPPLIED"

BARBETTE
In a Versatile Specialty

GEORGE BEELE
Watts & Hawley
—in—
LAUGHS COATED WITH MELODIES

Clifford Wayne Trio
The American Indians in Full Dress and the 20th Century Squaw, Featuring the World's Greatest Indian Child Artist.

PATHE NEWS
TOPICS OF THE DAY
AESOP'S FABLES

ED ALLEN Presents the Canine Thespian

"TAXI"

In a Novelty Playlet, "TRUE PALS"

Seats on Sale One Week in Advance—Matinee Daily