

The Seattle Star
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Good Idea, Mr. Paulson; Thank You

About a week ago, The Star, in an editorial, praised "Main Street," Sinclair Lewis' great novel of the American small town. "The most important American novel of the past decade," we called it.

Over in Ellensburg, a typical American small town of the better class—P. H. Paulson took his pen in hand to say, in effect:

"If 'Main Street' is so doggone good, why doesn't The Star buy it and run it as a serial?"

Here's Mr. Paulson's letter:

Dear Star: A fellow got off the train. He walked up to me and asked: "Do you know where Angels live?"

"No, I am not well acquainted with them. Don't think they congregate much at this place—unless it should be some of the old stock that we have read about."

"Ah! There is a farmer by that name somewhere around here," he said, and went his way.

It is something peculiar about these old towns. If Sinclair Lewis in his book, "Main Street," has called what it is—Angels or No Angels—we all ought to read it.

What is the matter with The Star publishing the book as a serial? That is, if it can get the privilege to do it. It certainly would be a boost for the paper.

The Star is glad to be able to announce today that we CAN get it, and furthermore that we HAVE it.

"Main Street" will appear in The Star, starting some time in October.

We believe this will be a great treat for our readers.

(The Star always welcomes suggestions by its readers for new features to be published in their newspaper. If there is something YOU would like to see in The Star don't be backward about telling us—we can't promise to adopt all suggestions made, but we will appreciate and carefully consider each and every one, and any sincere criticism.)

Pity Seattle's Women Tomorrow!

Curiously killed a cat.

But it is also a great tonic for husbands.

A restaurant man, finding trade dull, painted his window black so that you couldn't see thru it—only a hole in the center, about an inch square.

Great crowds gathered to peep thru the hole. Inside they saw a cook frying waffles.

The effort of peering thru the hole made them hungry, and these days the restaurant man is riding around in a limousine.

And now stores have resorted to the same strategy.

Seattle preachers, we fear, will have to preach unusually powerful sermons tomorrow if they are to hold the attention of their women parishioners.

For in the back of the mind of every fashionable woman will be the tantalizing question of what the dressmaker stores have concealed behind their blinded shop windows.

Seattle merchants have resorted to a fine bit of psychological diagnosis in drawing the blinds over their store fronts all day today.

Unless you're a mere man you know that one of the greatest crowds in Seattle's history is going to take place next week, when the merchants, united, will stage a display show that veritably will be a super affair.

Saturday night, store windows will disappear. Sunday—behind the blinds—will be window displays of styles that would make woman's mouth water.

But the one peep from every angle Sunday it will avail her nothing—not until 10 a. m. Monday, when the store windows will come out of their eclipse.

It is human nature to be curious. The storemen have keenly sensed this fact—and all Sunday they will keep Seattle's women in a torture of suspense.

Cred! But they do say that business has no sentimental.

Some sons are a credit to the family; others are just debt.

Congress had to vacate or be escorted for vagrancy.

Germany has recovered far enough to kick about taxes.

Only people who have money to burn can buy coal.

A Boon for Stenographers

Typewriters run by electricity are put on the market in Berlin. No hammering the keys. Just touch them and the current does the rest.

That's good news for typists, who in running a typewriter daily use up enough energy to shovel half a ton of coal.

Mechanical inventions are in their infancy. Future man will have an easy life, machines doing the work, run by electricity taken from the air.

The nation's greatest running expenses are autos.

They once went home to mother; now they go to court.

LIFE'S DARN FUNNY

SEE VIOLA DANA

SEE WINTER GARDEN

JAMES G. CLARK, Manager

Just a Flavor of Sour Apples

Maybe the Spokan Review (Spokane) is trying to kid our town. We can't just make out.

Anyhow it prints an editorial about us that is interesting. Read:

"Seattle, that noted horticultural center, is going to have an apple show, or more precisely, a northwest fruit exposition, at which will be shown handsome fruit from those thriving Seattle suburbs, Yakima, Wenatchee, Hood River and Walla Walla. Being as Seattle is the center of a great fruit-raising district, its claims bring second to none and far superior to those of the Spokane valley, the show is bound to be a success, but to make sure the board of trustees sent to Yakima and hired Mr. Orpheus Soth, who knows a Fippin from a Winder Banana, and then came, to manage the affair.

"Mr. Soth went to Seattle and started in to manage. But when he got back to Yakima, which was not long afterward, he had another laurel wreath to award the Seattle spirit. He had been manager, had Mr. Soth, in the same sense that George V. is ruler of England. In other words, he was a constitutional monarch. He signed the papers, but the cabinet decided what was to be signed, and the cabinet was 100 per cent Seattle.

"Mr. Soth told the folks at Yakima that he had been not much more than an office boy, in spite of the fact that the door of his office had 'Manager' on it, so the job is said to have gone begging in the apple districts of the East Side. All the apple growers are willing to let Soth provide her own pomologists. The East Side will provide the apples, and let it go at that."

A Missourian woman wants to sell her hubby. Most women would be glad to give their away.

PARABLES OF SAFED THE SAGE

PARABLE OF THE GRADE CROSSING
 BY DR. WM. E. BARTON

ONCE upon a time there was a Railway, which ran its trains upon a Rock Ballasted Right-of-Way with Steel Rails and a Heavy Bond Issue.

And there dwelt in a part of the country through which the Railway ran an humble and inoffensive animal called a Skunk. And the Skunk established, for his own convenience, a Grade Crossing. And he thought that he had as good right to cross the track in one direction as the trains had to cross it in another. And so far as I know he was correct. But he and the Railway never came to an agreement as to their operating schedule. And it came to pass one day that he crossed the track at grade, or attempted to cross it. And the result was attended with considerable inconvenience to himself and to the Train. For the skunk died, and for the next two hours the passengers upon the train were aware that Something Had Occurred.

Now I was Among Those Present, and it was Summer, and the windows of the car were opened, and it seemed that we were never to be allowed to forget the occurrence. And we would willingly have had the Engineer stop the train until the skunk got across rather than that he should have done what he did.

And as for the skunk, there were whole hours in which there were no trains passing, and in which he might have used his Grade Crossing as much as he pleased.

Life is just one Grade Crossing after another. And there is room enough for us all both to run upon the track and to cross the track. But there are folk who never adjust their Schedules to the convenience of other folk, and that is Unfortunate for both.

For there is no value to any man in running down his brother man, and it is certain to leave Unhappy Memories and maybe something worse. But we can all have our own way a Part of the time if we will only have regard for the schedules of other folk.

For I write these words while the memory of this event is yet fresh and I urge upon my fellow men that they seek not to monopolize the traffic at life's grade crossings; for there is more than one good reason why they should regard the rights of others.

Poems for your ScrapBook

A PLACE FOR DREAMS
 BY LEO H. LASSEN

I have a desk within my sheltered room
 That holds a myriad of treasures there
 That only I appreciate and care
 And safely keep from mother's busy broom!
 A fragment of a card that means to me
 New courage; a cherished book, a broken rule
 And bits of crayon that I knew in school;
 Such things as these are steeped in memory.

The world remembers only that which brings
 A quickened pulse to its vast heart, but yet
 This stuff for dreams I never can forget
 For I remember, too, the little things.

I have a desk within my sheltered room
 That I must guard to keep from mother's broom!

Poems for your ScrapBook

A PLACE FOR DREAMS
 BY LEO H. LASSEN

Try This on Your Wise Friend

There are two numbers, the sum of whose squares is greater by 14 than their product, and whose product is greater by 4 than their difference. What are the numbers?

Answer to yesterday's: 20.

Subjects Star Readers Are Pondering Over

A Lot-Buyer's Experiences

Editor The Star:
 Twelve years ago I purchased a lot in block 4, lot 1, Armour's addition to Seattle, close to the Colman school. I have paid assessments and taxes to date on this lot, which equals its present under-the-hammer valuation. The city in regarding my property, as well as many others absolutely ruined my lot by making of it a first-class frog pond. I have no money or gun to fight the city of Seattle—just submit and let her go. Again, I purchased a city lot in the McGillivray addition, with the object of trying to build me a little home, but not long since I got an assessment on this lot for \$503 taxes, about \$48 per year. Said lot would not sell under the hammer for \$1,000. Why the steal? Am I like thousands of others in this city—a fool to try to own a home in Seattle?

Some friends of mine in the South wrote me for the facts about Seattle. I told them how big interests took the dirt from under the homes of Seattle and filled the water front, made the small home owner pay for it and like it. READER.

A Letter From Avridge Mann

Editor The Star:
 Dear Sir: You'll give me space, I hope, to publish just a bit of dope about the batch of cars and trucks that cost us fifteen million smacks, and tell you how it came about I worked the street car problem out.

The other day I chanced to meet my old friend Cline upon the street; he said, "I've saved a car for you—a Ford that's just as good as new, it costs a hundred dollars, and you could save on shoes and socks."

And while I struggled to decide, I had a thought and I replied, "I'll buy it only if your store can sell a hundred thousand more," and he came back, "It's sure a cinch that Ford can do it in a pinch."

He shoved me into his coupe, and in a jiffy sped away; to Western Union then we hid, and wired Henry. He replied: "I'll manufacture, second-hand, enough to meet the whole demand."

So now I put it up to you if this is not the thing to do; we'll give the car line to the Stones, and take out fifteen million bones, and buy a bus for every man in all Seattle—this is the plan.

Then would we spring a grand surprise when we commence to advertise, "Seattle is the place to live, where everybody has a car; we are The City of The Car?"

Yours very truly,
 AVRIDGE MANN.

Opposes Smith-Towner Bill

Editor The Star:
 In a recent issue of The Star appears a letter from Paul Goerner in which reference is made to the Smith-Towner bill. This bill was formerly called the Shepherd-Towner bill, and if the change in name has made no change in the provisions, I surely agree with Mr. Goerner that the doctors need looking after.

Are our women mere animals that they need to be herded like cattle for their periodical round-up? It has been argued that this bill will save the lives of many children among the poor. The Infant Welfare society of Chicago reports that "the children of the wealthy, are 10 per cent below normal, while in the tenements only 18 per cent are underweight." The report adds "Poor mothers know more about children." The writer is informed that some but patients under the care of allopathic physicians are permitted treatment in any of our hospitals! Do not these institutions receive appropriations from public funds? Looks like the case of Big Brother who is unable to hold his own against Little Brother and runs to mother the government, crying "Mamma, I want you to hold Little Brother while I give him a licking"; and mother seems to be doing it!

E. C. JACKSON,
 1602 24th ave.

The One Who Is Who

Don't tell your hard-luck stories,
 For no one cares to know
 Why you have made a failure,
 Why you haven't made things go.

The man they honey-toot to
 The doctors need looking after;
 The fellow who was never known
 To tell a hard-luck tale.

Don't try to find excuses
 When things don't come your way;
 Keep on doing the best you can,
 And don't give much to say.

Nothing counts for or against
 Except what we ourselves do;
 The fellow who never writes failure
 Is the only one who is who.

The fellow who wins the battle,
 Must feel he is going to win.

Don't be ashamed to keep trying;
 Don't be discouraged and stop—
 The fellow who keeps on plunging,
 Is the one who comes nearest the top.

Just clinch your teeth tight, brother,
 Be loyal and honest and true;
 The world will soon take notice
 That you are the one who is who.

HARRY KNIFE,
 Bellingham.

Challenges Chambers' Figures

Editor The Star:
 As a constant reader of your paper I have noticed that you have said that you always stood ready to correct mis-statements, so I would call your attention to an error for the first six months of 1921 was \$7,517.19. It is evident that his object is to lead your readers to believe that the "Washington" operated on the Vashon Heights-Harper run for that period; which is not so. In order that your readers may know the truth in this matter, I am quoting the exact figures, which can be verified in the auditor's office.

The "Washington" went on the Vashon Heights-Harper run on May 21st, 1921, and from that date to the close of business August 31st, has taken in \$17,355.15, of which \$10,285.45 was Harper receipts, and \$6,875.70 was Vashon Heights receipts.

The additional run from Vashon Heights to Harper amounts to two hours running time a day, during which time she will burn six barrels of fuel oil, and at the current price of \$1.88 per barrel, amounts to \$11.28.

I trust that you will give this article the same publicity you did Mr. Chambers' communication.

A HARPER RESIDENT.

Those Who Can Give and Do Not

Editor The Star:
 I read in The Star that there were 3,000 children in Seattle, who were not able to start to school because of destitution. I wonder if there are people in Seattle who are really able to help out in the need.

There are a number of Bible verses which might apply to some that are able to help or give, but do not: Prov. 23:7: "He that giveth unto the poor shall not lack; but he that hideth his eyes shall have many a curse." Prov. 14:31: "He that oppresseth the poor reproacheth him maker; but he that honoreth him hath mercy on the poor." Prov. 19:17: "He that giveth unto the poor lengtheneth unto the Lord; and that which he hath given will he pay him again." Prov. 31:12: "Whoso stoppeth his ears at the cry of the poor, he also shall cry himself, but shall not be heard." M. M.

"The Lonesome Feeling"

Editor The Star:
 When school started today, instead of going, I had to come to work the same as ever. I got a terrible case of the blues, and this is the result:

"The Lonesome Feeling in the World."

June—a month of brides and sweet girl graduates. School lets out, and those who have reached their goal and have at last finished their work at high school, graduate. There is always a happy ceremony and festivity; everyone is happy. The fortunate ones attend university and so continue their school life—the best part of life. The others leave the portals of their dear old alma mater and start out to get a living out of old "World."

Then September—the summer vacation is over. The school bell rings again, and hundreds of pairs of feet turn toward school—whose doors stand wide open waiting to give their owners the best in life. But what about the graduate, who held the center of the stage in June? Ah, she is but a "back-number" now, one of the many in the great game of "Life." And when she sees her former school mates starting off to school in the morning—talking and laughing about school functions and school activities and possibly exams—even the one-time dreaded exams hold a charm for her, and in her mind's eye a long line of events passes in review. A particular one, the hot air field trip, the senior ball, the commencement exercises, the critical moment when she passed across the stage to receive her diploma—and when the reve is ended, her heart aches—for she knows that now she is left out; and then there comes to the sweet girl alumnus "the lonesome feeling in the world." Very cordially yours,
 "ONE OF THE '21's."

Some Figures on the Schools

Editor The Star:
 Very interesting are the figures which you give over the signature, Agnes S. Winn, as interesting as the equivocal figures shown us by other educators when we asked for facts.

No one has said there were 300 teachers in Seattle. I have before me figures obtained by Mr. Staudt, comptroller, Seattle district No. 1, upon his written application to those cities. Miss Winn says Cleveland maximum grade salary is \$2,830; they give us \$2,400, which amount 370 teachers receive as against our 438 teachers in the largest or dome-nant group. She gives Denver \$1,080; their reply to us is that the maximum there is \$1,960.

The figures which she quotes may include wage for extra service. In that case let us look at the fact that 438 teachers receiving for grade work the maximum, \$175 per month, and on top of that \$54 for evening work and \$80 for vacation work, even whilst drawing the full \$175 every month including vacation time, over and above the vacation extra pay.

The figures "per child" are absolutely ridiculous. Anyone with a fifth grade education knows that in a little place where there are 10 children, the pro rata cost will soar as against a large city where the maximum of education, and spread of cost is possible. That argument is as wise as one made at Bellingham Normal recently, comparing the cost of education in Bremerton (a tiny town) with that of a dreadnought for one of the largest nations upon earth.

One might wonder whether these so-called educators really have no more practicality than they here evince, or do they think the average citizen is gullible?

"Less than 70 per cent of money expended for public schools goes for instruction" does not apply to Seattle. Mr. Meadman went over these figures a month ago and found 80 per cent went for salaries alone. Thirty-six per cent of our Seattle taxation last year was schools, and

60 per cent of that salaries.

Why does Miss Winn use 1915 figures for instruction costs and 1921 for cost of luxuries? Same old equivocation which makes us wish we could take our children from under this influence and teach them the candid thinking of our fathers. However, we have the letter of Miss Myra Snow, for which we are grateful. It demonstrates the type of grade teacher who is what we desire. We are with her and her kind.

Miss Winn says \$402,295,516 for education in the U. S. Let us see. The Seattle May, 1921, school payroll was over \$500,000 for one month; 155 per cent greater than five years previously, during which time attendance increased but 27 per cent. Instruction alone cost \$2,827,956.49 for Seattle District No. 1 last year. Figures from that the various cities, towns, etc., in the U. S. and see how true are Miss Winn's figures. Instruction cost given does not include administration, operation or anything like maintenance.

Yes, we are spending a great deal

for luxuries, but father isn't spending it.

The fellow on the public payroll, income tax free, with a boost here and a boost there; the profiteer and the teacher still hanging like grim death to the war bonus whilst the chap who paid the price walks the street without work, and whilst father loses the home he worked so hard for, are buying the luxuries.

Yes, "Teachers should live normal lives." Is life in a hotel at \$45 per month, minus meals, normal? Is running into Russian prison against the will of soviet government normal? Are our children to receive more political economy nonsense when the notoriety-seeking teacher, whose wage we paid for "professional advancement" returns?

Seattle schools are top-heavy, 10 months' warrant basis this year. Quoting equivocal figures won't solve the problem. We look toward Miss Snow and the many of her kind in our schools to work with us. We are with them. Sincerely,
 MRS. EDGAR BLAIR,
 Rainier 116 W.

fired because he bought a pair of shoes for a miner's little child.

He was discharged by the superintendent of the mines.

These gunmen are all deputized, but are picked by mine owners, and are paid to do their bidding.

The regular deputy of Black Diamond is the worst. He even picks on juveniles.

This is just a little of what they are getting by with.

I am not a miner, the I was born in Black Diamond and am living in Cumberland at present.

It is not the miners' fault that there was no market for coal. It isn't their fault that they have too much overhead expense. Or it was not their fault that they have wasted millions of dollars on their mistakes learning to mine coal.

Hoping that you will do what you can for those who are being kicked out of their own homes. Some of them haven't worked in the mines for years and some are old and cannot work, but the big company has no heart now.

And, besides, to add to their misery, the banker ran away with all their money and Liberty bonds a few months ago. Some had their life's savings there. But you didn't see that in the papers until he had time to get out of the country. But that is because of our faulty banking laws. Yours truly,
 SAM BORGES,
 Cumberland.

Observations on Public Spirit

Editor The Star:
 The public spirit of a city, county or state is often made manifest by the consideration shown for the public welfare, be it local or transient. As we are living in an age of motor transportation in which Seattle is visited each year by hundreds of tourists, who, when leaving our city, radiate to all parts of the United States, heralding their impressions of the various cities thru which they have traveled, it might, therefore, be well for Seattle to occasionally make a comparison.

On a recent trip East the writer was very much impressed with the interest shown by the people of the various towns and cities along the way in their preparation of their tourist camp equipment, each group evidently realizing the possibilities of such an arrangement as an advertising medium for their city.

For instance, at Deer Lodge, Mont., a large area close to the railroad stations is set aside for this purpose. The equipment consists of six beautifully built brick stoves with high brick flues, a lavatory with hot and cold water, shower baths, complete electric laundry equipment, including Electric Hot Point irons; also baseball grounds in connection.

In Billings I was informed of a most remarkable case of public spirit displayed by G. Herman Smith. Mr. Smith was formerly chief of the old volunteer fire brigade, and meanwhile managed his undertaking and taxi business. When Billings organized the department on a salary basis, Mr. Smith stayed with his business, but being a natural fire fighter, he at once equipped a Ford with a small chemical, had a wire installed, connecting with the fire department over which he receives all calls sent into the department and to which he immediately responds, many times reaching the fire and extinguishing it before the department arrives; his ambition seems to be to out-do the department or to fight shoulder to shoulder with the boys in the service. Mr. Smith keeps a complete record of all runs, showing the amount of hose laid, chemical and water used, number of men responding, apparatus used, time in and time out. Those records are kept so accurately that I am told, the insurance companies do not hesitate to accept them. For the entire equipment used and service rendered, Mr. Smith does not ask nor does he receive one penny from the city.

WALTER THORBURN,
 2010 Ingersol place.

All Minnesotans to Picnic at Fortuna Park Sunday, Sept. 11

Minnesotans from Seattle will unite at the State of Minnesota Picnic for a real good time. Free dancing afternoon and evening. Races and sports will feature the day. Come and meet your old Minnesotan friend.—Advertising.

"The Unpardonable Sin"

—A—
 CENTRAL SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTIST CHURCH
 Corner Boylston Avenue and Olive Street
 Pastor, G. W. PETTIT
 Sunday, 7:45 p. m.
 Public Welcome

REV. M. A. MATTHEWS

will preach a sermon Sunday morning entitled
 "The Church With the Everlasting Grip"
 In the evening he will discuss the subject
 "The Poverty and Prosperity of the Future"
 Public invited
 FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
 Seventh and Spring

In Black Diamond and Franklin

Editor The Star:
 I want to write a few lines about advanced socialism as perfected by the Pacific Coast Coal Co. in Black Diamond and Franklin.

Some of the people have built homes on the company land because it would not sell any lots, but it was understood that they could live there and dispose of their house so long as they paid the ground rent. This has been the custom for over 10 years. But now they are trying to throw the people out and steal their homes. Most of the houses were built before the Pacific Coal Co. bought the Black Diamond mines.

And it looks as if they were going to get away with it, as the report has issued evacuation notices on 23 families. The trial comes off the 12th of this month, I think.

One poor family has a shack that is valued at practically nothing, and the company is going to sue him for \$500, because he couldn't move out.

Is it not too rotten for the American people to stand?
 If they win, hundreds of families will be robbed of their homes, which they have built and paid for. Not only that, but they have cleared the ground and planted trees and gardens and in many instances built fences also.

They have forbidden any one to keep boarders, or else pay \$5 per man. Some people used to have to make a living. Especially widows who have lost their husbands in the mines. They also own the stores in town, and don't fail to put an extra price on everything.

Matt Starvick's deputized gun men are no credit to the country either. Some are trying awful hard to antagonize the miners into something drastic. Even to pulling a gun on some miners who were walking on the track, which has always been used by pedestrians.

One gun man who was human was

MEN WANTED!

Experienced Coal Miners, Hard Rock Miners and Timbermen Who Are Willing to Dig Coal

Can Use Several Experienced Coal Mine Firebosses

Response to our call for coal miners and hard rock miners has been very satisfactory. Seven mines have been opened and are now operating. High-class men from all parts of the Northwest and distant states have come faster than we could take care of them. We have now caught up with the first rush and can use several hundred more experienced coal miners or hard rock miners who will dig coal.

Because of a strike most of Washington's commercial coal mines have been idle. Now all relations with the United Mine Workers of America have been permanently severed, and the mines are being opened independently of the union. We want miners who wish to locate permanently where hotels, schools and houses as well as general working and living conditions are good.

WAGES { Outside Men, \$4.50 to \$6.00 per Day
 Inside Men, \$5.25 to \$6.00 per Day
 Contract Miners Can Earn \$7.00 and Up per Day

All Based on Eight Hours' Work

No Professional Strike Breakers Wanted

Apply in Person or by Letter to
 W. E. MALTBY,
 Representing the Operators,
 1707 L. C. Smith Bldg., Seattle.
 Phone Elliott 6242.