

# GOOD OR BAD LAW, BONUS RULING IS UNJUST!

It is a peculiar piece of logic that some official at Olympia has now evolved regarding bonus payments to ex-service men.

In general, it amounts to this: That if a man was in the national guard, naval militia or army, the day before war was declared he is to receive no money tho he served continuously until the armistice. But if he enlisted on

the day war was declared or after that he IS entitled to the bonus.

In other words, the State of Washington will penalize the young men who practiced preparedness by taking military training prior to the actual outbreak of war.

This, of course, may be first class law; nobody but a lawyer can decide as to that. As it stands, the doctrine

is only somebody's interpretation of the court's interpretation of what the legislators meant when they wrote the act.

The Star hopes this narrow view is NOT good law. The Star hopes it will be knocked sky high, and that the men who wore the uniform during the war will be treated

alike. For that reason we applaud Attorney General Thompson's action in requesting a review of the case by the supreme court.

The people of this state certainly do not want to pursue the niggardly, unjust policy the Olympia officials have worked out. The ruling should be reversed.

# FATTY FACING MURDER TRIAL!

On the Issue of Americanism There Can Be No Compromise

## The Seattle Star

Entered as Second Class Matter May 3, 1895, at the Postoffice at Seattle, Wash., under the Act of Congress March 3, 1879. Per Year, by Mail, \$5 to \$19

7<sup>TH</sup> LATE EDITION

VOLUME 23

SEATTLE, WASH., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1921.

TWO CENTS IN SEATTLE

### Home Brew



Howdy, folks! They're picking the pickers on McNeil Island now. Signs read: "Huckleberry pickers wanted. All pickers will be furnished with camouflaged suits. Pickers carrying life insurance preferred."

ROY GARDNER IN HIDING

By Home Brew Staff Photographer.

CLIPPED FROM THE STAR, 1921

(Advertisement) — After taking three bottles of Cutsdown, I can readily endorse this wonderful cure. Please tell the world that it works. The first bottle left me a fat 50 pounds—a drop from 200. I hope I shall never use the remaining two.

AND WHY NOT?

Daughter born to missionary China and now three years old speaks Chinese, says news story. Huh, that's nothing. When we were in France with the A. E. F. we saw thousands of three-year-old children who could speak French fluently.

NO, NOT US

Cost of living will go higher this winter, industrial leaders and bankers in the East have opined, according to the papers. Didda notice anybody apologizing for the wage cutting that has been going on with the promise that living costs would drop with wages?

SPEED THE REFORM

Some smart London restaurateurs are now providing special coupon-tipped cigarettes for women smokers so that any complexion that may happen to be removed from their lips will not be visible on their cigarettes. Probably the next reform will be while evening dress for men dancers who are becoming a little dapper upon their expensive dress suits.

Right alongside of an article about Harding's accomplishments in five months as president, we find an account of his latest golf triumph. Why two stories?

FOOLING THE MEDICOS

The brothers are jitney drivers at Morgan City, and the younger of the two, say physicians, cannot live owing to severe fractures of the front and base of the skull. The older brother DEAD in a cornfield WILL RECOVER.—Texasiana Four States.

HANDICAPPED

"I don't hear from my girl at the seashore." "Why doesn't she write?" "I suppose some other fellow is holding her hand."

Arthur says a pessimist is like a blind man in dark room looking for a black hat that isn't there.

As a matter of fact, rolled stockings may not have a thing in the world to do with the early appearance of the augmented mosquito bite. What is a thin layer of silk knits or less to a mosquito armed for action at three hundred yards? Anyhow, we hope it's true that the rolled stocking is responsible. Maybe it'll keep 'em from singing in a fellow's ears.

Nervous Bridegroom (at hotel) —Eh—eh! I'd like a room with a wife, for myself and bath!

Warden Maloney says Gardner will leave McNeil Island tonight. Probably he wants to go to the movies.

If this bar-keep style keeps up this winter, there's a fortune awaiting the local drug stores who sell chapped skin remedies.

Teacher—If a farmer raises 3,700 bushel of wheat and sells it for \$2.50 a bushel, what will he get?

Small Boy—An automobile.

### BANDITS BATTLE POLICE!

#### Spokane Officers Fight With Bank Suspects; Latter Flee to Woods

SPOKANE, Sept. 16.—Patrolman Tony Allison was shot and wounded in the right leg during a gun battle between policemen and suspected bank robbers southeast of this city at 4 a. m. today.

Six or seven thugs, now being hunted by the officers, attempted early today to rob the National Bank of Boardman, at Boardman, Wash., 30 miles west of Spokane. The robbers were frightened away before securing any loot. They left in an automobile headed for Spokane.

A police car with four officers raced to meet the robbers as soon as word reached Spokane by telephone.

At Sixth ave. and Sunset highway the cars met. Both drivers switched off their lights.

The thugs, from the shelter of their car, fired at the police, one bullet hitting Allison. The policemen advanced. The bandits, fighting a rear-guard action, fled to the woods. Police found bullets had disabled their car. They found the robbers' car to be a Nash touring model, with Oregon license No. 27779.

Five other automobile loads of police and deputy sheriffs are now hunting the bandits.

The rear-end robbery was foiled by Mrs. D. A. Roper, wife of the bank's assistant cashier, who lives across the street from the bank.

The breaking of a window awoke her. She saw a man disappearing into the bank thru a window and gave the alarm.

Cashier T. S. Diemantz sounded the town fire alarm.

The bandits had left their car two blocks from the bank. They ran to it and speeded from the town in a rain of bullets from guns in the hands of Diemantz, town Marshal B. F. Collins and suddenly-awakened citizens who fired from windows and doors.

H. G. Burns, president of the bank, pursued the bandits 15 minutes later in a car with Sheriff F. B. Wrennie and four deputies. Pursuit also started from Davenport.

EUGENE, Ore., Sept. 16.—The used Nash car used by the Spokane auto bandits was sold to W. C. Lewman, of Arlington, Wash., in this city on May 4, according to the records of Osaman & McDonald, who made the sale.

#### People Demanding Reduction of Prices

WASHINGTON, Sept. 16.—The people want the high cost of living reduced and business revived with a bang, according to the message republican leaders are getting today from congressmen returning to Washington from sojourns at home.

Congress is held strictly accountable for present conditions by many constituencies and complainants that congress has not enacted a tariff bill nor revised taxes could not be amended, congressmen declared.

#### LEWISTON RECALLS FATTY ARBUCKLE'S SALOON PIANO JOKE

How "Fatty" Arbuckle used to entertain saloon patrons in Lewiston, Idaho, in the "good old days," was narrated by old timers to Seattle Chamber of Commerce visitors there this week.

"Fatty" worked a circuit of saloons in various Idaho and Washington towns. One of his favorite tricks was to climb on the piano and pretend to fall asleep.

When the crowd was largest he would roll off. Some sympathetic customer was sure to offer assistance.

Thereupon the acrobatic Roscoe would bound to his feet—and the laugh would be on the Samaritan. And, of course, the latter would have to buy the drinks for the crowd.

### Step-Mother Fatty Arbuckle "Forgot" Tells of Jailed Comedian's Boyhood



Mrs. Mollie Arbuckle, 63-year-old stepmother of Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle, photographed in her humble home in Santa Clara, California, where for years she supported a large family as washwoman. Inset is photo of Arbuckle taken at the age of 7. The other inset shows Mrs. Arbuckle's home in Santa Clara, contrasted with a view of the film star's palatial \$100,000 residence in Los Angeles.

BY JACK JUNGMEYER

SANTA CLARA, Cal., Sept. 16.—This is a "cut back," in film parlance, from the tragic Virginia Rappe episode in Roscoe Arbuckle's life-reel to a "close-up" of his boyhood as pictured by the aged stepmother who has long felt herself renounced by him.

The location is an humble home on the outskirts of this California town, where Mrs. Mollie Arbuckle, 63, and lifelong bread winner over the washdays, pauses with folded hands to recite her story of "Fatty's" luxurious amble toward fame.

When as a widow with five children she married Roscoe's father, with four, Mrs. Arbuckle mothered the boy thru adolescence. She speaks with tender pity of his serio-comic youth when the poundage that was to make him celebrated served but as a target for the village jibes. She tells of his chronic laziness; of her unavailing efforts to stir his ambition, pride of person and industry.

WAS LAZY BOY

And then she directs the spotlight out along the road to fortune taken by this puzzling lad who trudged it with a loaf and a laugh, tells of his failure to write, his forgetfulness of the mixed family with whom he grew up, and his indifference to her increased burdens when the husband deserted the double brood.

"But it is no more than I expected of Roscoe," she states unemotionally, with neither bitterness nor reproach.

"He was aggravatingly lazy as a boy. Neither his father's cuffs nor my pleadings could cure it. He didn't do any work around the house, and didn't contribute toward the family support, tho his two full brothers did

their full share.

"His full share was a big fat boy who weighed 145 pounds at birth. He didn't seem to fit in anywhere very well. He quit school in the fifth grade, before I married his father. I urged him to go back, but Mr. Arbuckle was indifferent. And when he did start his father compelled him to wear his old overalls and shabby shoes so that the school children jeered him. That hurt Roscoe and he stayed away for longer and longer periods, spending his time near the river fishing and in solitude, finally quitting altogether. I was sorry for him.

"His father used to beat him, and I will say he often deserved it.

"One of his brothers secured him a job and paid two weeks' board and room at a hotel for him. His untidiness made him an object of reproach there.

"Then he started hanging around saloons, cleaning the floors. He would jig-step half an hour for a mug of beer, and at such times, oddly enough, he seemed to have plenty of energy.

"When he left Santa Clara he owed a number of people small amounts. One was a working girl from whom he borrowed \$2.50 the night he went away, and she is still hopeful of his repayment. I suppose he has forgotten—as he forgot us.

FORGETS HIS FAMILY

"He has never written to me or any of the family. Often he has driven thru the town in his fine automobile but he never seems to find time to stop and say hello or to recognize his folks. The only way we learn what he is doing is thru the papers.

"No, I have never gone to see him in the movies. I am not without my pride, and if he wants none of us, so let it be." Mrs. Arbuckle recounted her valuable evidence which she will use in "clearing Roscoe's name."

### IS SENT BACK TO PRISON!

#### Movie Actor Must Enter Court on Serious Charge, Says Prosecutor

BY M. D. TRACY

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 16.—Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle must defend himself on a charge of first degree murder and not of manslaughter, District Attorney Matthew Brady made that announcement today in a conference with newspaper men following postponement of Arbuckle's preliminary examination until next Thursday.

FATTY IS SENT BACK TO CELL

Brady came into court at 10:45 a. m. and said he was ready to proceed with the preliminary hearing for murder.

Arbuckle's attorneys asked a continuance for 10 days and a clash of lawyers followed, the district attorney saying five days was all that was necessary and urging that the case be hastened.

Finally a continuance until next Thursday was agreed upon, and Arbuckle was ordered back to his cell—all chance of immediate release on bail having been removed.

Following the preliminary hearing Brady told newspaper men that the state had gone over the evidence and believed it had a complete case of first degree murder against the comedian.

For that reason, he said, he had decided it was his duty to prosecute Arbuckle in the superior court for murder and not for manslaughter as recommended by the inquest and by the grand jury.

Arbuckle's attorneys expressed surprise.

ARBUCKLE IS DISAPPOINTED

During the brief session of the court and while he was hearing the case, he must defend himself on a charge of murder, Arbuckle said playing with his green cap, his face twitching at times and plainly nervous and disappointed.

He listened with close attention to every word the lawyers spoke, particularly when District Attorney Brady and Defense Counsel Dominguez clashed as to the length of the continuance to be granted.

"I see no reason why you should wish to delay this hearing," Brady told Dominguez. "Your client does not have to take the witness stand."

"I know he doesn't," answered Dominguez, "that's elemental."

"That's why I was so sure you know it," flashed back Brady.

Arbuckle almost smiled at the talk.

CASE CONTINUED TO THURSDAY

Police Judge Lazarus, who was presiding, then impressed on the attorneys his belief that it was to the advantage of the defendant, if innocent, to have an early trial and to do all possible to speed up the case. He asked that the attorneys report an agreement without forcing him to make an arbitrary decision.

The agreement for a continuance (Turn to Page 18, Column 3)

### GETS A DOLLAR FOR LOST LOVE

#### Mrs. Thomas Singer Wins Against Lillian May

One dollar was the sum awarded Mrs. Mary L. Singer by the jury in her \$20,000 suit against Mrs. Lillian May Singer, whom she accused of alienating the affections of Thomas Singer, her former husband and the present husband of Lillian Singer.

The case was tried in Judge J. T. Ronald's court Thursday afternoon, the verdict returned at 9:30 Friday.

Mrs. Lillian Singer calmly stated to the court during the trial that she in no measure whatsoever had alienated the affections of her husband from another woman.

"We just fell in love," she said, "he loved me and I loved him. That's all there was to it. How could I alienate his affections?" she asked.

"I was just a Ballard high school girl, while he was a man of 40 years and over. I didn't even know he had been previously married until after our baby was born."

Singer was known to his second wife until a few months ago, according to the statement of the defendant, as Tom Smith.

Mrs. Arbuckle Is on Her Way West

CHICAGO, Sept. 16.—Minta Durfee, wife of Roscoe Arbuckle, was speeding toward the Pacific coast today to be at her husband's side during his fight to free himself from the manslaughter charge he now faces.

### JOBS SUSPECT

#### Boyns' Remedy. Buy at Home. Help Industries. Creates More Work.

By Robert S. Boyns

President, Seattle Chamber of Commerce

My attention has been directed to an editorial in The Seattle Star of Saturday, September 10, entitled "Wanted, Jobs—Seattle's Most Vital Problem Today." In the course of this editorial you point out that a serious unemployment situation exists, and that jobs are necessary. You call upon the business interests to supply jobs for the winter months.

The Seattle Chamber of Commerce and Commercial club is earnestly interested in assisting you with the solution of this problem, and desires to make this suggestion:

For some time we have been engaged in an intensive campaign to stimulate interest in the manufactured products of Seattle and the Pacific Northwest. This campaign has met with success, but there are still a great many of our people who do not realize the value of supporting home industries. If the buying public of Seattle will insist upon being supplied with the manufactured products of the Pacific Northwest whenever the quality and price of these products are equal to those of products manufactured elsewhere, this demand will necessitate increased production on the part of the manufacturers; and increased production will require additional employees—thus creating jobs for which you so earnestly appeal.

If the Star will encourage women of this community to immediately take a kitchen and household inventory of commodities used to the exclusion of like articles of at least equal price and quality manufactured in Seattle and the Pacific Northwest, you will be doing a service for the unemployed of our city. Likewise, you should urge business men to buy stocks and supplies from our own factories.

If our people could realize that in supporting home manufacturers they are providing the capital with which these manufacturers enlarge their business and increase their payrolls and employ men and women, they would be more than willing to throw the community's purchasing power back of our own products.

Mixes Gas and Brew, Rams Car, Arrested

Trying to mix gasoline and home brew is risky business, according to police who Thursday night arrested S. A. Beving after he had rammed the rear of an auto at Westlake ave. and Newton st.

BEWARE, GARDNER!

SEATTLE CHINESE ARE ON YOUR TRAIL

It's all off with Bandit Roy Gardner now, after him.

Seattle Chinese are after him. "I was waiting down in Chinatown for Charlie Chung," relates E. J. Reese, of the local customs force. "I waited at his room for an hour or so, but Charlie didn't show up. So I asked another Chinese who came by, if he knew where Charlie was."

"Charlie Chung out hunting Roy Gardner," he said.

Charlie Chung is an 80-year-old Chinese who has been up in federal court several times on opium smoking charges.

### ARMSTRONG TALKS TO "GARDNER"

"I Ain't Roy," He Says; "Don't Kid Me!" Hal Fires Back

By Hal Armstrong

MNEIL ISLAND, Sept. 16.—Well, gents, I have just had the first exclusive in interview with Roy Gardner that the baneful bandit and furtive fugitive has granted since he broke up Warden Maloney's ball game, last Labor day.

Roy is feeling as fine as can be expected of a guy that is eating nothing but chicken three times a day, and wild blackberries, huckleberries and vegetables nicked from the warden's garden.

The only thing that is worrying him is that he wants to go on home to his wife and baby. I ran across Roy as I was sleeping in the sun up against the penitentiary back fence. I heard him walking around in the underbrush and was certain of

his identity, because he was dressed in blue denim. I didn't see him at first, and hollered: "Hey, Roy!"

"I ain't Roy," he answered. "Honest, I ain't."

"Don't kid me," I said. "And don't come any closer or I'll call the warden."

"Don't do that!" he hollered, excited. "For my wife and baby's sake, don't. I don't want to get shot."

that first night after you run away."

"That's what I tried to do," Roy admitted. "But the guards wouldn't let me. They keep popping at me every time I try to come out of the woods, both day and night. I ain't got a chance, if this keeps up."

"I'll say you ain't, Roy," I sympathized. "You better lay low or they'll be bumping you off."

"Don't call me Roy!" he snaps out. "I ain't Roy."

"That's all right, Roy; don't mind me," I assured him. "I'm nothing but a newspaper reporter, and the warden hates me as bad as he does you. If I was you, I'd try to—"

"Oh, hell," he broke in, not giving me a chance to finish. (Turn to Page 18, Column 3)