

"I WOULD much sooner surrender a portion of the territory of the commonwealth to an ambitious and aggressive neighbor, than I would surrender the minds of its children to the domain of ignorance."—Horace Mann.

# THROUGHS AT MAHONEY FUNERAL!

**WEATHER**  
Tonight and Saturday, fair; moderate easterly winds.  
Temperature Last 24 Hours  
Maximum, 66. Minimum, 48.  
Today noon, 66.

# The Seattle Star

**HOME EDITION**

Entered as Second Class Matter May 3, 1899, at the Postoffice at Seattle, Wash., under the Act of Congress March 3, 1879. Per Year, by Mail, \$5 to \$9  
SEATTLE, WASH., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1921. TWO CENTS IN SEATTLE

# SEATTLE JAPANESE ARRIVAL TO PORTLAND AND WALLINGFORD

**Home Brew**

Greetings, Fanal How much did ya lose yesterday?  
Yank fans are singing the old popular song, "Then Along Came Ruth."  
They are betting 11 to 7 on the Yanks. "Come on, you seabe!"

**JOSEPH WISE SAYS**  
This is th' age of specialists—especially nerve specialists.

"Husband Throws Diabea," says a local headline. Hope they disarmed him.

Cowen Parkers continue to stand for crowded street cars.

The only time some dancers are light on their feet is when they sit down.

**QUESTIONS HOME BREW CAN'T ANSWER**  
Where can a man buy a cap for his knee?  
Or a key for the lock of his hair?  
Can his eyes be called an academy because there are pupils there?  
Can he sit in the shade of the palm of his hand,  
Or beat on the drum of his ear?  
Does the calf of his leg eat the corn on his toes?  
If so, why not grow corn on the ear?

Kennecik boy uses electricity to shock angle worms out of the ground. Catches them with curvins, as it were.

For a fat man, Babe Ruth does fairly well.

Mary Garden will wear the most expensive pair of shoes in the world when she returns to the U. S. When it comes to publicity, Mary is always two feet ahead of her nearest competitor.

Li' Gee Gee, th' Prairie Vamp, sez: There's nothing new under the sun; but you can't say the same for the moon.

**HELPFUL EVIDENCE**  
"John, have you smoked those cigars I bought for you on your birthday?"  
No, pet; they're too precious. I'm saving them to help out in my divorce."

"And so we are to have another paper in Seattle," comments a Con-trick. "It is to be called the Daily American. Percentage to be established!"

Movement to have winegaps featured at the coming apple show favored by the writs.

A red nose is no longer a sign of drink. He may have a girl who uses rouge.

**OUR POLITICAL FORECAST**  
Home Brew's secret correspondent reports street car fares demanded by various classes to be as follows:  
Reactionaries, 10 cents.  
Conservatives, 6 1/2 cents.  
Liberals, 5 cents.  
Medicals, 3 cents.  
Wobblies, 0.  
(And the Communists will try to collect a nickel from the motorman for riding.)

More stiff collars are being sold, and another paper shortage looms.

Even if Babe Ruth weren't the Home Run king he would certainly be the Prince of Whales.

Signs of unemployment multiply in Seattle as crowds stand on street corners reading the baseball news.

**BATHING MODEL**  
Speedo—"What kind of a car have you?"  
Peppo—"A Venus Four."  
Speedo—"Oh, I see a stripped chassis."

If those "Forced to Move" merchants downtown, who have been advertising their intention of going out of business for the last 10 years, don't succeed pretty soon they may as well quit.

**REFLECTIONS**  
Some girls are fat.  
And some are more so.  
Some girls are tall.  
And some are short.  
What does it profit  
A man  
To worry about any of them?  
—MR. ANON.

## PLEAD TO SEE EVEN LEFT HAND

Standing Room at Service at a Premium; Crowd Is Disappointed

**By Hal Armstrong**

Mrs. Kate Mahoney's murdered body lies at rest today in Wallabi cemetery.

Hundreds of people saw the funeral yesterday afternoon. Scores, unable to find seats or even standing room in the chapel of the Home Undertaking company at Ninth ave. and Union st., covered the grassy lawn and the hillside across the street, waiting to catch a glimpse of the casket as it was carried to the hearse.

Shortly before 3 p. m. the body was taken from the county morgue, where it had reposed in ice since it was recovered in the "mystery trunk" from Lake Union on August 8. The casket was sealed and taken to the chapel.

**PEOPLE BEGGED TO SEE HAND**

For two days people had been telephoning the undertakers asking if they would be permitted to view the body of the aged bride. Denied this privilege, they begged to be allowed to look at the left hand.

It was this hand, with its stubby, toll-worn fingers, that enabled the state to prove the identity of the body in the trunk. It was really this hand that sent James E. Mahoney, her husband, and went bitterly over the mutilated body of the doll. Then her sorrow turned to anger. The doll had betrayed her. She hadn't meant to be rough—what right had the doll to kick? And, stormy-eyed, Edna May kicked the doll into a corner, resolved that it wasn't worth grieving over.

It may seem a far cry from Edna May and her broken doll to Ivy Osborn, in the county jail awaiting trial on the charge of beating her 8-month-old ward, Helen Marie Wilson, to death.

But, somehow or other, a picture of Edna May seemed to arise in Mrs. Osborn's mind as Mrs. Osborn sat at her table Friday morning, stitching on a sheet of rough cotton twill.

Not the slightest sign of contrition shone in the woman's face; not even a mark of sorrow. Nothing but brooding rebellion over the injustice of it all—she hadn't meant to hurt the baby really; what right did it have to die?

This isn't the defense that Mrs. Osborn's lips uttered. They were closed defiantly, and she would do nothing but reiterate over and over again:

"I won't talk. There's been too much notoriety already. I won't talk—no, not even if my lawyer tells me to."

But her eyes—big, brown, child-like eyes—talked fervently and their message was always the same:

## Drab, Dull and Uninteresting! Is Main Street That to You?

Carol Kennicott found Gopher Prairie drab and uninteresting. So she started in to reform the town. There were those in the town who didn't want it reformed. "What was the matter with it, anyway?" "Finest people on earth live in Gopher Prairie," Dr. Will Kennicott insisted. But Carol disagreed.



**Sinclair Lewis**

Before he produced "Main Street" he already had gained recognition thru his story "Free Air" and thru his contributions to the Saturday Evening Post, the American Magazine and other publications. But "Main Street" started a debate that is sweeping the nation.

## EXTRA GIANTS WIN THIRD GAME; SCORE 13-5

Nationals Rally and Wallop Yankees in Wild Slugging Fest at Polo Grounds

**POLO GROUNDS, N. Y., Oct. 7.**—The Giants won the third game of the world series here today by a score of 13 to 5.

**POLO GROUNDS, N. Y., Oct. 7.**—The Giants showed their first real form in the big series with the Yankees when they broke thru and scored four runs in the third inning of today's game. They bunched three singles with three walks.

The Yanks took the lead in their half of the third when they scored four runs on bunched hits. "Babe" Ruth sent over two runs with a sharp single.

Bob Shawkey started on the pitching hill for the Yanks, but was relieved in the third by Jack Quinn, while Jess Barnes relieved Fred Toney on the pitching burden in the third for the Giants.

The stands were packed to capacity, 35,000 people sitting in on the third game of the series.

**FIRST INNING**

Miller lipped to Frisch, who made a beautiful stop of a slashing drive. Young walked. Kelly, one hit, no errors.

Burns flied to Pipp. Frisch singled to right. Young walked. Kelly, one hit, no errors.

**SECOND INNING**

R. Meusel doubled to left. Pipp sacrificed. Toney doubled to right. Meusel was out at the plate, when Rawlings Snyder at the plate. McNally forced. Ward, Bancroft to Rawlings. No runs, one hit, no errors.

E. Meusel singled to right. Rawlings lined out on double play. Ward to Pipp. Frisch singled to right. Young walked. Kelly, one hit, no errors.

**THIRD INNING**

Schang walked. Snyder singled to right on the first ball pitched. Schang taking third, Miller singled to right. Young walked. Kelly, one hit, no errors.

Barnes singled to right. Pipp sacrificed. Toney doubled to right. Meusel was out at the plate, when Rawlings Snyder at the plate. McNally forced. Ward, Bancroft to Rawlings. No runs, one hit, no errors.

**FOURTH INNING**

McNally was hit by the first pitched ball. Schang singled to right, but was out on trying for second. Young to Rawlings. McNally flied to Pipp. Four runs, three hits, no errors.

Barnes out. Ward to Pipp. Burns tripled off right field ball. Bancroft flied to Pipp. Frisch walked and stole second. Young out. Peck to Pipp. No runs, one hit, no errors.

**FIFTH INNING**

Peck flied to E. Meusel. Ruth struck out. R. Meusel safe on a hit that bounced off Bancroft's shins. Meusel went out stealing. Snyder to Bancroft. No runs, one hit, no errors.

**SIXTH INNING**

Kelly fanned. E. Meusel flied to Miller. Rawlings out. McNally to Pipp. No runs, no hits, no errors.

Pipp out. Kelly to Barnes. Ward singled to right. McNally fanned. Schang dropped to Rawlings. No runs, one hit, no errors.

## PROMOTER OFFERS JOB HOLDERS GAIN OF 4,000 PER CENT

BY ROBERT BASTIEN BERMANN

Four thousand per cent interest on your investment the first year—maybe 10,000 next year. A life job at a salary that's raised \$50 a month four times a year. And an employer who, having already possessed himself of untold millions, now has no ambition in life except to serve as an "example to grafting corporations."

A beautiful thought, isn't it? And it's all yours for the asking—provided that the asking is accompanied by the payment of \$50 (cash) toward the purchase of a share of stock in the World Cable Directory Company.

Y. Nabatamy, the Japanese philanthropist, who is president of the company and who takes credit for the whole Utopian scheme, explained it all to me yesterday afternoon in his company's busy office in the Thompson building. True, he didn't know that he was talking to a reporter—the Japs are a modest race, and I decided beforehand that he might not talk so freely if he knew his virtues were to be published. But he unbent with gratifying enthusiasm when approached by a fictitious accountant, using the equally fictitious name of George Hollingsworth, who told him that he had a few thousands that he'd like to invest in a good, sound proposition.

"Sound," repeated Nabatamy. "Sound? You haf my wort of honor it iss sound. Banks is crooked. Bradstreet is crooked. So I don't refer you to none of dem. But you haf my honor wort it iss sound."

His speech had an oddly Germanic twang, for all that it was decidedly Japanese, too, which made it highly euphonious—but rather difficult to understand.

"I haf put two million in it so far," the Oriental altruist continued. "I don't care if I lose it all—I put in another two million dem. All corporations here is crooked, and I want to be example to all of dem—like Henry Ford. Tat's all I want."

"Dis corporation is mos' curious from any udder corporation in world. Dis on 50-50 basis under de status of Abraham Lincoln. I put up money to back my great invention—I don't get nothin' for it for 50 year. I give everything away till then—no cheat pippie out their money."

Nabatamy went on in this strain for half an hour of more, the result being highly pleasing to the ear, altho it had a rather soporific effect, but it was the Jap's vice president and assistant manager, a one-armed American by the name of Hayman, who really spilled the inside stuff.

**NABATAMY GENERALISTIC, BUT NOT HAYMAN**

Possibly because of his linguistic limitations more probably because of the discreetness for which his race is famed, Nabatamy deals largely with generalities, depending mostly on his hypnotic influence and the fact that his auditor can't understand more than one word out of three on an average.

The Hayman can—and did—deal with cold figures.

I have read all the Wallingford stories; I followed the Ponal case from start to finish, and I number among my acquaintances some of the smoothest confidence men in the country. But never in all my life have I ever encountered such an amazing set of cold figures as Hayman dealt up for me—the word "cold" being used in the same sense as in "cold deck."

For one thing, he announced that the company had just taken an option on the Thompson building for \$250,000—a statement which seemed to interest the agents for the building immensely, but which they were regretfully unable to confirm.

That, however, is only a side issue. The story, as he told it to me in terms so glowing that it would be

"Just what is the nature of this work?" I asked him.

"Oh," he said, "Nabatamy, the president of the company, has invented a remarkable short-method code for telegraphing addresses all

over the world. We must have representatives. We're going to send one person to Africa, one to England, one to Canada, one to China, and several thruout the United States to start the business and open real estate offices.

"Real estate?" I asked. "What's real estate got to do with telegraph codes?"

"Well," he replied, "we're going to deal with several things until we get started."

"Oh," I said. "Well, what are you going to do with these people—the 300 or more—who don't go out to establish the code and deal in real estate?"

**NO PAMPHLETS, BUT LOTS OF PROFITS**

"We'll find something else for them," he answered, "something else for which we find them adapted."

"Have you any pamphlets?" I asked him, "that will explain the whole proposition?"

"No," he replied, "we have nothing like that."

"What about the profits?"

"You expect by March first to pay something over \$500 to every stockholder."

"But if the representatives aren't as yet out on the road, from where will all the money come?"

"The concern has plenty of money," replied Hayman; "Nabatamy has plenty of money backings in Japan."

**REMARKABLE OPPORTUNITY TO INVEST YOUR COIN**

"It's a remarkable opportunity for you," he continued, "you'd do well to invest in stock before the price goes higher. It's \$50 down as the first deposit."

"Yet you have no pamphlets or anything like that explaining the proposition in further detail. Are there any people in the concern I might know?" I asked him.

"No," he said, "Nabatamy, the president of the company, has invented a remarkable short-method code for telegraphing addresses all

## Mrs. Osborn Like a Child Who in Fit of Rage Breaks Her Doll

Once on a time there was a little girl named Edna May—a pink-checked, plump little youngster, fairly overflowing with health.

She had a doll—a doll just as pink-checked and plump as she. And she loved the doll with all the fervor of four-year-old's love.

But sometimes she forgot that the doll wasn't made of flesh and blood, but of brittle porcelain instead. And so, one day, in playing with her doll she got too rough—and broke off its head.

Edna May was shocked when she saw that she had done, and went bitterly over the mutilated body of the doll. Then her sorrow turned to anger. The doll had betrayed her. She hadn't meant to be rough—what right had the doll to kick? And, stormy-eyed, Edna May kicked the doll into a corner, resolved that it wasn't worth grieving over.

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## Mrs. Osborn Like a Child Who in Fit of Rage Breaks Her Doll

"I didn't mean to hurt her. Why'd she have to go and die?"

And, after all, there isn't such a difference between Mrs. Osborn and Edna May. In the years they have lived and in physical bulk, yes—but it is doubtful if a psycho-analyst would find much real variation.

For, at heart, Mrs. Osborn is still a child—a big, overgrown tomboy, as one of her friends expressed it on the witness stand at the inquest over Helen Marie's body.

Her youth was brought out in a marked manner Friday morning, when she was taken upstairs with Mrs. Dolores Johnson, sister of James E. Mahoney, convicted wife-murderer, to be "mugged."

The contrast between the two women was striking.

Mrs. Johnson, tall and slim, holding herself with contemptuous aloofness, and clad in a green velvet dress which, for all that it was dingy, had a certain gloomy impressiveness. And Mrs. Osborn, short and plump, her youth heightened by her bobbed-hair, wearing a pink-checked house apron reminiscent of a Mother Hubbard, and frankly and childishly anxious to please everybody.

It was a strange picture. Mrs. Johnson seemed old enough to be Mrs. Osborn's—not mother, but—well, great aunt.

Mrs. Osborn is a model prisoner, according to Mrs. Agnes Dow, matron of the women's section of the jail.

"She's friendly and industrious, and everybody seems to like her," said Mrs. Dow. "She doesn't appear to be a bit worried about her case."

But why should she be? Edna May wasn't worried when her doll "betrayed" her.

The culture is said to fly at times at the rate of more than 100 miles an hour.

## Anonymous Missive Accuses Mrs. Johnson

Prosecutor Malcolm Douglas was bending every effort Friday to trace the authorship of an anonymous letter he received Friday morning bearing upon the case of James E. Mahoney, condemned bride murderer, and the slayer's sister, Mrs. Dolores Johnson, who is being held on charges of forgery and grand larceny.

Douglas believes the writer of the letter may have information invaluable to the state. The letter, written in lead pencil on a single sheet of paper and addressed to Douglas personally, makes additional grave accusations against Mrs. Johnson.

Douglas said he had received several other letters along the same line recently. The letters received Friday morning, however, Douglas says he believes may have been written by some one who may have information that is more than mere guess work.

**FILE SWEEPING BILL OF EXCEPTIONS**

Attorneys Lee Johnston and L. B. Schwelblich Friday filed in the superior court a sweeping bill of exceptions to Judge J. T. Ronald's instructions to the jury that last week found Mahoney guilty of murdering his bride, Kate Mahoney, and ordered the defendant hanged.

Exception is also taken to the refusal of Judge Ronald to give the jury instructions to the effect that the jury should find Mahoney guilty if they found that he had committed the crime.

## Third Game Cubs-Sox Is Postponed

**CHICAGO, Oct. 7.**—The third game of the White Sox-Cubs city series was postponed today. The grounds were wet.

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