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# The Seattle Star

## All Except the Turkey

The first American Thanksgiving day was celebrated 300 years ago. If you think that you haven't much to be thankful for, this year, turn back the clock to that first Thanksgiving:

The Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock December 20, 1620. It had taken them 63 days to cross the Atlantic. Their first winter was a terror of bitter cold, disease and starvation. The woods were full of game, but they were not skilled at hunting. They had no fish hooks small enough for shore angling. Clams were their chief food.

There were 102 Pilgrims in that original settlement. Death claimed half of them during the first winter.

In the spring, an Indian named Squanto taught them how to plant and cultivate corn. Autumn brought the first harvest. The pioneers celebrated with the first Thanksgiving day.

The Pilgrims underwent frightful hardships, such as crop failures, and usually had little to be thankful for, they continued Thanksgiving day as a permanent yearly custom.

Compare our lot with the Pilgrims! We have a thousand times as much to be thankful for. The war is over. A sane attempt to prevent another war is being made by the Washington conference. Harvests are big. Cost of living is gradually coming down. Business depression is passing.

There have been fatter years, in the past, than 1921. But, in view of what has preceded, and the prospects for the future, it is doubtful if the American people ever had so much cause to be thankful as they have this Thanksgiving day.

Every one but the turkey should rejoice.

### Trouble in India

The situation in India is becoming increasingly critical. It now appears that the non-cooperation and non-co-operative movement headed by Mahatma Gandhi is to be replaced by a forcible resistance movement. This means revolution.

The latest reports from the Indian sources are that a campaign of civil disobedience has been instituted. This means the willful violation of every British-made law, good or bad, for the purpose of paralyzing administration. It includes also a systematic refusal to pay taxes.

Further important news has it that early in December there will be held a great national convention which will formally declare India's independence of British rule. This will be followed by military steps and forcible resistance unless the situation is met by the British government in a conciliatory manner.

Lloyd George, it is understood, has given orders that a formal proclamation shall be made by the Prince of Wales in India, giving to India dominion home rule in the largest measure. It is said that this includes a measure of independence even greater than

"How will men look in 1950?" asks a woman writer. Often, very often.

Why doesn't the movie star, who complains all men want to kiss her, try onions?

Some people talk in their sleep and others sleep in their talk.

Exactly as was predicted by this paper several weeks ago, Thanksgiving day has arrived.

Also, as predicted, it falls on a holiday.

Of course, the odds favored us in this because nearly all great celebrations fall on holidays.

But then, if it had been one day sooner, or one day later, we would have missed both guesses.

Thanksgiving day, contrary to belief, was not originated by turkey growers and dealers.

Even the cranberry men were absent.

It started 300 years ago when the Pilgrims thought of how much obliged they were for living.

They gave thanks because they landed before we did. We give thanks because we landed after they had gone.

Their celebration was held on wild turkeys, while the only thing wild about our turkeys is the price.

Wild turkey prices are harder to tame than wild turkeys were.

In fact, some of us must do without turkey. These can be thankful that there will be no hash Friday.

They can laugh while the others are talking turkey.

But they spelled it "thankful" while some of us spell it "thank!"

They practiced the "giving" while we mostly "notice the thanks."

For those who think they give nothing to be thankful for we give several reasons free.

Be thankful that you are not Prosperity, who has been sitting around the corner for nine months.

Be thankful you are not the missing link. Just think of what he is missing.

Be thankful you are not Tom Edison, who doesn't sleep much.

Be thankful you don't have to have your picture taken 365 days a year, like Harding.

## GIVE HIM THE AX, SAM!



## LETTERS TO EDITOR

### Why No Heat in Street Cars?

Editor The Star: Will you kindly inform me why the Seattle street cars are not heated during this very inclement weather? Has the public gotten weary of demanding what seems to me to be right and just because they have been ignored for so long a time by the "powers that be"? Or is it simply a question of "the public be damned" on the part of these same "powers that be"? Is it not true that there is a state law which says cars shall be heated during certain winter months?

### Hunting and Vivisection

Editor The Star: Mr. Emerson, in answering Mr. Clarke's letter, went a trifle aside in his reading of Mr. Clarke's letter, and in his answer only referred to that which touched his own apparently selfish pleasure—hunting—and missed some very important points. There are many thousands of people in the United States, and many hundreds in our own city, who do not know to this moment that during the world war, out of

higher plans of thinking than that man who kills for the mere sport of it.

As to the present commercial method of handling salmon, this method will be obsolete in time, for we are living in a very progressive, fast-changing age, and there are many who are working in the interests of just such things, and while the work seems slow, the results are sure to come.

The writer wishes to correct Mr. Emerson's inference that Roosevelt hunted for the mere sport of killing. John Burroughs, in his delightful book entitled "Tramping and Camping with Roosevelt," has philosophically stated that, contrary to the opinion of many, Theodore Roosevelt did not hunt for the mere pleasure of killing, just as Burroughs never killed in his hunts except occasionally for a specimen. Roosevelt loved to hunt. But there is a vast difference between hunting and killing what you find. Burroughs said that Roosevelt loved to fish, but that no one ever could persuade him to fish, or knew of him doing so, unless necessary for the sake of the true lovers of the great outdoors rarely destroy an animal or bird. It is true that the average sportsman, so-called, never sees up millions of interesting, fascinating things to those who, as Burroughs says, "have eyes to see them," and those who have the gift of such vision know a universe too full of beauty and wonder to include either rod or gun. Theodore Roosevelt and John Burroughs had such vision. H. LIGHT.



### Dear Folks:

The Pilgrim Fathers, long ago, were mighty poor, as you may know; they worked, they starved, they suffered, died, they failed in many things they tried; their life was far from being gay—yet they began Thanksgiving Day.

And so I think it's up to us to cease to fret and fume and fuss, and realize that we, today, have greater cause for thanks than they, because, with all its storm and strife, we live a richer, fuller life. We've life and hope and joy and wealth; we've food and clothes and homes and health; we've work and fun and love and play; we've starchy night and sunny day; we've snowy mountains, crystal streams; we've memories and youthful dreams.

We haven't all of these. It's true, but each of us has quite a few; so let us not bemoan our lot, but just be glad for what we've got. For life would be a tasteless dish, if we had everything we wish.

"We may have troubles, too, I know; but troubles often make us grow, and later on we recognize that they were blessings in disguise, and night is darkest, so they say, before the dawning of the day."

However little we possess, be thankful that it isn't less! And so, on this Thanksgiving Day, we each and all can truly say, "It ain't no use to fret and fume, if times are bad, they might be worse!"

He speaks of an increase in taxes, but does not mention the drop in the valuation of their property. A residence that was worth \$4,000 in the Cowen Park district on September 13, when the Jits were stopped, is worth not more than \$2,000 now—a drop of

### He Differs With Peter Witt

Editor The Star: My solution of the problem is to pay Mr. Witt off, lower the fares to 5 cents and transfer free and put some heat in the cars. Then, instead of walking and buying autos, the people will use the street cars. He says they are not going to solve the problem. The present cars will handle twice as many people as they are doing now. My motto, drop the prices and get the trade. Ole Hanson stung us once; why get stung again?

BRYSON WILLIAMS, 201 First Ave. S.

### We Are Glad You Do, Betty

Editor The Star: I like your children's page, especially The Star Seattle Story Book. I have only been West a year, and I

### Cowen Park Values Drop

Editor The Star: I see by the papers that the knight of the whistle is starting to hand the Cowen Park people a little sop, which they will not swallow. He tells them in an editorial that they should be his friends and not stop reading his paper. And he hopes they will enjoy their walking exercises and Claps (whether they enjoy them or not) for an indefinite period.

He speaks of an increase in taxes, but does not mention the drop in the valuation of their property. A residence that was worth \$4,000 in the Cowen Park district on September 13, when the Jits were stopped, is worth not more than \$2,000 now—a drop of

25 per cent, on account of the councilmen taking away the transportation which the knight of the whistle claims he forced them to do.

He says he is fighting for us Cowen Parkers. I do not care for that kind of friendship, and I hereby pass my share on to some other fish.

I have long since quit reading his knocking sheet, unless some article is called to my attention. I hereby nominate the knight of the whistle for the office of post master of the Ancient Order of Knockers, and recommend he be elected by acclamation, and believe me, he deserves that honor. FRED W. MAXWELL, 926 29th Ave.

# MAIN STREET

The Story of Carol Kennicott BY SINCLAIR LEWIS Copyright, 1920, Harcourt, Brace & Howe, Inc.

(Continued From Yesterday) The poker-party straggled in: Sam Clark, Jack Elder, Dave Dyer, Jim Howland. To her mechanically said, "Devenin," but to Kennicott, in a heroic manner. "Well, well, shall we start playing? Got a hunch I'm going to lick somebody real bad." No one suggested that she join them. She told herself that it was her own fault, because she was not more friendly; but she remembered that they never asked Mrs. Sam Clark to play.

Brennahan would have asked her. She sat in the living-room, glancing across the hall at the men as they humped over the dining table. They were in shirt sleeves; smoking, chewing, spitting incessantly; lowering their voices for a moment so that she did not hear what they said and afterward giggling hoarsely; using over and over the canonical phrases: "Three to dole," "I raise you a fimf," "Come on now, ante up; what do you think this is, a pink tea?" The cigar-smoke was acrid and pervasive. The firmness with which the men mouthed their cigars made the lower part of their faces expressionless, heavy, unappealing. They were like politicians cynically dividing appointments.

How could they understand her world? Did that faint and delicate world exist? Was she a fool? She doubted her world, doubted herself, and was sick in the acid, smoke-stained air.

She slipped back into brooding upon the habitually of the house. Kennicott was as fixed in routine as an isolated old man. At first he had amorously deceived himself into liking her experiments with food—the one medium in which she could express imagination—but now he wanted only his round of favorite dishes: steak, roast beef, boiled pig's feet, oatmeal, baked apples. Because at some more flexible period he had advanced from oranges to grape-fruit he considered himself an epicure.

During their first autumn she had smiled over his affection for his hunting-coat, but now that the leather had become unattractive in drabness of pale yellow thread, and tatters of canvas, smeared with dirt of the fields and grease from gun-cleaning, hung in a border of rags, she hated the thing.

Wasn't her whole life like that hunting-coat? She knew every nick and broog spot on each piece of the set of china purchased by Kennicott's mother in 1856—discreet china with a pattern of washed-out forget-me-nots, rimmed with blurred gold; the gravy-boat, in a saucer which did not match, the solemn and evangelical covered vegetable-dishes, the two platters.

Twenty times had Kennicott sighed over the fact that Bea had broken (Turn to Page 11, Column 1)

# Taking Tacoma Twice Around the Globe

A big undertaking for some, but NOT for us. Last month was NOT an exceptional month. Yet, during this time, the number of passenger miles traveled by the fleet of Yellow Taxis was greatly in excess of sufficient to have carried the entire population of Tacoma twice around the world.

Moreover we transported all these people in safety—without mishap or accident. We are able to deliver service of this character because we keep in our employ careful, capable drivers. And we make it an inviolable rule that our drivers must, above everything else, consider the safety and comfort of our patrons. They MUST NOT take chances. Furthermore, as an added protection to our patrons, we carry adequate insurance—when you ride in a Yellow Taxi you are automatically insured up to \$15,000.00.

Back of this capable service—the ability to reel off thousands and tens of thousands of miles each month without mishap—stands organized responsibility. Which means that we are a reliable company, representing an investment of a quarter of a million dollars, and operated by substantial business men—men who realize their position with the traveling public. These men use every means at their command to maintain maximum service—service plus.

Bear this in mind the next time you require a taxi. Do MORE than just call a taxi. Make sure of receiving the utmost in taxi service—

Call a **YELLOW TAXI** "MAIN 6500"

Should you forget the number, it's on the front of the telephone directory.

## I AM THANKFUL

BY DR. WM. E. BARTON

AM thankful: THAT I AM ALIVE. To me life seems good. I have had my share of hard labor, with hand and brain, and I have never had much money; but life seems good to me. I am thankful to be alive.

AM thankful: THAT I HAVE HEALTH. I take very little medicine, and no headache cures or other drugs. The doctor is my friend, and I value his counsel and I profit by it. But I live simply, avoiding excesses, and thinking little about the rules of health, and I have not spent one day in bed in more than 40 years. Not everyone can have as good health as I have, but a great many more people could have it than now so have it.

AM thankful: THAT I HAVE A HOME AND FAMILY. We began very simply. Our house cost not quite four hundred dollars and the lot two hundred and the other improvements about two hundred more, and our furniture less than two hundred. One thousand dollars would have paid the bills and did. And the house was mortgaged—for I did not have a thousand dollars. But if you ask that poverty, you do not know the meaning of the word. I am and always have been a rich man.

AM thankful: THAT I HAVE A JOB. I have never been out of work, and I do not think that I shall ever be out of work. I work long hours, and I work seven days a week, and I go to bed very tired. But it is good work, and I am glad that I have it to do.

AM thankful: THAT I HAVE FAITH AND HOPE. I am not unconscious of the ominous signs of the age in which we live, but I believe that God is good and life is good, and that the average man is good.

AM thankful: THAT I CAN DO SOMETHING TO HELP. There are people who trust me, and believe in me, and whose faith holds me up to a high ideal. There are people who need my confidence and help. Stevenson said that no man is useless so long as he has a friend. I have friends who help me; I have friends whom I can help.

### A Choice of Things to Scrap

Some well-informed writers are making the guess that in putting forth his navy-scraping proposals, Secretary Hughes has chosen to abandon the task of curbing Japan in her Far Eastern imperialism.

He has not placed himself under any such necessity. He has, on the other hand, given the conference a choice of objects to scrap.

If Japan fails to meet the demands of freedom and the rights of other peoples in the Far East, it might mean the withdrawal of the Hughes proposal.

In that case, it would mean that Great Britain, for instance, might be forced to choose between supporting Japan and scrapping the Hughes program.

And if this question were put to vote in Great Britain today, Hughes would win 10 to 1 against Japan in a referendum vote.

The man who inherited three mattress factories fell into something pretty soft.

## Poems for your ScrapBook

From Old Irish Songs

### The Harp That Once Thru Tara's Halls

BY THOMAS MOORE

The harp that once thru Tara's halls  
The soul of music shed,  
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls  
As if that soul were fled.  
So sleeps the pride of former days,  
So glories' thrill is o'er,  
And hearts that once beat high for praise  
Now feels that pulse no more!

No more to chiefs and ladies bright,  
The harp of Tara swells;  
The chord alone that breaks at night  
Its tale of ruin tells.  
Thus Freedom now so seldom walks,  
The only throbs she gives  
Is when some heart indignant breaks,  
To show that still she lives.

### Try This on Your Wise Friend

A bridge is 72 feet long and 26 feet wide. A man stands at one end, at the right side, his wife at the other end, on the same side, and his cousin directly in the middle of the bridge. Who is the man nearer to?

Answer to yesterday's: Holes.

### Avriddle Mann

BROTHERHOOD OF MAN FUND

This department accepts contributions for charity in any amount. In appreciation of your help, Avriddle Mann will send you a special letter—signed 'n' everything—which he calls a membership decree in "The Loyal Brotherhood of Man."

This department accepts contributions to be sent to the Seattle community chest fund. Those who prefer to make a direct contribution to a specified charity, rather than thru the community chest, may so specify, and their contributions will be sent as directed.

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Community Chest fund	.....\$28.36
Washington Children's Home	..... 1.50
Salvation Army	..... 2.00
Ryther Home	..... 5.00
Humane Society	..... 1.00
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Community Chest Fund—	
R. M. Hansford	.....\$10.00
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