

# ARE YOU AWARE THAT "SALADA" TEA

Natural Leaf Green Tea is put up and sold in sealed packets in the same form as the famous Black Teas of "Salada" brand.

Get a Packet - - - - - You will like it. R. & N. C. Cook, East 3303, Elliott 0350, Distributors

**A COURSE** in short-story writing is announced by the University extension service, to meet Fridays at 8 p. m. The organization meeting will be held Friday, October 20, in room 1044, Henry building.

**UNJUSTIFIABLE** Not long ago, says a Virginia woman, she was hurriedly finishing certain work neglected the day before when an old negro butler, Thomas, chanced to pass by.

**OAKLAND**—Mrs. Gertrude Styles and Mrs. Minnie Darrington, sisters, said to have confessed to robbery of 150 residents in fashionable district here during past two years.

"Miss Clara! Miss Clara," he remonstrated. "To shore is breakin' de Sabbath day!"

**"NEVERFAIL" INSECT POWDERS** New, powerful exterminator. For roaches and ants, 35c and 60c. For flies on poultry and stock, 40c. For fleas on pets, and for bedbugs, 35c. Harmless to poultry or pets; harmless to handle; easy to apply; small in cost; supreme in action; dependable in results, worthy its name. At all Bartlett Drug Stores. By mail 10c extra.

"But, Uncle Thomas," she argued, "the ox is in the ditch, and—" "Miss Clara!" he broke in: "dat ole ox ain't nothin' but a stumblin' block fo' folks to hide behind! De Scripture do say if he is in de ditch to pull him out; but it don't nowhere say to push him in on Sat'day just so as to have de chance to pull him out on Sunday!"—Japan Advertiser.



## Pyorrhea Strikes Four - Misses Only One

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Play safe. Brush your teeth with Forhan's For the Gums. If used consistently and used in time, it will prevent Pyorrhea or check its progress. Keeps the teeth white and clean, as well, and the gums firm and healthy. Pleasant to the taste. The formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S. At all druggists, 35c and 60c in tubes.



## MAKING HOUSEWORK EASY

Clean steel knives and forks, remove stains and grease with **SAPOLIO**. Cleans - Scours - Polishes. Large cake No waste. Enoch Morgan's Sons Co., New York, U. S. A.

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## On "Hell Ship"

Crew Packs Deck to Keep Life Going 30 Nationalities Under One Flag Many Notables Down-and-Outers Not One Glad He Signed for Trip



A remarkable picture of the bark Whitney upon which Stern sailed. It was snapped from one of the yards and shows a sailor's-eye view of her deck.

## Song of Salmon Gang

We're a frousy, lousy crew As head-wind ever blew, The scrapins of five continents and more; They have gathered us and shipped us, And a dirty job they slipped us, A good two thousand miles from home ashore.

To Naknek, Kvichak, Ugashik, To Togiak and Coofee Crick To tundra flats and mud o' Bristol Bay, To Kagione and Igigak, Wood River, Snake and Nushagak, Wind, skeeters, drizzle, slavin', rotten pay.

They have packed us fore and aft, In this rollin', leakin' craft, For a fishin' like Ike Walton never knew, For our masters, Man and Mammon, And we'll work from Hell to breakfast till we're thru.

By Max Stern

The second day out broke cold and windy. The little bark was plowing back and forth in the teeth of a stiff nor'wester. She was making very little headway, as we tacked slowly up and down against the head wind. Capt. Joe was pacing his quarterdeck and cursing the wind. He stamped about in heavy shoes with wooden soles of the sort his countrymen wear in their dairies on the hillslopes of the Western states, and under his arm he carried a little brindle pup, the mascot of the ship.

I was still a little sick and needed fresh air, so I wrapped myself in my red comforter and planted myself shivering on the lee side of the windlass on the fo'castle-head. Many of the crew were out pacing the decks amidships, trying to keep warm by walking swiftly in twos, back and forth.

What a melting pot this old ship was! On her masthead floated Old Glory, and yet under that flag I believe there were not 10 Yankoes.

In the ship I had counted as many as 30 different nationalities represented, and there must have been even more. Chinese, Guamese, Nicaraguan, Portuguese, Spanish, Mexicans, Filipinos, Hawaiians, Colombians, Panamanians, Santo Domingans, Hattians, Finns, Russians, Letts, Swedes, Danes, Dutch, Germans, Norwegians, Irish, negroes, Icelanders, Sicilians and English—all these went into the brew that made up our polyglot crew of salmon packers. Mose, a loose-jointed lad with a hanging expression, was getting his head shaved by the Mexican barber, near the forward pig pen. The barber and Mose were both a little drunk, and the seas were very high. Mose's head was a bloody shambles of gashes, but he grinned in a friendly waggish way toward everybody. Every once in a while a great comb would dash over the rail and wash the father from Mose's head, but neither he nor the barber seemed to mind. "This ain't nothin'," Mose grinned. "You ought to go

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ly over the highways by night and rested in the Chinatowns of Los Angeles and Fresno by day, would make a story by itself. He had done well at \$1,000 per head delivered in Oakland, but he tried opium and booze as side-lines and was arrested and fined the value of his bank account and car. Now he was trying to recoup at the gambling tables. **EX-CHEIF IN BAD WAY NOW** Another of our crew named Martin, a little fat man of ink-black complexion, had been at one time chief of police of Panama City. Now he was pitifully feeble and lay in his bunk day and night. There was also an ex-pearl diver from Baja, Cal. He was a beautiful young animal whose black eyes flashed angrily as he softly cursed in strange Spanish the house of Meyer and Young, and called down maledictions on everything Alaskan. In the fishermen's fo'castle were even more celebrities. Lying in his bunk, with a broken nose, acquired in a drunken fight, was a Russian Lett, called the "Baron." He had been one of the Lettish landed nobility, but the revolution laid him low. He was now living with and working beside a group of socialist Letts, and apparently forgetting all by-gones. **WORKS FOR HIS EDUCATION** The Bossum, also a Lett, was called the "Consult." He had been at one time Lettish consul to a European city, but now was a wanderer seeking to make enough money to return to his native land. In the beach-gang was a splendidly built young Irishman, named Pat. The way he walked gave assurance that he had been a policeman. He had been a San Francisco "cop" and was trying to make a little stake on the trip to Alaska to permit him to go to college to study electrical engineering. "Yoe," the night watchman, had been an inkkeeper in Holland, and his pal, "Blackie," blacksmith of the money-wrench gang, had been on the road to prosperity when the automobile had pushed him and his trade to the wall. **HELD TOGETHER BY HARD LUCK** And so on. A stranger assortment of humans would be hard to gather together in one ship, yet they had all been reduced to a sort of working equality by that most effective democratizer, misfortune. Holding them together was the great common denominator of hard luck. It soon became too chilly on the forward deck, so I walked around the promenade of the Chinese gang. We were not allowed to go aft any farther than the hatchway amidships.

**YOUR HALLOWE'EN PARTY** Here's that bulletin prepared by The Star's Washington bureau that will tell you all about how to have a wonderful Halloween party. Suggestions for decorations, invitations, games, fortune-telling, the refreshments—they're all in the bulletin. If you are preparing for a Halloween party you will want this bulletin. It's free to Star readers. Fill out carefully and mail the coupon below. Washington Bureau, Seattle Star, 1322 N. Y. Ave., Washington, D. C. I want the bulletin "HALLOWE'EN," and inclose four cents in stamps for postage and mailing costs: NAME STREET AND NO. CITY STATE

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