

# The Seattle Star

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## A Chance for Bill Gaines

Apparently the question whether the county welfare department is going to be made again a football of ward politics or whether it will be kept on a basis of efficiency and economy rests with Wm. Gaines, incoming commissioner.

Frank H. Paul, the other new member-elect, seems determined to dispense with the services of Josiah Collins, who has made an enviable record, and Tom Dobson, hold-over member, is equally set on retaining Collins.

Gaines is reported as undecided. The Star suggests that he will make a hit with taxpayers if he joins with Dobson in urging Mr. Collins to stay on the job.

Paul, it is likely, will have his way about re-introducing Lafe Hamilton to the county payroll, and that is enough concession to Hundred Per Cent Politics for the King county public to swallow at one dose.

The grand lama of Tibet says he sent his astral body to climb Mount Everest and the feat was easy and instantaneous. Journeys by astral bodies will be the next novelty for speed hounds after the novelty of airplanes at 1,000 miles an hour has worn off.

The entrance fee to the United States senate club is coming down. It cost Lynn J. Frazier only \$172 to be elected from North Dakota.

Six tons of cranberries were burned in a New York fire. Cooking steadily, it would take 100 brides two weeks to burn this many.

Noted microscopist reports breathlessly that paper money simply reeks with germs. Tell it to Germans and Russians.

Girls read so many dress hints and then just hint at dressing.

## Turia's Clever Work

One of the most important finds in Roman history has just been recorded.

Not only is it historically important, but it tells an interesting story of a remarkable woman.

It is a marble slab on which is a history of events written by Quintus Lucretius Vispullo, one of the proscribed of the second triumvirate. This means that he was one of a number ordered put to death and their property confiscated by the victorious generals, Antony, Lepidus and Octavian.

Vispullo was hidden by his wife Turia. Later she manipulated political matters so that Augustus Caesar took his name off the death list.

The marble slab tells the story in the form of a memorial to the virtues of his wife, at the time of her death, 40 years after marriage.

Secretary Denby's demand for an American navy "second to none" sounds like a voice from the grave. That matter was supposed to have been settled at the Washington arms limitation conference.

The Turks want to trade with us. We could sell them Turkish cigars, Turkish towels and Turkish baths.

London reports say Harry Gardner is 98 and growing a third set of teeth, but they may be false.

Paris offers 180,000 francs for plans for a moving sidewalk. Our suggestion is drink hard cider.

Hell hath no fury like a woman when you track mud in her house.

## The Out-Go and the In-Come

Europe should be pea green with envy. Secretary Mellon will disburse, in cash or securities, \$700,000,000 to redeem Victory notes, \$200,000,000 to redeem treasury certificates and \$100,000,000 in interest on the public debt. Your Uncle Sam is the nice old moneyed party.

Incidentally speaking, Secretary Mellon will sell \$700,000,000 worth of new treasury notes and certificates and take in \$275,000,000 from income taxation. Oh Lord! if only we little individual fellows could keep our bank balances up to the notch by borrowing.

What will you girls give for Christmas? A silk muffler hanging around the neck will remind him of you.

Just a few days more and we will be writing 1922 by mistake and spending it out to write 1923.

Every now and then stop kicking about the grocery bill and think about the food riots in Berlin.

Chicago University is trying to pick its most beautiful man and we hope they shoot the winner.

What's in a name? In North Carolina a town named Newbern did burn.

Trouble with a man who is a wonder at talking is wonders never cease.

## Enough Is Plenty

"Prof. John P. Tiernan of South Bend, Ind., came out of his seclusion today to make positively his last statement," say the telegrams.

Mrs. Tiernan has made positively her last statement. That fellow Poulin has made positively his last statement. The thing is complete. And the next time any one of that trio comes forward with a statement, let somebody sue a club.

## WHERE YOU CAN'T HUNT

May I call the senator's attention to the fact that under this bill (legislative bird) you could not hunt on your woodland, your wild land, nor could you hunt on your own land unless you lived on it—Senator Carsway (D), Ark.

"Anyone can lick our navy," says Sims. Perhaps they could get a test match between it and Dempsey.

Reader asks if taking a kiss at a potting party is petty larceny. Yes.

Christmas story: "If you kids open those bundles I will spank you."

## George After Pointers?

At his entertainment of the visiting premiers at Buckingham palace, King George paid particular attention to Mussolini, Italy's "black-shirt" premier, conversing with him for a long time. There's a reason.

Mussolini must be a most interesting personage to any king. Mussolini is one of the few statesmen who can pull off a revolution and make the king like it.

## TELL IT TO THE PEOPLE

Whenever it is necessary to put over a job, no matter how barefaced may be the robbery of the people it involves, it is always explained as a measure for the benefit of the public.—Senator La Follette (R), Wis.

Christmas story: "Mamma, what did that man bring, all wrapped up?"

It is strange, but when a man sows his wild oats he raises Cain.

## BOILED PUDDING

By Bertha E. Shapleigh  
Of Columbia University

If pudding is to be cooked in a cloth, have the cloth soaked thoroughly in hot water, wrung dry, and cooled. Dredge cloth with flour that pudding shall not stick to it.

The water in the pot must be boiling when the pudding is put in, and continue boiling the entire time, otherwise the water would soak into the cloth, or the steam condense into water, and make the pudding heavy.

As the water boils away, always replenish with boiling water. Never add cold water to kettle, as that will make the pudding heavy.

## LOOKS LIKE A JOB FOR A DERRICK



## A LETTER FROM AVRIDGE MANN

Dear Folks:  
The other day I bought my kid some things I knew he'd like—a coat, a suit of clothes, a lid, a pair of skates, a bike, a sweater, gloves, a radio, a football suit and ball, a sled that steers, since we have snow, a gun—and that is all.  
I bought his sister's presents, too—a coat for winter's cold, a lavalliere with quite a few of diamonds set in gold; a wrist-watch, sweater, furs, a dress, a phonograph, a hat, a riding horse, and quite a mess of trinkets such as that.  
I bought the wife a limousine—she has the auto bug—a bedroom set, a wash machine, an Oriental rug; a string of pearls, a dinner gown, a dozen diamond rings, a box of hosiery, a swell Mah Jongg, and nameless silken things.  
For Homer Brew I bought a still—because he seldom is! I bought Doc Goodenough a pill—he needs 'em in his biz. Bert Hildeout, my tobacco friend, I bought a good cigar; and then Doc Hiron I thought I'd send a five-cent trolley car.  
And then I thought I ought to try, if such a thing could be to send a wad of dough to buy a thing or two for me. But Fortune flapped a fickle wing, and left me feeling cheap—the old alarm began to ring—of course I'd been asleep!

*Avridge Mann*

## LETTERS to the EDITOR

### A Law to Enforce Saving

Editor The Star:  
Statistics show that of every hundred young men who start in life only about three succeed. What is the dominating cause of such a vast number of failures? From knowledge and observation I should say without hesitation, speculation and gambling.  
Two or three dollars a week laid by regularly would make a nice competency in old age, but the average young American doesn't bother about old age. Besides, the process of saving is too slow for him. Instead of building his fortune as a house is built, he would fain rush it up in a day. Hence he is an easy victim for the get-rich-quick exploiter.  
Mines, oil wells, wonderful inventions, race horses, roulette and what

not eat up his little surplus week by week. And so he reaches middle life without even laying his foundation. Then in the vast majority of cases hope is at an end, and if the victim survive his disappointment he drifts into a seedy old age.  
Can anything be done to remedy all this? The laws against swindling or exploitation are now very drastic, so there is hardly any use proceeding further in that direction. Neither do I think that the multiplication of warnings against the danger of speculation or gambling would do much good. The popular desire for riches is too deep.  
The only thing I can suggest is a law obliging young men to save, that is, to give up a certain percentage of their salaries every week or month, to be husbanded for them against the rainy day. CONSELL.

### An Invitation From Charleston

Editor The Star:  
I have been a reader of The Star for 20-odd years. I have read of many outrages that have caused me to be slightly warm, but what makes my blood boil now is this: Why is it that a God-forgiving minister of the gospel is not allowed to walk in the "fields of worthy endeavor" (the streets) without the rude girls kissing and hugging him 19 times?  
When such things happen it is the duty of every citizen to try to do

something. I will suggest that every minister of the gospel be provided with a chaperon or wet nurse when he leaves home. Or if such parties be not found in Seattle, let these ministers of the gospel now on trial move to Charleston. We are all here, and we will promise not to kiss them. Hoping to hear suggestions from other readers, I remain,  
Yours truly,  
PETER N. SKOOG,  
634 Montgomery St.,  
Charleston.

### Mayor Brown and the Vice Menace

Editor The Star:  
We elected E. J. Brown mayor of Seattle. The city council seems to forget this and takes an apparent delight in "stale-mating" him. The ministers are now trying to get a little free publicity by calling him names. Do these ministers and councilmen represent the people? Surely not, we bet on Brown and we are not a bunch of welters. The ministers and councilmen and all of us should do all in our power to help him make good for Seattle.  
Why all this fuss about the conditions? The same conditions will always exist under the present social system and have always existed from time immemorial. After all, why should not these unfortunate women ply their trade? Have they not as much right to live as you and I? In most cases it is supposed to expound to give them a good lesson on this subject. We all have our own special graft (call it honest work if you like, but few of us are above making a little on the side by shady tactics). Most of us are law breakers for we "mooch a bottle of hooch" when we can. I know I do, and the ministers were pretty clever the way they worked it to get them.  
Many ministers and The Star are against capital punishment and ap-

parently believe that a murderer should be slapped on the wrist and turned loose to murder again. Arguments against capital punishment are many and very clever, but it is the same line of reasoning that absolves the rich and lets the poor man pay the "piper." Many young girls today and probably 90 percent of all the divorced women do liberally sell themselves to the highest bidder. In view of the above I cannot see why it is so terrible that these women sell themselves to sundry men for a few hours, or we as a whole have much right to condemn them and get them out of our midst. They are not getting any better, they are getting worse. Regarding the Community Fund, I believe that C. C. Avondale is about right. As long as money-making institutions like the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. are on the list the fund will have hard sledding. I did a little collecting myself last year. If they are out after money, fine; that is their business, but let them be honest and say so like the women on the street.  
C. O. F.



## THE SKY LINE OF SPRUCE

by Edison Marshall  
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BEN DARBY, expert woodsman and canoeist, is shell-shocked in France and loses his identity after returning home. He drifts into a criminal life, but he partly recovers while he is robbing a bank in Seattle. As a result he is caught and sent to the state penitentiary at Walla Walla, where he is confined until  
ERRA MELVILLE, aged friend of his family, finds him and persuades the governor to parole him in his custody.

### NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

III  
There was a great house-cleaning in the dome of the heavens one memorable night that flashed like a jewel from the murky desolation of a rainy spring. The little winds came in troops, some from the sea, some with loads of balsam from the great forests of the Olympic Peninsula, and some, quite tired out, from the stretching sage plains to the east, and they swept the sky of clouds as a housekeeper sweeps the ceiling of cobwebs. Not a wisp, not one trailing streamer remained.  
The Seattle citizenry, for the first time in some weeks, recalled the existence of the stars. These emerged in legions and armies, all the way from the finest diamond dust to great, white spheres that seemed near enough to reach up and touch. Little forgotten stars that had hidden away since Heaven knows when in the deepest recesses of the skies came out to join in the celebration. Aged men, half blind, beheld so many that they thought their sight was returning to them, and youths saw whole constellations that they had never beheld before. They continued their high revels until a magnificent moon rose in the east, too big and too bright to compete with it. It was not just a crescent moon, about to fade away, or even a rain moon—one of those standing straight up in the sky so that water can run out as out of a dipper. It was almost at its full, large and nearly round, and it made the whole city, which is rather like other cities in the daylight, seem a place of enchantment. It was so bright that the electric signs along Second avenue were not even counter-attractions.

No living creature who saw it remained wholly unmoved by it. Wary young men, crafty and slick as foxes, found themselves proposing to their sweethearts before they could expect to benefit Seattle in that way.  
Unfortunately, I am leaving for the time being, but surely hope, some day, to return to the city of Seattle, the city of hills.  
In conclusion, allow me to add that L. M. Clarke is good, at writing. You'd better "sign" him. He has some of your staff beaten, beyond his own life, something inborn in

could catch themselves, and maidens who had looked forward to some years yet of independent gaiety found themselves accepting. Old tom-cats went wooing; old spinsters got out old letters; old husbands thought to return and kiss their wives before venturing down to old, moth-eaten clubs. Old dogs, too, welled to howl, were lost and absent-minded with dreams that were older than all the rest of these things put together.  
But to no one in the city was the influence of the moon more potent than to Ben Darby, once known as "Wolf" Darby thru certain far-spreading districts, and now newly come from the state capital, walking Seattle's streets with his ward and benefactor, Erra Melville. No matter how faltering was his memory in other regards, the moon, at least, was an old acquaintance. He had known it in the nights when his light had probed into his barred cell; but his intimate acquaintance with it had begun long before that. Not even the names that the alienist, Forest, had spoken—the names of places and people close to his own heart—stirred his memory like the sight of the mysterious sphere rolling thru the empty places of the sky. It recalled, clearer than any other one thing, the time and place of his early years.  
He could not put into words just how it affected him. From first to last, even thru his days of crime, it had been the one thing constant—the unchanging symbol—that in any manner connected his present with his shadowed past. It had served to recall in him more than any other one thing, the fact that there was a part to look for—the assurance that somewhere, far away, he had been something more than a reckless criminal in city slums. The love he had for it was an old love, proving to him conclusively that his past life had been intimately associated, some way, with moonlight falling in open places. Yet the mood that was awakened in him went even farther. It was as if the sight of the argent satellite stirred and moved deep-buried instincts innate in him, in no way connected with any experience of his immediate life. Rather it was as if his love for it were a racial eye, reaching back beyond his own life, something inborn in

## Ask Henderson, Russell or Brown

Editor The Star:  
The Cowen Park car that I came downtown on this morning was not heated, and I wondered why, WHY, WHY? Can you answer? Yours truly,  
M. F. McDONALD,  
811 Third Ave.

## Clarke's Criticism Destructive

Editor The Star:  
I have been an amused and very interested reader for some months of your "Letters to the Editor" column. Not the least, among the varying assortment of topics, in interest, was the controversy aroused by the writings of L. M. Clarke.  
Having visited in every large city of the United States, with the exception of the metropolis, New York, I feel that I am in position to consider the pro and con of his writings. Seattle is not the worst city by any means as to vice flourishing. That goes with every city of 100,000 or more, at least among a certain class. I believe that Clarke is right in stating that the city is "wide open." Ask any man down town whose business causes him to be much upon the streets.

Not heartless; I'd rather say thoughtless of others. But that, too, is typical of larger communities.  
Seattle has passed the township mark, 200,000, which is usually the place from which big cities spring into being. Many years of struggle to reach that mark, and then she booms.  
The building of Seattle to its present size, considering the enormous engineering feats involved, and the expense accruing to such effort expended upon overhanging cliffs and crags, which are called hills here, must indeed have embodied a veritable romance. More glory to the people who did it. They have the spirit which makes a wonder spot from the most discouraging outlook. They had the same spirit in Los Angeles, a city beautiful from a sand patch—all artificial, to be sure, but nevertheless a colossal monument to advertising, boosting and no knock-ers.

Mr. Clarke is right as to your estimate—rotten the word. But he forgets the scenery—natural, beautiful, abundant. I know of no other community quite so blessed with scenery.  
I do not believe that Clarke has yet seen the Sound and waterway facilities here. He has also lost sight of the kind of criticism that he has handed out for Seattle to swallow. His was destructive and not constructive criticism. He certainly

**REV. C. J. HAWKINS**

11 A. M.  
*Christianity and Politics*  
7:30 P. M.  
*Shall We Have a Clean City?*  
**PLYMOUTH CHURCH**  
Sixth and University

## SCIENCE

### Finding Radium. Easily Done. Instrument Simple. It's Electroscopes.

A careless lady who was being treated with radium lost the precious little tube and the insurance company had to find it. Radium is always heavily insured.  
By means of an electroscopes the radium was located in the basement in the ashes of the furnace.

The spectroscopes is so sensitive that it will reveal the presence of one millionth of a milligram of substance and a milligram is only a sixtieth part of a grain. But the electroscopes will reveal a quantity of electrified matter one-million million smaller.  
Yet this instrument is so simple that any child can make one. It is only a bottle in which two narrow leaves of gold leaf are hung by a wire. At the top of the wire is a brass knob just above where the wire comes thru the cork. If you rub a piece of sealing wax and touch it to the knob the leaves will stand out from one another. If radium is present the leaves fall together.

It was as if he were recalling it, not alone from his own past, but from a racial existence a thousand-thousand years before his own birth. His memory was strangely stifled, but, oh, he remembered the moon! Forest had spoken of stimuli. The mere sight of the blue-white beams was the best possible stimulus to call him to himself.  
Erra Melville and he walked under it, talking little at first, and mostly the old, blue twinkling eyes watched his face. Seemingly with no other purpose than to escape the bright glare of the street lights they walked northward along the docks, below Queen Anne Hill, passed old Rope Walk, thru the suburb of Ballard, finally emerging on the Great Northern railroad tracks heading toward Vancouver and the Canadian border. For all that Ben's long legs had set a fast pace Melville kept cheerfully beside him thru the long walk, seemingly without trace of fatigue.

They paced at last at a crossing, and Ben faced the open fields. Evidently, before crime had claimed him, he had been deeply sensitive to nature's beauty. Erra saw him straighten, his dark, vivid face rise; his quiet talk died on his lips. Evidently the peaceful scene before him went home to him very straight. He was very near threshold from some

(Turn to Page 9, Column 1)

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