# The Seattle Star

Published Daily by The Star Publishing Co. Phone Main 0600. Newspaper Enterprise Association and United Press Service. By mail, out of city, 50c per month; 3 months, $1.50; 6 months, $2.75; year, $5.00, in the state of Washington. Outside of the state, 50c per month, $4.50 for 6 months, or $9.00 per year. By carrier, city, 50c a month.

Gilman, Nicoll & Ruthman, Special Representatives. San Francisco office, Monadnock bldg.; Chicago office, Tribune bldg.; New York office, Canadian Pacific bldg.; Boston office, Tremont bldg.


## *Kansas' Medieval Justice*

Editor White, of the Emporia Gazette, found himself under arrest one day about three months ago because he displayed in the window of his print shop a placard expressing his sympathy with the striking coal miners of Kansas.

White's only crime was that he sympathized in print. Along with a number of other Kansas citizens who sympathized out loud, he was arrested on the governor's order, charged with violating an injunction aimed to prevent anyone from aiding or comforting the strikers.

Months went by with White under arrest but out on bail, patiently waiting his turn in court, when the charges against him could be heard, with his reply, and when he could be adjudged innocent or guilty.

Now comes the court at Emporia with a dismissal of the case, offering no explanation, granting White no verdict. Other cases have been disposed of, but White, after appearing three times before the court, seeking trial, is refused it.

This brand of justice which they dole out in Kansas would have come as no surprise from some divine right prince of Europe back in the Dark Ages, when it was the accepted thing for kings to jail subjects who thought independent ideas, denying them hearing and verdicts until such time as the king chose to relent.

That hard-boiled method of smothering opposition has no place in democratic America, even when administered in the guise of public policy by Gov. Allen of Kansas, thru his attorney general. Editor White is right in refusing to tolerate this feudal justice.

The Star has had occasion frequently to speak of freedom of the press. It does that because freedom of the press can be denied only after freedom of speech has been squelched. Editor White's fight in Emporia is just one phase in the lasting struggle for the rights of freedom of expression, necessary to democracy.

**KINDS OF STENOGRAPHERS**

**A stenographic reporter is a stenographer who is able to report the arguments in the court verbatim, while a stenographer may be merely an amanuensis who can take, perhaps, 75 or 100 words a minute.—J. Bradley Tanner, clerk of court of claims, before house committee on appropriations.**

**Miss Penelope Papanastasopoulos has won a $15,000 damage verdict against a Detroit merchant named Zissis Zissis. Just think of a woman kicking because she couldn't sign her Christmas cards "Merry Christmas from Mrs. Penelope Pap-etc. Zissis"!**

**Kid McCoy, who has married eight times, is bankrupt. Two may live as cheaply as one, but nine can't.**

**Harding's motto seems to be, "Don't give up the ship subsidy."**

## *Legalized Slavery Proposed*

President Harding's proposed solution of the railway strike problem is no solution at all. It won't work.

Boiled down, it amounts to this: Four men appointed by the president shall have power to fix wages for railroad workers and enforce their decision.

The president suggests a labor division of the interstate commerce commission "to hear and decide disputes relating to wages and working conditions which have failed of adjustment by proper committees created by the railways and their employes."

Elsewhere he says: "Public interest demands that ample power shall be conferred upon the labor tribunal * * * to require its rulings to be accepted by both parties to a disputed question."

In another part of the message he adds: "The lawful power for the enforcement of decisions is necessary to sustain the majesty of government and to administer to the public welfare."

Here is another significant extract from the message: "Theoretically, a fair and living wage must be determined quite apart from the employers' earning capacity, but in practice, in the railway service, they are inseparable."

That means men must work for less than a fair and living wage on a railroad that isn't earning enough to pay it—even tho frenzied finance and rotten management are responsible for the road's inability to pay.

But the tribunal proposed by the president could fix the wage at less than a fair and living wage, and compel the workers to accept it.

In effect what is proposed is legalized slavery. And that's not an American solution of the railway wage problem. No really American congress would ever pass such a law.

**I visited a home in my own city about a month ago, and the mother told me that her 14-year-old boy had come home from high school the day before so drunk and sick that she thought he was going to die. She asked him the next day where he procured it, and the boy said that nearly all the boys in the school were carrying it on their hips.—Representative Knutson (R.), Minn.**

**According to President Harding's message, "the state of the nation" is pretty good. It only needs bolstering up, here and there, to save the farmers, suppress bootlegging and profiteering and prevent strikes.**

**Women's fur coats have jumped to three crying spells higher than they were last Christmas.**

## *Indigestion and Fool Ideas*

Get this: "I never knew a theorist who wasn't a sick man," writes James J. Davis, secretary of labor, in "The Iron Puddler."

Carrying it a step further: A good many unbalanced radicals curse economic conditions and life in general when the real trouble is in their livers. Life is reasonably agreeable, about as much so as we can expect, when we are not bilious.

**Bootleg moonshine captured "assayed 117 per cent alcohol and vast quantities of fusel oil, vermin, maggots, etc.," warn a prohibition official, intending to scare boys away from drink. Many an old soak has seen stranger things in booze, yet died a drunkard.**

**Jim Couzens, new Michigan senator, says he hopes to die poor. That ought to be easy now. What's a mere $1,500,000 income compared to the cost of a fine furnished apartment in Washington, D. C.**

**THE COAST GUARD**

**The coast guard service is the fire department of the sea.—Representative Hawes (D.), Mo.**

## *Are Speeders All Insane?*

All persons arrested for auto speeding in Indianapolis will be given insanity tests, announces Mayor Shank. Offenders will be held without bond, in padded cells, until the lunacy commission passes on them.

If Indianapolis goes thru with this, and other cities take it up, a vast string of new insane asylums will have to be built. You see crazy drivers daily. Recklessness is a sure sign of mental unbalance.

It wouldn't be a bad idea to make every motorist undergo a sanity test before giving him a driver's license.

**Figures show the average farmer made $465 this year, but some say that is $2,000 more than they got.**

**Skeleton of a Baluchisterium has been found in Mongolia. Remember the name in case you meet one.**

**We can't decide if fat men get rich or if rich men get fat.**

# A LETTER FROM AVRIDGE MANN

Mr. Charles S. Gilpin,
Metropolitan Theater:

A dozen years or more ago I saw a Williams-Walker show; I can't recall its name, but yet the play was one I can't forget—its actors pass before my eye and sing "The Isle of Bye-and-Bye."

No skin was white in all the caste, their race was yours from first to last; and yet, before the play was thru we visioned what that race can do—from lilting song to solemn part they all displayed consummate art.

And, if my memory is right, I saw you there that distant night. Since then you've climbed till critics say your acting can't be beat today, for you have won yourself a place above the prejudice of race.

And so I'm proud to write to you, and wish you luck in all you do. I'm glad to know you've found renown in spite of things that held you down, to let us see that splendid sight—the man that wins an uphill fight.

Perhaps, some day, your eyes and mine will learn to see with sight divine—a sight that pierces thru the veil of superficial sham and shale, thru station, raiment, wealth and skin, to see the soul that lies within.

Perhaps, some day, our hearts may find a brotherhood of all mankind, that knows no race or creed or clan, but meets each other man to man—and when we do, we all will say that men like you have blazed the way!

Avridge Mann

# LETTERS to the EDITOR

## On the Green Lake Line

Editor The Star:

If you have anything you would like to keep in a nice, cool place, just send it for a trip in a Green Lake car along about 6 a. m. Yours for longer summers, C. M. BUTTERS.

## Heat Ordered Not Used

Editor The Star:

I noticed in your paper of Thursday a statement by Mr. Henderson that he is placing heating apparatus in cars as rapidly as possible.

A conductor on my carline claims he has instructions from main office not to have heat turned on in cars during rush hours. He also says if any official would come into the car with heat on he would be given 20 days.

If this is the case what's the use of having heating apparatus?

Yours truly,
H. ANDERSON,
6526 Jones Ave. N. W.

## Georgetown Cars Always Cold

Editor The Star:

I have been a resident of Georgetown for the past 19 years, and during all that time I have never yet seen a car on the South Seattle-Georgetown run equipped with heaters.

The No. 6 car, commonly called the "Creeper Line," is bad enough at all times, slowed down as it is by a multitude of switches that would furnish metal enough to construct a double track if melted down, but in winter months the passengers are frozen, as well as delayed.

Long, open cars, with bitter, icy drafts swirling down their aisles, are the daily portion of the unfortunate residents of Georgetown. Until such time as the city officials are spurred into action by The Star's editorials, we must compose ourselves to patience and frozen rigidity, it seems.

Sincerely, PHIL F. GIBEAU,
Jumbe Shoe Mfg. Co.

## Community Fund Appreciative

Editor The Star:

I wish to thank you for the help The Star gave to the Community Fund campaign. The Fund is exactly like a new business institution—it has got to establish itself—and the first few years of the Fund in all the cities where it has been tried have been attended by much misrepresentation and lack of understanding on the part of a portion of the public.

The press matter which The Star ran was not only helpful in stimulating subscriptions but it has, I am sure, been of much educational value. It also strengthened the hands of hundreds of public-spirited men and women who volunteered their time in addition to their money in getting pledges for the 51 charitable and welfare organizations who look to the fund for necessary funds to carry on their work.

Very sincerely yours,
SEATTLE COMMUNITY FUND.
By DR. PARK WEED WILLIS,
President.

## County Home and Politics

Editor The Star:

As The Star has always fought for right and justice, regardless of the station in life of the oppressed, we, the inmates of the King county home, appeal to you at this critical moment, when, in the twilight of our lives, the happiness and contentment that have surrounded the atmosphere of this institution are about to be taken from us and the home made a pawn in the game of politics.

We ask The Star to appeal to the good people of Seattle to see that this great crime is averted. Why, in the name of ordinary business judgment, should the management be changed at this time, when, under the administration of Josiah Collins as welfare commissioner, the operative expenses have been cut to such an extent that a large portion of the appropriation has been turned back to the county treasury, a thing unprecedented in the history of this institution, and yet the inmates are WELL FED, CONTENTED AND HAPPY.

Mr. and Mrs. Finch, as superintendent and matron, have their hearts in the work here, and it has been greatly thru their efforts that the King county home is free from criticism at the present time.

Now, in view of the above actual condition, we again appeal to all lovers of fair play to see that this institution is removed for all time to come from the miserable conditions surrounding institutions of this character thru the pernicious game of politics.

MRS. FANNIE BUTCHER,
MRS. MAE FAULK,
MRS. MARY HICKSON,
Grievance Committee of Inmates of King County Home.

## A Little Pome of the Cold Cars

Editor The Star:

Really, my knowledge of the mechanism of a street car is negligible. The best definition I could give of one is that it is something which has a cold man in front called a motorman, and a cold man in back called a conductor, and a bunch of cold sardines in the middle, called citizens.

But, perhaps, we are not getting at "the powers that be" in the right way, so far as the matter of heat is concerned. Possibly they have wearied of perusing prosaic articles, and the Divine Muse could better appeal to their senses.

Try this on your street car officials:

A-dashing thru the snow
In a one-horse open sleigh,
Hasn't a thing on us,
In the Seattle Street Railway.

Bells on bob-tail ring,
But the half has not been told;
The conductor's s'posed to ring one, too,
But his hands are too darned cold.

Chorus:

Clap, clap, clap; stamp, stamp, stamp;
So the chorus goes—
You have to keep that stamping up,
Or you're gonna freeze your toes.
Stamp, stamp, stamp; clap, clap, clap;
Saves your fingers, too—
Say, my friends, I love to ride,
In an open car, don't you?

Sincerely,
A. M. HOPKINS,
321 E. 52nd St.,
Via the Meridian Car Line.

## In Defense of Dr. Brown

Editor The Star:

I see by The Star that the sky pilots have declared war on Doc Brown. As an old-timer who has been in and about Seattle for the last 20 years, I want to say that Doctor Brown's administration is the cleanest ever.

The churches will get the amount of protection that is due them as a religious body, but they won't dictate the policy of the city administration, not while Doctor Brown is in the chair. Doc will be boss. He uses his head, and will guarantee that every individual, from the panhandler to the Chamber of Commerce, will get a square deal. That is Doc all over—but when we stop to think of it, they crucified Christ.

H. P. DEVLIN,
R. F. D. R. 2, 389,
Auburn, Wash.

## The West Seattle Car Ride

Editor The Star:

Our West Seattle cars contain no pretense of a heater. Four out of five of them are of a prehistoric model, with long, bench-like seats running along the sides—allee same the patrol wagon.

We pay our 8 1-3 cents, climb in, and for 30 minutes sit, shivering and staring face to face with a t. b. m. seated three feet away across the aisle.

One inducement we had in coming to this beautiful suburb was the splendid mountain and Sound view to be seen as we traveled back and forth. Well said view is denied to us, since four out of five of our cars are of the exasperating type above described. Those on the west side of the car have their backs to it squarely, those on the east side must gaze at it thru a row of weary, curious or resentful faces.

We are a pretty good class of home owners and citizens over here—willing to take our share of the inconveniences that are unavoidable owing to the city's unfortunate purchase of the street car system, but shouldn't we in fairness be treated as well at least as the residents of the negro and Japanese districts of the city?

I have to go thru that section every day. I transfer from this patrol-wagon-refrigerator into perfectly comfortable, warm, uncrowded cars. I believe the progress of West Seattle has been retarded many years by its wretched car service. Residents of the university district, Phinney ridge, North Queen Anne, and other places just as far from down town as we, pity us for our long ride.

It is like the old joke about the life of a married man—it isn't any longer—it just seems so on account of its discomforts. A. D.


DR. EDWIN J. BROWN'S DENTAL OFFICES
106 Columbia St.
Seattle's Leading Dentist for More Than 21 Years

## ON OUR BRAIN FROM NOW ON

## His Face Not His Fortune

Editor The Star:

It seems to me that Mr. Clarke does not get the sympathy he craves thru these columns. I wish to extend mine. Perhaps, tho, I do it because I, too, am a sufferer in my bump of approbativeness from the smiles of a cruel world.

Time was when I fondly believed that when I went forth in all my glory, I received the homage justly due to pulchritude. My disillusionment came about in this way:

I was walking down Secon ave. with a friend, and as we passed a beautiful young lady I nudged my friend and said, "Did you see her smile at me?"

"Good gosh!" said my friend. "Smile! Why, man, the first time I saw you I laughed out loud!"

Cruel! Cruel! The mirror and I fought it out that night in the privacy of my own chamber, and I—smashed the mirror. My only wonder now, as I look back on it, is, how that old glass stood the strain of my countenance for so long. Wonderful glass they made a few years ago!

Once, after having labored all night, and without taking time to shave or otherwise beautify myself, I joined my relatives at Alki bathing beach. Now, if there is any garment in which a man will look like a god—or the reverse—it is in a bathing suit. I certainly did not look like a god. However, my little son, my niece and I had the time of our young lives. Along in the afternoon a lady, one of the mob, joined my wife in conversation, and, of course, it duly turned to poor me. This was the stranger's choicest contribution, from among a generous offering:

"An intelligent looking child and a handsome girl, but Gawd never did make a homelier man."

Just think of it! To my wife!

Well, I managed to pick up a few remarks myself, which were not made about me, and by using them in self-defense have managed to get along pretty well since. And that sister! I had to wait nearly a year before finding something to even the score with her.

But, still, there is one great thing about it all: We do not have to see our own ugliness.

"For beauty I know I'm no star;
There are others more handsome by far;
But my face, I don't mind it;
You see, I'm behind it;
'Tis the fellow in front get's the jar."

Since man was, there have been thoughtless people, cruel people, and, thank God, the kind, loving people. They are around us all the time. Each is so busy looking after the little group that has been given to his special care to love, cherish and protect that he does not seem to notice us. But his attitude is not careless indifference. It is thoughtfully absorbent in the work at hand. Let some accident, some real need stir him, and his hand will leap out to offer assistance, and his soul goes with it in sympathy; the need passed, he hurries away and is lost in the crowd.

"Two prisoners looked out from behind their bars;
One saw—the mud; the other—the stars."

There is plenty of mud; but oh, the stars are bright, and they twinkle and beckon to call us away from the sordid; each heart has the Divine spark in it that glows and calls us from the mean and petty.

Hypersensitiveness is generally extreme egotism, the twin of selfishness. Strangle it, or it will ruin your happiness. The chances are that nine out of every ten laughs which Mr. Clarke supposed were directed at him were at something else, and the people giving them had not even noticed him.

Make the best of things. "A wart is but a dimple turned over, you know." Look up, not down, and SMILE. SIDNEY SMITH,
3940 University Way.

## SCIENCE

*Radio Crystals.*
*What Is Their Secret?*
*Calcspar.*
*Retains a Charge.*

Why does the crystal enable you to receive radio messages? It is because of piezo-electricity. This is from two Greek words meaning pressure electricity.

If a crystal of calcspar is pressed between the two dry fingers in such a manner as to compress it along the blunt edges of the crystal, it becomes electrified and will retain its charge for several days. Many crystals are being investigated and many have been found to have peculiarities in their characters with regard to the conduction and generation of electricity.

The common galena crystal of your receiving set conducts electricity in one direction better than the other. When an ether wave comes in to the crystal, part of it is kept back and the other part is used to make the telephone diaphragm move.


# GIRLS! Take Home This Beautiful, Big SLEEPING DOLL

It Is 14 Inches High

Many Other Styles to Choose From. No Dolls Less Than 14 Inches High—Many Larger
NO DISAPPOINTMENTS

SECURE
# ONLY THREE
New Subscriptions to
THE SEATTLE STAR
And You Will Be Presented With a Big Sleeping Doll
WITHOUT A CENT OF COST

Just get THREE of your friends and neighbors who are not now having The Star delivered to them to subscribe for three months. You do not have to collect any money or make delivery of the paper, simply take the order for The Star.

Have subscribers sign subscription blank printed below, then bring to The Star office.

As soon as you have secured the THREE subscriptions and they have been verified you will be awarded one of the beautiful sleeping dolls.

SUBSCRIPTIONS MUST BE NEW, THAT IS, PEOPLE WHO ARE NOT NOW HAVING THE STAR DELIVERED TO THEIR HOMES.

Out-of-town subscriptions must be paid for in advance at the rate of 50c a month.

TO SUBSCRIBERS

I hereby subscribe to The Seattle Star for three months and thereafter until I order same discontinued, for which I agree to pay carrier at the regular rate of 50c a month.

I AM NOT NOW HAVING THE STAR DELIVERED TO ME

| NAME | ADDRESS | Phone No. |
|---|---|---|
| | | |
| | | |
| | | |
| | | |
| Taken by | | |

Let's Go BOYS! Win One for Your Sister

Bring Subscriptions to
The Seattle Star
Seventh Ave. Near Union