

Some More Letters From Star Readers

Proposes Municipal Economies

Editor The Star:

About the only way to reduce taxes is to curtail expenses. One way to do this on one item is to mail light and water bills in the same envelope, thus cutting the postage in half. As I understand about 180,000 letters are sent out each month, a saving on postage alone would be \$1,300, to say nothing of the labor involved.

But we could go further in saving expenses by paying to the respective departments our light and water bills for six months or a year in advance, basing our advance payments on the approximate cost for that period. If my water bill has been running about 70 cents and my light bill \$2.30 a month, I would pay for a six-months' period \$18, and at the end of that time strike a balance and pay the city what I had used above that amount, and if any credit due me

would be placed to my credit for the next six months, or in case of moving or other reason, I could receive any sum due me in cash.

We are all creatures of customs and habits. No one would think it advisable to pay taxes monthly. It would involve 12 transactions where we only have one or two now and would cause a big additional item for collection.

We could pay our light and water bill in the same way except it should be paid in advance for obvious reasons, the same as rents are paid in advance. Of course under the present system the exact cost cannot be determined, but that could easily be approximated.

A very appreciable saving in money and time would be effected to all concerned if some system like this could be put into effect.

A. M. HAIDALE,
4023 Meridian Ave.

Comes to Mayor's Defense

Editor The Star:

I am one of the 40-odd thousand voters of this city who elected Doc Brown, and I am one of those who will re-elect him, and I think it high time that some of us speak up.

It has never failed yet that the privilege of protest has not been abused by the disgruntled minority and repudiated newspapers. What they lack in numbers and moral right, they overcome by the efficient use of their tin horns, which they blow to the tune of "I told you so."

Whether their ominous prophecies are fulfilled or not is to them of no consequence. The man whom they did not vote for and the man whose election was as wormwood to their asinine souls was chosen and that fact alone has made him the mark for their hymn of hate.

Yesterday a well-known Episcopal clergyman spoke up in the council chamber and publicly thanked Councilman Cohen for his defense of the administration. He furthermore said, "I am astonished at the way these people who can do nothing but disparage our city—he was speaking of the 'uplift' gang—are allowed to come here and sit at the council table, and dictate to our duly elected officials."

The fact is that Mayor Brown has as many friends among the clergy as he has enemies.

Odd, isn't it, that these so-called church investigators cannot produce anything but second and third-hand information, hearsay and gossip, and

that those who have never been tempted are those who shout the loudest, and it is stranger still that those of them who claim to have spent the most time and their own money in their "investigations" are they who, when asked for a little practical assistance, are the first to run and hide behind their "private" citizenship? If the ministers must stage their periodical "expose" why not turn their attention to the federal building, where their unsavory inclinations would surely be delighted by a bit of reality?

I wish a dance hall ordinance proposed by Mrs. Lander, who has evidently forgotten the fact that Ballard and Georgetown did more to elect her than her own district. Her ordinance is aimed not to regulate dance halls but to abolish certain places of amusement. For this purpose she has included a clause that prohibits halls that cater to men only, evidently forgetting that to be consistent all business south of Yesler way should be abolished. In no business can the patrons be better than the locality, and the proposed ordinance would simply penalize those men for living where society has decreed that they must live.

I have no financial interests in this district, as some will surely say, and I make this protest in the name of common justice.

Respectfully,
C. T. LOWMAN,
904 L. C. Smith Bldg.

Wants Officials Held to Account

Editor The Star:

I enjoy your open forum immensely, and as the conduct of our officials has been such that it has caused calumny (?) to be hurled at them by their constituents, the claims of misconduct in office have been so numerous, and the fact that they have not successfully defended or refuted the charges of the public, leads one to believe that the accused might be guilty as charged.

Corrupt Practice Act. How would such a law look on our statute books, and what effect would it have on our public officials generally, providing it could be enforced, and say it carried a penalty of from three to ten years at hard labor at Walla Walla?

I for one am of the opinion that it would have a tendency to influence some of our dear servants (?) to comply with statute law, and serve their constituency for the salary as prescribed by law. As it exists under the present regime they lose sight of their salary in their mad rush for graft.

I see no relief from the present system, except by a law such as I have already mentioned.

Of course if such a law should be enacted, and become operative at once, someone would be forced to issue a call for a general election, as fully 95 per cent would be on the way to Walla Walla.

I had intended to give vent to my feelings regarding the disgraceful conduct of some of our county officials, but space and my limited vocabulary will not permit me to do justice to the case, truly the language with which to express the disgust and contempt the people hold for the officials would not be admitted to the mails.

Also, look at the petty grumbling and squawking engaged in at the present time between our mayor and ministers of the city—just a bunch

of words that mean nothing and will accomplish the same.

"Normalcy," where art thou?

I can see no avenue of escape for state and individual except over the route of bankruptcy.

J. D. HAYTOR,
Renton.

SPECIAL CARE FOR DISABLED

With 95 per cent of the hospitalized world war veterans in the Seattle district now being treated by government doctors in veterans' hospitals and wards, this district is one of the leading sections of the country in eliminating the necessity of caring for its bed-ridden ex-service people in contract hospitals, the local office of the United States veterans' bureau has announced. Only 5 per cent of the 654 former soldiers, sailors and marines receiving hospital treatment are hospitalized in institutions other than under direct control of the government.

At the Western state hospital, Steilacoom, there are 111 mental patients in war veterans' wards in a separate building of the institution, supervised by government agents.

During the year 1922 the number of veterans hospitalized in contract hospitals not under federal doctors was reduced from 228 to 44. Both ex-service organizations and the government are eager to have all ex-service people treated in strictly veterans' hospitals, it was stated.

Alexander Says Business Brisk

Bringing an optimistic report, H. F. Alexander, president of the Pacific Steamship company, is in Seattle after a tour of observation of conditions in the national capital and in Atlantic coast and Middle West cities.

Business conditions look encouraging, with an unusually brisk holiday trade throughout the country, according to Alexander.

The shipping man also believes, from indications at Washington, D. C., that the ship subsidy bill will go thru without serious opposition.

'Twas the Night before Christmas—

And all through the house the only creature stirring is "Mother"—getting ready for the children's great day. She peeks into the refrigerator just to feast her eyes on the festive bird and to be sure that

NAILED FIST



Nucoa
The Delicious Spread for Bread

is there. She knows that when she stuffs the turkey she will melt a big lump of rich Nucoa to go in the dressing; knows she will spread wings, drum sticks and tempting, white meat with Nucoa before the turkey goes into the oven.

And she knows too, that she will baste with Nucoa, to insure fine natural flavor and golden brownness. She knows too, that Nucoa helps to make her mashed potatoes famous—that it gives the creamy richness everybody loves.

N. B. Follow mother's example. Order Nucoa from your Grocer for a Merrier Christmas and a Healthier One.

THE NUCOA BUTTER CO.

The Chinese still cling to the old custom of permitting their fingernails to grow to extravagant lengths. Here is the hand of a wealthy merchant from Saigon, Cochinchina.

THE ONE-MAN WOMAN

BY RUTH AGNES ABELING

CHAP. 12.—"I CAN'T UNDERSTAND"

BEGIN HERE TODAY

Life's greatest tragedy had come to KATE WARD. All she had left in the world was lost when the memory of her dead husband.

DAN WARD was shattered by the announcement from Chinatown Alice that Dan was the father of Alice's child.

DOROTHY, now living in her little home with her father.

JUSTIN PARSONS, to whom she had returned after Dan's death, to learn that her mother also had died. She wondered what duty she owed her husband's child by another woman. A letter from Alice said that Dorothy was seriously ill.

GO ON WITH THE STORY

For days Kate went about the business of living in a sort of semistupor. She didn't answer Alice's letter. A number of times she tried. She sat down at the desk in the living room and sought to formulate the sentence. It was impossible.

She knew only this: that the beautiful thread of gold of which she had woven a fabric of memories had tarnished.

She felt as if she had been invited to life's soda fountain and had been handed an empty glass.

Kate Ward had been trying to live true to a memory. While she could

retain the idealism of it, it had not been difficult to reserve her heart and thought, her whole life, for it. But gradually, under the influence of Chinatown Alice and her story, the thing was being robbed of its idealism and Kate Ward sensed a tempest at work within herself.

Like all women, as long as she had been able to shroud the facts of life in a beautiful bit of imagery, she had found happiness in living with a love which no longer had any existence in the physical.

With the vanishing of the imagery, Kate Ward's soul was unanchored, adrift. She had nothing left.

Alice had robbed her. Strangely she felt no bitterness toward the girl. She pitied her. Her pity for Alice was perhaps the only softening influence penetrating the disappointment which was numbing her heart and glazing it as if with crystal.

Justin Parsons watched the process.

He saw his daughter growing hard under the burden of a disturbed mind. He feared for her. He prayed that something would happen to break the spell before it was too true to a memory. While she could

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

By Olive Roberts Berlin

MARGERY'S CHRISTMAS



"Oh, look at this poor thing!" whispered Nancy

Something queer must have happened, to be sure. For when Nancy and Nick went to get the note to Santa Claus out of Margery Martin's chimney, there wasn't any there!

"I'll bet you Tweenkose has got it and run off with it," said Nancy. "He's so mean!"

"I'll bet you he has, too!" agreed Nick. "Well, we'll have to go to

moving about. There was a man and a nurse, and on the bed lay a little girl, her golden curls tossed over the pillow.

"That's Margery!" whispered Nancy. "And that's why there isn't any note. She's sick and she can't write. That's the doctor."

"I tell you what let's do, let's write one for her."

"All right!" cried Nancy delightedly. "But how do we know what she wants for Christmas?"

"Let's go to the play-room where she keeps her toys and things and find out."

"Fine!" said little Nancy. So they went to the roof again and slid down the chimney ever so softly until they came to the play room fireplace. Then they tumbled out.

"Oh, look at this poor thing!" whispered Nancy. "She's got an eye out and no hair." So she wrote "doll" on a piece of paper.

"And look at this set of dishes!" said Nick. "Smashed to pieces!" He wrote down "dishes."

Next came "books," a "baby buggy," a "bureau," a "music box," a "rocking chair," a "teddy bear" and some games.

"Isn't it queer!" said happy Margery on Christmas morning. She was all well now and downstairs. "I got exactly everything I wanted. I wonder how Santa knew!"

(To Be Continued)

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FREDERICK & NELSON'S"**

—a proof of discriminating thoughtfulness and an assurance of good taste and worth that helps make the final gift errand most happily resultful.

—store hours as usual tomorrow—9 to 5.
Between 9 and 10:30 in the morning we can serve you best.

—furniture, phonographs and other gifts for the home can be bought tomorrow with assurance that deliveries will be made in time for Christmas.

—gifts for book-loving friends can be quickly chosen from assortments in the Book Shop, Fifth Floor.

—some of the happiest last-day gift selections will be made in the Rarity Shop (Third Floor) where it is so easy to choose gifts without duplicates.

—there are many stations dotted throughout the Store where one may buy those eminently-sensible gifts—Frederick & Nelson Glove Bonds and Gift Certificates.

—look for the big red arrows; they point to the stairways which supplement our elevator service and provide easy passage from floor to floor.

Frederick
& Nelson

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Gnomeland after him and get it back. Perhaps the Brownies will help us. Come along, we'll have to hurry."

The Twins were sliding down the water spout (alho they could easily have jumped off the roof in their Magical Shoes) when suddenly a shade was drawn up and they could see inside a room where people were