

The Seattle Star

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The Jap and Yakima Reservation

In another column The Star is printing a letter from a Japanese on the subject of the Yakima reservation ruling which will prevent those rich lands being gobbled up by the yellow men.

The letter is interesting for one reason—because of the false impression it seeks to give. It refers casually to the Japs having been on the Yakima reservation "for 20 years" where they "made the Yakima cantaloupe famous."

Now there may have been one Jap or perhaps a half dozen of them in that district 20 years ago (The Star has no reliable information on the subject), but it is a fact that virtually all of the unwelcome influx came, not 20 years ago, as the Jap writer asserts, but five and four years ago.

Five and four years ago; note that. And what was happening five and four years ago? War. The young white men of the Yakima country and of all the rest of the Pacific Northwest were thronging to Camp Lewis and to other mobilization points and being hurried to France.

That is when the Japs went into the reservation, that is when they bribed the Indians with high rentals for the use of their rich acres—in 1917 and 1918, when the white men were engaged in more serious business.

Whether the Japs made the Yakima cantaloupe famous is another question. At any rate, they would not have made them famous or have grown any crop successfully if it had not been for the hundreds of thousands of dollars which Uncle Sam has poured into reclamation projects.

Secretary Fall is dead right in his rulings which make it impossible for those lands to remain in the future in the hands of aliens ineligible for American citizenship. He is right in insisting that leases go to Americans or persons who eventually can become Americans. And every good American will back him in that determination.

Fossil skeleton of the largest prehistoric animal ever found is dug up in Patagonia, South America. It's a reptile of the dinosaur family. When it lumbered thru the Mesozoic forests it was 140 feet long and at least 50 feet tall.

General Bliss is writing some inside dope on the war and it seems that ignorance is not Bliss.

Making love is often simple because the people who make it are.

Reclamation and the Easterner

"Reclamation of those arid lands in the West may be a fine thing for the West, but what good will it do me?" writes a correspondent living in the East.

Away back in 1879, congress passed a homestead act, giving to actual settlers from cities millions of acres of fertile prairie lands, located mostly in the Dakotas, Minnesota, Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming and Montana.

Today that land is all "taken up." The only public land in the United States available for settlement is what is known technically as "arid lands." Far from being useless, these "arid lands" are potentially probably the most wonderful agricultural empire in the world.

But it requires water and folks to make the empire.

The first is supplied by Uncle Sam, in loans, because, as Secretary Hoover says, the task is altogether too great for private initiative, and, to quote Theodore Roosevelt, "because, in an arid country, private ownership of water apart from the land is a crime."

Many hundreds of millions of wealth grew in the last decade from the Wenatchee, Salt river, Yakima, Shoshone, Imperial Valley and other reclaimed regions that once were only sands and sage-brush.

What good will it do you, Easterner, to reclaim other tracts?

Well, for one thing, the folks on these projects use millions of dollars' worth of manufactured articles, many of them from your city. That means business, employment, markets.

Blooming deserts in the West mean booming Main streets in the East.

WHAT FORD DID

If it had not been for the offer of Henry Ford, Muscle Shoals would be on its way to the scrap heap today. Indeed, it would probably already have been there, save such portions as were desired by particular interests, and which they would probably have acquired for a song—Senator Leach (R), N. D.

The rumor that there will be another war is four years old now.

Duck hunters report a big crop of sparrows.

The Folly of Taking Vengeance

"Forgive them!" cried Michael Collins, as he died at the hands of Irish rebels. He knew, as Lincoln did, that clemency makes a defeated enemy the friend of the victor, whereas reprisals only raise up new foes.

Collins' successors in the Irish Free State government, however, are not heeding Collins' dying words. They are putting to death the rebel leaders they capture. They would do well to take to heart the words of another Irishman, one George Bernard Shaw, which Shaw put into the mouth of Julius Caesar in the play, "Caesar and Cleopatra" (which some critics rate higher than Shakespeare).

Cleopatra has just had Pothinus murdered because he had tried to betray her. Caesar is furious.

"If one man in all Alexandria can be found to say that I did wrong," says Cleopatra, "I swear to have myself crucified on the door of the palace by my own slaves." And Caesar replies:

"If one man in all the world can be found, now or forever, to know that you did wrong, that man will have either to conquer the world as I have, or be crucified by it." (The uproar in the streets reaches them.) "Do you hear? These knockers at the gate are also believers in vengeance and stabbing. You have slain their leader; it is right that they should slay you. And then, in the name of that right (he emphasizes the word with great scorn), shall I not slay them for murdering their queen and be slain in my turn by their countrymen as the invader of their fatherland? Can Rome do less, then, than slay these slayers, too, to show the world how Rome avenges her sons and her honor? And so, to the end of history, murder shall breed murder, always in the name of right and honor and peace, until the gods are tired of blood, and create a race that can understand."

"Wall Street Suspect Held."—Headline. And we thought everybody in Wall Street was a suspect.

Bill's Half Aero has been officially located in Montana. Perhaps it is one of these wisecracks.

"Old Moore's" Prophecy

Prohibition in our country will be completely overturned in September, 1923. This is the prediction by "Old Moore," publisher of an almanac in London. As a prophet, he has hundreds of thousands of followers who consider him genuinely clairvoyant. At that, his prophecy is as good as the average wet's.

Cheer up! Only six more months until it will be too hot.

A man about town is usually about broke.

GROW HEAVY WHEN YOU CAN'T LAY 'EM DOWN



LETTERS to the EDITOR

Appreciate Legion's Gifts

Editor The Star: Will you extend the sincere felicitations of a number of the boys who went overseas, now unfortunately inmates of this institution, to the American Legion, who sent each and all a remembrance of Christmas Day, and assure you that words cannot convey our appreciation of their thoughtfulness.

With expressions of sincerity we recognize the good, not only your journal has done for the unfortunate, but the true spirit of fraternalism evinced by our comrades. Thanking you in advance, we all remain sincerely yours, "THE BOYS," King County Stockade, Kirkland, Wash.

"How Civilizations Fall"

Editor The Star: Allow me, sir, to sincerely congratulate the writer of Tuesday's editorial under the above headline. The entire editorial consists of but four paragraphs, and yet they raise the curtain on the cosmic drama of the hour, and one can look on intelligently, analytically, and with discrimination can choose which force to ally one's life with—destruction or preservation. Old things are passing away, ruthless cunning and selfishness are rampant, the "Father of Lies" is seemingly supreme in command and reveals in the brutish way of avarice and greed, consuming its victims day by day, and the spirit of brotherhood, the co-operative souls who feel a common basis of humanitarianism would faint and cease to exist—but for the words, those precious words which have lived down the centuries, "And except these few days should be shortened, there should no flesh be saved; but for the elect's sake those days shall be shortened." Who are the elect? Not everyone who cries, "Lord, Lord, etc., etc." Ah, no, indeed, but those whose hearts are filled with love and who hear in the silence of the breast the still small voice saying, "This is the way; walk ye in it." Jesus, that beautiful spirit of love,

called this still, small voice "The Comforter," and those who have learned to know this companion "hear no evil, for they art with me." There is a world within a world—one is beautiful and grand in its perfect harmony, while the other is coarse, crude and painful in its discord. One is love's own world and has ever existed and ever will, the other is the world of "me and mine" and is always in a state of disintegration with every little "me and him," as he de-ceases. But the world of discord has about run its course, and man thru his heart and mind is about to sense the finer vibrations of love's harmonies, consequently will not only turn away in disgust from the phases of the present "civilization," but will completely forget them in the freedom and pleasure of the new harmony. "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away." We do not have to wait to pass into this better world, which is here and now, vast multitudes—the great, silent, invisible throng, are passing daily into this new consciousness of real love and truth and goodness and finding that all else are added unto them. D. W. THOMAS.

Japanese Writes Again

Editor The Star: They say Japanese are imitators. Here are my Brisbane imitations. Laborers want shorter working hours and high wages, they organize labor unions. Returned soldiers want bonus and good jobs, they organize American Legion. Japanese want defend himself against anti's assault, they organize associations, and some people says they are spies. It depend how you take it.

de spitefully use you and prosecute you." Matthew v. 43-44. "For whosoever shall do the will of my father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother." Matthew xli. 50.

Turk's new ruler dislike Greeks in Constantinople, he want drive them back to Greece and so declared, Mr. Secretary Hughes, said, "No, you can not do that, Greeks been there many years." He ordered the War-ships to Dardanelis. American Legion dislike Japanese. They want drive them out of Yakima Indian Reservation where they were twenty years, made Yakima Cantaloupe famous, Mr. Secretary Fall says, "Yes, drive them out." Why is the difference? One is too far away, no interest. HUMANITY and JUSTICE direct it, the other is at home, too much politics, SELFISHNESS and PREJUDICE direct it.

"Japanese got all rich land in the state, that is what they say, 20 years ago White-River Valley were all brush and water. Japanese cut down trees, cleared brush, the owner got drainage ditches and made it rich of today. In fact, all land of the state of Washington are rich, only thing to realize it is to get a fellow, not afraid the hard works, who can clear stumps and cultivate them, but if your temper is like "After game is gone, kill the dog" you can't get a fellow to do it.

Residents of Vladivostok in anticipation of occupation of the Red army they hired ships and fled to Korea, 9,000 in number in nine ships, but they can not go into Manchuria, because Chinese would not let them in, they are stranded in a Port of Korea. Meanwhile, back in Vladivostok under the Red Government everything are peace and quiet, no killing, no robbing, no runs. Now these 9,000 are going back to the old city. Red is not so bad after all.

"Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbour, hate thine enemy. But I say unto you, love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which

A LETTER FROM AVRIDGE MANN

To Rev. Herbert H. Gowen:

They say you soon will leave the town of which we jointly boast, to go and travel up and down the Oriental coast. They've asked you there because they seek the wisdom of the West, and when they want a man to speak they thought you'd do it best.

I'll tell the world they're mighty wise—they picked the proper man; you'll open up the Eastern eyes if anybody can. I ponder what the poet said, and then I think of you—"The wonder grew that one small head could carry all he knew."

I've heard the phrases you have hurled, I've heard the words you've flung; and I am best to tell the world you sling a silver tongue. But still I'm just a bit in doubt—perhaps you'll find it tough to figure out the way to spout in laundry-lingo stuff.

But that's a job, I'm glad to say, that you're equipped to boss; I know you'll find the proper way to get your stuff across. And tho we hate to see you go, we want to make it plain—we let you go because we know our loss will be their gain.

So now we wish you lots of luck—a very pleasant trip. (Altho the papers say you struck a mighty arid ship.) And when your duties all are done to Oriental men we all look forward, everyone, to see you back again!

AvrIDGE Mann

the trial, and the only difference between Arbuckle and the other members is that Arbuckle met with an accident and got caught, where the others got away with their dirt. I have no particular love for the fat comedian, but I believe in fair play.

If the fate of Arbuckle was taken out of the hands of a few shoolies than thou art kind, set up to censure public morals, and left for the American people to decide, there would be no doubt about the verdict, because a man does wrong once is no reason why he should be forever and eternally condemned. I venture to say that most of our mortals have done something some time in our lives that would not stand inspection, and from what I know of human nature that applies particularly to that class of individuals who put up the biggest howl whenever anybody makes a mistake or does anything wrong, they are always ready to condemn, but never willing to forgive.

Christ said, "Judge not that ye be not judged." He said at another time, when the fallen woman came

to him for protection from the mob, "Whosoever among you that are without sin, let him be the first to cast a stone at her." So there are really very, very few of us that have any right to sit in judgment on Arbuckle or anyone else for that matter.

A man or a woman can commit murder and they are no sooner locked in jail before they are showered with flowers and candy, taken out for automobile rides, and some would even go so far as to welcome them in their homes if it were permissible. But a poor sucker like Fatty Arbuckle is forever and eternally condemned.

If these goody-goody people wish to do something really worth while for the good of the morals of this country and for the protection and safeguarding of the children, let them put a ban forever on the actors and actresses who are forever indulging in sensual and suggestive plays, for they are a greater menace to the morals of both young and old than would be the showing of a thousand Arbuckle pictures.

M. E. GUSTAFSON.

Prohibition and Treason

Editor The Star: The latest amendment to the constitution of the United States refers to prohibition; as a statute law it is the highest in the United States. The prohibition amendment is as much a law as article 1, section 3, which defines treason.

No one in the states has been proved guilty of treason, therefore the U. S. senate has not had occasion of declaring its punishment, but probably it would be the maximum.

If the violators of amendment 18, were given the maximum penalty, instead of a mere trifle, there would be less transgressing the highest law of our nation.

In connection with the foregoing, a question of ethics arises, viz, persons who willfully trespass on Uncle Sam's toes by violating the constitution, will minor laws or rules such as moral, legislative or divine, be respected by them? GEO. W. SICKLES, Bothell, Wash.

SCIENCE

Lucky Accidents. Sometimes Help. Breaks Thermometer. Mercury Does Trick.

Altho most advances in science are the result of careful study and minutely exact work, there are instances where accidents or "luck" have caused progress.

Formerly the best blue dye was indigo. It was obtained at great expense from an Indian plant—*Indigofera tinctoria*.

Later it was discovered that it could be made by chemists from coal tar. However, the process was expensive and results uncertain. One day an assistant accidentally broke one of the thermometers and the mercury was spilled into a mixture of hot naphthalene. The mercury was oxidized and acted as a catalyst.

The result of the accident was that this method was adopted in making the dye. It shortened and cheapened the process and made the product perfectly reliable.



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