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BEFOGGING THE RAILWAY ISSUE

Whatever else may shut down in these times, the mist mills and haze factories run full blast. Political fog enwraps the landscape and the argumentative fog plants operate double shifts.

Whenever a pro-railway speaker or writer discusses this aggregation of questions he sheds darkness and subtracts from the sum total of human knowledge. This seems to be the intention.

"We must raise rates," say the railways, "or reduce wages!" Nonsense! They need do neither. And they can't do the one unless the government allows it, nor the other unless their employes are held to their jobs by scarcity of jobs.

Two things, and two only, keep wages up. One is scarcity of men and the other labor unions. Wages never vary with rates.

"But," say the railways, "if our revenues fall off, we must increase net earnings somehow or we can't pay our fixed charges."

Sure! And all just fixed charges you should be allowed to earn income to pay. But there are fixed charges and fixed charges. Should railways be allowed to raise rates and reduce wages to pay dividends on watered stock and on over issues of bonds based on watered stock and fictitious values?

This is the milk in the coconut. Must labor and must shippers be squeezed as in a vice to yield interest and dividends on wind, water and blue sky?

In Taft's speech of acceptance he spoke of "the over issue of stocks and bonds of interstate railways for the unlawful enriching of directors and concentrating control."

These fake securities are the ones that now threaten receiverships unless labor consents to lower wages or shippers to higher rates.

These demands are extortionate and wrong. Let the owners of the water wait for returns until better times. In good times present rates will pay dividends on the utmost certificate of frenzied finance issues. In depressed times rates must be extortionate to do it—and extortionate rates or low wages will make times harder.

The mist and fog and cloud and darkness will all be cleared up if the voter will just remember that there would never have been a minute's hard times for the railways if they had not dug the pit for themselves by watered stocks and blue sky bonds.

A COURSE IN MATRIMONY

A course in matrimony? Why laugh at it? There is no limit to the many systems for attaining heaven hereafter, and we accept them in all seriousness—then why not a system for gaining heaven here?

Professor F. H. Blackmar of the University of Kansas proposes "a course preparatory to matrimony," and a rude guffaw sounds from one end of the country to the other.

Why do we laugh? Because divorce has become so easy and common that the very idea of happy marriage is itself a joke?

Any lawyer at all can plot one to divorce. It should not seem impossible nor preposterous that there are advisers who can point out the formula for happy married life.

The bishop of Ripon has lamented that England has no schools for engaged couples. In France the government presents each bride and bridegroom after the ceremony with a booklet of advice about family matters.

So the idea of instruction in matrimony is not so new and strange as the thoughtless seem to suppose. Unfortunately, it is a delicate subject for teaching. There can be no instruction until there are recognized instructors. And where are they?

Those who have had the highest success in marriage hold the fewest theories about it. Those who fluently express decided opinions on the subject are the unmarried.

And those who have been most married encounter a distinct prejudice and are not encouraged to parade their experiences. The novel is the great directing agency in most of our emotion, particularly with women. But the typical novel of a generation ago ended with happy marriage, while the typical novel of today begins with a situation that has made a marriage unhappy and a failure.

So, in this important matter, fiction furnishes little real instruction. Happy and successful marriage is either the most complicated and difficult question in the world—or it is the simplest.

Without true love, that simplifies all things, overcomes all things and endures all things, all the philosophy of the ages were of no avail.

But with true love, the faintest cooing of an infant illuminates the home with infinite wisdom.

Some Short Laughs

- (a) How can you spell George with one letter? (b) Why is S a noisy letter? (c) Why is love like a canal boat? (d) Why is snuff like the letter B? (e) What is the center of gravity? (f) Why is a dentist likely to be melancholy?

ANSWERS. (a) G or G; (b) because it makes scream; (c) because it's an eternal transport; (d) because it is at the beginning of sneezing; (e) had no handkerchief with her.

The Teddytrip---By Just Finnegan



CHAPTER XI.—The Return to Civilization.

SYNOPSIS: Au revoir to the joyous jungle.—Peans of thankfulness by the critics.—The hour for parting.—"Good by, my noble native."—Briny tears.—"Ow-ow-pinky-panky-poo" (meaning "Ah done wants to go along wif you, boss.")—Faithful Tuesday's wish granted.—A swift voyage home.—The shores of that dear U. S. A.—An ovation.—Now for that second elective term! Finis.

MOST ANYTHING

A WORD FROM JOSH WISE. Somehow or other th' trumps seem t' fall int' th' hands uv th' fellers th' knew how t' play 'em. "Do you consider your nerve is sufficiently steady to fit you for an airship navigator?" "Well, I've been out in a canoe with a nervous fat girl."

Had Tasted Greater Joy



Officer (to new recruit doing "sentry go" for first time)—Now, mind you, let no one go by without challenging them. Recruit—That's all right, guv'nor. Don't worry. The slightest noise wakes me up! A powerful human voice in open air, without any wind, can be heard about 480 feet. "Does Gladys look any different since she and her husband have separated?" "Yes. She wears her hair a la divorcee." "Heavens! How's that?" "Parted."

BEFORE THE FLOOD

ONE OF THE HOTTEST OF ALL PREHISTORIC EVENTS, WITHOUT DOUBT, WAS THE CAMPAIGN RALLY



DAILY SHORT STORY

MRS. BRIGGS—HEROINE.

Of all the stalwart and half naked Zulus that wheeled baby carriages for their white mistresses along Guest street, Durban, Natal, none was more loyal to his small charge than Mpsi (Christian name James Black) of the Umslomas tribe, Zululand.

His mistress, Mrs. Briggs, an honest Englishwoman of the middle class, had the lack of imagination characteristic of what she would have called her "station in life." When her husband unexpectedly secured a post in the South African telegraph service in Natal, his wife, who had never seen or imagined anything more dangerous than a runaway hansom cab, followed him with implicit confidence in her ability to meet the crisis in life as she had ever had in her suburban home at Brixton, England.

To Mrs. Briggs, Mpsi, of the Umslomas tribe, numbering 1000 warriors, was simply a nigger with fuzzy hair and an improper appropriation of clothing, hired at 25 shillings a month and rations. Under her tutelage, however, he soon became James Black of the Episcopalian church and came into the possession of a suit of clothes, two shirts, two pocket handkerchiefs and two of everything else.

As James Black, the savage heart in Mpsi slumbered. He turned from his idols, the green grass snakes in which his ancestors were incarnated. The only thing which still awakened his superstitious fears was Mary's doll.

Mr. Briggs was transferred up country to Eshowe, and his wife and daughter had just followed him when the first murmurs of discontent an insurrection were heard. One day James Black presented himself to his mistress, very much oiled and very little clothed. He carried two knobkerries.

"Me go now, missis," he remarked. "What's that?" cried Mrs. Briggs angrily.

It soon transpired, from Mpsi's broken language, that his chief had sent for all the young men of the tribe. The Umslomas regiment was being mustered to fight the settlers.

"James, you ungrateful fellow, I give you a month's notice on the spot," his mistress answered, thoroughly aroused. "How dare you come before me looking like a heathen?"

But the next day Mpsi was not to be found. And two days later the first symptom of revolt showed itself in the massing of a Zulu army behind Eshowe, cutting off all communication.

The settlers went into camp. Mary, too young to understand the danger, cried ceaselessly for her black playfellow. Bad food and close confinement brought on camp fever.

"Briggs," said his wife, "you must bring that heathen back or Mary will die. If you won't," she added, "I will."

"You're mad, Martha," her husband retorted. "He's nothing but a yelling savage now, dancing about with a spear."

Meanwhile the Zulus, having decored themselves, sent in a messenger announcing that they were about to take the town and put all the inhabitants to the torture.

It was then the brain of Mrs. Briggs evolved a scheme. Eluding the sentinels at daybreak, she left the camp and marched down to the valley where the natives were encamped. By 10 o'clock she came upon them; a body of 1000 men, drawn up in line behind shields of white oxhide. Chieftains in loin

cloths, wearing necklaces of lions' teeth, strode up and down exhorting them. Upon such an assemblage the lone woman issued. A deep sigh of astonishment went up and down the line. But Mrs. Briggs went gravely on until a chief strode out toward her, shaking his spear.

"How dare you shake your spear at me, you heathen?" cried Mrs. Briggs; and, reaching up, she boxed the veteran's ears.

"Wow!" ejaculated the astonished Zulu, dropping his spear and rubbing his face. Signs of discomfort were visible all along the line. But Mrs. Briggs approached and called:

"James Black, come here this moment!"

And, scanning the awestruck Zulus with her eagle eye, Mrs. Briggs perceived a well known form crouching down under his shield. In an instant she had caught him by the ear and yanked him forth.

"Now, you just come back with me this moment, James," she cried. "I gave you a month's notice, and I could have you locked up for running away like that. Come home."

"Wow!" muttered James Black, sulkily. "Mary's crying for you," continued Mrs. Briggs more softly. "James, don't you remember how you used to wheel her to church on Sundays? See, she's sent you her doll to show she's thinking of you; it's a new one; look, it opens and shuts its eyes."

A howl of terror broke from the battle line. A moment later the Zulu regiment was streaming away in full flight over the plain, while Mrs. Briggs, leading the reluctant, trembling Mpsi by the ear, was marching back triumphantly in the direction of Eshowe.

YEASTHOP'S FABLES

(Translated from the Original Choctaw.) BY F. W. SCHAEFER



THE FOX IN THE WELL.

A Fox, having fallen into a well, secured a toe nail hold on the sides and was able to keep his head above water. Then he waited. Soon after a Wolf came and looked over the brink. Thereupon gladness as well as water filled the Fox, for he thought there was going to be a life line tossed to him. In fact, the Wolf could not forbear expressing his concern (he expressed at C. O. D., however), and said: "Ah, poor Reynard, I am all out up over your misfortune. I will chase and tell your brethren to get you out." The Fox, with a reputation for wit to sustain, instead of bidding him get a gait on him, seized the opportunity for making a funny crack, and replied: "That's right, just tell the brethren they'll find me with the eastern, tee-hee!" Laughing heartily, the Wolf went away, and, thinking the Fox's predicament could not be so serious if he was so jocose about it, loafed on the job, so that when he returned with assistance he Fox was drowned.

Campaign Puzzle



Required—To write "Taft" and "Bryan" in eight letters. "Taft" has four letters and "Bryan" has five; total, nine letters.

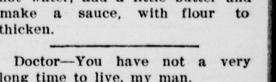
Therefore it is something of a feat to write both names with only eight letters. Try it and watch for the answer in next Press issue.

MARY SAYS:

MOCK MUSHROOMS. Radishes sliced and fried with steak have a flavor not unlike mushrooms. Few can detect the difference.

BAKED BANANAS. To bake bananas, remove the skin, put them in a baking pan, sprinkle with lemon juice and sugar and cook about 15 minutes. Then remove the bananas, turn in hot water, add a little butter and make a sauce, with flour to thicken.

Doctor—You have not a very long time to live, my man. Patrique Dooligan—Phaix, OI knowed that as soon as iver yez cominced doetherin' me.



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