

THE SPOKANE PRESS

Published Every Evening Except Sunday By the Spokane Newspaper Co.

UNITED PRESS ASSOCIATION NEWS SERVICE

One cent per copy, six cents per week, twenty-five cents per month or \$3 per year, delivered by carrier; \$2 a year by mail. No free copies.

Delivered by carrier, twenty-five cents per month, \$3.00 per year. By mail, twenty-five cents per month, \$1.25 six months, \$2.00 per year. No free copies.

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616 Front Avenue, Telephone Main 375, Postoffice Box 4. Entered at Spokane, Wash., as Second Class Matter.

GADABOUTS.

Maybe you guess at first sight that this is about the wives that are so often away from home, to the neglect of their poor husbands and domestic affairs. But if you do, you guess wrong.

To be sure, these wives are the people to whom the term "gadabout" is most commonly applied. But it has been applied to them so long and so often, with all the variations, that nothing remains to be said in that line.

Anyway, there are worse gadabout than these. The men who gad with no definite purpose are worse, for they have less excuse.

But worst of all are those men and women whose thoughts are continually gadding away from their work and their purposes in life—and that is the kind of gadabout this editorial is to deal with.

Amusement is all right, hobbies are all right, any diversion is all right, to the extent that it is recreative, cheering and broadening. But to forget in these the main purpose in life is to lose the rudder off your ship.

There is no other habit quite so effective for success as that of concentration. There is none more conducive to failure than that of vacillation.

Imagine a ship that is now steaming ahead, now astern, circling to starboard, now to port, now running before the wind, now against it—where will that ship ever get to?

Everywhere are men who are always "yawing," as sailors say. They never know just where they stand or what they think, or what they really want to do.

Many a man, now ordinary, would have been a brilliant success had he connected his fragmentary efforts. Spasmodic, disconnected attempts, without concentration and uncontrolled by any fixed idea, will never get one anywhere, except to failure.

On every hand are seen plenty of men who have disappointed the hopes of their friends; they have hidden their talents in napkins, and have gradually slipped backward. Micawber-like, they waited for something to turn up, and, as usually happens in such cases, only disappointments turned up. Good things don't turn up; they must be dug up.

Many have started out with great expectations, but their enthusiasm has been divided among too many things, and their ambition and energy along the main line have evaporated. Some of the finest intellects have exhaled away in this sluggish evaporation and left no vestige except the dried froth, the obscure film which survives the drivel of vanished dreams. And others have done just enough to show how successful and important they might have been had they awakened sooner and kept awake longer.

True, one gains much information by dipping into this and that and the other. But what you know cuts little figure in your career, compared with what you use.

No matter how well stored may be the mind, how subtle the reasoning, how diversified the talents, if a man lacks concentration and continuity, his fine intellectual gifts will avail him nothing.

The gadabouts that do the most damage in the world are the gadding, vagrant thought and purposes, that carelessly wander away, leaving lives in disorder.



The SECRET of REST BY DR. W. R. C. LATSON

We hear too much of the gospel of work—too little of the gospel of rest. Work is important; but rest is as much so. Many know how to work; few know how to rest. There is an art of rest. Few know anything about it. Few get proper rest even in sleep; for in sleep they work hard with the muscles and mind. They twist from one side to the other; they grit their teeth and groan; they awaken after eight or 10 hours' sleep unrefreshed and unprepared for the day's work.

What is the matter with them? They do not know the secret of rest. And what is the secret of rest? The secret of rest is relaxation of the muscles and a blank, inactive state of mind. Once you get the idea a little practice will form the habit, and then you will know the secret.

Relax your muscles, relax your mind. How? Well, the following exercises will teach you how every time—if you will keep them up. First, stand easily, feet well apart, leg on all the muscles. Swing the body easily as on a pivot from

side to side, allowing hands and arms to sway as they will. Do this with the least exertion. Don't make mental exertion. Let yourself go as easily as you can. By and by you will get the trick of doing everything, making every motion with the least possible effort. And then you have the secret of rest. But you can't relax your muscles unless you relax your mind. And how shall you do this? It is easy—when you know how. There are many ways, but this is perhaps the best:

Lie flat on the back on the bed prepared for sleep—you will probably succeed. Relax all the muscles. Breathe slowly and deeply. Imagine you are looking straight up into the black black sky of a dark, starless and moonless night. Presently your mind wanders to something else; bring it back. Keep it there; and—the next thing you know the alarm clock is braying at you, and you realize that you have had a good night's rest.

It is every real young wife's belief that a husband goes home at noon to kiss his wife, the dinner being only an incidental happening while he is there. And here is where trouble begins.

HERE HE IS--THEODORE H. TAFT



MOST ANYTHING



Into the sun, it would melt in a second of time. The ice men put away their tong And tattered jumpers doff— But, lo, the coal man comes, and he Takes up where they left off!

Tess—I think I'm entitled to a Carnegie medal. I saved a life the other evening. Jess—The idea! Whose? Tess—Jack Manson's; he said he couldn't live without me.

In 1904 Indiana—in doubtful column this year—gave Roosevelt 368,289 and Parker 274,345. In 1900 Indiana gave McKinley 336,063, and Bryan 309,584.

The old fashioned rowdy who construed it an "insult" if a man refused to drink with him appeared in Concordia, Kansas, last week and was fined \$50.

DER DESERT SMILING AD OSGAR UND ADOLF

Speical Despootch from Osgar to Fred Schaffer.

ALBUMQUEERK, N. M., Oct. 3.—As delegates from der Drain Tile section, me und Adolf had been attending to der National Irrigation congress. We are now ofer mit id, und eferody iss delightet.

"Vater, vater eferdyere Und nod a trop of rain."

Dese two lines, bote of dem, explain der sitootation. Vere millions of acres in a dozen states used to haf no vater except dot vich iss moistless, dey haf now been liquidated so dot der people are raising eferdyings but umbrellas. Umbrellas iss nod necessary.

On der train en rut, vile we vatched ouid of der windows der sarge brush by, I unttook to describe Adolf der facts.

"Listen, Schmalzgesicht, to vot I make you acquaintet." I spoke him. "Altogedder der reglandion surface has spent about 70 million dollars in dot bart of der vest vich could nod grow up mit der country. Vot iss der resultant? Today der Great Plains iss better known as der Great Ornamentals. Id has become a flower bett full of springs. Do you get id, you adipose fathead?" Adolf remained incomprehensible.

I recommenced ofer. "In der beginning diss country was dirsty—" "Like me?"

"Yess, yess. Desolation reigned, but nod der clouts. Der eyes of der people sarched vainlessly for vater. Vot jit dey do?"

"Dey sent for an onion." (Sooch a rebly!)

"Dumbhead! Der r-r-r-eason?" "So id voult pring to deir eyes der vater."

"Not!" I demandet him. "No! Dey decoyed id from yonder mountains vere id iss blenty."

"Vell, den why didn't dey go up dere to blant deir cheraniums und alfalfa?"

"Id iss lunatical! Does mountains haf no sun?" "Dot's funny. Dey look soiled." "Id iss pitiable to make Adolf's obese obstinacly leuid."



"WE CAUSE A GREAT OVATION MIT OUR LIFING TABLOID ENTOTTELED, IRRIGADION GIFING MUDDER EART A GOOD SOAK TO MAKE HER PRODUCE."

"Ef I was a beet I voult radder be a pickled beet," echakulatet Adolf. "All dis," I hurled at him, "iss possible by means of expert agri-culture. Dere iss no floods, und no drouds, only yust vot iss vantet. Und der Albunquerk we are going to celebrate ids triumphenomenes." Ad last a gleamings of intellience stood in Adolf's face. "Vot," he made to me, "vot iss der differential between a professor of bot-

A WILD PEACH

The only notable thing about Campbell's Switch is the fact that the Henryville accommodation stops there to await the meteorlike rush of the Sunset express. There are yellow, fragile buttercups and yellow, tufted dandelions at the Switch, and the green, wooded hills running back from the cut are magnificent.

On the top of the hill to the south is the cabin of Farmer Absalom Tingle. Farmer Tingle is a good, practical agriculturist, and he puts in his time making things grow, with no time for the dreaming of dreams. Thus it is that Farmer Tingle prizes his daughter Sally Ann more than his daughter Iola. Iola is slender and slight, with the biggest kind of deep, dark eyes that seem always to dream of beautifully sad things.

The Henryville accommodation had a long wait the day that Iola met Thompson, the cracker drummer. She was clinging to the crumbly, lichen covered rail fence, dreaming as usual; and Thompson was hot, perspiring, not too clean and rather irritable at the delay.

Thompson wandered out upon the briar covered right of way. He was adorned in a brown and black checked suit, with a Panama hat, a blood red tie and leman colored shoes; and to Iola, the dreamer, he was charming as Lochinvar or the king of hearts.

"Pretty girl," he mused as he strolled over to the fence. "Hello, Sally," he ventured. "Takin' in the steam cars?"

Iola shook out her black, curling tresses. "My sister's named Sally. My name's Iola."

"That's a pretty name," said Thompson, "to fit a pretty girl. Where'd they find it—in a yellow backed novel, I'll bet."

Iola shook her head once more. She didn't know whether the name hailed from Genesis or the Model Letter Writer. She thought herself it was rather pretty, but Iola loved everything with a rippling sound of a brilliant tinting.

"I like you," continued the drummer. "I live in the big town, but I pass this way often. Come down and wave at me and I'll wave back. It'll be a great flirtation."

Iola smiled, because she deemed it fitting that she should smile at any remark the wonder man should make. He was a very fine man, with very wonderful coloring in his clothes, and Iola liked him greatly. The Meteor came hurtling by and the accommodation's wheels began to turn slowly. "Goodbye!" shouted Thompson, and Iola nodded her pretty head.

After that Iola came many times a day to the crumbling rail fence and waved frantically at every passing train. From some of the trains she got no response, and then then

her heart was heavy, but from most of them some one waved at the pretty girl on the fence, and to Iola it was always Thompson, the gaudy tagged cracker salesman. Her dreams were of one thing now.

As the years passed the hill girl became thinner and her dark eyes took on a yet more haunting soulfulness. Though her visits to the Switch at Campbell's had become a thing for jest among the neighbors, she never failed in her daily guard duty, and finally she was rewarded. From the Henryville accommodation a fat, red faced man alighted, wearing a round straw hat with a rainbow band, a shirt of three tints and miscellaneous toggery to match. As he strolled down the right of way Iola gave a little cry and rushed to him.

"Oh!" cried the hill girl. "I knew you would come—but it has been a long time—a long, long time!"

"What's that?" asked the uncomprehending Mr. Thompson.

"Don't you remember?" asked Iola, with pitiful pleading, "Iola—you said you liked me—long time ago."

The debonaire drummer lied easily: "Sure I do—how you getting along, anyhow?"

A sharp nosed, overdressed woman was stepping from the train platform. "Sh-h-h!" hissed Thompson, "here comes my wife!"

With a cry like a wounded thing Iola of the hills fled, over the fence, up the green, wooded hill, to her cabin home.

"What person is that?" demanded the sharp eyed woman.

"Don't ask me," answered the wily Thompson. "She's a peach, all right, ain't she?"

RUSH FOR CANDY LIQUOR DROPS STARTS W. C. T. U. CRUSADE

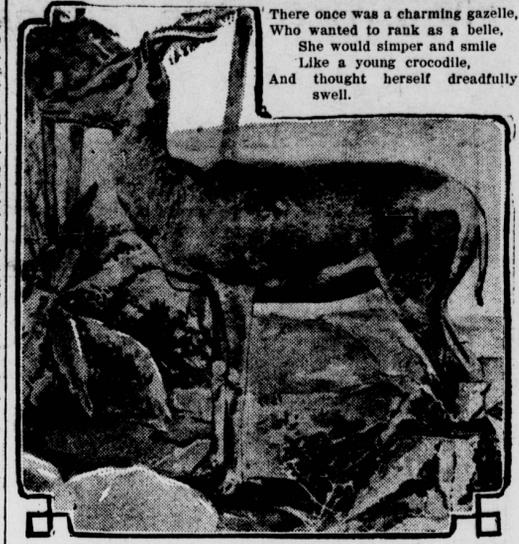
Special Correspondence to The Press NEW YORK, Oct. 5.—Boys, girls and young women are threatened with a danger, the limits of which are almost incalculable, according to Mrs. Helen J. Andrus, president of the New York County W. C. T. U., and Health Commissioner Darlington.

The recent discovery by Mrs. Andrus and Darlington that intoxicants are being sold over the counters of confectionery stores and chocolate shops has raised a storm about the heads of the purveyors of sweets, and started a crusade in which the temperance leader is backed by the metropolitan police.

The discovery, while new to Mrs. Andrus and possibly to the present generation, is really old. It is the concealing of liquor in chocolates and other candies. Not much of a drink is obtained from one chocolate drop, but a pound of the liquorized sweets will furnish almost any one a lot of exhilaration.

They call it the candy jag here. For some time past the chocolate shops have been selling Jamaica rum chocolates, whistle candies, absinthe drops, creme de menthe plums and wine drops. Girls employed in downtown offices crowded the shops during the noon hour, and the places did an amazing business. One shop near Wall street created such a sensation that the

TEDDY ANIMALS IN AFRICA



There once was a charming gazelle, Who wanted to rank as a belle, She would simper and smile Like a young crocodile, And thought herself dreadfully swell.

The gazelle is a graceful little creature which inhabits southern Africa. The full-grown male is only about 34 inches high. The horns are both elegant in shape and very powerful. They reach a length of 30 inches on the male and 17 inches on the female.

FOR IVY POISONING

For ivy poisoning a 1 to 5,000 solution of bichloride solution is excellent. Saturate cloths with the solution and bind over affected parts. Do not use on the face, but instead use a solution of boric acid.

SNAPPY HATS

Are These Mallory and Stetson CRAVENETTES WE SELL 'EM



We clean and reblock all hats once free. 305 RIVERSIDE



MRS. HELEN J. ANDRUS.

police told the proprietor to cease selling the candied blind tigers or get a liquor license. "The sale of these candies is more dangerous than the open sale of liquor because it creates a taste for intoxicants in children and girls who would not otherwise know what liquor is like," said Mrs. Andrus.

WHEN FEET ARE TIRED

Tired feet are the peculiar heritage of women. Maybe the shoe-maker is responsible; maybe the woman uses poor judgment; maybe she is required to be on her feet overmuch; but however you will, nine women out of ten will complain of tired feet quicker than anything else.

Now this is a simple little remedy for feet that are tired, whether from overwork, from long standing or from a tight and poorly fitting shoe. And it's a remedy that any woman may use without much trouble.

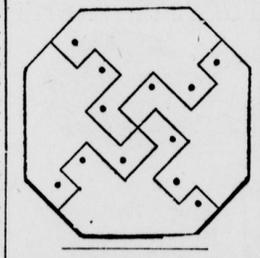
Put a quarter of a pound of bicarbonate of soda into a gallon of water, either in a footbath or a pail. Have the water cool; not cold, but just comfortably cool. Soak the feet for a quarter of an hour; 20 minutes is not too long. It will drive some of the blood from them and rest the nerves. It will draw out the inflammation if there be any, and the cold water will not cause the swelling warm water would produce. Fresh hosiery and slippers should be put on afterward.

You never will find good in a boy by the detective method.



LOOK OUT for quality as well as price, in buying groceries. We carry everything found in an up to date grocery, and rightly priced, too. JURGENS GROCERY CO Lincoln and Sprague PHONE M. 122.

ANSWER TO KNIFE PUZZLE



Bearing your cross does not relieve you from paying your taxes.



The Elderly Party—Lost your last quarter, eh? That's too bad. How did you lose it? Kid—Same old story, mister—wine, woman and song!