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CITY "MONARCHY" BUGBEAR

A common error in relation to the Des Moines commission plan of city government is that it tends to centralize authority into too few hands to be considered safe under United States forms of government.

Several estimable gentlemen who have not even read the commission plan see a "monarchical" bogey in it.

The commission plan provides a mayor and four councilmen, a governing board of five. These officials give their entire time and attention to civic affairs. They can have no private business relations that will in any manner bias their conduct of public business.

Now, where is the best service to the city likely to lie: In the hands of five men with nothing else to do but attend to public business or in the hands of 10 men who give the city what time they can spare from private business?

The unfinished business now accumulated in the city hall; the huge budget of committee of the whole stuff rarely reached; the wrangle, delay and uncertainty attending every important measure offered in this city—there is the answer.

If the councilmen who last night became so patriotically indignant over City Engineer Raiston's criticisms will but get an ear to the ground they will detect a swelling chorus of disgust that comes from every quarter. Raiston merely echoed it.

Spokane, now a city of magnitude, is being held to little better than a village plan of government. The city is making strides its founders could not foresee privately, but its progress is clogged, its substance wasted under a hodge-podge system of public procedure such as men drafted into service politically can give it aside from private business. The commission plan reduces city government to business science.

It opposes against corporation method of private management the same close, economical system applied to public management.

The director system has secured for corporations all that could be taken from the public. It will work both ways.

The "monarchy" objection is only silly. Behind the commission the public watches every move; gives or withholds consent to every concession; directs the whole proceeding.

That is a sort of monarchy that is sweeping the country. The man who lifts his little hand against it is merely to be pitied.

THE HIGHWAYMAN

He sat poring the evening paper, reading over and over again the summary of holdups which had occurred during the week. There was a fascination to the stories that held him in wrapt attention. He dropped the paper



and sat musing for a few minutes, and suddenly arousing himself, exclaimed, "Why not? Others do it—why can't I?" The more he thought the better it appealed to him.

"I've been out of work for two months and one lonesome dollar is all I've got. Well, here goes for the attempt," and, suiting the action to the words, he arose, put a shining object into his pocket and went out on the street.

A certain thoroughfare, dimly lighted and little traveled, was his goal. The street was deserted, save for one lone pedestrian coming towards him. "My meat!" he exclaimed to himself, trying to steady his nerves. Nearer and nearer the prey approached. The time for action was at hand. "Your money," he said in a cool

voice, a glittering object met "My God! You won't take my last cent, will you?" the victim wailed.

"Got to do it," was the grim answer. "Be quick!"

The stranger reached in his overcoat pocket. "Here," he said in a distressed tone, "is all I've got—a \$5 gold piece."

The footpad held out an eager hand. The excitement was intense. Quickly he pocketed the yellow metal.

"Surely you don't intend keeping all, do you? You must know that I have a family dependent upon me, and now I'm penniless," he said pitifully.

The footpad thought to himself: "Gosh, this is tough on him—taking every cent he's got," then aloud, "Well, stranger, I'll return a dollar. Four dollars' profit isn't bad, and you can't say I'm no true gent."

Reaching into his pocket, the holdup man brought forth the lonesome silver dollar, giving it to his victim.

With a fervent "thank you" for the unfortunate, they each went their way.

"Four dollars for a minute's work beats \$1.65 a day. Guess I'll go and take a drink and knock off for tonight."

Turning a corner the bold highwayman passed up a side street and entered the first saloon.

"Give me some 'poison!'" he said, throwing the fruit of his recent work on the bar.

The dispenser of liquids glanced at the coin and shoved it back. "Put something else down," he said in icy tones.

"Stung!" was all the holdup man could say. Instead of a \$5 gold piece there lay a bright, new penny.

Many a fellow has forged to the front on another man's name.

HOOSIER FARM HAND TO ROOSEVELT

WASHINGTON: An Indiana farm hand has given the president some advice in a letter on the country life commission. He has been asked to write more alone the same line.

Dear Teddy, up in Wash'n'tin; Your scheme has put th' idy in My head 'at there is facts as tell Why country life don't cast no spell On boys 'n' gals 'at's chained right down T' farms, 'n' gals 'at's chained right down T' farms, 'n' aches t' git t' town. All th' romance is plum gone When they have t' rise 'fore dawn 'N' milk th' cows, 'n' do th' chores, Firs' shovel'n' snowdrifts from th' doors, 'N' never gittin' warmed up good 'Til, by heck, they've chopped some wood.

He somehow manages t' thrive. But th' one who's mostly missin' Uplift which belongs in his'n Is th' hired man. I'll bet ye that Ye never seen one 'at was fat! He's th' one who's allus bid, 'Hi do this, 'n' 'Hi pitch hay, 'Hi go plow, 'n' 'Hi don't play, Fust one up with eyes like lead; Nights, th' last one back t' bed; Thought t' have more'n human powers, Th' hired man don't have no hours; Never gits no rest, 'cept p'raps When th' drouth has spiled th' craps; Altogether, wearin' jeans Ain't no cinch by any means. What th' dog tired rural hand Needs t' keep him on th' land Is a whistle, one 'at blows Promptly, 'n' some nickle shows, 'N' then some time t' call his own T' treat his gal t' an ice cream cone, 'N' not an endless, all fired grind. Truly yours, I've spoke my mind.

IT HAPPENED IN AMSTERDAM



A GENTLEMAN RAUDER

BY WILLIAM CRESTER

Not until then did I feel the indignity of my position. To be cooped up at the end of a 35 foot telephone pole, with a copper barking like a dog below, was more than my nature could stand.

"How dare you order me down this or any other pole, you monkey that resorted to backdoor lodgers to meet current expenses at the front. It was here that Ashton found me the following afternoon. In telling a thing to him I was accustomed to use a manner brusque and to the point, a manner which, in itself, said: 'There you are; work it out yourself. I can't afford to drop another word.' And the greater my own perplexity the more brusque I was likely to be.



When 10 feet above his head, I leaned forward and cleared my heels for the jumping kick that would land him on his head in the middle of the alley. At that instant a man came out of the gate. It was Templeton.

"The other one is in front," he said. "Get him. I'll take care of this one."

He waved on old fashioned horse pistol two feet long, snatched evidently from a collection of old arms.

"Oh, it's you, is it, Mister Templeton?" said the officer, and he jumped through the gate and made for the front.

The author looked up at me. "Come down, and be off with you," he said, earnestly. "There is no one in front, and the policeman will soon be back."

"I swung myself to the ground. 'I really don't feel—' I began raptly. 'Hurry!'"

"About that book," said I. He looked at me wonderingly for an instant, and then smiled.

"Ah, the one you got?" he asked. I nodded. "That's not one of the kind that will be alive in a hundred years."

He turned anxiously toward the iron gate, and I hurried away as he was pulling it to and locking it.

CHAPTER VI. Whenever I had especially hard thinking to do I used to sojourn for a few days at a place on Lombard boulevard, out toward Hampton. The family was one of the few left

mirror, puffed slowly for a moment, then came over and stood directly in front of me.

"Todd," said he, slowly, "the big story teller wants you, you!" he added, emphatically.

"When he had me, why didn't he take me?" I asked, ironically.

"With a bloom'n' old horse pistol that hasn't been loaded in years? He's got more sense."

"But why did he throw the policeman off the scent?" I demanded.

Ashton looked at me from out the tail of his eyes.

"And let him drag you into headquarters? What good would that have done him?" he asked, with a ring of sarcasm.

"You'll have to get drunk, Ashton, before your mental equipment will slow down to mine," I observed, wrathfully.

"Well, you may mark my words on it, he wants you. Why? Deuced if I know. But he wants you in his own clutches, not the law's. I don't pretend to know any better than you what's back of it. But I'm going to find out if he wants me. If he turns me loose, as he has the others, then I shall be all the more convinced that he wants you."

"Don't sacrifice yourself for me!" exclaimed I, warmly.

"Oh, it won't be a sacrifice." I thought of Dan Wright.

"Can you let me in any time from 2 to 4?" he asked.

"It depends on your condition," said I, and then I told him of Dan Wright. I thought I owed it to him.

But Ashton seemed in no way depressed.

"I'll be in some time," he said, gayly, and away he went.

It was after 2 o'clock when I heard his signal, and stole down the stairs to let him in. The face he showed me when we reached my room was a peculiarly complacent one. He leisurely removed his topcoat and hat, warmed his hands at the remnant of coals in the grate and lit a cigar.

I determined to await his pleasure.

"Sorry to bother you, old man, at such a beastly hour," he began, apologetically.

"Oh, be damned!" I cried, bursting with impatience.

It was a long time since I had given in like that, and it amused Ashton mightily. But the thing was getting on my nerves, and I thought from his manner that he had something important to tell.

"Well, I got in," he observed.

"They all seem to do that," retorted I, testily.

"And I saw your man," he added.

"Did he talk with you about his

latest book?" I asked facetiously. It was at this point that we always settled down to business. "I had found my way to an upper hall," said he, sinking into a chair, "and tugging about in the dark, I came to a narrow stairs that ran, apparently, to another story. I had almost reached the top step when a lower door was thrown open and the story teller came into the hall below. He threw me up a searching look. I made ready for him, but I saw that no mischief was meant. 'How's the Bergonzi fiddle?' he asked, laughingly.

"Deuced, if it didn't knock me quite off my pegs.

"I believe we left that valuable instrument in your hands," I said to him.

"Only for a moment, then I returned it. It was a very narrow escape.

"For us? Yes," said I. "No, for the fiddle," said he, laughing again.

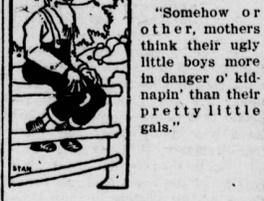
"I thought I heard a woman's voice just then, coming from a distance, and he seemed to hear it, too, for he said, abruptly: 'There is no good making a sprint this time. Come below, please; I wish to talk with you.'

"He actually turned his back to me, and started down the hall. I followed, feeling that as far as he was concerned I had nothing to fear. We entered the library on the first floor.

(To be continued.)

Most Anything

A WORD FROM JOSH WISE.



"Somehow or other, mothers think their ugly little boys more in danger o' kidnappin' than their pretty little gals."

Alligators are hatched in incubators and raised on large farms for commercial purposes.

Miss May A. Meiser, school marm, drew first choice in Rosebud lands. Usual offers of marriage will probably follow.

Did you ever notice how easily the chronic kicker finds something to whine about?

Claim is made that "Yankee" is derived from the Persian "Yanki doon'lah," meaning inhabitants of the new world.

The Man—I suppose there's no prohibition of kissing at this resort? The Maid—No; merely local option.

An optimist can see all the colors of the rainbow in a pleasant smile.

Is there any reason why Oct. 12, anniversary of the discovery of America by C. Columbus is not a national holiday?

The brown or Norway rat is considered by doctors and scientists the most dangerous pest on earth.

These are the days, oh, mark them well, When all the children start to yell For a dividend of mother's jell.

It's easy to believe the things scientists tell us when we don't understand what they are talking about.

If good print paper can be made of cornstalks, the press will invade the breakfast food field.

Now if it should develop that Willie Winfield, the negro who swiped the Archbold letters, hails from Brownsville, Foraker's cup of bitterness will be overflowing.

More white babies are dying in Fall River than in any other city, in proportion to the population.

WHY DOES A COUNTRY WEEKLY CIRCULATE WHERE A CITY PAPER DOESN'T? THE ANSWER—



away. Ez. Randall is figuring on putting up a big barn. Teenie Rooker went over to Oakville. She came back wearing a Merry Widow hat. She's a dresser, all right. Gus. Sizer is suing the rail-road company for killing his bull calf. He sold the hide for \$4. Attending the County Fair is the order of the day. A big crowd

Advertisement for Perfection Oil Heater and The Rayo Lamp. Includes text: 'Keeps Frost Off Windows', 'PERFECTION Oil Heater', 'The Rayo Lamp is unequalled for its brilliant, steady light, simple construction and absolute safety.'

MARY SAYS: A New Blanc Mange. Cook two ounces of creme de riz in half a pint of milk, then turn it into a basin and mix with it lightly three ounces of grated cheese, a little French mustard, cayenne, salt and a drop or two of Tabasco; now add half a pint of stiffly whipped cream and the well whisked whites of two eggs, freeze it all to a stiff batter, mold in a charlotte mold, cover down and set in the ice cave until well leed. Then turn out, and serve with the following sauce over it all: Str together a gill each of cream and milk, a teaspoonful of mustard, the white of an egg and a teaspoonful of grated cheese; dust with coralline pepper and serve with seasoned water cress.

A "PI" PUZZLE. Cotrebo goranfm!—who het uns Sligertt no ntwigw kosch dan feash! No pelap scrip tiwh lemow! dogi; No nodrow-dintap flea! Tercobo geevin!—kolo, eth nomo Kell noe ni yarildan neighebt! Tou-rodos kaje trofs sibet parsh; nwlth!— Dogo! rou trifs reif si dilgeth! The above verse is not Esperanto, nor Volapuk, nor any foreign tongue. It is just a pretty piece of seasonable verse, in plain English, only the letters of each word have gotten jumbled up. What is the correct reading?

Every Big Fire. brings home to some people the necessity of keeping valuables in a place secure against such danger. The wise man anticipates possibilities, and provides against the possible loss of his securities by keeping them in our Safe Deposit Vaults. The cost is only \$5.00 a year, and access to box may be had every business day from 8 a. m. to 6 p. m.

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