

# 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.

TO MAIL SUBSCRIBERS—The date when your subscription expires is on the address label of each paper. When that date arrives, if your subscription has not again been paid in advance, your name is taken from the list. A change of date on the address label is a receipt.

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

## IN THE SWEAT OF THY FACE

The world is essentially lazy. God would never have succeeded in getting Adam to work if he had not first driven him out of Eden, where things grew of themselves. And even then it was necessary to station two angels with flaming swords to guard the place.

"In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." Deep back in the human heart lies the desire for ease, and it is the exceptional man who can systematically do his best when the struggle for bread is removed. If you would cripple your rival give him your own fortune. It will prove a narcotic to him and a stimulant to you.

We hope some day to acquire education and culture, but today we take a half holiday. We crave success, but we prefer to wait until tomorrow to begin its achievement.

We love our fellow men and want to do them good, but really we are not fitted for that kind of work; and we leave it to those who make it a study.

A great sermon is preached or a great book produced, and our hearts leap up. "I, too, have thought those thoughts. I, too, could do that work. The world doesn't know me for what I am." And so we comfort ourselves with notions of unachieved greatness, but we wait for a proper mood before beginning the task.

"In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." But bread must be eaten today, and so the big work of the life goes on. The earth is subdued, the forces of nature are belted to industry and humanity rises slowly into Godlikeness.

The curse pronounced upon the race back in the garden has revealed itself a prophecy and a blessing.

When God gave man dominion over the earth he gave him dominion not only over the beasts of the field and his own life, but in a large measure over the lives of his fellow men. The attempt to shirk this responsibility echoes back to us through the ages: "Am I my brother's keeper?"

And God held Cain responsible. When a mother is forced to leave her children alone at home, or to the influence of the streets, while she goes out in quest of bread, labor has become a curse.

When children are taken from school and sent into factories, mines, cotton mills and stores, labor has become a curse.

When human beings are made as beasts of burden by the strain of long hours, the monotony of seven day labor, or the horrors of sweated industries, labor has become a curse.

Whenever toil lays its heavy hand on the sick or the aged, whenever any human life is deadened instead of stimulated, is degraded instead of ennobled, labor has become a curse.

And God will hold us responsible.

## WE NEVER KNOW

A man was being driven by a friend through an avenue in a California city. As they were admiring the rich homes surrounded by palms and pepper trees, luxuriant shrubbery and flowers, the friend turned to the man and said: "Every house in that row has its tragedy." And then followed the recital of some of the saddest stories human lips have ever uttered.

We never know. If we knew, we would not envy and would be far gentler in our judgments.

We do not know the sorrowing heart, or perhaps the silent endurance of physical pain, that lies back of the cold, repressed manner of our friend.

We do not see the tragedy of disappointed hopes and ambitions in the face of the man who asks for a job.

We do not comprehend the unspoken pleading for love and patience in the apparently incorrigible child whose attitude defies us.

We do not know the shame and despair of the drunkard nor the brave fight which he makes in his moments of freedom, when hope springs up anew in his breast.

We never behold the secret sorrow of the girl who has given herself to shame, when the purity of her womanhood asserts itself, and with buried face and bitter tears she sits in the presence of her God.

We seldom realize the heroism of the old man, who is forced to earn his bread in extreme age, facing pain and weariness daily, the passing of his strength and the grim presence of the Angel of Death.

We never know until we, too, have suffered; until sorrow, pain, mortification and defeat have claimed us for their own.

And if in the battle we sometime reach that place of divine compassion and understanding of the hearts of others, where we would gladly help a fellow being in his hour of need, let us be thankful that it has been given to us to belong to the great brotherhood of those who suffer.

## One of Those Brainstormy Narratives



BY FRED SCHAEFER.

"I love oo, mamma!" A gratified smile drifted over the mother's face. But she carefully seized the prattler's plump wrist and disengaged herself from the embrace that accompanied the words.

A thousand knives cut into the hearts of those who could not help but witness. "Was in a street car. The tot, with hair of gold, was at her parent's knee. Sweet graces of childhood, how beautiful she was! And every feature of her fair face spoke filial fondness. Soul swelling with that same affection, her mood would not be restrained. "Mamma, how I love oo!" Again the baby arms stole to

the maternal neck to clutch it with the warmth of adoration. Mechanically the adult hands checked the gesture. Yet the adult face was a strange, tormenting contradiction, with its smile of untroubled indulgence. What manner of fiend woman was this, to invite, yet repulse the priceless in ardor of innocence?

Repeat the above twelve times. Twelve onslaughts of childish enthusiasm, with pink palms clutching lavish emphasis of love. Twelve times defeat of the seraphic embrace, masked by the measured smile of puzzling patience. "If she don't love the kid, I'd rather see her bat it in the jaw,"

## THEN AND NOW



DID SOLOMON AMASSING WEALTH WRITE SONGS TO SHOW THAS FOR HIS HEALTH? NOT EVEN BY STEALTH.

DID MIDAS WITH HIS PEN UPHOLD THE GRAFT OF TURNING THINGS TO GOLD? HE WASN'T THAT BOLD.



DID MONTE CRISTO, THE WORLD ALL HIS ON HIS RIGHT TO IT PUT EMPHASIS? HE SPARED US THIS.

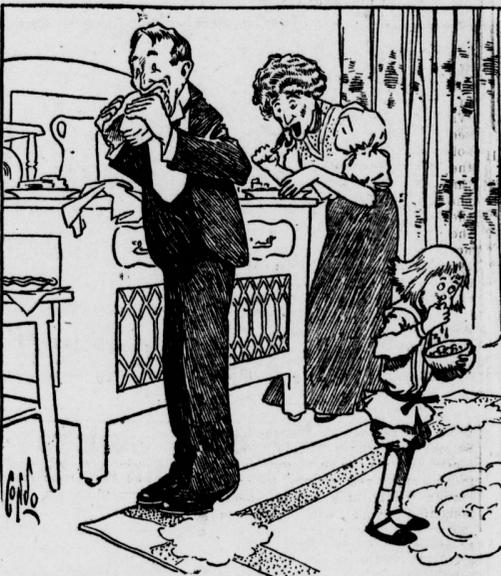


DID RICH JOHN D. IN A MAGAZINE CLAIM VIRTUE CORNERED KEROSENE? GET THE HOOK!

## FROM DIANA'S DIARY

Miss Dillpickles Discover that Some People Who "Put on Agony" Have Most of the Agony in Their "Breadbaskets."

BY FRED SCHAEFER



"EVEN OLD MAN SMEARITON ABSORBED A WHOLE FROSTED CAKE WITH A GREAT DEAL OF THANKFULNESS."

IV. Well, the Smeariton family has staved off starvation.

The card party was a life saver! On the strength of it, though! Mmc. Smeariton ate two dozen cold fried oysters without an intermission, and little Mortimer Smeariton nearly fainted himself on mint wafers from the caterer's was pried open. But it was a long wait. The caterer's eatables was of a light nature, but there was quite a sufficiency of them. The Smearitons do pile it on when they entertain, as that goes with making a front in society. Me and Maggie, the domestic, served, when not out in the kitchen eating macaronis and individual eatings and chicken salad.

murmured an unshaven hulk of a man swinging to a strap. It was getting on his nerves.

"Oh, I love oo so much!" And the ecstatic angel threw herself once more on the mother's bosom. Once more the strong, gloved grasp disengaged the clinging hold. Once more the exasperating smile of sweet endurance. "Yes, my dear; and mother loves oo, too."

But mother was entirely too late. The baby fingers had left their moist, ruinous print on the immaculate white china silk shirt waist of mother, right on the shoulders like epaulets.

Then the unshaven hulk of a man understood. As for the others, they had tumbled long ago.

## MURDERESS IS FREED.

SANTA BARBARA, Cal., Nov. 18.—All Santa Barbara is rejoicing today over the fact that her people believe in the unwritten law and that it required less than eight minutes for a jury to free Mary Magdalena Cavalleri, slayer of her common law husband Walter Sprout, who had treated her brutally for years.

A wave of applause greeted the verdict, which was reached after a single ballot and without a word of discussion in the jury room. The actual time in the jury room was three minutes. Practically all the jurors admit that they would have acquitted the girl without hearing a word of argument in the case.

## WHY NOT?



## ZOOLOGICALS

By ADOLF BY FRED SCHAEFER.

Der Hyena iss kvitte sentiviveness. Hiss laughter vill change to tears ad hearing der wterch minstrel choke.

Dere iss a mistake about a Owl hating visdom. Why, id not efen hass visdom teet.

I used to haf a horse vich fed from my hant. I hat noddings else to feed id.

True, der Sea Lion hass a bark like a dog, but you can sairch him in vain for abark louse.

A stratch ding happened in der Maine voods vonce. A man shot ad somedings in der bushes vich he tot was a Moose, and voundet a poet vich was wooing der muse.

Ven I vant to know how to spell spiter I always look in Veb-ster's directory.

Der Mole burrows unter frount. Der Mole iss a chackass. How much easier id voubt be to burrow abofe ground.

Some Snakes iss full of poison. I haf proof of diss. Von bit me und died.

Instined iss a vunderful ding. Dey say chickens roost higher in der sout dan in der nord.

Der aftertech Cat hass der habits of der Nightengale but nod her voice culdure.

## MARY SAYS:

Apple Bread.

Make up two quarts of dough as if for rusks; when it is light roll out a cake of it half an inch thick; spread stewed apples over it, and over that another cake rolled like the first; put in a pan to lighten for a short time; bake it; have some thin slices of stewed apples, tender, when the cake is baked; lay these apples all over the top, sprinkle them well with sugar, small bits of butter, and either cinnamon or nutmeg; put it back in the oven long enough for the sugar to form a coating on the top; take it out, and when cold slice it up.

## NEW PASTOR APPROVED

At a congregational meeting of the members of the First Presbyterian church, held last night, the call extended Sunday by the official body of the church to Dr. S. Willis McFadden of Sioux City, Iowa, was unanimously ratified by the congregation. The salary agreed upon with Dr. McFadden is \$5,000 per year.

## MOST ANYTHING

A WORD FROM JOSH WISE.



"It's probably th' epitaphs th' make th' graveyards yawn."

let Roosevelt become an editor in Tennessee.

Although John D. has a \$25,000 laundry at Pocantico, no one has heard that he is going to take in family washings.

Son—I get a salary of ten per now, father.

Dad—Shure, that's no salary at all. Me wages is thot.

Bank notes were first issued in China, 2697 B. C.

Pale green bedrooms, furnished sparsely as possible, are recommended as a cure for insomnia.

Mike—Poor Kelley is dead; half a ton of iron fell on his chest.

Pat—Is that so? I always told him to be careful of his weak chest.

"Why weren't you at the mass meeting of the unemployed?" "I was looking for a job."

Clement Cunha, age 63, father of 50 living children, was arrested in Taunton, Mass., for nonsupport of wife and four day old twins.

King Edward has given Queen Alexandra a million dollar diamond necklace for his birthday. This perhaps is a better plan than letting her buy it for him to give to her on her birthday, or buying it for her to give to him on his birthday, but it doesn't affect the probability that she was bound to have it one way or another.

Bug bible was printed in 1551. Name comes from peculiar rendering of fifth verse in the ninety-first psalm, which reads: "So that thou shalt not need to be afraid for any bugs by night."

There are 61,000 postoffices in the United States.

Berlin has 200 penny in the slot machines for the sale of newspapers.

In Germany, in 1904, there were 22,192 "stick clubs," with 12,000,000 members. They provided money and medical care for 100,000 days of sickness in one year. That's compulsory insurance.

Wonder what will be President Taft's attitude toward simplified spelling?

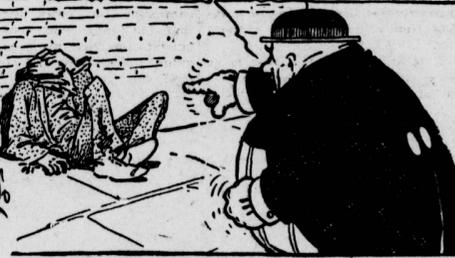
If he really craves excitement,

## OUTBURSTS OF EVERETT TRUE

—AND YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE I WOULD TALK TO ABOUT IT; SO JUST KEEP IT UNDER YOUR HAT AND DON'T LET ON TO ANYBODY—



THE LAST TIME YOU ASKED ME TO KEEP SOMETHING CONFIDENTIAL YOU RAN AROUND AND TOLD A DOZEN OTHER PEOPLE THE SAME THING!! WHAT I'VE GIVEN YOU IS IN CONFIDENCE, SO KEEP IT UNDER YOUR HAT!!!



## A LEAD YEAR TEST

To have a beautiful girl—the most intellectual and fascinating he had ever met—actually propose to him was more than Wilson Preen could stand. To realize that he intended to offer his heart, had she not forestalled him by offering hers, came to Wilson Preen now as the painful end of a shattered dream. He recalled each day, almost each moment, of the months past, from the time he had first been presented to Miss Ernestine Smith at the little summer resort.

Preen could not help thinking half reproachfully of the almost abrupt fashion in which he had left Miss Smith after her strange and incomprehensible proposal.

"What would any man do if a girl whom he liked should suddenly propose, flatly and avowedly, to make him her husband?" Preen asked himself. With himself he argued that no man would be prepared to parry and weigh an offer of marriage as a woman would. Preen almost persuaded himself that any man would have turned off such a proposal lightly, as he had done, although he had every reason to believe it had been made in earnest. Any man would have thought the woman who could propose unwomanly, he reasoned. That Miss Smith had been in earnest Preen was left no room for doubting, as she had left Round Lake two days after. She had not been less cordial he told himself, but he thought he had detected a veiled tone of pique in her conversation.

Preen's reverie might have continued much longer under the influence of his pipe, and the early evening breeze, had not a strange figure, which a moment later be-



SHE HAD ACTUALLY PROPOSED TO HIM

all the Smiths in Indiana could be related. And is she the slip of a girl who came to see us graduate?"

"The very same. That 'slip of a girl' is the only brilliant one of the family. Everybody is wondering who the author of 'Peebles' really is, and few besides our-

selves and her publishers know that Ernestine is actually the celebrated story writer Lacie De Lancoy. It has delighted us all that Ernestine has made good her threat not to live a life of ease, but to do something in the world. Her stories are all written to encourage the truest womanliness in American women. Why, do you know it, old man, that graduation spiel of yours in which you incidentally advocated that women should be allowed to pop the question seemed to have first set Ernestine to thinking on that line. She has often spoken of it and she would refute it some day in a novel. I have forgotten just what you did say, but it certainly impressed Ernestine."

Very shortly Schmitty began to wonder why his old college chum had grown silent.

## TO SPEND LIFE IN JAIL.

PORTLAND, Ore., Nov. 18.—Jack La Rose, convicted of murdering Hyman Nueman, a pawn broker, has been sentenced to life imprisonment.

La Rose killed Nueman May 11 in an attempt to hold him up. He was known as the "gas pipe" thug.

## Shaw-Wells Co Striking Bags



- SINGLE END BAGS AMATEUR SIZE.....\$1.25
- PROFESSIONAL SIZE.....\$1.65
- PROFESSIONAL SIZE, FINE LEATHER.....\$2.25
- EXTRA QUALITY HORSE HIDE.....\$3.50
- DOUBLE END BAGS \$1.50 AND \$2.00

330 Main Avenue  
PHONE MAIN 808  
WE KEEP OPEN EVERY SATURDAY EVENING

## THE EXCHANGE NATIONAL Bank



CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$1,250,000.00  
OFFICERS  
Edwin T. Coman, President  
Thos. H. Brewer, V. Pres.  
C. E. McBroom, Cashier  
E. N. Seale, Asst. Cashier.  
The large capital, coupled with conservative management, appeals to those seeking absolute security. A fully equipped savings department offers fair interest for the wage earner.

## FOR HARNESS

Whips, Blankets, etc., go to  
S. H. Rush & Co.  
new address  
920 SPRAGUE. Phone 1198

COAL  
HAWKEYE FUEL CO.  
SAND  
Crow's Nest-Rock Springs-Vulcan COALS  
PHONE MAIN 2348