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THE SPOKANE PRESS EDITORIAL PAGE

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Mayor Convert to Commission Form

When Mayor N. S. Pratt went into office he thought he could create harmony and grease the wheels of municipal government so they would run smoothly. The Spokane Press, through a series of educative articles, had proposed the commission form of government as a betterment over the old form, but the mayor did not think it was needed then. Now Mayor Pratt has been converted thoroughly to the idea; so much so that he wants to prove his sincerity by having the election called next spring, which will cut his term in half. The city's executive will appoint a committee in a few days, to consider the proposition and get all facts obtainable. Meanwhile The Press will explain the commission plan to the people fully and clearly.

The goose: "Honk, honk!" Little Johnny: "I say, you might think you're an auto, but you ain't."

Councilman Schiller

At the Third ward meeting last night a good man was selected to succeed Councilman Schiller. Mr. Schiller was urged by his friends to reconsider his resignation, and he acted upon the request. It is Councilman Schiller again. Mr. Schiller is friendly to the liquor interests. With that handicap before the public he has done some very able and conscientious work in the council. He ought never to have resigned "under fire," and he does well to take up his public duties again.

Fine work. The dust choking the streets has been laid. Oh, no; not by the street department and traction companies, but by the rain clouds.

Taft's Lesson in Meekness

President Taft wants us to take a lesson from the Asiatics in meekness. In a recent sermon delivered in the Mormon edifice in Salt Lake City, Taft selected a subject that surely will make T. Roosevelt take a long walk in the jungle for the purpose of calm meditation and blowing off steam. The matter Mr. Taft preached about and tried to impress on his hearers was that losing one's temper is a grievous fault. The Orientals are not in the habit of losing their tempers, said Mr. Taft, and that's where they have it on us. The Anglo-Saxon race is all right, maybe, and it has done a few things that got it a position top-of-page, alongside-reading matter, in the world's history, but we ought to take a few lessons from the Orientals in smoothness of temper, politeness and courtesy. So said President Taft.

All right, let's see. Speaking of history we want to mention to Brother Taft one or two things that might or might not have a bearing on his sermon. There are precedents for his asking us never to lose our tempers, all right. Here's one of 'em:

A bunch of French noblemen, whose families had lived for generations without doing anything more useful or meritorious than occasionally sticking each other under the fifth rib for a point of honor, suddenly heard that all the common folks were going on strike. These common folks had been robbed and beaten and starved for centuries, with no diversion except to work all day for monsieur and then keep the frogs quiet about monsieur's chateau at night. A strike? How annoying! Monsieur and madame did hope that these rough persons wouldn't lose their tempers. But they did. They cut off monsieur's head, and—v'la! madame's, too. Very shocking! And it could all have been avoided if those low fellows hadn't lost their tempers.

Another—a more recent one. At McKees Rocks, Pa., were several thousand workmen, owned by the steel trust as surely as the French peasant was owned by monsieur. Of course, it wasn't called slavery, except maybe it was sometimes referred to as "wage slavery," but names don't make much difference when a fellow works as long as the boss says for the wages the boss wants to pay and then is always in debt to the boss because the boss owns the hovel that's rented to the laborer, and also owns the store where the laborer buys his necessities. Of course, the thousands of workmen had no business losing their tempers. They were nearly all Unspeakable Poles and Impossible Huns, anyway, so it didn't make much difference if they had to pay graft to get a job that didn't earn them any money after they got it, or if, lacking money, they had to give up wife, sister, daughter or sweetheart to a civilized overseer. If they didn't like it they could move on, couldn't they? There were plenty more coming over.

And then the Unspeakable Poles and the Impossible Huns lost their tempers.

Well, of all things! To think that those rough-necks and low-brows want to tell US how to run OUR business! They actually want more money, do they? What on earth do they want more money for? Why, they'd only drink it up if they got it. Send for the mounted police—those fellows we got the Legislature to give us, you know. So, along came the state constabulary. The workmen were still mad. They threw bricks and things and were scientifically and mechanically clubbed, ridden and shot into submission—temporary submission.

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Ah, listen! Isn't that the voice of Col. Roosevelt we hear in the depths of the jungle? Yes, he is commenting on Brother Taft's sermon. It's so far away we can't be sure of hearing just what he says. But what is that word the jungle breeze seems to bear us again and again, sandwiched in between others of shorter and uglier import? Listen—is it not "mollycoddle."

How disappointing that we can't hear more distinctly and be sure.

Press Humor--Most Anything--Have a Smile

FROM LATEST ISSUE OF PUCK

PROOF Teacher—Your little brother was all right when he left the house with you, and yet you say he's sick and won't be in school. The Kid—Sure! Didn't I give him the seegar wid me own

THY HOSIERY

The socks I darn for thee, dear heart. Mean quite a pile of work to me; I count them over, every one apart, Thy hosiery, thy hosiery.

Each sock a mate, two mates a pair, To clothe thy feet in storm and cold; I count each sock unto the end, and find I've skipped a hole.

Oh, carelessness, this thy reproof. See how it looms across my sole, I grind my teeth, and then in very truth I darn that hole, sweetheart, I darn that hole!

INDIRECT DESCRIPTION

"Don't you have difficulty describing a cowboy when you have never seen one?" asked the author's friend. "Do it easily enough," replied the busy author. "Merely state that he wasn't at all the spectacular cowboy of fiction."

There are other things in this world besides money, but we need the money in order to get them.

FROM LATEST ISSUE OF JUDGE

AT LAST Perpetual motion's here. Yes! it's come. Just watch a dainty little dear Chewing gum.

LITTLE THINGS THAT COUNT

"That fellow over there makes little things count, I tell you!" "Indeed?" "Yes; he teaches arithmetic to the high school freshman class."

Let husbands be warned in time, now that Christmas is not far off. Already the writer has detected several married women gazing in at cigarstore windows.

A MAN'S REASON

Miss Bronx—Why do you want to marry me? Mr. Harlem—Because I love you. Miss B.—Why do you love me? Mr. H.—Because I want to marry you.

IMPRESSIONS DIFFER

Gladys—Don't you think the captain is very chivalrous? When he left me last evening he pressed his lips to my fingers. Muriel—Oh, I don't know. He leaves me with a different impression.

DR. ELIOT'S SELECTION

No wonder that this list should pain Our literary fellers. The five-foot shelf does not contain One of the six best sellers.

FROM LATEST ISSUE OF LIFE

TOO HARSH "Wretched woman! you took advantage of my hospitality to steal my husband."

"Pardon me, but is it exactly stealing where a guest, wishing a souvenir of an agreeable visit, carries away with her some trifling thing which her hostess gives every token of caring little for?"

UNPRINCIPLED WRETCH

"You simply cannot trust anybody!" declares the lady. "My maid, whom I had the utmost confidence in, left me suddenly yesterday and took with her my beautiful pearl brooch."

COLD SLAUGH

Said the Pole to the North Star, "I'm skeery; This long winter night is so dreary!" "Ship Ahoy!" said the Star. "Stay right where you are! Here's Cook! And, great snakes, here comes Peary!"

Howard—Mrs. Holmes gets on much better with her husband than she used to. Coward—Same husband?

Many a man is polite simply because it costs nothing. Some are too stingy to be polite even at that price.

JUST TO LAUGH

A quiet spot. Tom—Say, did you ever kiss a girl in a quiet spot? Jack—Yes; but the spot was only quiet while I was kissing it.—Boston Transcript.

Vegetarianism. "Are you willing to join us and become a vegetarian?" "Yes," said the philosopher. "If you're willing to concede that all flesh is grass."—Life.

Very Much So.

"Your husband is an unremitting correspondent, isn't he?" "Well, you haven't noticed me cashing any money orders, have you?"—Baltimore American.

The Prospect.

First Disgruntled Politician—Where do you suppose the temperance vote is going to leave our candidate? Second Ditto—I'm very much afraid it will leave him high and dry.—Baltimore American.

The Whole Thing.

"Pop, why don't they muzzle poets as well as dogs?" "Good gracious, child, what put such an idea in your head?" "Well, don't they have to have a poetic license?"—Baltimore American.

A Cruel Hint.

Nell—Harry had such a masterful way about his proposing that I liked. Belle—Did you? That's queer, for it was exactly what made most of us other girls turn him down.—Baltimore American.

"JUST KIDS"

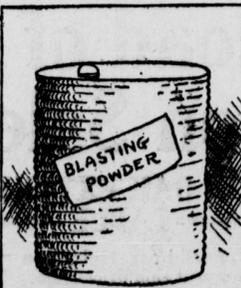


"Well, well, kids, if here ain't a sassiety goil wot's got de same name as me—Miss Smith! Well, well!"

WEATHER CONDITIONS.

A storm center of quite low barometer has appeared on the Washington coast, resulting in light to moderate rains in northern California, western Oregon and Washington, and warmer weather from the Pacific to the eastern slope of the Rockies. The eastern high pressure area has moved to the lake region, resulting in somewhat cooler weather from the upper and central Mississippi valley to the Atlantic, with light to moderate precipitation in Kansas, Texas, Arkansas and from Missouri and Illinois eastward to the Atlantic. The low pressure now on the Pacific coast is expected to cause rain tonight and Wednesday in this vicinity. H. M'KENZIE, Temporarily in Charge.

AN INTERPRETATION:



A MAGAZINE ARTICLE

BOSS UP AFTER FUNERAL.

Gives Undertaker Who Thought He Buried Him a Fright. HARTFORD, Conn., Oct. 19.—The body of a man who was identified by his brother as Harry Williams of Bristol, was taken from the Naugatuck river last Wednesday and buried in the presence of his mourning friends. Today Williams appeared in Naugatuck, unaware that he had been officially crossed off the voting list, and grinned at what he thought

was a new joke. Friends insisted that he was dead, and referred him to the undertaker for proof. When the undertaker saw him approaching, he cried: "Great Scott! The last time I saw that man was when I nailed the lid on his coffin."

ELIOT AT CHARITY MEET

BOSTON, Oct. 19.—"Hygiene of Sex" will be discussed by distinguished educators at tomorrow evening's session of the Massachusetts State Conference of Charities, with Dr. Charles W. Eliot presiding. The first session will be held this evening, and the convention will continue to Thursday afternoon. "The Prevention of Drunkenness" and "The Treatment of Inebriety" are other topics to be considered.

LORD KITCHENER IN PEKING

PEKING, China, Oct. 19.—Lord Kitchener, who is on his way to Tokio to witness the Japanese military maneuvers, arrived here today. He was received as a private citizen.

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The only close in addition with an unobstructed view. Graded streets, cement walks, city water, 15 minute car service, close to school. A small payment down and easy monthly payments. Come in and get a plat and free car tickets.

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LIFE CHEAPER THAN AUTOS. mobile at the Washington street crossing. SUFFOLK, Vt., Oct. 19.—According to the action of two cases in Nansmond circuit court today, the Norfolk and Western Railroad company values human life more cheaply than automobiles. Sarah E. Melton, administratrix, was awarded \$225 for the death of her husband, who was ground to pieces at the Wellons street crossing, and Mary A. Cobb got \$700 from the same company for injuries to an auto-

BARTLETT'S Bartlett-Carver Co. The Women's and Children's Store of Spokane 818 RIVERSIDE AVENUE 820

GREAT HAT SHAPE SALE 350 NEW SHAPES AT \$1.95 each

A sacrifice sale by a wholesale millinery house moving to Seattle threw this big "snap" our way—they didn't want to pay double freight charges and so made us such a low offer that we couldn't refuse it. Not one in the lot that is worth less than \$2.50, while almost all are worth from \$3.50 to \$5.00. See them in the BIG WEST WINDOW on Wednesday and also note a few that we have trimmed economically just to show you how beautiful they can be made to look at very small cost. Sale begins Wednesday at 9 a. m. Price.....\$1.95

MOIRE RIB-18c BON SALE 18c 150 yards of beautiful moire ribbon bought for almost nothing and offered accordingly. Just what you want to trim your new hat. All popular colors and shades—the best bargain you have seen for many a day. ON SALE WEDNESDAY AT 9 A. M., AT .....18c RIBBONS 18 CENTS

Special Announcement CANDYMAKERS BUTCHERS RESTAURANT MEN ETC. We wish to announce that we now have in our employ an expert on industrial fuel. If you are interested in cutting your expenses or increasing your present capacity consult with him. He will be at your command at any time. SPOKANE FALLS GAS LT. CO. Salesroom Open Evenings Until 9 o'Clock. PHONE M. 3485.