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Entered at Spokane, Wash., as Second Class Matter

THE SPOKANE PRESS EDITORIAL PAGE

Published every evening except Sunday by the Spokane Newspaper Co
Telegraph service furnished by United Press.
THE PRESS DELIVERED—By carrier, 30c per month. By mail, one month 30c, six months $1.50, one year $2.50.

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.

Flowers and the City Beautiful

Some five hundred men and women descended upon beautiful Manito park yesterday, and took away some 6000 plants. It was an invasion invited by Supt. Charles E. Balzer, and was a peaceful invasion in every way. All the plants needed for the park next summer are stored in the hothouses.

The enthusiasm with which the people of Spokane received the invitation to take the plants is simply another evidence of the energy and enterprise of the people, who are always striving to make the city more beautiful than ever.

Spokane already is noted for her attractive homes and grounds and those 6000 plants, distributed throughout the city, will make things prettier than before.

A visitor's impression of Spokane is well embodied in a little sketch printed in The Press today, and written by Gilson Gardner. Read it, and then put renewed enthusiasm in the work of building up your city.

Take at least half an hour during each crowded day to lift your head above the clouds and observe God's wonders outside of yourself.

Spain's Martyr and America's Martyr.

Common people of these United States, wherein all men are born free, sit up and take notice! And, as you read what appears herein, keep the case of your own Samuel Gompers well in mand.

Spain, poor monarchial Spain, that degenerate Spain wherein millions suffer, toil and starve to support in luxury a class created through the "divine right of kings," had a champion. He was an editor and a professor, by name Francisco Ferrer. He voiced the appeals and needs of the common people. He dared to maintain that the common people were entitled to God-given rights, such as equality before the law, justice, freedom in the pursuit of happiness, and freedom of thought and speech.

For these things the titled class hated Ferrer, just as the corporation class hates Sam Gompers, for freedom of thought and speech means freedom from privileged class.

Last July there was a revolutionary outbreak in Barcelona. Common mothers of common sons objected to contributing their children as powder-food to preserve the interests of the titled class in Morocco, and there was bloody rioting. That outbreak was instructive. It showed the common people that, with courage, they might be free.

The class seized Ferrer, professor of freedom. They charged him with inciting revolution against the privileged class, just as they charge Gompers with contempt of court. They locked up this so-called grand old "Tolstoi of Spain" in Montjuich fortress, where for decades offenders against the class have rotted, whence patriots of true soul have been led to death, often and often, and which has well earned the name, "Bastile of Spain."

They tried Ferrer. All humane Europe pronounces that trial a farce. It was by court-martial. Did they give him a hearing before a jury of his peers? No! No more than they did Gompers. They condemned him secretly. On October 13 last the privileged class led him out, stood him up against a wall and shot him. The only thing for class to do with courage, patriotism and progress is to kill. Otherwise it grows, elevates men's minds, strengthens men's hearts and kills class, executes and buries monarchy, title, "divine right." So they butchered Ferrer, brainiest, bravest, noblest man Spain had. But his soul will go marching on.

The United States class will not shoot Gompers. But that doesn't matter. The musket isn't the principle. Listen to what Gompers said, upon his return to Washington from Europe the other night:

"The imposition of a fine of one cent or of imprisonment for one hour for the utterance of conscientious belief and the faith that is within us is a denial of free speech and of a free press."

When human freedom is at stake, what matters it whether the class aims at you a leaden bullet or a penny fine? The principle is the thing. Is there much difference between Ferrer dead with a ball in his heart and Gompers jailed by a class that free speech and a free press will kill?

Lottie: "At the charity fair he gave me $5 for a kiss."
Dottie: "Yes, there's nothing he wouldn't do for charity."

PENCIL POINTS

Storm clouds still hover darkly over the city hall. The commission plan of government will dispell them.

Spain seems to be much more successful in shooting unarmed socialists than winging swarthy Moroccans.

Of course all the altitudinal and latitudinal lying is done for advancement of geographical science and a few lecture tour side bets.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS MAKE DAMAGES LESS

Court Says Victims Won't Miss Their Own Now That Cork Legs Are So Serviceable.

TRENTON, Oct. 20.—Filing an opinion in the supreme court here today, Justice Garrison laid down the rule that juries must give consideration to the value of cork legs or other artificial limbs in the awarding of damages in suits for personal injuries. He held that with the modern perfection in artificial limbs victims of accidents were entitled to correspondingly less damages, for there was less suffering and inconvenience now than formerly.

The opinion was filed in the setting aside of a verdict of $8500 recovered in the Essex county court by Dorothy MacDermott in her suit against the Public Service corporation. Dorothy, who is four years old, lost a leg under a trolley car.

CHINESE STUDENTS COMING.

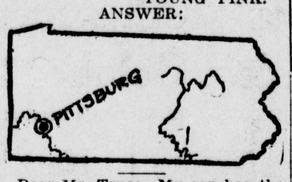
SHANGHAI, Oct. 20.—The first group of Chinese students whose education in American schools will be paid for by the government out of funds derived from that part of the Boxer indemnity that was returned to China by America left here today on the steamer China for San Francisco. There are 47 of them, besides six self-supporting students.

The up to date girl often keeps a fellow behind with his board bill.—Judge.

Press Humor--Most Anything--Have a Smile

Mr. E. True: I have decided to become a detective, but am in doubt as to the best locality in which to operate, one in which services of this character are in most demand. Please advise. YOUNG PINK.

ANSWER:



Dear Mr. True: My son has the habit of biting his tinger nails. Do you know of anything that will break him of it? PARENT.

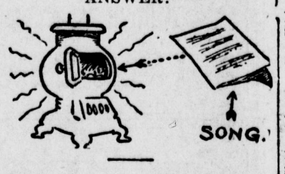
ANSWER:

Esteemed Everett: I write to ask what will prevent men from staring at me in public. Some are awfully audacious, and vex me beyond all endurance. Respectfully, MISS L.

ANSWER:

Mr. True: I have just written a popular song. The title of it is "Dreaming of Thee, Sweet Thee." Kindly acquaint me with the approved method for disposing of it. G. KONE.

ANSWER:



Dear Mr. True: I am a young woman from Chicago. I am continually being "kidded" about Chicagoans having big feet. How can I silence these smarties? JANET.

ANSWER:

My Dear True: My wife is so busy with club affairs that my oscks aer never darned. All my kicking is of no avail. Advise me. Yours truly, S. M. J.

ANSWER:

MOST ANYTHING

JOSH WISE SAYS:

"Sometimes we think a man's lost his heart when he's only lost his digestion."

Captain Amundsen is going in a polar trip with bears to draw his sleds. Good scheme. The bears could make short work of any rival explorers encountered.

Elsie: "Why is Clara always so short of money? Didn't her father leave her a lot?"

Madge: "Yes, but you see she's not to get it till she's 30, and she'll never own up to that!—Boston Transcript.

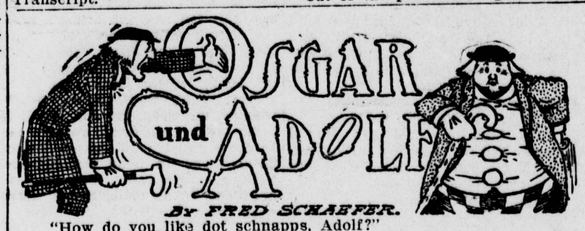
Milwaukee woman who sues for divorce says her husband wore neckties that clashed with her colors. Yet she might have been even more peeved if he wore no neckties at all.

Of course, Joe Cannon is going to try for it again. He will never let go until somebody hammers on his fingers.

School Teacher: "What lesson do we learn from the busy bee?"
Tommy Tuffnut: "Not to get stung.—Kansas City Star.

Just a little Aldrich,
Just a little Payne,
Fixes up the tariff
For financiers again.
—Life.

In Spain they are organizing the bull fights like American baseball leagues, but no arrangements are included to give the bulls their bit out of the post-season games.



"How do you like dot schnapps, Adolf?"

"Id iss too strong. I took a svallow und now my heart iss fluttering."

"Nonsense. Vot you feel iss der svallow fluttering."

STINGING BUTCH MACGINNITY

There was disgust on Butch Macginnity's face when he opened the door of his office. He walked to the table and swept the cards into the drawer, when Doggy Coot appeared in a melodramatic manner.

"Gimme them papers," shouted Doggy.

"Gimme your tobacco and we'll both smoke," growled Butch. "Where have you been to get the stage stuff?"

"I went to see a society play Saturday," answed Doggy, "and the Thespian bug sticks."

"Where was the play?" asked Butch.

"Out at Receration park. It was called the gentle diversion of football as now played."

"Yes," said Butch, "I was there. I feel as bad as you do. That's why I've got a grouch.

"Just thing of what football has come to. Saturday there wasn't a bone broken nor a chest caved in. When I played for Lalapaloosa I never felt good unless I crippled four or five men."

"You bet," chimed Doggy; "remember how we used to twist ankles while they were piled up?"

Butch smiled. "The bones used to snap and crackle in the good old days," he said.

Neither heard the door open nor saw a huge fellow stand there, listening. The intruder was as broad as the rear of one of the depot hacks. His hand resembled a Westphalian ham suffering from dropsy. When he spoke the tobacco jar on Butch's desk rattled.

"Them were good days, indeed," said the stranger.

"Who are you?" asked Butch, in a voice which would have been a roar if the newcomer hadn't been so big.

"I'm Gory Murphy, once fullback for Sketlioi college," was the answer.

"Howdy," said Doggy; "glad to meet you."

Butch didn't look so glad.

"I guess you remember me," continued Gory. "I droped in to interest you in the 'Fifteen Decisive Battles of Gridiron,' written by Puck Cuffey, in 49 volumes—"

Butch's hands went up in dismay.

"But," Gory went on, "your talk of the old days recalls an incident which you no doubt remember, Butch—the matter of the horseshoe and the storage batteries."

Butch flushed as red as an October sunset. He didn't reply, but Doggy exclaimed: "That's a new one; tell it, Murphy."

Murphy didn't need urging. "In the old days there was rivalry enough between Lalapaloosa and Sketlioi. Butch was the brainy schemer.

"Our Thanksgiving game was with Lalapaloosa, and we feared Butch would spring a new one and beat us to the championship. We sent a spy to Lalapaloosa and he hung around two weeks as a frat pin agent. He took a lot of orders for Sigh Hoopalong, Fie, Papa's Shy and Bringa Nu Dekalong frats, but didn't learn any tricks.

"He gave up in disgust and started home. On the way to the depot he passed the horse shoe shop and noticed a couple of dozen shoes on the ground, too big for ordinary horses

"'Army contract?' he asked.

"'Nay, nay,' said the smithy, 'just a special order for Butch Macginnity.'

"That was enough for Foxy. He asked a few questions, then ran for the train.

"Butch intended to sew horseshoes in the knees of the Lalapaloosa pants and make the Sketlioi

fellows looks as if they'd been kicked by army mules after 10 minutes of play.

"What did we do? Just stuck storage batteries under our uniforms, and the first Lalapaloosa fellow that touched his knee to a Sketlioi man got a shock that brought thought of home and childhood's happy hours, et certera."

"Who got the first shock?" asked Doggy.

"Ask Butch," said Murphy, as he wanderede out into the hall. "And we beat 'em 12 to 0."

JUST TO LAUGH

He—Can I see you across the street, miss?

She—Perhaps you can. Stay right here while I go over.

A young girl of fourteen was taking a trip on Lake Michigan in a small steamer. The lake was somewhat rough and many were seasick. The girl sat in the bow and was unusually quiet for her. "Are you feeling sick, daughter?" inquired her father. "No, I don't think I am sick; but I should hate to yawn.—Life.

SPOKANE PRE-EMINENTLY A CITY OF HOMES

Gilson Gardner, famous special correspondent of The Spokane Press at Washington, D. C., was in Spokane recently. After taking a trip around the city, he sent the following little sketch to the Cleveland Press; it's interesting:

Spokane is a city of homes. Not homes built in blocks, with party walls between them, and little stone porches in front. Not homes built by the dozen and retailed on the partial payment plan. Nor yet homes built for millionaires with acres of expensive grounds to help show them off. Finally, not homes built in tiers, reached by elevators, and consisting mostly of four rooms fronting on a court.

Spokane has not any of these kinds. It has real homes. Tasteful little houses, built of wood and brick, each in a gem of a yard; each with its velvety lawn and wonderful flowers and shrubs; each with air and space and privacy and shade trees, some of them the firs and pines which originally covered valley as well as mountainside. Each home looks neat and smart. The windows shine and the lawn is clipped and the walks are swept and there is the stamp of thrift—not to say prosperity—on all.

I rode all over town and saw but one for rent sign. I saw no vacant, weed grown lots, nor other signs of the town which has been overboomed. And that is a peculiarity of Spokane. In this it differs from almost every other city of our west. It has grown healthily, rapidly, wonderfully, but it has not been boomed. It depends upon itself and its own commercial life for what it has and is. It does not exploit the easterner. It is not a tollgate for the tourist. It has no up-to-date hotel facilities, but not having tourist trade, it has never learned this fact.

The city has a prosperous, healthy, promising business life. Its population is roughly estimated now at 100,000. It is 14 hours from the Pacific coast, a natural halfway station between the great agricultural country west from St. Paul, and a distribution point for the lumber, ore, fruit and the agricultural products of the region between the Rocky mountain watershed and the Pacific coast. Its commercial destiny is evidently to be the great inland city of the northwest. In its present stage, however, what commends it most to one who has seen many cities in many places, is the unpretentious, numerous, tasteful, well kept homes.

CONTINUED

FROM PAGE ONE.

HISTORY OF WATER STRUGGLE

the project which I suggested and instead seek a water supply from some adjoining lake. I do not claim that all the members of this commission were aware of the purpose behind them, but nevertheless I am satisfied that the end desired was the abolition of our present water plant at the up-river station.

Then came the issue of day labor versus contract work. The mayor at this time is an advocate of day labor. I am not against day labor. I believe that the laboring man should have a good day's work. Everything I have done while in office bears out this statement. Yet the imperative question was to get water for the people of Spokane by next summer. The water department had neither equipment nor organization for carrying out expeditiously the work of the proposed magnitude under the day labor plan, consequently I advocated that the concrete work be done by contract.

This did not meet with Mayor Pratt's approval. I maintain, however, that as I was ultimately responsible both to the citizens of Spokane and to the mayor, I should not have been dictated to in regard to the methods that should be employed in carrying out the work.

Further difficulties were encountered in regard to the reservoir site and the letting of the contract for the reservoir. The report that I signed as mere records of the board of public works does not include the intermediate history of delays not caused by myself in getting this work under way.

No sensible persons will charge me with being the cause of any of this delay, for no one could have been as anxious as I was to complete the work in the shortest possible time. Naturally, I was desirous of fulfilling my promises to the people of Spokane, and therefore clearly would do nothing which in any way should delay the work. I have not spared myself. I have worked night and day, endangering my own health in order that the work should be brought to a proper culmination.

I differed with the administration as to the type of reservoir which should be constructed. As the technical adviser of the administration I had a right to differ on such matters. Yet the administration was insistent to maintain its own views, much to my regret.

At every stage of the work matters have come up for which I have not been responsible but which have caused delays and difficulties innumerable.

All my suggestions have been approved by Professor William H. Burr, and it does seem peculiar that laymen attempt to force their opinions in opposition to such distinguished authority.

I sincerely hope, however, that the work will be brought to a successful culmination, and whatever assistance I can render I will give gladly to this worthy cause.

ARVID REUTERDAHL.

SUCH IS SUCCESS.

"How is young Snodgrass getting along with his play that was accepted?"

"Elegantly. He's rewriting it for the fourteenth time for the manager who promised to buy it."

THE DOCTOR'S DEDUCTION.

Doctor—Hab she bin ailin' long?

Husband—Yes, sah, doctah. She hab had fits ob de blues fo' gwine on ah week.

Doctor—Den if dat am ah fac' she mus' hab indigogestion.—Judge.

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.

Could Not Put on His Shoes

Required Two Hours to Dress

Cured by The Human Bake Oven

Nick Sabadine, who is employed in the Rockaway restaurant, in this city, has great reason for giving his testimonial for publication, as he had suffered for so long that he had dispaired of ever getting even temporary relief, and even after he was really relieved and was gaining strength he would not admit it, as he says that he had no idea that the cure could be permanent. However, Mr. Sabadine now rejoices in the enjoyment of his health and strength and wants others to know of it.

"When I went to the Washington Sanitarium to investigate the HUMAN BAKE OVEN," says Mr. Sabadine, "I had very little hopes that I would be benefitted, for I had tried medicine without getting any relief and there was not a day that I did not buy something and try it. I went to California and tried different remedies that were recommended to me, but gave up and returned to Spokane. I did not get two hours' sleep in any twnty-four for months, and when I sat still the pains were like an auger boring into my joints, and at night I would go out into the hall and walk until daylight. I was told my suffering was caused by different things, but rheumatism was what it was, and in its worst form. I tried the baths at Mud Lakes and Medical Lakes, but I got no relief. I was attracted by something I heard said about the HUMAN BAKE OVEN and investigated it, and after a few moments' talk with the people there that were taking the treatment I decided to try it. I received some relief at once, and when I had taken 10 treatments I was cured and I am able to go about my work with as much comfort as anyone else. I could not stoop to put on my shoes, but had to sit on the floor, and it took me two hours to get dressed. The HUMAN BAKE OVEN is the best thing on earth for rheumatism, and I recommend it to anyone that wants to be cured. Anyone can talk to me and I will tell them all about my cure.

Washington Sanitarium

401 Fifth Avenue, Corner Washington

Tyler's Style Shop

822 Riverside.

Cloaks Suits Millinery

THE SMARTEST STYLES IN CLOAKS, SUITS AND MILLINERY, VERY REASONABLY PRICED.