



THE KATZENJAMMER KIDS AND HAPPY HOOLIGAN COMING IN THE SUNDAY PRESS SOON

THE SPOKANE PRESS

HOME EDITION

THE SPOKANE PRESS

WEATHER Snow tonight and Sunday. Max Temp., 23; Min., 23. WHEN YOU MOVE don't forget to give the carrier your new address or telephone The Press, Main St. The Press will be delivered to you no matter where you go.

ONE CENT IN CITY. ON TRAINS, FIVE CENTS. SPOKANE, WASHINGTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1909 EIGHTH YEAR, No. 41 30 CENTS PER MONTH

COOK SAYS HE WILL RETURN TO THE NORTH

THREE INJURED AS RESULT CHRISTMAS EVE FIGHTING HERE

One May Be a Murderer---Brawls and Duels the Order of the Day.

SPENDING HOLIDAY IN THE CITY JAIL

Three men lie, dangerously injured, in the emergency hospital at the city jail today in consequence to a reign of crime and disorder that was brought upon the city yesterday afternoon and Christmas eve. Likewise three others, their alleged assailants, languish behind the bars of the city jail, anxious for the passing of the Christmas time that they may know their fate. Before the day is over, one of these, S. Lewis, a hickman, may be a murderer.

RAPID DEVELOPEMENT OF ELECTRIC RAILWAYS

Washington is making rapid strides in the development of electric railways. On January 1, 1910, it will have 55,774 miles of standard gauge and 16,500 miles of narrow gauge electric lines.

"THREATENED TO SEND ME TO POORHOUSE; I'VE SENT HIM TO PRISON INSTEAD" SAN RAFAEL, Cal., Dec. 25.—James McCue, lifelong enemy of William R. Bradbury, sent this Christmas greeting to the millionaire prisoner at San Quentin prison today:

HERE ARE ALL SORTS OF KISSES; WHICH ARE BEST ONES?

The Spokane Press offers for the best definition of what a kiss is, the following prizes: First prize, \$10 in gold. Second prize, an entire box to the performance of "A Soul Kiss" at the Auditorium, December 29.

SANTA CLAUS MUCKRAKED!

Startling Expose-by a Special Commissioner of The Press Deals With a National Scandal of Hideous Magnitude

Criminal Carelessness, Gross Mismanagement and Appalling Waste for Which the Head of the Christmas Gift "System" is Proven Responsible—Dreadful Picture of Oppression Under the Heartless Rule of "Good St. Nick"—Barbarous Neglect and Reckless Squandering of Funds—Query: "What Does He Do With It?"

(With this issue The Press gives to its readers a hair-lifting insight into the pernicious Santa Claus system. For the last month its special investigator has been probing the secrets of the very head and front of the Yuletide monopoly, and now lays them bare, without fear or favor. It is a calm, dispassionate narrative enough, considering the horror of the facts presented, but it brings that horror to the very fireside of the man on the street. The story reveals conditions that must make the blood boil when fully appreciated.)

BY FRED SCHAEFER. My sole purpose in taking up the Santa Claus investigation was to sift to the bottom the rumors, may charges, for some seasons banded from lip to lip to the effect that the time-honored Santa Claus administration is become a despotism, is being conducted in a high-handed manner and is betraying the plain or common people whose very weal depends upon it. Really, the fact has been self-evident a long time and has rankled hotly in the bosoms of the ultimate consumers of Christmas gifts, but the responsibility was never placed. "Who is to blame for this condition?" has often been asked and the answer has always been vague form element of the ultimate consumer, the so named Santa Claus associations, could not tell me. But leaders in their ranks, earnest men and women who are striving against great odds to obtain a square deal for all, the great stocking robbing machine, gave me many clues and hints. For obvious reasons their names are not mentioned here. They would suffer reprisals for their courageous conviction.



A SIGN OF UNREST. Pitiful efforts of poor children to simulate Yuletide cheer, boosted out of their reach by the malfeasance of Santa Claus.

At the very outset, therefore, I decided that I would seek for the Man Higher Up—and the trail ended at Santa Claus himself. For weeks I watched his plant and surreptitiously thumbed over his books and papers—such as had not been burned to destroy evidence—and the sum of what I discovered I will set down without bias. I need only say that the worst is only too true. Indeed St. Claus, alias St. Nicholas, also alias "the cheerful old elf," is unmasked. He is not only the Man Higher Up but the Man behind, and the Main Male-factor.

These are harsh words, but what does my inquiry show? For ages Santa Claus has prospered upon his reputation as a merry old cuss whose fair round belly shook when he laughed like a bowl full of jelly. Well may it shake like that—e is a cross between an octopus and a jellyfish. On the strength of his reputation, I maintain he secured the monopoly of dishing out the contents of the horn of plenty with impartial hand. Gradually, almost insensibly his sense of equity has become blunted, until now he gives grudgingly, except to the favored few. Why, last year he almost overlooked even me! Oh, the whole system has become rotten. It smells. He has made the annual carnival of good will a hollow mockery—hollow as a bass drum. Santa Claus, swollen with his

4 CENTS PER HOUR BASIS TO GET REST OF RECORDS

Reported Terms of Switchmen's Strike Settlement. But Staunchest Friends Now Declare They Believe He Deceived Them.

(By United Press.) NEW YORK, Dec. 25.—It is stated today that a letter has been received from Dr. Cook, declaring he will not accept as final the rejection of his records by the Copenhagen consistory. He is said to have written that he is now preparing a return to Etah for his instruments and further records. Cook's brother William said today: "The trouble is, Fred isn't scientific enough to suit the bluestrippers who would bask in the reflection and glory of a great scientist. But he will yet show the world that he was the first man to reach the pole."



CRIMINAL NEGLIGENCE. Friendless waif entirely ignored by an overpaid institution. Never even heard of St. Nicholas. bossism, is only a huge four-flusher. I found out, for instance, that: He gives more to the rich than the poor! To hundreds of thousands he gives nothing! To many whom he gave nothing Continued on Page Four.

ZELAYA ISSUES A DEFIANCE

"Nicaragua Not Through With Me Yet," He Says.

(By United Press.) CORINTO, Nicaragua, Dec. 25.—Declaring that Nicaragua is not through with him yet, and that he soon will regain his power, former President Zelaya is here, ready to flee from the country. He reiterated his denunciation of the United States for the part it played in his dethronement and again threatened Estrada and the revolutionists.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 25.—Postmaster General Hitchcock has found one way to help decrease the postal deficit and incidentally the postal expenditures, and will put his plan into effect January 1. The accounting section, division of finance, of the office of the third assistant postmaster general will be abolished. This will save \$33,900 a year.

HUNDREDS CAME FOR SANTA PUZZLE PRIZES

Between 4 and 6 o'clock, the specified hour, yesterday afternoon, the editorial rooms of The Press resembled the skirmish line of a football game, only the crowd was much greater. It was composed of children who had put together the Santa Claus puzzle.

TAFT WENT SHOPPING, TOO

WASHINGTON, Dec. 25.—President Taft went shopping yesterday afternoon, wandering from shop to shop, taking hearty interest in the store windows and good-naturedly returning the jostling of the crowds. Captain Butt, his military aide, walked with him, but immediately behind trailed two secret service men. After a walk of nearly two hours the presidential party returned to the White House.

FOUR MARRIAGES IN TWO HOURS

Four marriages within two hours was the holiday record set by Justice George W. Stoker yesterday afternoon, the judge uniting eight couples in marriage between the hours of 2 and 4 o'clock.

BLIZZARD AT CHICAGO

(By United Press.) CHICAGO, Dec. 25.—Chicago is in the grip of a blizzard today, which threatens to assume serious proportions. Elevated and surface lines already are badly crippled.

"LOADED FOR BEAR"

With her husband's double-barreled shotgun "loaded for bear," Mrs. George F. Brill, E117 Indiana avenue, routed a tramp yesterday afternoon, who in threatening tones told her he would give her just 10 minutes to give him something to eat. When the nervy housewife appeared a moment later at her door, holding the gun in a challenging attitude, it took the tramp something like 10 seconds to make himself scarce.

LEAGUE MEETING IN JANUARY

President Joe Cohn of the Spokane Baseball club received word today from President Lucas of the Northwestern league notifying him that a meeting of the league directors will be held in Portland immediately following the Coaster session in January, to decide what answer to make to the expected proposition of trading Portland for Coaster clubs in Spokane and Seattle.

TURKEY WINS OVER POSSUM

WASHINGTON, Dec. 25.—President Taft spent most of the day in consideration of the old question, "What's Whisker?" That was the only official duty he carried out. Turkey won out over "Possum" as the chief feature of the president's Christmas, though both were served on the White House table.

LITTLE BOY BURNED TO DEATH "WATCHING FOR SANTA CLAUS"

(By United Press.) STOCKTON, Cal., Dec. 25.—With a bundle of toys under his arm, Fred H. Slater walked into a house of sorrow today. His 5-year-old son Rolla was dead in his room, where he had been fatally burned yesterday. Rolla, with his sisters and brother, was standing in front of the fireplace in his nightgown, "watching for Santa Claus," when his mother entered the room. The draught from the open door blew Rolla's gown into the fire. Before the mother could reach his side he was enveloped in flames, and covered from head to foot with burns and blisters. The lad's father was out of town buying presents, when the accident happened, and returned to find Rolla dead and his wife in a serious condition.

from the pouting, luscious, red lips of a pretty maid to the snout of a poodle dog. It's the most subtle and powerful force known in the universe, its power being superlative in both the positive and negative. It's the electric spark that ignites a conflagration of passion, yet can cool the torrid pulse beyond the reach of the Arctic snow. It's explosive effects out rival the results of research of scientists in dynamite and powder, as the shock and reverberations of two pairs of lips have been heard around the world, again so quiet that oftentimes the goddess of jealousy cannot detect it. Empires have been destroyed and thrown made to totter by its bestowal, yet by the same token have castles been established in the most desolate places. Misplaced kisses are like misplaced railroad switches, except that the wrecks they cause are often those of states and nations and human souls. A single kiss improperly bestowed may turn a Garden of Eden into a desert of desolation, while, properly bestowed, can reverse the results and the music it brings is only out rivalled by one refrain, "Peace on Earth, Good Will to All Men."

A kiss is making use of the lips to express the greatest gift of two souls, with but a single thought, though in the touch they may be leaving the world, and all contained therein, heaven and the lake of fire, just to satisfy the craving of their hearts' desire. THE SOULLESS KISS. A kiss is a self-evident demonstration of affection. W. C. DRAGER. Hilliard, Wash. My definition of a kiss: Nothing, divided by two. CHIRISS KROGNESS. A kiss is a lip tickle, too much for one, but just enough for two. L. S. I saw your puzzle in last night's Press. My answer is: A kiss is a solution of hot air. Yours truly, FRIEDA HUBER. A kiss is a contact circuiting the nerve centers of the sexes, causing an explosion of bliss. J. BAUDER. 319 ameson building.

My definition of a kiss is: A kiss is a funny proposition—of no use to one, yet absolute bliss to two. MARION LOCKS. 2003 York Ave., Spokane. First, essence of two-lips; second, a salute with lips; third, a small piece of confectionery; fourth, a seasoning without flavor. MISS BELLE CAMPBELL. 410 W. Providence Ave. A kiss is nothing, lighted by two. JOHN LICHTY. 2029 Mallon Ave. (Continued on Page Two.)