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The Spokane Press Editorial Page

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JOHN'S SQUARE MEAL AND LACK OF WORK

In the days of Richard Croker, when Tammany politicians swam in the fat of graft, John A. Dooner, the New York superintendent of buildings, had published over his own signature the following menu for what he considered a square meal: Three dozen large oysters; eight brook trout, boiled; two portions of picked crab meat; one sirloin steak; three portions of cold asparagus; five baked potatoes; one whole hot mince pie; one quart and one pint of champagne.

Times have changed in New York. In the mayor's office sits a man of small body and large head, who holds high ideals concerning the responsibility public officials owe to their employers, the people. Mayor Gaynor was looking over the pay rolls the other day and his eye fell upon the name of John A. Dooner, salary \$2,000 per year as foreman of city laborers.

Perhaps the mayor had read Dooner's square meal menu and had his doubts about the man's ability to do a square day's work. Anyhow, he had Dooner investigated, with the immediate result that Croker's old friend was fired from office "for lack of work."

John will now probably have to look around for a commercial pursuit and he will have plenty of time to make his menu jibe with the pay enterprising business men offer to loafers.

Shall Uncle Sam be a Partner With Gamblers?

H. Knox Smith, the commissioner of corporations at Washington, advises the taxation of stock exchange gambling transactions.

It is the usual last resort of compromise and cowardice. If government is too timid and too weak to root out an evil, tax it—stand in with it, be a party to it, exact a rake-off! Don't "hurt business," but grab part of the gambler's swag!

Description of the efforts made to get credit with the Lord by becoming silent partners with the devil would fill a book bigger than old Noah Webster's most popular production.

We have the business prosperity of 85,000,000 people almost absolutely at the mercy of stock gamblers, big and little, and the best that our specially hired man Smith can offer is a plan to demand a rake-off, as if every tax ever devised wasn't finally squeezed out of the very people whom it was pretended to benefit.

Tax Wall street and the only result will be a more complete marking of the cards; a more careful cogging of the dice; a heavier loading of the wheel; a further dilution of watered stocks; a closer shearing of the lambs.

It's a great scheme.

ANOTHER DANIEL!

Did you get a chance to read Justice Putnam's decision in that Brokaw divorce case, trial of which which has been making New York millionaire society crawl under the bed? If you didn't, you missed a mighty good point. Amongst other things his honor decided that a married woman is entitled to the privacy of her room and the privilege of rest whenever she desires it.

The fellow who will not grant his wife privacy in her room, when she wants it, is pretty much all brute or pretty much all fool. Indeed, there are wives for whom such privacy should be encouraged. It is a mighty sight nicer having a wife letting off what she thinks of a tardy dress-maker in a little swearing room of her own than telling it to the wide, wide world, and some married men have struck occasions when they would be willing to take wife up in their arms and tenderly put her down in her cute little private room, for a rest, as the glad some alternative to going out in the coal shed and hanging themselves for relief. Indeed, it is possible that the majority of wives are rather given to too great publicity and too little privacy, when troubles arise, and the well-ordered home is that in which a little private space is devoted to territory to which the dear helpmeet can retire and cut loose on disagreeable neighbors, cloves in hubby's breath, pins in the children's abdomen, cussedness of the family cat, or anything else in the way of calamity that burdens her blessed heart.

Moreover, if courts decide that wives are entitled to a private room, they must grant the same to husbands. We have known large, beautiful husbands who had every happiness possible, who truly loved their wives and homes, who hadn't a real trouble on earth, and had lived to be 50 years of age without a wrinkle in their face, and yet times came to them when they hungered to be alone, to cut loose for just a little time from the whole blamed happy monotony, as it were. Nothing seemed to ail them or their affairs, business or domestic, only it just seemed as if they simply had to be cut loose for a spell. Surely, it would be better to give such a husband a private room than to have him take rod and reel and rush off into the woods and mosquitoes for black bass when he couldn't tell a bass from a smoked herring.

We would like to ask our husband readers if they haven't experienced that intense craving to cut loose and be alone for a little while. We know that we— Anyhow, that New York justice's decision is all right.



GOOSEVALE CORRESPONDENCE A Record Made. The conviction is gradually gaining ground that this is an old fashioned winter. The rising generation would do well to make note of same to recount to posterity. Coming soon, the Home Talent Minstrels. We have seen a rehearsal, and it were very laughable. Two old offenders were arrested for alcoholic intoxication. The marshal requests us to state they got a head of house liquor over to Sleepersport but it ain't no such thing. They got it right here in Goosevale. Two old heads of young people went West. They were entertained at

ORPHANED GIRL WHOM LINCOLN SOOTHED AND CARED FOR NOW TELLS HER STORY

"THIS IS MY FAITH" BY ABRAHAM LINCOLN

I have never united myself to any church, because I have found difficulty in giving assent, without reservation, to the long complicated statements of Christian doctrine which characterize their Articles of Belief and Confessions of Faith. Whenever any church will inscribe over its altar, as its sole qualification for membership, the Savior's condensed statement of the substance of both law and gospel, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself," that church will I join with all my heart and all my soul.

YPSILANTI, Mich., Feb. 12.—Here is a story of Abraham Lincoln never before told. It illustrates how the heart of the great, rugged man could open with sympathy for the grieves of others, especially for the violent, hopeless griefs of children.

The woman who tells the story is old now. Blooming cheeks have long since fallen into sad wrinkles, and from underneath her eyes depend dark pouches. Yet when she tells the story she weeps and gentle tears course down the wrinkles.

She does not weep because of her childhood sorrow. Time long ago healed the smart of that. She weeps because the great-hearted, human tenderness of Abraham Lincoln shall bring tears to the eyes of youth and age alike as long as hearts shall beat.

She is Mrs. Eliza Wells, but at the time of the incident which has such a rare memory of Lincoln came to her she was Eliza Taylor, a flippant, inconsequential school-girl of 16, living in Springfield, Ill., where her stepfather (the only father she ever knew) was an overworked family doctor, with an office across the hall from Lincoln's law office.

Dr. Taylor was a rigid New Englander, sprung from a long line of Puritan ancestors and proud of his blood. But between him and Lawrence Lincoln, whose birthplace was a lowly cabin in Kentucky, there sprang up a fine friendship.

The doctor's discriminating glance went past the uncouth exterior of the man, pierced the mask of drollery and anecdote with which Lincoln was wont to surround his personality, and saw the rare and beautiful soul underneath.

The doctor's pet daughter, however, was not to be won by the warmth of the country lawyer's good-natured advances. She put down his funny stories as the attempts of a foolish sort of fellow to be kittenish, and had ever a word of criticism for his roughness of dress.

"I didn't like him—then—that was all," says Mrs. Wells now. "I thought he was so ugly." Which perhaps was a very good reason for a girl of 16.

That was 54 years ago. Presently the country was scourged with a fatal epidemic—cholera. It seemed to be in every home. If Dr. Taylor had been overworked before, he knew not the meaning of rest then. Night and day he was up and about.

It was then the undefiled courage that Dr. Taylor knew was in Lincoln's soul showed itself. With a story, a word of appreciation, a bit of cheer now and then he heartened the doctor to his work. When med-

icine was needed and the patient had no money, Lincoln's lean purse was open. He appeared unwilling that his doctor friend should bear all of the responsibility alone, and himself made the rounds with the physician, doing what he could.

The schoolgirl, Eliza, knew none of these things until later, for Dr. Taylor was a silent man.

There were other brave men shoulder to shoulder with Lincoln, and by and by the disease was conquered.

But the sleeplessness and strain were too much for Dr. Taylor. Two weeks later he was stricken with a fatal attack of typhoid fever. He fought a gamy fight to the end, and the man most constantly at his bedside, radiating the same inexhaustible cheer, was Abraham Lincoln.

The New Englander and the humble Kentuckian had passed through fire together and it was "Doc" and "Abe" with them. And when the doctor stepped into the Valley of the Shadow, it was Lincoln who leaped over the bed and spoke with steadfast courage.

"Don't ye worry, doc," he said, gently. "Don't ye worry a bit about going. I'm left to look after your family."

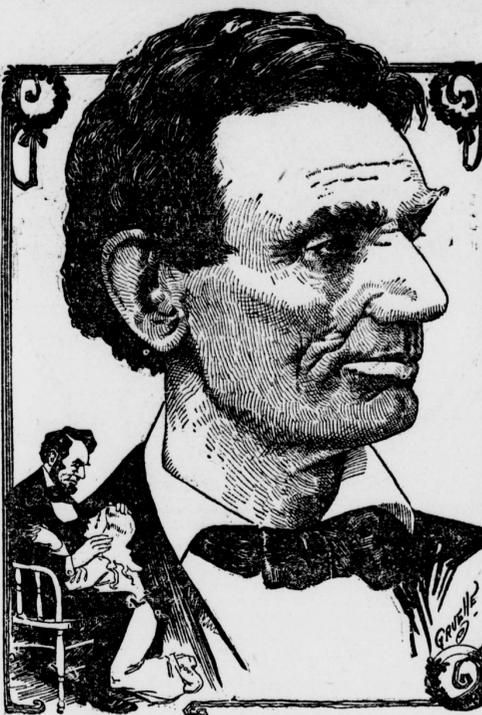
"I won't, Abe," said Taylor, and presently he died.

And this, too, the schoolgirl Eliza learned afterward.

Two weeks later the girl's mother was dead of a broken heart, and Eliza Taylor found herself alone in the world.

"The funeral was over," says Mrs. Wells. "They had sent me alone into the parlor, where my mother's coffin was, to say the last farewell. I cannot tell about my grief. I was absolutely alone, for I had not even a distant relative. I threw myself across the coffin simply stumped with sorrow. I shook with sobs, and I do not know how long I was there."

"But after a while I became aware of a gentle hand stroking my hair. And some one was speaking softly.



hold for two years. That was another Lincoln trait. He was always giving housing to some woe-begone wife, and some of these escapades in tenderness brought down the displeasure of the more practical Mrs. Lincoln.

After two years a young chap named Davis came to court Eliza. In a mainly way he asked Lincoln for the girl's hand, and Lincoln consented, and the pair were married in the Lincoln house, and young Davis died, just before his baby was born. Lincoln again brought comfort to his heart-broken foster child.

"I saw him once after he was elected president," said Mrs. Wells, "and that was when he was just leaving for Washington. He kissed me goodbye—I will never forget that—and his last words to be seemed to indicate he had some presentiment he would give his life to his country."

"I have a feeling of oppression," he said, "as though some calamity is about to befall us. I hope it is to be my trouble, and not the nation's."

PREMONITION OF WIFE SAVES HUSBAND'S LIFE

MANSFIELD, O., Feb. 12.—Attorney T. B. Jarvis of Mansfield owes his life to having accepted the advice of his wife against going from Mansfield to Toledo with three men whose automobile was struck by a Pennsylvania train at Creston. Two of them were killed, the third seriously injured.

Mrs. Jarvis had a premonition that some danger would befall the party, and her husband yielded to her urging to stay behind.

A "CRADLE" CATALOG. of the deep song wheat of civilization

Mark Twain, when he worked on the Virginia City Enterprise, inserted in the news a good many boarding house jokes.

In revenge, the humorist's sensitive fellow boarders called the landlady's help, and at the Thanksgiving dinner Mark Twain, by a dexterous piece of sleight-of-hand, was served with a turkey leg of painted wood.

"You've changed your poultry dealer, haven't you, ma'am?" "Why, no, Mr. Clemens. What makes you think so?"

"This turkey," he answered, giving the wooden drumstick a little whack with his knife; "it's about the tenderest morsel I've struck in this house for some months."

JOHNNY BLOBS, GO UP HEAD. Teacher—Some child give me a sentence containing the word "in-tact." Johnny Blobs—My pa tripped

We Have No Agents

KRYPTOK means "hidden eye." The "near" lense is actually hidden in the "distance" lense, making a solid piece of glass. No "lines," no cement and perfect sight with the discomfort and unsightliness left out.

When our way, drop in. EYES EXAMINED FREE. STANDARD OPTICAL CO. (Opposite Old National Bank.)

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PERSONALITY

Take time and make occasions to inquire into the purposes of life; think on sound and basic principles. Emancipate yourself from all that is unreal, dogmatic, hysterical. Be natural—be yourself. Do not blight your soul with words or vows you cannot live up to. Realize that all men are needful of but one thing—kindness; and that what the world needs most to effect its salvation is simple sincerity in motives and actions. To bring these things about, you need to know, not believe. Repudiate that sort of faith which asks you to believe what you know to be false. We stand alone, we develop ourselves, though we are responsible to our fellow men for the sort of lives we live. Nothing is ever given to us—we create. Others cannot create good in us; God himself cannot. Through nature and men we get our lessons; this is the true revelation. The truth is in us. It is not controlled or dispensed exclusively by any organization or institution. Such ideas develop dependence and selfishness. Truth lives on independence; and it is universal, because it is the most personal thing in the world. Therefore prize your personality, and remember to keep it sacred.—David Leslie Brown in the Cosmopolitan.

Horoscope

The stars incline, but do not compel. Sunday, February 13, 1910. On planet and selfish will. A tyrant gleams with visage ill. Saturn is in ecliptic conjunction with the moon. Jupiter is in unfavorable aspect, malignant for all who are dishonest, tyrannical or self seeking. It is an evil sign under which to undertake anything of the nature of usury or extortionate profits, and financial schemes or business devices based on unsound and unfair plans are destined to fail. It is highly necessary under aspects like today's to exercise calm and unbiased reason in every matter threatening dispute. Prejudiced opinions and stubbornness are likely to have evil results. CARSON, Nev.—Cold wave, following a thaw, has covered streets of this city with ice. Jupiter in today's sign impels to extravagance and, sometimes, to immoderation. Spend-thrifts are in danger of such periods of doing some ill considered thing that brings total ruin. The influences are not conducive to effective consideration of business. It will be found more profitable today to take ease and rest, visit old friends, entertain, read or study. There are signs that indicate that some one greatly beloved will pass away amid the wailing and lament of many people. A very old Chaldean reading for the sign ruling today is "an armed man smiting down a king." Let people whose birth date this is beware during the twelvemonth against inflicting pain on one who is in their power or dependent on them. Children born today are under signs that indicate a late awakening to opportunity, followed by a leadership.

PRESSOGRAPHS



Josh Wise SAYS: "An engagement ring should be seen, not heard."

During a Methodist conference in Camden a party of ministers was staying in one of the hotels. At the same hotel was one of the magnates of a big New Jersey corporation who affected clerical dress to a great degree. Believing that he was attending the conference, one said:

"Brother, will you say grace?" "What's that?" the magnate replied. "You'll have to speak a little louder, I'm so deaf I can't hear a thing."

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A Home for \$1.66 a Month

On Each \$100 Borrowed We make the most liberal building loan on the monthly payment plan that you can get in Spokane. Our interest rates are lower; our service is better. You can borrow 60 per cent of the value of your house and ground and pay it on monthly instalments in three, four, five, six or seven years.

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Twenty Years Under One Management. J. P. M. RICHARDS, Pres. R. L. RUTTER, Sec.



\$6,000 Weekly Payroll Do You Want It?

Does the average business man, who contributes to various movements for building up and boosting Spokane, ever stop to consider that his efforts are futile and his money wasted if he fails to do himself that which he asks and wishes others to do, namely: Buy at home? "Made in Spokane" is a worthless motto unless you buy in Spokane, and the merchant and business man, whatever his special calling may be, should encourage every local institution with his patronage, the same as he expects the people to patronize his place of business. From the simple fact that \$6000 is paid out in wages every week to the printers of Spokane, does it not stand to reason that every dollar's worth of printing used in this city should be done by Spokane printers? Bookbinders, pressmen and feeders are not included in the estimate of weekly earnings. "Practice what you preach" and have printing for Spokane done by Spokane printers, who spend their money in Spokane. Phone Main 1505.