



**NO, THE PRESS IS NOT OVERLOOKING YOU, ACTING CHIEF OF POLICE JOHN SULLIVAN.**

This is just to remind the honorable acting chief of police that he has a suit for libel against The Spokane Press, and that The Spokane Press has not forgotten it. The Press endeavors never to make a statement until it is backed up by proof of the verity of it. Mistakes will happen to the most conscientious of men and newspapers at times, but this newspaper somehow is of the opinion that no mistake has been made in the Sullivan matter. When the editorial which bothered the feelings of the acting chief so mightily was written, a lot of things about his management of the police department were known to The Press, but since honoring said acting chief by taking the trouble to further investigate, it has been proven that only the surface of conditions was combed over before. The Press has plenty of fights on. "To avoid unkind criticism, say nothing, do nothing," is what the learned Fra Elbertus says. Now The Press cares as little about having unkind criticism bestowed upon it as anyone, but, at the same time, it doesn't care a tinker's dam about unkind criticism if this paper believes that a condition needs remedying. A fig for unkind criticism—if results for the good of the majority can be gained.

This editorial is written chiefly to assure Long John that The Press has not forgotten him or his libel suit, in spite of there being a lot of other important matters in the local limelight just now.

**AN EFFICIENT AND INCORRUPTIBLE POLICE DEPARTMENT, AND PROPER TREATMENT OF WOMEN PRISONERS, IS JUST AS IMPORTANT AS NEW ROADS AND TERMINAL RATES FOR SPOKANE.**

**RAILROADS' REFUSAL TO PAY FOR EXPENSE OF ELECTION IS ADMISSION OF WEAKNESS.**

Leaders of the fight for terminal rates assert that Hill and the big men of his two big lines would really like to give terminal rates to Spokane, if they could only see how they might gracefully accomplish the feat.

'Tis said on authority that Hill believes that terminal rates are most just and proper for this city. He would welcome, according to statements made to The Press, a decision by the interstate commerce commission enforcing the rates. He would welcome terminal rates if forced to 'em through such a concession by the Milwaukee and North Coast. But—the people of Seattle, Tacoma and Portland would be highly indignant if the rates were granted without being forced to it, and they would transfer the bulk of their business to the Union Pacific and other Harriman lines. This is the argument.

That may be the actual case. Maybe. Then maybe not. Hill was once in a perfectly secure position, where he could have kept his promise. He did not, and did not desire to do it. Why should he do so now? No, the people of Spokane—the great mass—you and I and the other fellow, have got to realize that the railroads, the wholesalers, the business houses, are not in business for our health, but for their health. None of 'em care particularly about high rates, as long as they have us to tax. The freight tax is transferred on to the shoulders of the people through the increased price of all commodities, commodities big and commodities small.

You and I and the other fellow are paying the freight. Let us get as much as we can out of the imposers of the private system of taxation. Let us keep after our lawmakers until they are good lawmakers, and regulate this private taxation system.

MEANWHILE A SPECIAL ELECTION TO DETERMINE THE ACTUAL PREVAILING SENTIMENT ON THE LOCAL RAILROAD SITUATION WOULD CONSIDERABLY CLARIFY THE ATMOSPHERE. IF THE RAILROADS THINK THEY ARE RIGHT, THEY CAN AFFORD TO PAY FOR IT. REFUSAL TO DO SO IS A TACIT ADMISSION OF WEAKNESS.

**JUST KIDDING**

"Opportunity will knock at every door at least once." Quite true, old skate, but the man who is so sure of this is usually some one that opportunity came in and dragged out of bed, or knocked down on the street and took home in an auto.

Blessed is the dog. He has a fur coat in winter and pants in summer and no bill to meet for either.

This is what Oriental news sounds like to us— "A conference has been arranged between the Yap of Bazoos and the Rampoo of Squat concerning the authority of the Ballyfool of Wherezeat in the district of Muggump. The eminent diplomats Sir Boylon de Bakkovisnek and Lord Offley Stuecuppe will attend in state. Great results are expected."

Eggs will soon be so cheap they won't be worth eating. Funny, too, we don't want them half so bad now as when they were 5 cents each.

**A SWA NSONG, AS IT WERE**



Friend: Why did you "honk" then?  
Autolist: I didn't honk. We ran over a gopher

**THE CALL O' THE SOIL**



Oh, see the man digging! Does this man's wife need to ask him to spade the flower beds or garden spot? Nay, nay! 'Twas only yesterday one of the neighbor's boys caught a fine strin gof fish, so the man is up at daybreak delving for angleworms.

**HARD ON ONE'S VANITY TO SEE HIMSELF AS HE IS, SAYS MOVING PICTURE ACTOR**

Had Bobby Burns lived in our times he would have found no occasion for writing his little lament: "O wad some power th' giftie gie us to see ourselves as others see us."

The "canned" drama has done away with the necessity for the lament. We can not only see ourselves as others see us, but we can see just what we really look like, and according to the actors who play for the moving picture shows, this is no joke, either. To see ourselves flashed into life upon a screen. It's uncanny.

LITTLE DEFECTS MADE PLAIN. Some one said "that an enlarged portrait magnifies its own defects," and so it is with the moving pictures. Any of the little mannerisms that are apparent to others, but not to the actor himself, stand out with vivid distinctiveness when the life size picture is shown.

"Believe me, it is a terrible stroke to one's vanity to see himself as he really is," said a moving picture actor.

A DETACHED FEELING. "One has a sort of detached feeling as though you had a dual personality, and yet it is a great thing for an actor to see himself actually perform. It is like having a picture taken. One is seldom satisfied with the picture before it is retouched and so it is with picture acting, the faults stand out and can thus be remedied, so the training in this line of work is great.

"There is really nothing new in it. The art of the moving picture performer is old, old as the hills. It is simply a revival of the Italian pantomime of centuries ago, with the addition of the frills and ruffe of modern science.

LIKES THE WORK. "I like the work. It takes one out into the open air, and there is a chance for truly artistic acting. "The motion picture studio is an extremely interesting place. The picture taking is all done in the open air. While the interior scenes are, of course, taken on a sort of improvised stage, a great deal of the work is done far away from the studio, wherever the scenery lends itself to the work at hand.

"The plays are carefully thought out and 'written,' although the manuscript is all 'stage business' with no 'lines,' or talking parts. Yet the actors do have lines. Improvised, of course, on the spur of the moment.

LINES ARE NECESSARY. "We find that we can not get the best results in facial expression unless we actually 'speak' our parts. It is a curious fact that when an actor is speaking words of sorrow, for instance, the expression and whole appearance of the character is more in keeping with the part than when he is simply 'working his lips' in a meaningless sort of way."

A motion picture stock company is conducted in much the same way as the ordinary company. The salaries are about the same, although, of course, the work is much lighter. The growing popularity of the motion picture is developing specialists in pantomime work. It is believed by many that moving pictures are still in their infancy, and that in time complete performances of the highest artistic character and with several regular acts will be presented.

NEW YORK.—Harry K. Thaw brought here from Matteawan asylum to testify in suit brought against his mother by his attorney, Clifford W. Hartridge, for \$24,000, balance fees in Stanford White murder case.

**GLADYSEMORY AOKI IS STILL WITH HUSBAND**

WHITE GIRL LIVING HAPPILY WITH JAP AND THEIR BARE—MRS. EMORY WITH THEM IN SEATTLE.

SEATTLE, April 2.—Mrs. Helen Emory Aoki is living happily in Seattle. She has not left her Jap husband, Gunjiro Aoki, with whom she eloped from San Francisco a year ago, making a romance of mixed races which went around the world.

Mrs. Aoki at the modest apartments at 1023 Main street is her husband, Gunjiro Aoki, her 8-months-old half Jap baby, and her mother, Mrs. Frances Emory, wife of an archdeacon of the Episcopal church of California.

"The report that I have left my husband and my home is entirely false," said Mrs. Aoki this morning. "I am as happy as can be."

Mrs. Aoki hugged a baby to her breast as she spoke.—Sophronia Aoki—a wee, dimpled mite of a thing, with a suggestion of oriental slant in its eyes, but with blue Caucasian eyes and light brown hair.

"You can see I am not in California," said she, "and as for my life being unhappy"—she held the baby close—"does this look as if I were? I don't see how such a report started, anyway."

"I have been living in Seattle for three months, and have no intention of forsaking Gunjiro. Mother is with us and Gunjiro has a good business. I have been too busy with this little tot even to go down town."

Aoki, when seen at his busy employment office, grinned ruefully when asked about the report that his wife had deserted him.

"I don't see how it started," he said. "We have been living very happily. Mrs. Aoki has never been dissatisfied; she is too busy with Fronde—that's our name for the baby—to think of it."

**WOMAN CAPTURES A PICKPOCKET UN-AIDED ON STREET**

LOUISVILLE, Ky., April 2.—Miss Rose Gross proved herself to be a girl of remarkable pluck as well as an expert thief taker when, unassisted, she ran down and captured on the street a pickpocket, who had stolen her purse and held the man until police officers took charge of him and landed him in jail.

Miss Gross was shopping in a store when her purse was snatched. She saw the thief run, and she ran after him. The chase lasted for a block on one of the busiest streets of the city, but she nabbed her man.

**Press Sunday Sermonette**

**THE NEW ORTHODOXY**  
"The Live World Calls for a Live Church."

By Rev. James W. Kramer,  
Pastor of the First Baptist Church.

THE new orthodoxy is service. While I could sign the strongest article ever written on total depravity, yet I believe that when God saves a man He saves him because he is worth saving. With Vance I believe a man is "a god trailing in dust, a divinity in disguise." Too many Christians are living in dreamland and soliloquising on the raptures of Christian experience. It seems to me that Protestants are putting too much emphasis on faith and not enough on works. I am more interested in what Christ did after He left the mount than what He said. Creeds, dogmas, doctrines will help the world only as they help men.

The new orthodoxy sees in every man, both black and white, a child of God. The new orthodoxy as never before is trying to reach men. The time has come when our great political parties are trying to reach the masses. Once the masses were overlooked, kept back by an "ay," but today all parties and churches are trying to advance themselves to the shepherdless multitudes. Even our most sedate brethren in the ministry do many things repulsive to them to keep from preaching to empty pews. Does not the result justify the mode? God bless the preacher and church who refuses to be a mere Sunday performer, a hot-house plant, a nursery, a social club. The great live world calls for a live church. Would it not shock some of our great churches if a poor sinner should be converted at the morning service? I am no believer in rag-time religion, nor the tar barrel of the sensationalist, but I do believe in the new orthodoxy which does things. I'll never knock a man who can draw larger crowds, have greater collections, and more souls saved than I can. To knock such a man is a confession of inferiority.

The new orthodoxy stands for civic righteousness. To righteousness kings have no crowns nor queens thrones. A man who hesitates in the presence of truth is a coward. There is nothing the great world appreciates more than the whole truth. Why do men push over each other to hear such men as Sam Jones, Billy Sunday, and others? Not because of their rhetorical flowers, their analytical powers, their syllogisms of arguments; but because they preach the truth. The preacher who never takes sides against evil, never goes abreast the customs of the day, never stands with God if he has to stand alone, will be only an echo; men will become weary of the talking-machine, and a deceived world will hiss him off the stage.

**LITTLE KNOWN USES FOR SALT**

Salt rubbed on a cup will remove tea stains. Used as a tooth powder it whitens the teeth and makes the gums hard and rosy. Salt and water held in the mouth after a tooth has been pulled will stop the bleeding. Silk handkerchiefs and ribbons should be washed in salt water and ironed wet to obtain the best results. Salt was used in sacrifice by the Jews, Greeks and Romans, and is still used in baptism by the Roman Catholic clergy.

**DOG WITH A GOOD NAME**

Goshall: Say, your dog's growling at me. By the way, why do you call him "Blinkduff"?  
Blinkduff: Because he is easily excited by anything funny.

**UNPOPULAR SCIENCE**

BY A. D. CONDO

NOW THAT SPRING IS UPON US, THE FOLLOWING EXPERIMENT CAN BE APPLIED TO HEALTHFUL OUTDOOR ACTIVITY.

AFTER SHAPING FOUR POINTED STAKES EIGHT INCHES LONG (A), DRIVE ONE INTO EACH CORNER OF THE BACK YARD, ALLOWING THEM TO PROJECT ABOUT SIX INCHES ABOVE THE SURFACE, AND TIE A BIT OF WHITE RAG ON EACH ONE, THAT THEY MAY BE EASILY LOCATED LATER ON.

CAREFULLY CLEAR THE YARD OF ALL OBSTRUCTIONS, SUCH AS STICKS, BROKEN DISHES, BOTTLES, TIN CANS, DEAD LEAVES, ETC., ETC. THIS DONE, STEP OFF TO ONE SIDE AND SIZE UP THE MARVELOUS CHANGE. YOU CAN NOW REMOVE THE STAKES AND LEND THEM TO YOUR NEIGHBOR.

**TWO-MINUTE VAUDEVILLE.**

BY FRED SCHAEFER.

SLAP: Can I touch you for a loan?  
THUD: How much is the loan?  
SLAP: Two thousand dollars.  
THUD: Well, you get the \$2000 and I'll not only let you touch me, but I'll hold onto you till it's spent.  
SLAP: No-no-no, you've got that wrong. I want you to give me the money.  
THUD: That doesn't mend matters.  
SLAP: Why, what is there to mend?  
THUD: Me. I'm broke.

**MODERN FABLE.**

A man had fallen in the city street. Two noted physicians were called and examined him carefully. On finding that he had only 50 cents in his pockets they decided that an operation would not be advisable.  
MORAL.—You can't have appendicitis on twelve dollars a week.  
O. U. KYDD.

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The quiet-running, easy-riding cars. We depend upon the efficiency of our service and not upon the prestige of our stockholders.

**Our Patrons Appreciate Superior Service**

Therefore our success. Your patronage respectfully solicited.

**It's Time Now To Paint**

**An Experience**

Five years ago I purchased paint from a well known dealer in Spokane to paint my house, consisting of nine rooms. I paid for the best quality of paint. Six months after my home was an object of reproach to the neighborhood. The original color entirely faded and chalky powder remained.

Six months ago I purchased my paint from the

**Spokane Paint & Oil Company**

and asked that a good quality be supplied. Today my home is as attractive as the day the paint went on. The Spokane Paint & Oil Co. fills their orders with a good quality of paint, which is its best advertisement.

**Heres The Place To Get Your Paint**

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MADISON AND RAILROAD. MAIN 1520  
ADAMS AND RAILROAD. MAIN 3582