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The Spokane Press Editorial Page

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THE POLICE "STOOL PIGEON" EVIL

Things have come to a serious pass when it becomes necessary for the police department of Spokane, with its 80 men, to ally itself with women of the underworld as decoys or "stool pigeons." In order to get these women to render such service they are permitted unlawful privileges and shown favoritism, until some of them, emboldened by their position, have liked openly of their pull with the police. Then some of these women have been arrested or driven out of town as a reward for their indiscretion. With the aid of these decoys, the police have actually been parties in the production of crime in order to get a chance to "cinch" some one. The police have in this way, wilfully and knowingly, become parties to plot to entrap men or women into crime, sometimes of a very serious character. Of all the nefarious, contemptible, despicable practices that have ever been introduced by the police department of Spokane under the rule of John T. Sullivan as its head, this system of licensed "stool pigeons," privileged to commit sin in order to entrap others, is the limit. It is a relic of police barbarism and should not be tolerated in an enlightened, progressive age. It is part of the police methods introduced by Chief Sullivan at the suggestion of his right hand man, Captain Martin Burns, chief gum shoe artist. The tales of crime, misery, sorrow and sadness that have come out of the operation of the "stool pigeon" system by the Spokane police force would fill volumes. The taxpayers of Spokane are assessed to maintain a force of 80 policemen whose business is to maintain order and suppress crime. By the "stool pigeon" method the plain clothes man or detective can lead a life of ease while his decoy gets the evidence to make a "showing." On such evidence innocent men and women have been "loaded" to prison, the only evidence being that manufactured by the police or their partners, the "stool pigeons."

FOR HER NERVOUSNESS

Already has Japan got far enough into the progressive state to realize that the hurry and rush of life in the centers of national activity constitute a great strain on the nerves. Having discovered a waste or drain of energy, Japan is one of the few nations wise enough to try to stop it, and rest cures are being established all over the mikado's country. The average American looks only for bodily recuperation. He or she takes a two weeks' vacation that tires so that it creates a positive hunger to get back to work. The Japanese way is different and is worth while considering as our season of vacations approaches. A Tokio friend of ours, Mrs. Kawakitata, was threatened with nervous collapse and took her vacation at the best retreat at Kanakura. The plan of this retreat is to force both physical rest and mental equilibrium. First, Mrs. Kawakitata was compelled to sit for five hours daily in silent contemplation. No menu of things to contemplate was proscribed. She could contemplate her sins, or contemplate orders to give the old man when she got home, only she must have complete bodily quiet. Five hours of quiet reflection! The features of this part of the plan are admirable beyond cavil. It evidently contemplates rest for her body, rest for everybody. Secondly, in order to draw Mrs. Kawakitata's mind from worries that made her nervous, she was given "Hourai no Memmoku" to explain to the director of the retreat. We don't know what this means, and Mrs. Kawakitata didn't make it out in five days' study, but it drew, and the lady's nervousness was greatly relieved by the study. Then they gave her "Kane no ne wo tomeru" to grow on mentally, which means "How can one stop a bell from sounding?" Mrs. Kawakitata's answer was so naive and soul-satisfying that we give in full: "Same as you'd stop a woman from sounding. Pull out the tongue!" Any plan that tends to long spells of contemplative silence and inculcates sound philosophy and at the same time eliminates female nervousness is worth copying from the Japs or anybody else, which is the reason we give this space to this evident step in progressive domesticity, oriental though it is.

A WOMAN'S VIEW OF WOMEN.

"To please women, man must adhere to only one." The Countess Vera de Talleyrand, a leader in Parisian society, offers this aphorism as the result of her observations upon life, in a little booklet she has had privately printed and distributed among her friends. The title of the book is "Thoughts and Remembrances." In this little volume the countess reveals herself as a keen student of human nature, and the possessor of a delightful wit tempered with the cynicism which points an epigram. Here are some of her aphorisms for men: "Women never come of age; reason irritates them, sentiment guides them." "Woman is like the dew. If it is a tear of dawn, a fall of pure alabaster, it is a pearl; if it fall to earth it is mud." "When woman loves she pardons even crime; when she ceases to love she does not forgive even virtue." For the benefit of her own sex the countess has this to offer: "The first thing that women know is that they are beautiful; the last thing they perceive is that they are old." "A woman is like an army; she is irretrievably lost if she has no reserve."

PENCIL POINTS

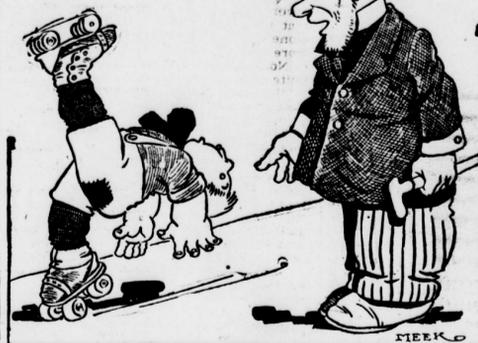
Spokane and Tacoma are tied for second place in the baseball race. So it's up to every citizen to become good "fan" and give the best brand of moral support to the home team. About 200 fight fans will go to the Jeffries-Johnson fight from Spokane. Which shows that this is a live sport city. If you start out to win a girl, don't give her the impression that she is being raffled off. The successful bluffer is the one who knows when to keep his mouth shut. It doesn't take dynamite to blast a reputation. Every young man should bear in mind that a day will come when he knows as little as he thinks his father knows now.

THOUGHTS OF THE NED MERTON, THIRD READER BOY. BY FRED SCHAEFER.

While passing by a public house or tavern it was my lot not long since to espy a tippler quaff not only one glass of beer, but TWO; and to add to the shame of it all, he smacked his lips in the manner of one who enjoys the beverage! Alas, can it be there are persons who do not shun the bowl!

LESSER OF TWO EVILS

"Boy, you'll break a leg in a minute." "I hope I do—I got to go to the dentist's this afternoon."



TWO-MINUTE VAUDEVILLE BY FRED SCHAEFER.

SLAP—You know Biff? Well, I tripped him up in a statement he made yesterday. THUD—What did you and Biff grapple over? SLAP—I met him on the street, but he said he couldn't stand there a talk to me because he was being pushed by his creditors, and if he didn't get to the bank he would lose his balance. So I told him that if his creditors were pushing him they were shoving the queer, because he'd been unbalanced a long time. That sort of upset him, and his argument didn't have a leg to stand on. THUD—I see, you took quite a fall out of him. SLAP—Yes, he tumbled right away.

AT THE SIDE DOOR

Evening Story for the Family Circle

By Stuart B. Stone. From the glare of the fantastically arranged electric lights, from the dreamy strains of Strauss' Wiener Blut, Doris slipped quietly out to the tradesman's entrance to the great mansion. Just an hour ago, monsieur the count had pledged his fierce Gallic love and pressed her for answer. And she had told him that she must think—think of the sudden, terrific change that had converted old Tobias Wievehauser from a plodding miner into a lord of high finance, of the sudden transition to the broad, resplendent avenue of the substitution for Bub, the grocer's assistant, of monsieur, count of Valrestraint and the Marshes. Doris sighed, then started at the sudden appearance of a rotund, heavy figure, which settled back in the gloom of the porch. "Pa?" she asked, inquiringly. "Yes, Dorrie," yawned the old man. "Yep," he responded wearily, "all this Frenchified, operatic, highfalutin', long coat-tailed business makes me awful tired, Dorrie. And sometimes I almost wish I was handlin' a pick back in old Happy Valley." "But it's a fine thing for your ma," he added hastily. "Doris crept nearer. "Pa," she murmured, "the count—the Count Maurice—has asked me to marry him." The old man swallowed hard. There was almost a trace of regret in his rough voice. "And you'll be a countess, little Dorrie, and wear a crown—or do counts' wives wear crowns? And it will be a fine thing for your mother, Dorrie, to be an old lady countess, or whatever you call 'em." The girl did not answer. Someone was tugging a heavy burden up

the concrete walk. It was the caterer's man come with the six-colored heart-shaped loaves. "Where—" he began. "Bub Carroll!" cried Doris, the financier's daughter, with a little catch in her voice. "Dorris Wievehauser!" cried the caterer's man. "What in the world?" Doris pressed forward tremulously. "Oh, I live here, Bub—didn't you know? But what are you doing in the city?" "I—I came because you—because I— But you must be awful happy living in this palace, Dorrie." "Y-e-e-s," said Doris, "awfully happy, I guess." "I'm working for Kleinow, the caterer," explained Bub. "I thought maybe sometime I'd—d see your fine palace and your pa and your ma, the big society lady—and—and—" "And who else, Bub?" pressed Doris. "And—and—and you, Dorrie—er—Miss Wievehauser," managed Bub. "But I must be goin' now."



"DORRIE WIEVENHAUSER!" CRIED THE CATERER'S MAN. "WHAT IN THE WORLD!" Bub Carroll turned for retreat, but the financier's daughter tugged at him. "Bub, you didn't hurry off back there in 'Happy Valley,' pleaded Doris. Bub almost sank to the ground. "Why, Dorrie—you don't want to see me? And they say you're goin' to marry a high-flyin' frog-eatin' sword-fightin' count!" "Not if—not if—" broke in Doris, then ceased, blushing madly. Bub Carroll saw a light—a wondrously strange and beautiful light in the violet eyes of Doris, the heiress. "Oh, Dorrie, you don't mean—" Doris nodded. "Here's pa," she said; "let's tell him." They moved up to where the old man half slumbered in the shadow. "Pa," said Doris, "Bub and I are going to—" She could get no further, but the old man nodded understandingly. "Blamed glad of it," he commented. "Bub knows a cabbage from a turnip, if he ain't a duke."

WHAT THE WEATHER MAN SAYS TODAY

Normal to moderately high pressure obtains from middle Canada to Nebraska, and covers the north Pacific coast and Florida. Elsewhere low pressure prevails, with storm centers of moderate energy over British Columbia and eastern New York; scattered rains fell in the northern Rockies and eastward from the Missouri and Mississippi valleys. Temperatures generally are moderate, and about normal in the Pacific states. Conditions are unsettled.

The Spokane Press, delivered, 25 cents a month.



"This Is My Bank" When a business man can say this of an institution of the highest standing, it immediately gives him a certain standing among those with whom he may have dealings. We offer you here every facility of such an institution developed by a long period of uniformly successful banking; and invite your business, assuring you of a complete and thoroughly satisfactory service. The Old National Bank of Spokane Resources, \$10,000,000. Directors: Jay P. Graves, P. Welch, W. J. C. Wakefield, John T. Whalley, Fred B. Grinnell, Thos. F. Wren, J. A. McDole, D. W. Towhy, Levi Ankeny, E. A. Blackwell, J. D. Farrell, T. L. Greenough, T. J. Humbird, John D. Porter, August Paulsen, W. D. Vincent.

'MOST ANYTHING

Josh Wise Says: "Ef a Billikin kin smile with th' kind o' face that he wears, it's a cinch he can't help things as they are."

A bit of oft quoted poetry to memorize today: Truth crushed to earth shall rise again; The eternal years of God are hers; But error; wounded, writhes with pain, And dies among his worshippers. — Bryant.

The grocer was coaching the few clerk. "It's only by looking after the trifles," he said, "that a profit can be made in these days of sharp competition." "Yessir," said the boy. "For example, when you pick files out of the sugar, don't throw 'em away. Dust the sugar off their feet and put 'em among the curtains."

The hottest temperature ever recorded in the United States was at Phoenix, Ariz., when the thermometer stood 119 degrees.

Fun Facts Fiction Froth Fads Folly

"My dad is an awful strong man." "What does he do?" "He kills time."

"What are you doing with that gun, Bill?" "I'm looking for the lowbrowed, pin-headed, contemptible thief that swiped the sport page out of my paper."

A fleet of seven outgoing ocean liners, bound for European ports, carried 2695 Americans out of New York May 21. This is one of the largest sailing lists for a single day on record.

Thos. Fuller, the old English divine, wrote "The negro is the image of God cut in ebony," a good many years before L'I Arthur was born. The new theater in New York is the most costly playhouse in America. It will seat 2500 persons. How to get a cow for nothing. Be president and meet Senator Stephenson of Wisconsin.

Sample Shoes FOR MEN AND WOMEN \$2.50 Ever receive such great shoe values before? Not unless you got them here. Bauder & Schriber Rooms 319-20-21-22 Third Floor Jamieson Bldg.

THE VERY BEST GOLD CROWN \$3.50 This crown is made of 22k. gold, heavily reinforced, and is the same crown that other good dentists charge \$8 to \$10 for. Best plate \$6.50; other good dentists charge \$15 to \$20 for the same plate. EXAMINATION FREE

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Entire Stock of the Boston Store TO BE SOLD OUT Starting Wednesday morning we place on sale our entire stock of general merchandise---to be sold out. The Greatest Sale Seen in Spokane Everything must be sold out. Fixtures for sale. Boston Store NATHAN WEIL, Prop. 406-408 Riverside Avenue

VITAL RECORD

BIRTHS. To Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Dorchelmer, 449 1/2 Sinto avenue, May 31, a daughter. To Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Fields, E2629 First avenue, June 1, a daughter. To Mr. and Mrs. J. R. McCreight, E1601 Ninth avenue, May 22, a son. To Mr. and Mrs. Ralph W. Childs, E423 Glass avenue, May 30, a son. To Mr. and Mrs. Otto William Christian, Leopold Kemppe, Five-Mile prairie, June 1, a daughter. To Mr. and Mrs. Hatten O. Wing, 12 Sixth avenue, May 30, a daughter. To Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey E. Hall, 1634 Heroy avenue, May 31, a son. To Mr. and Mrs. Byron F. Winslow, E1524 Lacrosse avenue, May 29, a daughter. To Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wiggins, 02811 Lincoln street, June 2, a son. To Mr. and Mrs. Edwin P. Stearns, 01215 Chestnut street, May 24, a son. PERMITS TO BUILD. O. H. Bohme, \$500; frame, 3007 LaCrosse avenue. Valentine Brasch, \$3000; one-story brick veneer, E807 Tenth avenue. Father Verhagen, rector, two-and-a-half stock brick rectory, 1115 Riverside avenue. College Sport—My father's very proud of me. College Knocker—Oh, well, some people are proud of things just because they are expensive.