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The Spokane Press Editorial Page

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THE ISSUE

Gobs of flub dubbery have been peddled out to the weary readers of this state of Washington anent this senatorial campaign. Most of it has come through the columns of papers that forever regard a political fight as an added source of revenue.

What's the issue anyhow? The issue is a man-to-man fight between a farmer-lawyer, a railroad judge, and an "interest" ex-senator.

The record of each man is known to every voter who is not asleep. There need be no doubt as to what this state is going to get if it chooses Poindexter, Burke or Wilson.

Poindexter has been one of the first men in congress to fight the gang that for thirty years has controlled the republican party. He has become a national hero because of his fight with Cannonism, with the Weyerhaeuser plot against conservation, with a robber tariff law.

Poindexter will be what he has been, a common sort of a man who is mad clean through at cussedness in high places and who knows how to fight.

Judge Burke's record is simple. He was a corporation democrat so long as there was anything in being a corporation democrat. Later he was a McKinley republican. Always he has been a Hill worker, who frankly stood for corporate aggression, and made his living by protecting trust trappers and skimmers in their work of lifting the public's hide.

Ex-Senator Wilson is a perennial candidate, a man who having once had a taste of Washington life, ever aches to return. He has ever been a booster for regularism, for Cannonism, for every "ism" that meant for the added glory and power of the 5 per cent, against the happiness and good of the 95 per cent.

There are your candidates. It is up to you, Mr. Common Citizen. Which do you choose?

WHAT'S in a Woman's Handbag? Most Everything But House and Lot

WOMAN is a mystery. So says the cynical bachelor. Well, maybe she is, but you men would sinker deeper into the depths to fathom the mysteries of woman's mind if you ever got a peek into one of those hand bags, miniature suit cases, young valises they carry and call pocket-books.

Just for the benefit of the men folks, and women folks too, I am going to tell the contents of the pocketbook carried by some of the women I happen to know in Spokane and met down town the other day. Some of the fair ones divulged the secrets of the contents but would not stand for my giving their names, but what is true of one is true of most of them so the following will give you more than idea of what woman uses a pocket-

book for: "Everything but a house and lot is carried in this purse," said the first victim, a well known married woman in this town who, by the way, is prominent in social and musical circles. She possessed a small beaded pocketbook, not over four inches in length, and disclosed a role of receipts, passes to the park, a pencil, a few blank cards, a handkerchief and 5 cents in change.

TEN MINUTES IN LAND OF STORIES

THE HAUNTERS GIVE A PARTY. By Frank H. Williams. It was some time after the memorable party given by the Amalgamated Association of Implacable Haunters that the facts in the case became known to all spookdom.



HE SAT UP IN BED AND BEGAN RUBBING HIS EYES.

"Well, you see, it was this way," began the ghostly treasurer, slipping a little spirit of spirits. "Old Ghost Barlow got up the affair. He said that his nephew, Tom, was the most daredevil youth he ever knew, and old Barlow's ghost declared that he felt just mean enough to scare Tom to death.

"After portions of his fog-like personage had been pulled apart by his hearers and taken to various divergent places, he relented, and upon being reassembled went on as follows: "Old Barlow insisted upon having the pleasure of awakening his nephew. Well, little nephew was one of the soundest sleepers I ever bumped up against in my lengthy career of haunting.

"He sat straight up in bed and began rubbing his eyes. Old Barlow at this let out a sepulchral wail and moaned. "Little Nephew Tom, I've come to haunt you for the rest of your natural life."

"Tom actually grinned at that! 'Go right ahead, Unk,' he said. 'I've been kinda expecting you—you always was such a pusillanimous cuss. But go right ahead. Go as far as you like; don't mind me at all!'"

"That was something of a facer for Old Barlow. He didn't know what to do. He was so leary against all the canons of haunting, you know. It was really rather embarrassing, so to make everything seem all right, we all let off some awful groans.

"Here, here, boys," said Tom, at that. "Let me show you what a real groan is like." At that he let out the most awful moan I've ever heard in all my post-mortem existence. It nearly made the ghosts of my hair stand up on the ghost of my bald spot. Then that Tom jumped out of bed and began walking through us! Think of that! He took the most impish delight in treading on our ghostly corns and sticking his fist through our spooky hearts.

SPENT ALL HIS MONEY TRYING TO FREE HIS BROTHER

(By United Press Leased Wire) SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 30.—After a week of effort to clear his brother, Charles Chiften, now in San Quentin prison, serving a life term for murder, John Chiften today is on his way to the Chiften home near Kansas City to tell an aged mother of his failure to establish her son's innocence.

Fern Cafe

332 Riverside Try our 25c Merchants' Lunch, served from 11 a. m. to 2 p. m. Clean, quick service. Under new management.

The Closing Attraction at NATATORIUM PARK

Is Labor's Outing Next Monday, September 6th

Prepare now to enjoy yourself all day with your brother worker and his family at Spokane's prettiest resort. Extra band concerts. Swim in the new Plunge. Shoot the Chutes. Ride the Joy Wheel. Meet your friends at the popular resort, NATATORIUM PARK

Winning a Losing Game

This matter of being on the winning side is over-estimated. The winning side does not always win.

If in winning one race a man spoils his chances for winning better races, isn't the winning of one particular race so costly that its winning is an actual loss?

When boys choose sides for a snowball war, it will be noticed that some of the boys hang back to the last minute in order to get on the stronger side. They want to be with the fellows who are most likely to temporarily conquer.

Two boys leave their country homes and go to the city. One of them enlists in the army of money-chasers and grows rich—but at the expense of health and friendships. The other takes a more moderate course, secures a modest income, marries, rears children, does much useful work on the East Side, say—and has thousands of friends among the sick and poor.

PENCIL POINTS

Fashion says the new belts must be broad, with big buckles. That's all right, s'long's they don't go to wearing those infernal hat-pins in 'em.

Japan's to "assimilate" Korea bodily, this week. At any rate, she's pumped powder and lead enough into the Koreans to try it on. Ta-ta, Korea! You were pretty old, ragged and dirty, anyhow. You'll now be civilized—and skinned.

Press dispatches say that Colonel J. Jacob Astor has met his ex-wife at a dance and "never cast his eyes at her." But she's pretty enough to get a large collection of eyes without any of his casting.

Taft has climbed his genealogical tree high enough to discover relationship to Alrich dating back to 1668. Wonderful things, these family trees, aren't they?

An auto has hit a Los Angeles barber and cut his face so that he can't utter a word. This news is not published as an advertisement, but in a spirit of hungry revenge.

Cheer up, papa! You dear old motor power of perambulators! A national association of push-cart peddlers has been incorporated. You're next.

Good Management Not Chance

The great success attained by this institution is due to good management in the matter of organization in assembling men of successful, conservative experience as directors and officers to manage its affairs, thereby inspiring confidence and strength.

National Bank of Commerce

SPokane, Washington. Capital and Surplus \$225,000.00. OFFICERS: F. M. MARCH, President. M. M. COOK, Cashier. DANA CHILD, Vice President. JOSEPH BAILY, Asst. Cashier.

Your Teeth Red Cross Dentists Best Rubber Plate \$6.50 Best 22 k. Solid Gold Crown \$3.50

Osgar Dopes Ouid Roozvelt und Taft

Writes His Frenst Adolf How Iss id Deir Reladions Iss Broke to Der Straining Point—A Scene in Der Fashionable G. O. P. Club.

BY FRED SCHAEFER.

GELIEBTER ADOLF—You inquire me vot iss dis mit Roozvelt und Billy Taft—are dey mat mit each odder, uned of dey mind, how much longer vill Teddy vait before he smashes him von?

Your question shows me more intelligence dan you efer was capable of, I dink so. You are welcome. As you vell know, Taft sat down in Teddy's chair vile id was still varm, to take care of hiss haut against Jo Cannon, Gugenheim, Neise Aldrich, Acheseleses Ballinger und odders. Dot was all right. Teddy dit nod vant to get mussel-bound, like a clam, setting dere too long, und vent by Africa to shoot dum-dums und odder vile insects.

Ven Teddy came back he fount der kiddy hat all hiss chips und nobody vount make room for him ad der table. Dew efen looked ad him mit sarcasticness, like he was nod a member of der club.

Teddy looked dem ofer, und mit a sweet, forreling remark to der effect, like dis: "Vell, I don'd care to blay mit so many patstanders in der game, anyhow." tried to stard a liddle penny ante in der negst room, mit some New Yorw fellers from hiss own state.

But soon Teddy notised too many aces und let out a vhisite like a bump shell on ids vay across der odders. Den he put on hiss hat vere Taft could see him. "I hope dere iss someidings der matter mit noddings," said Taft, blushing to der tips of hiss face. "Oh, no," laughed Teddy, mit pairfegst calanness, cruching a celluloid chip into der Axelminster carpet. "I dink id is der air in here. Id may be all right, but I am afraid dere iss ferry liddle of id. I dink I vill take a liddle stroll outside around der block."

"Vell, goot bye, Teddy," gickled Billy, squinting ad hiss carts, "leave your address pinned to your coat ven you chump off der dock."

In my nest letter, Adolf, I vill tell you de sickle of dis cutting remark. In der meantime, Teddy vill be preserfing hiss usual silence—remaining as dumb as a oyster vile iss frying in hot lard. Gedankens-voll.

\$100 REWARD for the conviction of the party or parties claiming to be agents or solicitors of the Parison Dyeing & Cleaning Works, 605 First avenue. L. A. Lehmann, prop.



DAILY MOST ANY THING

VOL. 1, No. 5. JUST NOW. Price 3 1/2 Cents

AN EDITORIAL—By Eddie Torr. There has been a rumor circulating about that the Daily Thing was planning to again increase the subscription rate. We feel sure that this rumor emanates from despised rival on the other corner. Needless to say, it is entirely unfounded.

OUR NOVELET (Complete in this issue.) She loved him from the very start, And he loved her right from his heart.

ANNOUNCEMENT The next issue of the DAILY THING will be an OLD FOLKS' NUMBER It will strike you like a voice from the past. The whole number was good news once, and if you were alive on March 4, 1875 DON'T MISS IT!

Standard Commercial College March 1929

SEEHORNS MOVING VAN Seehorn's Moving Van will give you the best service in the city. We also do a storage business. We are at your service at any time.