

116 Division Street. Telephone, Business, 875. Editorial, 876. Entered at Spokane, Wash., as Second Class Matter

The Spokane Press Editorial Page

Published every evening by the Spokane Newspaper Co. Telegraph service furnished by United Press. THE PRESS DELIVERED—By carrier, 25 cents per month. By mail, payable in advance: One month, 25c; six months, \$1.50; one year, \$2.50

A Day of Days

"And looking upon them, recognizing the spirit which animated them, he was taken with a reverence for average toiling humanity, unfelt by him before. For he saw that by these, the workers, the final issues are inevitably decided, by these the final verdict is pronounced. Individually they may be contemptible, but in their corporate intelligence, corporate strength, they are little short of majestic. Of art, letters, practical civilization, even religion, even, in a degree, nature herself, they are like architects and judges."—Lucas Malet, in "Sir Richard Calmady."

Labor day is a day among days. When all is said and done it remains the most significant of all the days set apart for secular observance.

This significance is not generally recognized as yet. It is only potentially that Labor day is a great day among days as yet. For Labor day is as yet identified with the activities of a mere faction of the labor of the world, a faction banded together under pressure of dire necessity. Now it is Union Labor day. The day comes, however, when it will be LABOR DAY, pure and simple, for in the day when labor comes to its own there will be no need of any adjective to designate any particular kind of labor as set apart from the rest.

In that day labor will be as one. Labor will mean all workers, and the worker, as the foundation stone of society, having realized at last the nobility of the human worker and the shame of the human drone, will have crystallized as a whole into a dominant society of democracy, a society embracing all mankind but dronedom, all the pure gold of humanity—leaving the dross, the slag of the world's crucible, to serve what ends it may, to dwindle year by year as the refining fires burn on, till it finally becomes a mere ghostly residue, too weak and worthless and helpless for scorn.

Thus shall pass the glory of feudalism, chivalric and industrial. Thus they that do the honest work of the world shall shake off the parasite and come to a realization of the high destiny of labor.

It's getting time that this "curse of labor" idea were exploded. It's a relic of an outworn and unchristian theology, and it is due to be cast into the limbo of medieval superstitions. For in reality labor is the supreme blessing—not the grinding labor of chattel or industrial slavery, but the normal labor of the free man unscourged by the lash of driving necessity and untrammelled by the burden of an aristocratic upper crust.

And it's time, furthermore, that the idea that handwork is more respectable and more praiseworthy than handwork were exploded also. For work is work—whether bridge designing or bridge building, figuring the strain of a strut or digging a ditch, grinding a lens or cleaning a sewer—and no one can justly claim to be particularly worthy of honor because his work happens to be cleaner or more intellectual than some others.

And it's high time that Labor day were celebrated for what it really is—not a mere holiday picnic and parade—but a day of tremendous significance, set apart and dedicated to the glory of all labor and to the exalting of its ideal—the democracy of common endeavor.

TEN MINUTES IN LAND OF STORIES

THE HILL MAN DREAMS.

By Stuart B. Rose.

The girl was hopelessly lost when she spied the cabin at the summit of the pass. Her knocking brought no response and she shoved in the rotten door.

A grant issued from a corner, and she discovered a big Cherokee half-blood sitting on his haunches. He was arrayed in pink shirt and cor-deuroy pants. Stuck in his hair was a rooster feather; snake rattles dangled from his belt. He was stirring a fragrant decoction.

"What is the shortest way to Rainbow ranch, please?" began the girl.

"Ugh!" grunted the red man. "Charley not know dem ranches." And no further information would be give up.

The rough journey had provided her with wonderful appetite. The stew sent up a hunger stimulating smell. "What have you to eat?" she demanded.

"Rabbit, chicken, snake mix soup," explained Charley. "Eat a heap—sleep some maybe."

Dusk was gathering; it had begun to rain; the girl was desperately hungry. Struck with the seriousness of her plight, she started in for tears. Then the rickety door was kicked in and six feet of red shirted young manhood entered, swearing with gusto.

"Charley, you tough, miserable, lazy rhinoceros, what in thunder you got in that smelly pot?" His glance encountered the girl and the crumpled sombrero came off. "Beggin' yoh pardon, miss, but Vinita Bill didn't expect to find an angel."

Vinita kicked the Cherokee about until he produced from some recess cold meats and bread. A board was placed across an overturned kettle and Vinita announced supper ready.

The girl, somehow feeling the crisis passed, began to question, jest and laugh. Vinita was delighted and little urging was required to extract his homely narrative of cow chasing and Indian trading in the hills. Her brown eyes recalled vague, forgotten glimpses of a mother's watchful gaze. He learned that she was an easterner spending the summer at Rahbow and that her name was Evelyn Boyle.

The night wore on; conversation languished. Charley snoring horribly on the floor, was kicked into wakefulness, a couch of blankets arranged for Miss Boyle and the two men betook themselves to the shed when the Cherokee kept his horse.

The Indian drifted into oblivion.



"HER KNOCKING BROUGHT NO RESPONSE."

but sleep was not yet for Vinita Bill. The heart of that gentleman was full, and he conjured up strange, joyous dreams wherein the girl played delightful parts. There was a snug little ranch, high in the foothills, with a crystal brook gurgling by, the lowing of longhorns in the distance and a brown orbed housewife brining hard cider to her weary lord on the shady front porch. Thus he slept.

Next morning Vinita, up with the birds, found the cabin door flung back. Venus had gone to bathe. A glitter in the sunlight attracted him and he picked up a ring. Turning the curiosity, he slowly spelled out the inscription, "To E. B. from J. N." After the wording was an engraved heart.

"E. B.—that's her," he mused, "and J. N.—that's her lover. There's a heart after it. Vinita Bill, you're a romantic fool!"

Then the hill man saddled his roan and mounted, very dolefully. As he turned into the trail he met the girl returning, rosy, blooming, bubbling with the joy of living.

"You're not going already?" she exclaimed, regretfully.

"No, I'm not," she said, "I'm just going to see you."

"You're not going already?" she exclaimed, regretfully.

"No, I'm not," she said, "I'm just going to see you."

"You're not going already?" she exclaimed, regretfully.

"No, I'm not," she said, "I'm just going to see you."

"You're not going already?" she exclaimed, regretfully.

"No, I'm not," she said, "I'm just going to see you."

The Battle of St. Paul

The National Conservation congress that meets at St. Paul today is to be a battle.

The Mondell-Heyburn-Carter-Louis Hill anti-conservation crowd will try by packing Mr. Pinchot's congress to drive that great conservationist out of his second line of intrenchments and slaughter him in the open.

During the Roosevelt administration the great and ancient idea of conservation was organized into a policy. Roosevelt appointed a conservation commission. The word went out that the reign of loot in the national domain was over. The conserving of our national resources was to be studied. The robbers were to be routed.

All this time the Mondells, Heyburns and Carters in congress were sneering and protesting. They advocated loot under the term of "individual initiative." And outside of congress the Hills, the Elliots, the MacMurrays, the MacKenzies, the power forestallers and the lumber kings echoed the sneers and the cries for larceny under the name of "freedom to develop."

Roosevelt went and Taft came in. With Taft came Ballinger, the tool and apologist of the looters of the continent. Glavis stood in the way, and he was destroyed. Pinchot resisted, and he was destroyed—officially. The other men who had been conservationists in Washington official circles either turned their tunes or were silenced. Newell was stripped of his power. The conservation commission was destroyed. The conservationists were driven back in rout.

But they had an indomitable general in Gifford Pinchot. He took his force off the field in a stubborn rear-guard fight, and re-formed them in a new line of intrenchments. The conservation commission was destroyed, but a national conservation congress was formed to carry on unofficially the work that the Taft administration has made it impossible for them to carry on officially. And now, by the most daring and audacious methods, the Heyburns, Hills and Carters, the Taft administration under Ballinger, and the powers that prey, are assaulting the second line of forts at St. Paul. They expect, with Hill-system and other aids, to pack and control the national conservation congress at St. Paul.

Up in the forests of Idaho lie the charred corpses of a hundred forest rangers, Pinchot appointees, who died to save the towns of Idaho from forest fire. It was Pinchot who created this force of heroes, and it was, according to Pinchot, the Carters, Heyburns and Mondells who crippled his forces so that when the real trial by fire came, they could only die—they could not stop the fire.

Under "state rights" a specious and deceitful plea for which will be made at St. Paul, there would have been no force of forest rangers. Under this new and spurious "state rights" the Mondells, Carters and Heyburns will rule the coal and forest and power site treasures of the nation.

If the Pinchot forces are to win they should be supported by progressives everywhere. Isn't it worth the effort?



'MOST ANYTHING

Josh Wise Says:

"I'm afeared my sick wife is worse off than th' doctors suspicion. She ain't showed no inter' in th' new hat th' woman across th' street has got."

Fun Facts Fiction Froth Fads Folly

Lots of fellows get into financial straits from being crooked.

Canada's wheat crop for last year would have made up a continuous train 1365 miles long.

Many a man is at a loss to show whether to take something for his liver or his conscience. There are no barber poles in Newark, N. J.

The countenance of the cowman lightened, then gloomed.

"Yes, us cowmen got to turn out mighty early. That road yonder leads straight to Rainbow, two miles. Goodby." And at daredevil speed Vinita Bill rushed down the rocky path, leaving the girl and the dream behind him. As he passed round a jutting rock, he muttered: "Huh! Might have knowed them

Salt works employees are said to be immune from cholera and scarlet fever.

"High moral ground" is often a bluff.

Did you know that—Judge Ben B. Lindsey was candidate for governor of Colorado in 1907?

literature chaps was all Hars. Goodbye, gal. Goodby, little ranch."

Summer Prices. SWITZER work-manship; the \$5.00 kind for... \$8.50 Shampoo now 25c Miller-Dervant French Hair Dressers 124 N. Post street

Outbursts of Everett True!



APPRECIATION OF THE GRAND JUNCTION STORY

Editor The Press—Just a few words to let you know how much I appreciate your first article in The Press written by B. F. Gurley on the Grand Junction, Col., commission plan. It is so very seldom that a real, progressive reformer, like my friend, James W. Bucklin of Grand Junction, is given due credit for their efforts in the daily press of our time, that I think you should be heartily commended not only for this, but for many other splendid series running in The Press from time to time. While I am not intimately acquainted with Mr. Bucklin, having met him but a time or two, I am intimately acquainted with "Progress and Poverty," the source of the inspiration which has led him to noble efforts and accomplishments. This same book has been the source of the inspiration which has elevated to nobler ideals many thousands of souls throughout the world. Let me mention a few well known characters among them: George F. Cottrell of this state, W. S. U'ren of Oregon, e-Congressman James G. Maguire of California, John Z. White and Louis F. Post of Chicago, Rev. Herbert S. Bigelow of Cincinnati, Tom L. Johnson, Joseph Fels, Bolton Hall, Lawson Purdy and the late William Lloyd Garrison Jr. These in America, not to mention Lloyd George and the many other liberal leaders in Great Britain and her colonies, and Leo Tolstow, the great Russian; all of whom owe allegiance to the philosophy of Henry George.

PENCIL POINTS

St. Louis has a florist whose cashiers have been married off too fast; so, he advertised for "an ugly cashier." We can see a whole procession of girls answering that ad.

Suit has been brought, at San Francisco, against the pedigree dog trust. There's a trust that Wickersham won't have to dodge. Unpedigreed dogs are unpedigreed men.

They hornsogged those Oklahoma Indians out of their farm land for \$1.00 per acre. And the lawyers are now after the \$1.00.

"How about 1912?" they roared at Teddy at Toledo. He only smiled. "Do 'em up in the convention, Teddy!" they yelled at Buffalo. He only smiled. And when Teddy only smiles, it's just before he puts his teeth into persons or things.

If Cousin Bill Taft's really thin king of "swinging around the circle," it might be a whole heap educational for him to swing in just a day or two behind Teddy.

European diplomats all seem to approve the proposition that Uncle Sam take Liberia under his wing and pay \$2,000,000 of her debts. Strange! Either Liberia has nothing worth grabbing or those diplomats are her chief creditors.

The Romance of a Common Word LUMBER



THE connection between a sawmill and a wild, long whiskered Germanic tribe that came howling down upon the plains of Italy more than a thousand years ago, does not seem to be very close, yet the "lumber" that comes from the sawmill gets its name from the name of that same tribe of northern barbarians.

came to London, and settled in a street that has been called Lombard street now for hundreds of years. The Lombard goldsmith branched out presently into a banking and pawnbroking business, becoming England's first pawnbroker.

Now every pawnshop had a room for the storing of the various articles pawned. This room, it seems, came to be called a "lumber room." This, in time, came to be called a "lumber room," and presently the odds and ends stored in such a room came to be called the "lumber." Finally "lumber" came to mean any aggregation of broken boxes or furniture.

Then the word jumped the Atlantic and here it came to mean any good timber after being milled. So now we have "lumber yard" and "lumberman" and "lumbering"—all referring to timber or the handling of timber, and all used in a sense that is strictly American—for "lumber" still means merely trash in England.

TORNADO KILLS WOMAN.

PITTSBURG, Kan., Sept. 5.—Property owners between Pittsburg and Joplin are today clearing away the wreckage caused by a tornado and cloudburst which hit this section shortly before 10 o'clock last night, killing Mrs. O. A. Houston in the collapse of her home at Weir City, and doing large property damage.

A long white after, when the Lombards were the world's best goldsmiths, many of their artificers

The Spokane Press, delivered, 25 cents a month.

Good Teeth Poor Teeth No Teeth. That's the way you started in life, but you neglected them. followed and still you neglected them. Too bad. See us every six months while you have good teeth and we will keep them right. If they are poor teeth we'll fill them properly. If it's too late to fill them our stay-there plates are a wonder and delight to the users. All work 10 years' guarantee. Lady assistant. The place of quality.

Modern Appliances THE Modern Treatment Modern Science Modern Skill Modern Methods Moderate Prices. Modern Dentists. THE PLACE OF QUALITY. Temple Court Bldg., Cor. Riverside and Washington. Open Saturday Evening Between 7:30 and 9. Open Sundays, 9 to 12 p. m.

You Will Wonder why you did not put in a Gas Range before when you do put one in. Don't put it off another day. You are only being extravagant and overworking yourself if you do. Standard Commercial College. Spokane Falls Gas Light Co.

Shoe Values That Can't Be Duplicated. \$4, \$5, \$6 Sample Shoes at the One Price. \$2.50. WHY PAY MORE? Fall stock is coming in rapidly. And the styles are certainly beauties. Come up and look them over. BAUDER & SCHRIBER. Rooms 319-20-21-22 Third Floor Jamieson Bldg.

SPECIAL SUIT SALE. \$15 SUITS FOR \$9.75. KASPER 528 MAIN. Near Howard. "THE HOUSE OF GOOD VALUES"