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The Spokane Press Editorial Page

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Getting Too Close to the Bear

Once Tricky Jim and Billy T. went out with little Timothee to stalk a monster Teddy bear that in their forest made his lair. He once had ruled this wood so green, and then for long had not been seen; but all this time had ravaged free the heart of darkest Africkee.

And then the awful Teddy bear with gleaming teeth and grizzled hair came back to range this forest green, in which for long he'd not been seen—while Jim and Tim and Bill sat back and watched the deadfalls in his track; and when he did not fall for traps, they gave their thighs resounding slaps, and said "Dog on this wary bear; We'll trail him to his very lair! We'll show him, now, we've got the goods! We'll stalk this Teddy in the woods!"

So forth they went, this trio brave, to bring the Teddy to his grave; they swung their fists and vaunted free their enmity to such as he; they cursed the wold from tree to tree, from Utica to Beverlee, and search each dark Manhattan cave—they felt so corking fierce and brave. But spite of all their woodsmen's knack, they could not strike the Teddy's track. Could not? Nay, nay! One fateful day, in famous old Saratoga, the Teddy stepped upon a trap, triggered with a convention snap, and when he felt it pinch his toe he growled and gnashed his toofies so that Jim and Tim said, "Sure's a gun, we've got the Teddy on the run!"

They all went pale. Says Billy T., "I'm going back! I never took no Teddy's track!" Says Banty Tim, "Me fer the bresh! That track is too dod gasted fresh!" They left him in the forest dim to make a meal of Tricky Jim!

TEN MINUTES IN LAND OF STORIES

BACK FROM THE SHADOWS.

By H. H. Hudson. The prima donna was dead. Through the open window came sunshine and the song of birds. "The end seemed not to worry her," whispered the attendant. "Yesterday her mind wandered and she called for presents and jewels, reminding her of the past. After viewing these gifts and tokens of appreciation she quietly remarked that there should be no fear of death and that her work on the earth would continue."

Some 15 years later little "Sallie Rags," as she was called, began to entertain the small crowds which gathered from tenement and alley in an undrained section of the city. Sallie sometimes sang for the truckmen after their horses were turned out for the night. The big policeman on the corner always came over and applauded longest and loudest of all. At times, the Salvation Army quartet invited Sallie to sing with them. Later on Sallie found work caring for the baby of a wealthy lady who lived in the suburbs. She sang her songs to the baby, and when the baby asked her where she got her tunes, Sallie told her all about the melodies which came to her unbidden, and a dream face which she often saw.

Her employer seemed strangely interested, even going so far as to place Sallie under the care of the ablest musical instructor in the city.

"Hereditly doesn't explain some things," remarked her music teacher when his pupil later secured a place in the choir of the largest city church and became the highest paid soprano. Finally, the great singer gave opera patrons in New York a new glimpse of a superb emotional soprano adapted to the greatest impersonations. It was noticed that her exquisitely trained voice was remarkable for its timbre and tone. There was flexible beauty and expressive softness which made its possessor the idol of audiences everywhere. The prima donna was not surpassed by any living artist. Her warm, spirited delivery found a ready response in every audience which greeted her. In the art of vocalism the great singer expressed every shade of emotion.

Then she assumed a new role—impersonations. The prima donna provided herself with masks and costumes to represent the great artists of the past. One night as the program continued, those in the audience heard and saw against the living dead. Then the artist donned a mask to represent the dream face which had haunted her since childhood. She advanced quickly before the footlights and began to sing a



SALLIE SOMETIMES SANG FOR THE TRUCKMEN.

composition of her own which had been with her through all the years. The world had never known the street girl who once sang to the teamsters and the big policeman. They saw only a great artist in an unknown makeup. After the performance, however, an old music master came forward and breathed the name of one who had died 30 years before—one who had come back from the world of shadows reincarnated.

MOST ANYTHING

JOSH WISE SAYS: "Saw little Bud Horsblock stealin' a ride on th' back end of a brewery waggin. An' his mar pres'dent o' th' W. C. T. U.!"

The people of this country ate 7,500,000,000 pounds of sugar last year.

Ah, gentle dames! It gars me greet. To think how monie counsels sweet, The monie lengthened sage advices, The husband frae the wife despises. —Burns.

An English mineralogist says that Santo Domingo is a geological curiosity shop, containing scattered samples of nearly every mineral, but none in sufficient abundance to be of commercial value.

"Dis paper," said Dusty Hiker, "wants to know why all de cities is so overcrowded when dere is so much work in the country." "Well," responded Tireden Thirsty, "ain't dat de reason?"

HAY FEVER

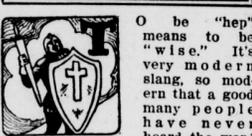


You come on like a gentle rain, Hay Fever, Hay Fever. You rack my nerves and dull my brain, Hay Fever, Hay Fever. My eyes take on a glassy stare, And tears roll down my cheeks for fair, And my nose feels like a Bartlett pear, Hay Fever, Hay Fever.

Just like a friend you come and say, Hay Fever, Hay Fever. Kerchoo! Ah, why don't you go away, Hay Fever, Hay Fever. Right at the point I would propose I sneeze until my poor beak grows, And the frost I get never help my nose, Hay Fever, Hay Fever.

When I call on a lady friend, Hay Fever, Hay Fever. It seems a hurry call you send, Hay Fever, Hay Fever. Right at the point I would propose I sneeze until my poor beak grows, And the frost I get never help my nose, Hay Fever, Hay Fever.

The Romance of a Common Word HEP



O be "hep" means to be "wise." It's very modern slang, so modern that a good many people have never heard the word or used it. But there is nothing modern about "hep" as used in another sense, the original, old-fashioned "hep" of the awkward squad, the "hep" of that familiar and ungrammatical rhyme: "Heep! Heep! Heep! Shoot that nigger if he don't keep step!"

We all know what that kind of a "hep" means, but it's safe to say that precious few of us know where the word comes from. Today it means for us the glory of war, but there was a time when it meant massacre. It was born in sad times and was baptized in the blood of the "chosen people."

From the time of the massacre of the Jews of Caligula for their refusal to accord him divine honors, European history has been stained with Hebrew blood. Spain, England, Switzerland, Portugal, Prussia, Germany—all have something to blush for in this regard.

In Germany our word was born. There, as elsewhere, the crusaders kindled fierce hatred against the Jews. Some fanatic monk calls out "Hierosolyma est pedita" (Jerusalem is fallen)—a mob follows at his heels—some Jewish quarter is sacked—and thus Jewish blood is shed. "Hierosolyma est pedita" came to be a slogan to war, "fall in" and in the course of time only the initial letters were shouted—"H. E. P.!"

Thus the word "hep" was coined as a marching cry for amateur crusaders.

Advertisement for Sim's Drug, featuring a bottle illustration and text: "Sim's Drug Open All Night."

DOES EVERYBODY WHO WEARS AN AUTO VEIL OWN HER OWN MACHINE? OH, DEAR ME, NO!

BY MARION LOWE. If there were as many automobiles in town as there are auto veils and motor coats, wouldn't there be a lot of 'em? If every woman seen on the street with three yards of veil streaming down her back had a touring car, wouldn't the streets be jammed with buzz wagons? But many of them haven't any autos, and ride downtown on the street cars.



Women have found that the big veil is a protection to the hat from the dust of the street. A street car is sometimes as windy a place as an automobile, and a hat can be held comfortably in place by the large veil.

Der Dove of Peace Brings a Stuffed Olive

OSGAR WRITES OF DER RECONCILIATION BETWEEN TEFT AND TEDDY. "SUNNY CHIM" ISS PUNISHED TO FIT DER CRIME OF BEING VICE BRETZIDEND—TEFT ASKS FOR A PARDON, BUT IT LOOKS MORE LIKE A PAROLE.

BY FRED SCHAEFER. GELIEBTER ADOLF: Vonce more I dip my pen in der muelletch bottle, un vill answer you der sequel of dot estrangements in der G. O. P. club.



After having been treatet mit consumely, Teddy retired himself to hiss peaceful country home, Sockemore, ad Cofe Oyster, und listened to vot his advicers could hear from him. Der rezuld was nod given outid, but somebody carelessly blaced id on der roof, und der roof leaked. Soon id was anonymous all ofer der country dot Teddy was nod so averse to be acceptatable for der bretzidendency in 1912.

Sherman dit id." Silence too deep der denial wass "Sunny Chim's only answer. "Noddings vot I dit nod dot iss causing you to vent away?" pursued Teft as far as der train shed. "Oh, no," rebilled Teddy, pausing vile der gateman punched his tininary. "I hat my reseration mate veeks ago, before I wass in a hurry."

Who wass id who hat mate Teddy mat besites himself? He looked ad "Sunny Chim" Sherman, his faforide bell boy—he iss only too good to himself. So dis wass der feller vich hat pulled der chair from unter Teddy! Berhaps id wass nod too late, yet.

marked Teddy mit a smite dot concealed hiss vite teet. "I nefer burn my bridges till I cross dem. In anoder minude he hat departet, to be absent but nod remofed. Der old friendship having been tuss restored like a lost pocketbook mit only pabers of value to der loser, Teft's nerves gafe vay. "Let dis teach you, Moonface," he said to "Sunny Chim," und he gafe him two good cuffs—von on each wrist. To me id seems der rebuke cotid nod hat been more deserfedly rich. Achtungsvoll, OSGAR.

Advertisement for Red Cross Dentists, featuring a large illustration of a hand holding a tooth and text: "RED CROSS DENTISTS 11-18 Galena Block, N. E. Cor. Post and Riverside. Entrance on Post Street."

The Root of Evil

We love it and strive for it. We know it does evil and condemn it. We have placed it above all other earthly things and pray for it. We charge to it nearly all the wrongdoing of man and curse it. It is our most valuable possession, yet has no actual value. Men sell their votes for it, women pawn their souls for it—then waste it. Yesterday money was sea-shells and colored beads. Today it is made up of yellow and white metal and green paper. Tomorrow—what? Monday the government issued tons upon tons of money. Tuesday the government failed, and all this money became worthless! In normal times, silver dollars are worth but fifty-seven cents; a nickel is worth only about a cent; a cent is worth practically nothing. Yet we all lie, work, steal, cheat to get dollars and nickels and cents. Gold is the "standard." If a mountain of pure gold were discovered, gold would become as cheap as iron, and what would be the standard then? Money is a custom, a habit—the root of all evil, but in our present state of half-civilization, a mighty necessary root. Money just happened. We merely happened to adopt silver and gold and copper and nickel as a standard by which the value of cowhides and beans and the wool on a sheep's back should be appraised and then we merely happened to call it MONEY—but the most of us do not happen to have much money so we can afford to be frivolous when we discuss it. If money grows too plentiful a drug on the market, and if automobiles and aeroplanes nearly drive the horse out of existence, horses may become the most valuable thing, the so-called standard. Save up horses!

PENCIL POINTS

Chicago theater's to have a woman's smoking room. Progress! by cracky, female progress! And women's spittoons in the church aisles may yet come! Georgia democrats laid out two democratic congressmen who stood by Cannon. Every little bit helps, and we may even have some democratic democrats in the next congress. Lillis, whom Jack Cudahy carved up and served without taking out the basting strings, says he won't marry Mrs. Cudahy. There are "religious obstacles." Hal and hal hal! If that's what you call it, let'er go! They've arrested, at Newark, O., a woman who took part in that lynching by standing up on her automobile and yelling, "Pull him up a little higher, so I can see!" Nice, tender hearted creatures, these Ohio auto women! Ballinger returned from the Yosemite "terribly shocked" by the vandalism he saw there. But, Richard, you should see the vandalism in Alaska, just once! But a whole battery of Lick telescopes couldn't make you see it. Taft is jockeying for peace with the insurgents by declaring revision of the tariff schedules, individually. We nominate the Aldrich family rubber trust as the first individual. But, for heaven's sake, revise her down, not up, Bill! If Editor Hearst hurries, he may be able to get into bed with Taft and Ballinger before the bed breaks down, but the administration should see to it that he has really taken off his spurs before he gets in and begins crowding. General Viljoen, ex-hero of the Boer war, refuses to become minister of affairs in the Transvaal. He's got a 10 buckle cinch as real estate agent down in Texas, and it would take a real serious blast on Gabriel's horn itself to draw a fellow out of that. Flora Langde, aged 20 summers, has masqueraded as a man for several months in New York city, and only caught when she began throwing those soft, melting, all day sucker glances at a detective. But there are a whole lot of heings of 20 summers who go simpering around in New York as evidence that it isn't the clothes that make the man. "Fluffer's heart," a new disease, is scaring high society at Newport. One of the Vanderbilt mesdames suddenly chirped and went down herquat on a ballroom floor, unconscious. Others have it. Doctors say it's due to too late hours, too many dinners, too much wine and gaiety. Alas! Newport society may have to go back to mere whisky straight. A betrothal ring, pledge of Lucky Baldwin's first, but not only love by several majority, is missing and there's much sorrow in Los Angeles society circles. With 14 battalions of lawyers lawing for things that Lucky forgot to leave in writing to his first, second, third, fourth, eleventh and other loves, or their children and grandchildren, the stupid old police are charging the ring's disappearance to a professional admirer of other folks' rings.

Advertisement for National Bank of Commerce, Spokane, Washington. Report of Condition at Close of Business, September 1, 1910. Includes a table of resources and liabilities.

Advertisement for Union Trust Company of Spokane, featuring a shield logo and text: "Guard Your Future. Your savings account represents your future. With a growing balance in a strong bank you should have no fears. This bank believes that of all deposits the savings account should be most carefully guarded, and has made special provisions to keep such deposits free from every risk. Start an account now and insure your future. Union Trust Company of Spokane The Marble Bank Building Capital \$500,000."