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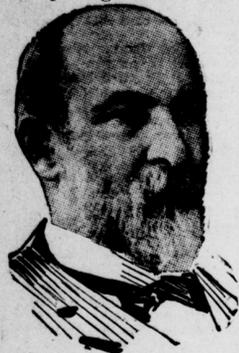
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The Spokane Press Editorial Page

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Page Will Be There

Carroll D. Page, United States senator from Vermont, is assured of another term by the recent election of a stand-pat legislature.



CARROLL D. PAGE.

Page is a very wealthy man. His fortune was founded on calfskins. He is the greatest calfskin merchant in the world.

This is fortunate, for as senator he can see that in any tariff changes the people who merely wear shoes will not get the best of the leather trust.

Page is president of the savings bank back home. This is fortunate, as he can help guard the nation against any unwise extension of the postal savings bank experiment.

Page is a director in the St. Johnsbury & Lake Cham-

plain railroad. This is fortunate, as he can see that folks who merely pay freight and fare do not slip one over on the railroads.

Page is president of the national bank back home. This is fortunate, for he can see that no currency bill is rigged up against the national banks who rent out money, by the merchants and mechanics who hire it.

He is director in a trust company. This is fortunate, for he will not be fooled by Gifford Pinchot's nonsense about the conservation of forests for the benefit of all as against the dividends of deserving lumber companies.

He also makes Page's poultry food. That is fortunate, for it produces hard shells.

PENCIL POINTS

Dear Pencil Points: How do you prevent jams and jellies from gaining in this weather?—Mrs. V. W. Eatem.

Lucky Baldwin's estate pays the highest inheritance tax ever paid in California—\$270,000. His estate also holds the high record for lawyers.

Czar has arrived safely at Friedberg, says a cablegram. For the czar to arrive safely anywhere makes a crackerjack item, in these days of smokeless, noiseless powder.

Grass widows worth \$75,000,000 are sojourning at Newport. This is probably why the sea serpent hasn't shown hide or hair about that resort this season. Widows with all that boodle draw well enough.

Hurrah! Here it is, at last! At Bellevue, O., a common female cow ran over G. R. Moore's auto, turned and kicked it into kindling wood. Come, bossy, come, bossy. Come out this way to North Monroe street!

General Fred Grant's advice that the army should control the automobiles in time of war is all hunkadori, but many's the time we've seen Fred down under that little red ballied machine of his vainly trying to control it in times of peace.

"The action of the chamber of commerce directorate in endorsing the raising of \$5,000,000 for the Panama fair should meet with hearty and immediate response," wrote the San Francisco editor. Then he mailed the fair's treasurer 13 two cent stamps, or thereabouts.

Zena Dare, actress, is getting her picture in the papers as fiancee of Viscount O. Brett, secretary to Lord Morley. And, oh! the dear girl certainly has the heavenly looks? Beauty? Why, that face would draw a whole flock of viscounts clean out of a pawnshop on the dead run!

Pretty Vera Fitch of California shot herself in a New York hotel Monday. "Unbalanced by brooding over conditions in New York society, which place in jeopardy the soul of woman," is the cause given. Lordy, if the decent girls go to fatally brooding over that, we'll have an era of "race suicide" that'll be a corker.

TWO-MINUTE VAUDEVILLE BY FRED SCHAEFER.



THUD—Say, I got a confession to make to you. SLAP—Oh, are you the crook who's been swiping the morning's milk off my front porch?

THUD—No; this is something awful serious. I don't know how you'll take it. But I have to square myself. SLAP—Well, go ahead. But be careful; I'm mighty quick-tempered.

THUD—I know you are. But on the level, this was a mistake, an innocent mistake. It concerns your family, and that makes it all worse. I wish I'd died before it happened.

SLAP—Tell me what it was. I'm getting nervous. What was it? THUD—Well, the other evening—Tuesday—it was good and dark already—I came to your house—

SLAP—And I wasn't at home! THUD—No, you weren't at home, but I thought you were. So I butted right in without ringing.

SLAP—Ah, ha-ha-ha! Proceed. THUD—Expecting to find you there alone. Well—I encountered a dark figure in the gloom and not knowing it was your wife I walked right up to her and seized her by the arm—

SLAP—Houd! And she—? THUD—She said: "At last my prayers are answered! He does not smell of whiskey tonight!"

SLAP—Ha-ha-ha-ha! Good joke on my wife! Ha-ha-ha-ha! Ha-ha-ha-ha!

AGRICULTURAL MIXUP

"What did the trouble between you and Jim grow out of?" "Out of Jim planting his foot on my corn."

MILWAUKEE'S SHOWING T. R. SOMETHING FAMOUS TODAY



IT'S FUNNY, ISN'T IT, WHAT WOMEN WILL DO WITH THEIR FEET WHEN THEY SIT DOWN?

BY PARA DALTON.

What do you do with your feet when you sit down? Do you cross your knees, wrap your feet around the rounds of the chair or tie them up in a knot?

What is the correct position of the feet for women? I asked this question of Mr. Walton of the Walton School of Expression and he went into detail to give me the required information and I am going to tip it off to you:

"Nothing more pointedly marks a woman as being coarse and uncouth," said Mr. Walton, "than an awkward position when either sitting or standing. The habit of crossing the feet, wrapping them around each other, trotting the heel and toe and a dozen of other attitudes struck by the average man and woman are intolerable.

"The basis for the defect in the sitting position is found in the space between the knees. The space is invariably too great. The space between ones knees when sitting should never be greater than the width of the hand. In case of persons who are very portly there is a slight violation to this rule.

"When sitting, one foot should be placed slightly in advance of the other and they should not be placed at right angles. The foot advanced

should be the one toward the person whom you are addressing.

"The standing position is also important. There are four standing positions, two advanced and two retired. The correct standing position requires that the weight of the body should be carried on the ball of one foot whether advanced or retired. A perfectly straight line will be formed to pass through the center of the head, center of the chest and strike the ball of the foot carrying the weight of the body.

This is the law of the old Greek schools and is the most attractive and graceful manner in which one can carry the body.

Mr. Walton also says that a departure from these positions, when either sitting or standing, depicts a

weakness either mentally, morally or physically. Now will you be good?

"Women would be a great deal healthier," continued Mr. Walton, "if they would learn how to stand up and sit down correctly. If they want to be in the crude, slovenly class that is their privilege, but if they want to portray a clear intelligence they must be obedient to the rules requiring it.

"It isn't necessary to sit up in a rigid and prim position but one should not sink down into a chair until the head rests on the chest," and Mr. Walton gave me an imitation of how a person looked doing this. "They can't breathe," he said, "and they look—well, you know how they look."

earth, and in this I was not mistaken.

Throughout the past, among the rudest savages and civilizations, there has been the effort to make the ear subservient to the stirring up of pleasurable feelings. Furthermore, the architecture, painting and sculpture of the past has survived the shock of time; but not so with music. The music of the past is hidden in speculation, and no records survive the periods of highest civilization and esthetic splendor.

The unique method adopted by my friend permitted the harmonies of the past to manifest themselves anew.

Many of the selections were weird and uncanny, suggesting the quaint ideas of music long since hidden from the world. The subjects were announced by the records, and among the first was an instrumental production rendered in the ancient court of the Egyptian monarch Mineptah, the instrument used being a harp. I sat enraptured, picturing the historical settings of the marvelous productions.

Another record brought forth a Babylonian song to the god Ra, and the listener could picture the brilliantly painted salon and the scarlet robe and jeweled banqueters, and drink in the air laden with perfume, as they trod on rugs which were the pride of the ancient world. Then came the bolsheros song of a Teuton to the god of war. I perceived that Shade was much overwrought as he finally stepped to the cabinet and adjusted another needle. I also noticed that it took all the strength of his exhausted operator to wind the motor, but as he tottered back and dropped into his chair I eagerly awaited the record which I suspected would be forthcoming. Finally the instrument began to give forth a beautiful soprano solo. It was the sweet voice of one he had loved and lost. This



IT WAS THE SWEET VOICE OF ONE HE HAD LOVED AND LOST.

familiar phenomena of slate writing as a basis for his tests, he concluded that if those from the world beyond could use a pencil between two slates, they could guide and direct a needle as well.

At first I thought the fellow insane, but my fears were dispelled when he placed a blank disc in the cabinet, and dropping a needle into position, wound the motor. I assumed that the springs of emotion which would be awakened by the souls of the departed would be superior to the known harmonies of

Wanted: An Opinion

"I do not express an opinion upon the controversy."

The controversy is the most momentous which has arisen in America since the close of the civil war. The sentence quoted was the conclusion of President Taft's speech before the conservation congress at St. Paul. The issue is state versus federal control of natural resources. State control is favored by all the attorneys of the power companies; national control by all the great leaders of the conservation movement east and west alike.

Upon the final outcome to be determined by the administration by congress, and perhaps by the courts, depends the welfare and happiness of a very large part of the people, and upon such a controversy the president of the United States does not express an opinion. He was fair, courteous, dignified, in his presentation of all sides of the question, but he, as leader of the nation, ending by leading nowhere. The doctrine of states rights was trampled under the feet of a million armed men, half a century ago. Now it raises its head and stretches its withered hand to grasp the remaining natural resources belonging to the people and turn them over to private monopoly.

BUT THE PRESIDENT HAS NO OPINION ON THE SUBJECT.

Perhaps he does not see the deep significance of the issue. Perhaps he is honestly in doubt as to how the question is to be solved. In either case he lost an opportunity in his speech at St. Paul to impress the nation with his statesmanlike grasp of the problems of our time, and align himself squarely with the forces that are fighting for fairer conditions of life.

Week by week we are swept nearer by organized government and organized business to the crisis which has been gathering for years.

THE ST. PAUL CONGRESS SEETHED WITH IT. THE PRESIDENT SPEAKS, BUT HE HAS "NO OPINION TO EXPRESS."

'MOST ANYTHING. JOSH WISE SAYS: "Lots o' homeless dorgs in this neighborhood. Th' assessor mus' be due to call this week." Banter Babble Blarney Bosh and Bits of By-play

"Ma'al, sir," drawled the bad man from the woolly west, "we were certainly scared when the lights went out down at Deadwood Gulch." "You don't mean to tell me," said the tenderfoot, "you were afraid of the dark?" "Dark! No. We were scared of each other."

Thirty-two boys died of injuries received in playing foot ball last year.

He stumbled up the steps, pushed open the door and stood confronting his wife, who held a telegram in one hand.

"Here's news," she said sternly, "that has been waiting for you since 7 o'clock."

He braced himself against the hat rack. "Hi—! I've left my (hie) glasses downtown."

"Well, I see you brought home the contents."

There are eight miles of railroad in this country for every 100 square miles of land.

"How many times have you been arrested?" sternly inquired the judge.

"A good many," said the hobo, "but only for small offenses. I was never pinched for speeding, or driving without lights."

Out of 1000 parts, 950 parts of wheat possess nutritive value. Only 25 of 1000 parts of cucumbers are of nutritive value.

HICKORY GROVE WHISPERS. Miss Doras Cornway is figuring on teaching the Grove school this winter. Her dad is now one of the directors.

Jud Blossom is sick with the measles. Also of. The Wilbura Corners ball team is coming to town next Wednesday. Ted Judson is training a team to lick 'em.

The royal mint of England is turning out square five-cent coins for use in Ceylon.

"No-Tip" hotel is doing rushing business in London. Probably only dumbwaiters are employed.

In the case of the small boy, cleanliness is next to impossible.

\$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.

The Man Who Saves

Between the man who saves something every year, even if it is only \$10, and the man who saves nothing there is a wide gulf fixed. One is going up stream, the other down. One has overcome the greatest difficulty in saving—making the start.

The Man Who Wastes

Is not only wronging those dependent upon him, but is weakening his own character. To end a year with no more than when it was begun is a loss of time and opportunity that can never be regained.

4 Per Cent Interest and your money when you want it.

Spokane & Eastern Trust Company

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An Alaska girl, Miss Jasmine Britton, Katalla, Alaska, has been chosen by the library board to succeed Miss Alma Marshall, resigned, as librarian of the children's department.

A CRAZYLOG

I own a motorboat now. I call it "My Pretty Maid," because I always have to ask it where it is going.



A motorboat is a six cylinder gasoline motor with just enough boat around it to keep you from sinking in it. But not entirely. It doesn't, for instance, keep you from sinking in it all the money you've got.

There's a good deal of resemblance between a motorboat and an automobile. They steer the same way—with a wheel. And just as often they steer a different way. And they smell alike when scorching.

Instead of an extra tire the motorboat carries a life preserver. It looks just like an extra tire, however, and you need it just about as sudden.



When there's something the matter with a motorboat you don't go under and fix it. The motorboat goes under and fixes you.

One beauty about a motorboat is its speed. The sensation of speed is very exhilarating when you can keep right on foiling after running down a bunch of Sunday school pupils in a skiff. If you lingered they might slash water on you with their dying struggles and ruin your raincoat.



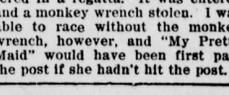
I asked the man who sold it to me whether it was a crack motorboat. He said it had been until the crack was calked.

Then I asked him how many miles it made an hour. He just laughed. "I can't tell," he said. "Nobody ever stays in a motorboat an hour."

"Well," I says, "how long does it take to make mile?" "I don't remember," he says, "but I think it is 5280 feet."



I'm sorry I can't take you riding in my motorboat, because it was entered in a regatta. It was entered and a monkey wrench stolen. I was able to race without the monkey wrench, however, and "My Pretty Maid" would have been first past the post if she hadn't hit the post.



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