

From a lawyer's standpoint Big Bill Morris has added one more brilliant star to his crown of success as a criminal lawyer for the jury that for two weeks heard the evidence in the George Mitchell case, who killed Creffield, the Holy Roller, after retiring to the jury room returned a verdict of not guilty in just one hour and twenty-five minutes after leaving the jury box. Mr. Morris and his partner, S. M. Shipley, handled the



W. H. MORRIS

case in such a masterly manner that they felt so morally certain that their client would be acquitted that they submitted the case to the jury without argument with the results as stated above. Technically speaking George Mitchell committed murder, but twelve men has never yet been found that would convict a father or a brother that killed the traducer of his daughter or his sister of any crime. Public sentiment has been with Mitchell ever since the deed was done and so much so that the prosecutor was ridiculed when he rose in court to make an objection, and it does seem he would have seen the handwriting on the wall.

IT WAS SICKLY SENTIMENT.

When Judge Woffard of Kansas City gave Wallace Cooper, a Negro, thirty years in the penitentiary instead of sending him to the gallows and in passing sentence delivered a lecture which ran as follows:

"How old are you?" asked Judge Wofford.

"Twenty years."

"Well," said the judge, "you're guilty of murder all right, but you're a poor, ignorant black man, and I don't want to hang you. You have no friends. You have no one to plead that you were insane when you killed this man. If I sentence you to hang you will hang just as sure as there's a God in heaven.

"There will not be a whole lot of women circulating petitions to save your neck. There will not be a lot of fool men writing letters to the governor to save you. No one will send you flowers. You'll just be forgotten until the day set for your hanging and then they'll hang you. I'll sentence you to thirty years in the penitentiary."

He relieved himself of a beautiful bunch of sentiment which may have been appreciated by the prisoner, but not by the Negroes in general. The Negro wants no more nor less than any other citizen. If a Negro is guilty of a crime for which he should be hanged then the lawabiding Negro citizens

wish him hung if the law says so. The Negro desires no sickly sentiment smeared over him, no pity nor no mercy because he is black. He wants a square deal the same as that accorded to the whitest and most influential citizen in the United States. It is quite true no one takes the doomed Negro flowers nor sign petitions for his pardon, for in most cases when accused of crime even before a justice of the peace has had an opportunity to inquire as to his probable crime, he is torn to pieces by a heartless mob. What the Negroes of this country would like for the judges on the bench is to send men who mob and lynch Negroes only suspected of crimes and that too before any legal arraignment has been given to the penitentiary or to the bottomless pits. It is very questionable if Cooper would have been as kindly treated at the hands of the trial judge had he, Cooper, have killed a white instead of a black man. If the man had escaped the lynchers' limb the trial judge would in all probability have been unable to have seen any mitigating circumstances for not sending him to the gallows.

BORROWED THOUGHTS.
(Appeal to Reason.)

Russia is still on the bomb.

We'll have to "sack" the Salt Trust if it keeps on "getting fresh."

"Anyway," reflected John D., "J. Ogden is as deep in the muck as I am in the mire."

Frederick Wilson, embezzling clerk of a Los Angeles bank, is six feet tall and \$20,000 short.

The worst that can possibly be said of the meat situation is that it is as bad as it smells.

Evidently the money Senator Platt is alleged to have paid to Mae Wood wasn't "hush money."

"Silence is golden," but Miss Mae Wood says she'll take her's in silver or currency, thank you.

Chairman Wadsworth says the packers gave his committee "many valuable suggestions." Perhaps he meant to say "tips."

"This is dog-gone bad," declared the Chicago citizen who found a piece of his missing canine pet in his breakfast sausage.

When a person dies from the effect of eating packing-house blood pudding, is it proper to ascribe his demise to "blood poisoning?"

C. M. Schwab denies that he intends to get himself elected United States senator from Nevada. There are some things too rank even for Charlie.

Since the New York Ice Trust has put the price of its commodity up to fifty cents a hundred, Gotham finds no difficulty in keeping up its reputation as "a hot old town."

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Mr. Eugene Harris, now engaged in court reporting and land office work at Walla Walla, came to the Acme a few years ago to study shorthand. Now he is in a responsible position, with good pay.
Recently he said to a friend: "All my success I owe to the Acme Business College."
Not ill. The Acme furnished the instruction; he furnished brains—and work.
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