

The Spokane Press.

GEORGE PUTNAM, Manager. Published Every Evening Except Sunday by The Press Publishing Co. SCRIPPS-McRAE PRESS SERVICE.

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TO THE SHAME OF A CHURCH.

For five years Miss Augusta Busch had been a faithful, self-sacrificing and universally beloved missionary in the German Baptist church at Omaha.

Her life had been as open as the day and as inspiring of cheer as the sunshine.

She was ever about her work, ministering to the poor, giving cheer to the sick, consolation to the bereft, encouragement to the afflicted, and the gospel to the unbelieving, ever a true, faithful missionary to humanity, a benediction to the church and a living glory to God.

But the other day it was discovered that this woman was only human.

She had passions and temptations and weaknesses just like the rest of us.

She sinned, and in her sinning she was as whole-hearted and self-forgetful as she had been in her efforts and sacrifices for others.

She was found lying on the floor of the pastor's study in the church, the other morning, clasped close in the pastor's arms, both dead from accidental escape of gas. There was proof of guilt in plenty. But death, that had so cruelly unmasked her sin before the congregation and the world she had served so long and so well, kindly took her to another and better world for judgment.

But the church held her dead body and promptly proceeded to heap indignities upon it.

Men and women—particularly women—claiming to be Christians, turned ghoul and sought vengeance upon the dead.

"Judge not, that ye be not judged," is an admonition that may have been well known to the lips and ears of the people of this church, but it evidently was unknown in their hearts.

They would not permit the sacred edifice to be desecrated by holding the woman's funeral service in it, they said.

The highly virtuous members of the choir, who probably have done less for humanity and God's cause in their whole lives than this missionary did every day, declared they would not sing.

The body of this poor girl was, figuratively speaking, about to be cast to the carrion, with not one of all whom her life had blessed ready to throw over it even the mantle of charity.

Then a stanch-souled old man of God arose among them and told them they were worse than infidels—worse than savages even—and that if the church was to be barred against women who sin the door might as well be nailed shut, for none would be found fit to enter.

Decency prevailed, but what a commentary it all is upon the Christianity that means nothing beyond forms and phrases!

The people of this church have done true religion a crueler slander and a deeper wrong than all the infidels and scoffers in the world can do.

SCRUB, SCRUB, SCRUB.

If we are to sterilize the monthpieces of telephones, every day, to kill the bacteria and prevent infection, and are to scrub the door knobs every day for the same reason, why not be consistent, and go on scrubbing and scrubbing everything with which we come in contact?

If these bacteria must be cleaned out once a day, why not once an hour, or once a minute? The pestiferous things are apt to get in any second.

Of course, everybody knows that drinking water must be not only boiled, but distilled.

We have all often enough been warned that handshaking is dangerous and kissing deadly. All of which warning we have all duly observed, of course.

Now, after having long and virtuously refrained from water as God made it from the other enticements, it is hard to be informed by the bacteriologists that we still are in momentary danger from microbes unless we scrub, scrub, scrub.

And when we get used to the scrubbing and learn to look upon it as a matter of course instead of a hardship, may not the microbes steal another march upon us through the scrub brush?

Maybe we shall have to sterilize the soap and then sterilize the sterilizer. Bacteriologists are insatiable. They never know where to stop.

But their demands, if fully acceded to, would leave us no time to make a living. It would be scrub, scrub with us all the time. And while saving ourselves from death from microbes, we would die of starvation.

The farmer, instead of plowing, would put in all his time killing the microbes on his plow handles; the butcher, instead of killing beef, would never cease to scour his knife and cleaver, and there would be nothing produced to eat.

This sort of thing may very easily be carried too far. The bacteriologists must learn to draw the line somewhere.

We shall soon become as ridiculous as the old Salemites in the days of witchcraft.

THE FATHER OF TRUSTS.

President Myron T. Herrick said to the National Bankers' association:

In an era of trusts (using the word in its popular sense), and great combinations aiming at the restriction if not the entire removal of competition, a movement reaching far and wide in trade and productive industry, the banks have gone on in the old way, every one for itself, wedded to the idea of individuality and independence as a cherished tradition.

This seeming sacrifice has not, however, the lofty patriotic motive that this eulogy might lead people to suppose.

The plain truth is that the national bank system holds the distinction of being the only business in the country that enjoys a monopoly through direct paternal care of the government, and that does not need to bring its widely-scattered interests under one head in order to constitute itself into a trust.

Using the word trust in its popular sense, the national bank system is far more than a trust—it is the father of trusts.

Through their exclusive control of the volume of circulation, the banks are allied more closely into one common interest than they could ever become through all the corporation laws in existence.

Through this stupendous privilege the bank system manipulates all business to a degree unknown to any other institution.

In spirit, in operation, and in effect the many national banks form one body and it is personified in J. Pierpont Morgan.

So the banks may well afford to go on "in the old way." More perfect consolidation in interest is impossible.

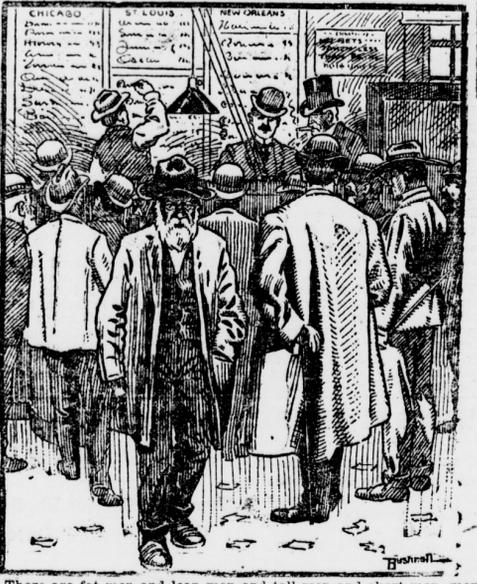
A TRAGEDY OF THE POOL ROOM.

BY D. S. T.

"At the post at Chicago!" sang out the man in a nasal tone that rose above the buzz-buzz of talk and the shuffling of feet and penetrated every part of the over-the-river poolroom.

Then there was a sort of murmuring akin to the satisfaction of the animal at sight of prey, and there was a slow shifting of one body toward the end of the room where a man stood beside a telegraph instrument that was bringing the news of the running of a race at a far-away point.

Probably 200 people are in the room, edging in and out and through, a constant, ever-changing throng. There are fat men and lean men and tall men and short men.



There are fat men and lean men and tall men and short men, men well dressed and men seedy.

men, men well dressed and men seedy, men who laugh and joke and drink at the convenient bar, and men who stand about with sober faces and wear a serious air; there are winners with a slap on the back for their friends and an invitation to "let's take something;" there are losers, who keenly feel the hard raps of ill luck, and who see no companionship in their fellows; there are men with a "quiet hunch on a good thing," striving to appear careless and indifferent; there are touts with their "simply-like-finding-it" tips to tray the unwary; there are tickets in hands, brand-new, for the race to come, coned, conpared and treasured as keys to open the doors of wealth; there are tickets under foot, torn, trampled and dirty, the valueless discard of unfortunate ventures.

There's the bar and lunch stand at one end of the room, and the broad raised platform at the other, on which are busy men, behind a railing, and with piles of cash in gold and silver and paper in sight; there are wickets through which goes the money of the players, and through which comes the bit of pasteboard, amid the clink of the silver and the rustling of the bills that pay for it. There are blackboards all about the walls, reaching to the ceiling, covered with the names of the horses and the odds, and there are men with chalk and brushes, changing the figures, drawing ovals around the names of the winners and—but the crowd is drawing closer to hear the race run.

And in the throng was one that somehow stood out from the many. How old, you couldn't tell, for most of the creases and lines came with all night out, and the pace that kills, rather than from years. His hat was shapeless in crown and threadbare at brim; his trousers baggy at the knees and frayed at the bottom; his shirt collarless and cuffless, and his coat wilted and shiny. His hand trembled as he reached in his pocket and counted his money, in dimes and quarters, a dollar in all. He studied the boards, started, stopped and counted his money again. Then,

rise and fall in human waves, a blurred vision in a cloud of dust, of horses and boys in a jumbled mass, sweeping along; around the turn they go, still clinging together, and into the stretch they come riding like mad. Then, from out the bunch, like a shot from a cannon, comes one horse of mighty bound, with the jockey bending over his neck and urging him on, the boy and the horse but parts of a single moving machine. Then another clears, and another, and still another, and, in a broken line, they are pounding along. And his horse, whose money is on—he's straining his eyes to see that one. There's only a chance now, one chance in a hundred, and the man is watching the finish with every muscle and every fiber taut. He's living a long time now with each second that passes. There's no sport in all this for him; that is gone. It is narrowed down to grim, cold, hard necessity. His lips are dry and his throat parched. His last dollar in the world is at stake, and he's watching every move in the eyes of the horses. They're nearing the wire. A few seconds more and it will all be over. A jockey's whip sings in the air, and falls with stinging force. Another ounce of strength is called for, track almost neck and neck, fighting every inch of the way. Like a whirlwind they sweep past, a mighty roar goes up from the crowd and—

"Tick, tick, tick, tick—"St. Cuthbert wins!—tick, tick, tick, tick—"by half a length"—tick, tick, tick, tick—"Minor second"—tick, tick, tick, tick—"by a length"—tick, tick, tick, tick—"Federal third."

But the man at the railing heard no more after St. Cuthbert's name was spoken. He was deaf to all else. He grew whiter. His hand closed on the ticket it held. You could hear it crackle in his hand. "Don't block up the passageway, please," came from behind the railing. With drooping head, the man shuffled along, unnoticed and unnoticed in the crowd. As he reached the door and opened it he stopped a moment and shivered. Then he pulled his hat down over his eyes, held his coat collar close to his neck and went out into the driving rain—peniless, homeless, helpless.

And up in the third-story room of the Court st. tenement there sat a woman and a child in a cheerless, scantily furnished room, huddling over the embers in an old, broken stove. A faded shawl about her and her child helped but little to keep away the damp and the chill. There was hunger and despair in her eyes; her hands were



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thin and worn, and trembled as she pulled the shawl closer. And she sat there in the gathering gloom, with her child and—her thoughts.

"It seems like I can't break my run of bad luck," said the poolroom owner with a sigh, as he climbed aboard a street car with a friend that evening to come over the river. We ought to have made at least three thousand on the fourth at Chicago today, and yet we clean up only about half of it. It was the same way at the sixth at St. Louis yesterday, and what with my lady dogging me for a new sealskin coat, because the one she has is out of style, I'm worried half sick. Let's stop a bit at the Gibson and open a bottle."

THANKSGIVING DINNER.

The Young Men's Christian association has arranged to give a Thanksgiving dinner to the young men in this city who are away from home. They have requested that all lads who are willing to assist meet at the Y. M. C. A. rooms on Riverside at 3 o'clock Thursday afternoon.

MEET TONIGHT

O'Brien-Hart Mill at Philadelphia

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Nov. 19—

"Philadelphia Jack" O'Brien and Marvin Hart of Louisville in a six-round bout is the magnet that is expected to draw a great crowd of ring followers to the Pennsylvania Athletic club tonight.

POLICE NOTES.

Officers Burns and Parrish made an arrest last night in an opium den in the house owned by T. J. Joiner, near the Great Northern passenger station. Joiner is charged with running an opium den and Ida Ousley was found "hitting the pipe." Both are colored

BRIBERS

St. Louis Boodlers' Case Being Heard

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Nov. 19—

The cases against J. J. Hannigan, John H. Schnettler, Edmund Bersch, H. A. Faulkner, W. M. Tamblyn, John Helms, Louis Decker and Otto Schumacher, former and present members of the house of delegates, accused of bribery, came up for hearing today.

WEDDED

Fashionable Nuptials in Chicago

NEW AGENT AT REARDAN.

W. A. Beardsley, who has held the position of depot agent at Almirra, has been transferred to Reardan, where he will hold a similar position, recently vacated by E. T. Smith.

MEDICAL LAKE SOAP advertisement featuring an illustration of a woman and child, and text describing the soap's benefits for skin health.

Inland Printing Co. advertisement located at 610-612 Sprague Ave.

Oregon R. R. & Nav. Co. advertisement for Salt Lake and Denver routes.

Exchange National Bank advertisement listing financial details and services.

The Saw Mill Phenix advertisement for lumber, mill work, and machinery.

Business advertisement for shorthand, civil service, and telegraphy training.

Keep Out of the Wet advertisement for Studebaker Carriage Repository.

The Spokane and Eastern Trust Co. advertisement for savings and deposit services.

SEEHORN TRANSFER COMPANY advertisement for moving and storage services.

F. FLINT & CO. advertisement for real estate and property services.

BAGGAGE Quick Parcel Delivery Co. advertisement for shipping and delivery services.

Schacht & Riorden JEWELERS advertisement for jewelry and watch services.

The OWL BAR, CAFE AND CLUB advertisement for dining and entertainment.