

The Spokane Press

Published Every Evening Except Sunday.

SCRIPPS NEWS ASSOCIATION PRESS SERVICE.

One cent per copy, six cents per week, twenty-five cents per month or \$3 per year, delivered by carrier. No free copies.
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616 Front Avenue, Telephone Main 375, Postoffice Box 4.
 Entered at Spokane, Wash., as second class matter.

SUCCESS IN FAILURE

"To think that I have had more than 60 years' struggle for a little liberty, and then to die without it—it seems so cruel."

These were Susan B. Anthony's words on her death bed. But will this splendid struggle go down in the annals of failure because woman's emancipation, as she understood it, is as yet accomplished only in a few western states?

While striving for woman suffrage, Miss Anthony accomplished more good in the cause of women than even she seems to have realized. Woman's right to an education, her successful advent in the business world, her wide influence in all matters connected with the educating and training of children, the weight of her opinion in furthering clean, nonpartisan government of cities—who can say how many of the privileges women now enjoy are due to the efforts of this wonderful woman who died thinking her life a failure!

Like many other world benefactors, she fell short of her direct aim, but still did more for humanity than she set out to do.

Tyndall, while experimenting on heat, hit upon a sure method of killing bacteria—a discovery of inestimable value to science and sufferers.

Pestalozzi, the wild eyed, illiterate Swiss, who insisted on the study of child nature in order that men might be properly trained along natural laws for progressive work, failed utterly in carrying out his ideas. Yet in his failure there was success. Froebel and others have worked out a system of education which meets the individual needs of all alike. Schools for every kind of special work, manual training schools all have sprung from the seed-thought of Pestalozzi.

Miss Anthony, with her enthusiasm, her untiring activity, her strong stand for what she thought was just, has inspired thousands of men and women to work with like enthusiasm and with the same moral staunchness for the progress and development of womanhood.

The forces for good set into activity by her will never die. Far from failing, she achieved a success that will continue to grow and brighten till the end of time.

And thus must every great life be judged—not by what it harvests, but by what it sows.

How'd You Like to Be the Mayor

Here is a little leaf out of the life of the mayor of New York. Just now it means Mayor McClellan, but it would be about the same for any other chief executive of the metropolis. It deals with money. It gives a glimpse at only one day's demands that the mayor contends with:

A judge wants his chief clerk raised to \$4500, deputy to \$4000, and assistant and stenographer to \$1800 each.

Another magistrate wants the salaries of interpreters increased to \$1800 or \$2000. He also wants more clerks.

A commissioner wants anywhere from \$3,000,000 to \$5,000,000 for a viaduct.

A Brooklyn commissioner wants a new charity building to cost big money.

A controller complained that the water department steals his clerks by offering bigger salaries.

The dock commissioner wants \$21,000,000 for the coming year.

Three million dollars is divided among the boroughs for paving contracts.

The same kind of thing takes place every day, and stupendous sums are asked for.

It has been a cause for some wonderment that so many people crowd into New York. The answer seems to be that most of them hope to help the city spend its money.

Maybe if Foraker runs for president it will have to be as favorite son of the railroad rate.

With the campaign treasurer before the grand jury, will it be another case of ignorance is bliss?

Being a Datto himself, W. J. Bryan can be looked for to complain about the Mount Dajo battle.

The public may show the railroads that it is master, but that doesn't dispose of the Pullman porter.

Taking the Lid Off in Rubeville.



Local Brevities

Sig. Klein, a merchant of Wallace, is in the city on business.

S. A. Stanfield, a leading merchant of Odessa, is at the Halliday.

F. H. Haupt of Lind is in the city. Mr. Haupt is a prominent merchant of Lind.

Mrs. Earl Farmin, wife of a prominent resident of Sandpoint, is at the Halliday.

W. B. McFarland, prominent citizen of Coeur d'Alene, is in the city on business.

Mrs. Sidney Norman and daughter, Virginia, returned Saturday night from a six weeks' visit with relatives in North Carolina.

Frederick Maerlander, 24 years of age, died yesterday afternoon at the Sacred Heart hospital. Deceased was a clerk and had his home at 1012 Tenth avenue.

A meeting of the Art league will be held at 2 p. m. Wednesday in the rooms of the league at the city hall. As important business is to be transacted, the officers urge that all members attend.

Rev. D. G. Curry, formerly of Michigan, now of Pullman, Wash., will deliver a lecture on "Mind and Soul Phenomena, and Mind and Soul Life," at the Unitarian church, corner Sprague avenue and Jefferson street, tonight at 8 o'clock.

Building permits at the city hall for March of this year already exceeded the total value of permits issued in March last year, omitting one permit issued last March to the Sacred Heart hospital for a new \$300,000 building.

The funeral of N. White, 72 years of age, who was found dead near Spangle on Sunday last, was held at 1:30 this afternoon from Buchanan's undertaking rooms, 310 Riverside. Elder C. Ford officiated and the interment was at Greenwood.

The United States civil service commission announces examinations to fill the position of sloyd teacher for the Indian service and a position as engineer and carpenter. The salaries attached are \$720 and \$660, respectively, and the examinations will be held May 9 and 10, and April 18, respectively.

At All Saints' cathedral, First avenue and Jefferson street, Thursday evening, a recital composed of request numbers will be given by Edgar C. Thompson, assisted by Misses Elizabeth Wood and Bailey and Francis Walker of the Brunot hall sextet. It will be the last recital.

A "Down on the Farm" social will be given tonight by the Spokane Aerie No. 2, Fraternal Order of Eagles, in the Eagles' hall in the Symons building. The entertainment.

Dr. Pittwood, the dentist, has moved to suite 315, Fernwell building.

Ladies play billiards and pool every day and evening at Pfister billiard parlor.

TO REACH SEATTLE ON TIME
 Take Northern Pacific train No. 15, which is made up at Spokane and leaves at 4 p. m. every day, arriving at Seattle and Tacoma at 8:10 p. m. Carries Pullman sleepers, one to Tacoma and one to Seattle, and a "grill," or short order, dining car. Service first class in every respect. No waiting for delayed trains.

A. TINLING, General Agent.

ment will be for members and their friends. Souvenirs will be presented to the new members.

At the meeting of the Woman's alliance of the First Unitarian church yesterday afternoon at the home of Mrs. O. Jeldness, 2029 Second avenue, it was decided that the alliance will assist in paying for the church carpet and will also work together with the Unity club in clearing the church piano of debt.

Maj. Lee Moorhouse, the famous Indian photographer of Pendleton, Ore., is in the city to attend a meeting today of the National Surety company agents. Although in seven years he has amassed a collection of 5000 negatives of Indian subjects and historical scenes, picture making is not the only avocation of the major. When he is at work he is deputy clerk of the supreme court and also handles a line of insurance at Pendleton.

TINGLING MAY SUCCEED NADEAU

Ira A. Nadeau, general agent of the Northern Pacific at Seattle, has been chosen the head of the Chamber of Commerce there at a salary of \$5000 a year. Mr. Nadeau has been with the Northern Pacific in that city for 16 years and is eminently fitted for his new position. Nadeau will not take up his duties immediately as no one has been appointed to take his place with the railroad. Alexander Tinsling is being talked of as the successor of Mr. Nadeau. Mr. Tinsling is with the road in Spokane and is in line for promotion and is a thorough railroad man.

TREE TRIMMERS TO HAVE LICENSE

An ordinance providing that all tree trimmers must have a license will be presented to the city council tonight by Corporation Counsel Geraghty. It provides that all those who trim trees must pass an examination before being allowed to practice their calling. The ordinance was drawn at the instigation of the City Beautiful committee. The idea is to save the trees from butchery by novices.

TWENTY YEARS TRIAL.

We frequently cure people after doctors have given them up. If the disease comes from overwork or exposure, causing weak and watery blood, we have the one sure remedy in Dr. Gunn's Blood and Nerve Tonic. A tablet to be taken with meals. Turns the food into rich, red blood, making strong steady nerves, producing solid flesh at the rate of 1 to 3 pounds per week. This means health. Druggists sell this tonic for 75c per box. For nervous weakness, loss of memory, no ambition, a better remedy was never made, and for 20 years we have made these cures. Write Dr. Bosanko Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

DON'T MISS THIS.

Call at Northern Pacific city office for itinerary, showing full details of commercial clubs' excursion to Los Angeles and return, March 15.

A. TINLING, General Agent.

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PUTER CAPTURED THEN ESCAPES

BOSTON, Mass., March 27.—Stephen A. D. Puter, wanted in Oregon on the land fraud cases as a witness, was arrested here yesterday but drew a revolver and escaped. It is said that the Oregon authorities want Puter in connection with the school certificate forgeries.

THE FLOWERED ORGANDY.

For the dance at the summer resorts there is nothing more attractive for the girl, still in her teens, than flowered organdies.

Tiny pink rosebuds are the flowerers upon a white organdy background particularly attractive for a gentle miss of 16.

The bodice, sleeves and full skirt is much shirred. The skirt has double shirring about the hips and above the knees, triple cords being used in each instance. The yoke



and girdle are of lace, the former being formed to reach to the tip end of the shoulder.

A distinctive feature of this beautiful frock is a soft liberty silk scarf, which is draped over the shoulders and tied in a knot upon the bust. It is of the same pink as the flower in the muslin.

Keep the little ones healthy and happy. Their tender, sensitive bodies require gentle, healing remedies. Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea will keep them strong and well. 35 cents. Tea or Tab. *Hollister's*

Our Daily Story.

When Roderick Changed His Mind

'TIS HARD AT TIMES TO DO THE RIGHT THING, BUT 'TIS THE BETTER WAY.

Old Anthony Stone raved up and down his splendid drawing room. "You in love with a prince?" he thundered. "You'd show a greater sense to fall in love with a dust-man! How many letters has he sent you?"

"Twelve," said Margaret in a low voice. "He tells me that he loves me; he wants to make me his wife."

"And you're idiot enough to listen to such stuff? Now, look the matter squarely between the eyes. A month back you and I, and Roderick Carroll—whom I mean you to marry—were in Baronia, on a holiday. We made the acquaintance of a small party of gentlemen. They joined us, a day or two later, on a mountain climbing expedition. One of 'em paid you so much attention that Carroll didn't like it, and quite right, too. There was an accident on the mountain. You slipped over a precipice. Above you, standing firm on a rock, was Carroll; below you, swinging like yourself in space was this—this man I've been speaking of. All three of you were roped together. What does the man do but cut himself loose, thus letting Carroll haul you up, while he, like a fool, goes down 50 feet like a stone!"

"A fool! Oh, father, he saved my life!"

"So you think. But I guess he knew surely enough he'd fall into deep snow and be none the worse. And you let him see how grateful you are. So far, all's well enough. Then he makes himself known. Who is he? The prince of Baronia!"

"You will never see him again. It isn't likely that I shall take you to Baronia a second time; while the ministers of the prince will look after him, and see to it that he makes a good and royal alliance. Why! Well, confound it!"

Margaret rose hurriedly. Her gaze followed her father's. A paper boy was standing just outside the house. On his poster, in immense headlines, were these words: **Mysterious Disappearance of the Prince of Baronia!**

"We certainly suspect that he has come to England, though what his object is, only the fates know." It was an official at the foreign office who gave utterance to the conjecture. He was a friend of Roderick Carroll, who was questioning him. The prince of Baronia was still missing, and Carroll, whose mind was weighted with suspicion, was on the watch for developments. "It is an extraordinary business," went on the official. "If he is in England, we hope fervently that he will leave in safety."

"In safety? What do you mean?" asked Carroll.

"Simply that there are revolutionists in his country who'd be glad of an easy opportunity to remove him forever."

Carroll went into a restaurant to lunch. Scarcely had he taken a seat when a man did the same, confronting him. Carroll looked up. He was facing the prince himself!

It was the prince who spoke: "Do not mention my name. I saw you, quite by accident, and followed you in here. I remembered you directly. You were with Margaret—Miss Stone—in Baronia."

Carroll nodded, smothering his chagrin. At another table sat a man with a face that was pallid as death—an evil, cruel, dark-bearded face, in which burned a pair of fierce eyes that were fixed upon the prince.

"I came to this country with a single trusted attendant," went on the prince of Baronia. "Unfortunately he was taken ill. I like you; you are a gentleman, and I purpose to trust you with a very dear secret."

"Briefly, I love Margaret, who returns my affection, and I am here to make her my wife."

Carroll started. The confession pierced his heart like a dagger's point.

"The matter is not an easy one," went on the other. "The fact that I am prince of Baronia stands in our path. I am prepared to make this lady my true and lawful wife. This is against certain conventions expected from me in my country; against the wishes of her father. I ask you to help me."

Again Carroll bowed. A feeling

of mortification and rage prevented him from speaking.

"I thank you," said the prince. "The lady I love goes to the theater tonight and with her father and friends. She will leave—in my company. But we need the help of a friend."

"You honor me with the word. I am altogether at your service, sir," replied Carroll. His cheeks burned with the falseness of the words. A plot had been revealed to him; he had already made up his mind to prevent its consummation.

As they quitted the restaurant, Roderick Carroll noticed, for the second time, the livid-faced man whose eyes were still fixed upon the prince.

The curtain rose for the last act of the play. Carroll stepped softly from the box which held Anthony Stone, his daughter, and three friends.

"They are coming?" asked the prince quickly.

"Within 15 minutes," answered Roderick.

Roderick lighted a cigar. He was strangely calm. It was expected of him that he would accost Margaret on the theater steps, and draw her aside. But what he really meant to do was to take Margaret's arm, and quietly conduct her to her own carriage. He wished to enjoy the prince's discomfiture.

Suddenly the glass doors of the portico were swung open. The people were beginning to emerge. At that moment Roderick noticed, mingling with the gathering crowd upon the pavement, the man whose pallid face and menacing eyes had attracted his attention in the restaurant. Whatever emotion he felt, however, was dissipated by the sight of Margaret and her father leaving the portico. Carroll stepped forward.

"You?" whispered Margaret, turning very pale.

"Yes," said Roderick. "It's all right. Come quickly."

Had he heard properly? Was that his own voice which had spoken? He felt Margaret's hand tighten upon his arm. Where was he taking her? To the prince's carriage? Then what of his revenge?

The self imposed questioning flashed through his brain. Either the sweet, appealing face, or a sense of honor that would assert itself, had changed, in half a second, his plan. Before Carroll quite knew what was happening, he found himself with Margaret at the carriage of the prince.

"Dearest and best!" he heard a voice murmur. It was answered by another—a hoarse, strangled tone, that brought Roderick's wits rushing back.

"Death for you! Take that!" Margaret uttered a cry. The prince stepped back hastily from the revolver levelled at his heart by a man with a pallid face and the eyes of a madman. A leap, and Roderick was between the two. His right fist shot out even as the pistol cracked. Down went the would-be assassin; and down went Roderick, with a bullet in his shoulder.

There was a great uproar, a surging wave of people, loud cries of anger and alarm. No one noticed the girl who hastily entered a closed carriage, nor the man who stepped in after her.

"I am glad I did it," mutters Roderick Carroll, with a sigh.

He feels, with his right hand, his left shoulder, where a bullet is likely to remain all his life. Then he replaces in an open drawer two letters. One is from Margaret; a letter from the prince of Baronia, frankly acknowledging a double debt of life and happiness, and extending a hearty invitation to the recipient to visit the prince's country, his court and his English wife. There is also a decoration in the drawer, the highest that Baronia can bestow.

"Yes, I'm glad I did it," repeats Roderick; and this time he smotheres the sigh.

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