

# THE SPOKANE PRESS

Published Every Evening Except Sunday  
By the Spokane Newspaper Co.

UNITED PRESS ASSOCIATION NEWS SERVICE.

Delivered by carrier, twenty-five cents per month, \$3.00 per year. By mail, twenty-five cents per month, \$1.25 six months, \$2.00 per year. No free copies.

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Entered at Spokane, Wash., as Second Class Matter.

## HORRORS IN AMERICAN PRISONS

A report published by the American Prison association is in effect an arraignment of the whole prison system in the United States. Two hundred and ninety institutions in 37 states were visited and carefully inspected. With a few exceptions it was found that all sorts of horrors existed which could not be justified under any statute ever enacted. Prisons were hot-beds of disease, dangerous not only to the inmates but to the outside public. The character of food and the way of serving it were revolting and demoralizing. Overcrowding was a frightful evil. In Birmingham, Ala., 240 men were found in 72 cells and 25 women in 10 cells. In Los Angeles 135 men were found in 88 cells. One person to a cell, the prison association says, is all that should be allowed.

"It is a strong temptation," says the report, "to specify particular cities where nameless abuses exist; where little children are kept in rooms with polluted and diseased adults; where a poor insane victim of brain disorder howls all night in company with ruffians; where an honest fellow, unable to pay a fine for a spree, is locked in with thieves. These are not pictures from novels; they are bald prosaic facts set down by honest eyewitnesses in answer to printed questions."

Imprisonment without occupation, the report declares, is a straight path to insanity. In 143 jails the men prisoners have no occupation, while in 155 the women prisoners have nothing to do.

The association is strongly in favor of labor colonies where persons may be taught in an intelligent way to lead better and useful lives. It favors keeping prisoners until their reform is reasonably assured, but it is insistent that where no effort at reform is made, the whole influence of jails is debasing. In many jails influences for good are meager, if not wholly lacking. Twenty-five jails do not provide any reading matter for prisoners. In 88 no religious services of any kind are ever held.

Undoubtedly American prisons need investigation and reform as badly as any institution in the country.

## Has New York a Gambling Trust

NEW YORK, April 14.—Owing to the recent exposure by the World of the arrangement existing between the gamblers and the New York police, a mass meeting was held by the proprietors and representatives of the different gambling houses, pool rooms and crap joints at the Hotel Knickerbocker.

Under the present system the police captain's man, the inspector's man, the precinct man and even the man on the post, do their own collecting, which does not assure absolute protection from molestation by the police. The ease with which the World opened their

decoy gambling house and obtained police protection showed a serious defect in the system. The plan adopted by the gamblers is to pay their "hush" money to one confidential agent, and he in turn is to see that it gets into the hands of the proper police officials. In one precinct, as shown by the recent exposure, there were 43 gambling houses and more than 60 "crap joints," besides a great many poker rooms. The monthly collections from this precinct alone amounted to over \$30,000.

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# A GIRL OF GRIT

BY ARTHUR GRIFFITHS  
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CHAPTER II.  
(Continued)

I looked at this heavy featured, slow speaking Yankee, wondering whether he was in earnest or only thought me a fool. I knew, of course, that I had now become fair game for the blackmailers, and I was inclined to imagine that Mr. Snuzzer's solicitude was only a transparent attempt to extort money.

"And what would it cost me to secure the good offices of Messrs. Saraband & Sons?" I asked, seeking enlightenment as to his probable demands.

"Our charges, sir, are no more than out-of-pocket expenses and a small retaining fee, say \$25 a week. After that a pro rata premium, according to the risks."

"Risks? I do not quite understand."

"The perils, sir, from which you are saved, either by premonition, guardianship or actual rescue. We have a graduated scale. I shall be happy to leave the 'skedool' with you. Here are some of the items: sequestration, false charges, wounding, loss of limb, death—"

"Murder, in short?" I still spoke in a flippant tone. "What is the known distance against that?"

"His face did not relax, and he answered gravely: 'From £10,000 up to any sum, according to the nearness of the risk.'"

"Well, I will think over your obliging offer. Possibly, if I find I cannot take care of myself, I may come to you. For the present I shall trust to Scotland Yard and my own endeavors."

"You are wrong, sir, entirely wrong, believe that, said my visitor darkly as he rose to take his leave. 'You are in considerable danger, sir, and it will increase hourly. And you have given points against you. The chief aim of these big 'bungo steers' is, of course, to pouch your dollars, but it is known that you are concerned with the differences between our two great countries. It is supposed that you hold important military information, state secrets that might be got out of you, squeezed out of you, if they put you in a tight place. You may decline our offer—that is your own affair. But, sir, let me conjure you to carry a six-shooter on all occasions; go nowhere—well, to no strange or unusual places—alone."

"It trust it is not quite so bad as all that, Mr. Snuzzer. Still, I am grateful, and I shall certainly remember you if, if—"

"You survive? Yes, sir, but do not leave it too late. You have been marked down, captain, and they will strike at you, somehow, soon, today, tomorrow, any time. They contend that the M'Faught millions were acquired by spoliation and sharp practice."

"Is there any truth in that?" I broke in hurriedly.

"Bully M'Faught was a smart man, and struck some close things; but he was no more entitled to state's prison than those he fought with on Wall st. Any stick is good enough to beat a dog with, and your enemies will talk tall about surrendering ill gotten gains, because it is a good show card. I do not think you need lie awake wondering whether you should make restitution to the widow and the fatherless—anyway, not till it's forced upon you, as it may be."

"And you can save me from that?"

"Or worse. We think you will be well advised to consider our offer. If we can be of any service to you, remember our telephone number is 287356, and I shall reply personally or by proxy at any time, day or night. You have also my address, 39 Norfolk st., Strand. I reside there, on the premises. I shall be proud to receive your instructions, and—if it is not too late—"

to come to your assistance on the shortest notice. Good day, captain. Think well of what I say."

How was I to take all this? Seriously? I had read in every school book of the snares and pitfalls of great wealth, but had never dreamt—who could?—of dangers so very strange and terrible as those that now menaced me, if I were to give credence to this extraordinary tale.

Someone had me as I passed down Piccadilly, and, turning, I recognized a man I knew, Lawford by name, a big, burly, fat voiced man, with jet black beard, so unmistakably dyed that it increased his years and gave an unwholesome tinge to his pallid complexion. He had greasy, fawning manners—an assumption of bonhomie that you instinctively distrust. I never cared for him much, but he always pretended to be the most devoted of friends.

I had met this Lawford on the other side of the Atlantic, in the South American city where I had spent some time in a recent mission. He gave it out that he was prospecting for gold in those parts, but many believed that he was a spy and secret agent of the American government. Then we came home together in the same steamer, and I was much thrown with him on board. He was on his way to England to make his and every one's fortune, mine included. I confess the fellow amused me; his schemes were so tremendous; he had such a profound belief in himself and in the simplicity of the British public.

"Yes, sir, I shall spoil them; stick them up and carry off a pile of plunder. You'll do well to cut in with me, captain. You'd strike it rich; yes, sir. I can dispose of 75,000 acres of real estate which is just honeycombed with gold. The greater part belongs to me, Rufus Lawford, but I won't part with your damned capitalists have unbuttoned. But they will that when they've seen my prospectuses and heard my witching tongue."

Lawford had not found the innocents of the city so easy to beguile. He passed through many phases of good and evil fortune in the months that followed his arrival. I saw him from time to time, now gorgeous, now looking like a sweep. Sometimes he was on the eve of pulling off some gigantic operation, at others he was in the depths of despair, and borrowed a sovereign "on account" of the great fortune he meant some day to force on me. He evidently did not prosper in his schemes of promotion. But he still hung upon the frontier of finance in the neutral, debatable ground where every man's hand is against his fellows, and frank brigandage is more or less the rule.

I was surprised to find him in the West end, and told him so, as he

overtook me with the "fifth" Globe in his hand.

"Halloo! Halloo! I'm taking a holiday. Those galoots eastward won't bite, and I thought I'd give myself an airing in the park. Never expected to see you," which was a deliberate lie, for I had reason to know, later, that he had come out for that very purpose. "See your name in the papers. Presume it's you? They've got the whole story. Fine fortune, young sir, fine. Wish you joy."

I thanked him, not over-cordially, perhaps; for the man bored me, and I guessed that his was only an early attack upon my new-found millions.

"Now, Capt. Wood, I am delighted to have met you, for I may be able to give you a little advice. You will be assailed on all sides—you capitalists are the natural game of the promoters. Give them a wide berth. There's a mass of villainy about. Don't trust 'em—not a man of them, if you're in any difficulty, if you've got a few thousands to play with at any time, you come straight to me. I shall be delighted to serve you, for yourself, mind, and for the sake of old times. For I knew Bully M'Faught well."

"Ah, indeed! Tell me about him. You knew him? I was eager to hear more of the man from whom my strangely unexpected fortune had come."

"I knew old M'Faught. No fear—knew him well and did business with him, but not so much as you could have liked—worse luck. If I could have gotten upon his shoulders I should have waltzed into unbounded wealth. But you had to be with him, not against him. He made some men, but he ruined more—stock, lock and barrel. It don't matter to you, anyhow, whether he piled up the dollars on dead men's bones or robbed the saints. Guess you can freeze onto what he gathered."

I laughed a little uneasily; but, after all, who was this Lawford, and why should I care for what he said? It was probably untrue.

"Will you be going over to God's country any time soon, Captain Wood? Wish you'd take me with you. You'll want a sheepdog, and I guess I'm pretty fit."

"You're very good. I shall remember; but I doubt my going just at present. Now I think I'll turn in here." We were passing the portals of my club, the Nelson and Wellington, commonly called the N. and W. (To be continued)

## ALLEGED YUKON GOLD THIEF FREE

DAWSON, April 14.—Without testifying in his own behalf, Richard Hall was acquitted of complicity in the theft of \$40,000 in gold from a steamer on the Yukon a year ago. George Kincaid, first accused of the crime, killed himself to avoid trial and the prosecution was unable to satisfy the jury that Hall was a party to the theft. All but \$16,000 of the stolen dust has been recovered.

## INTIMATE CORRESPONDENCE FROM WASHINGTON

By RATH

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 14.—Dear Dad: No. The railways will not reduce wages. And I suspect that T. R. smiles when he sees the headlines in the papers. Why will the railways not reduce wages? Because T. R. will send some of their prominent officials to jail if they do. Ugh! Sounds like coercion, doesn't it? Where is the N. Y. Sun? Here is the point at which they are scheduled to throw a fit! Because it's this way. You see, they all got ready to draw a long face and tell how poor they were, and how it was now quite inevitable that all wages must be reduced. And the tin went to the bookkeeping departments. And the month of January saw the slimmest net revenue showings you can imagine. Then the L. & N. issued that statement about "hostile legislation," etc., making it necessary to soak the poor workman. And the managers put on the screws, and strikes began to impend, and all that. But they had forgotten the publicity feature of the new rate law. They had forgotten that an inspector can now dig up the fact when they make improper charges of revenue to betterments et cetera. And they had neglected to remember that it is a jail offense. But the presence of four inspectors in the auditor's office and the reminder of the officers of that concern. And some other roads were similarly reminded. And the next month's returns on the L. & N. showed a startling improvement. And, as the hero says in the melodrama, there will be no strike tonight!

I see Jim Watson has been nominated by the Indiana republican machine for governor. Jim told me some time ago he was tired carrying water to the elephant, and I guess he told Fairbanks the same thing. Said he would have to have something, and have it soon, or there would be something doing. But I understand it was Jim Gowdy who really turned the trick for him. Watson is one of these "wounded" politicians who believe in the system for the system's sake. Well, he has carried his share of the water, and now he has a pass into the tent. What next?

Speaking of the Indiana Jims—I listened and was edified the other night as Jim Hemenway (senator) orated at length on the proposition that T. R. is the only candidate who can get away with the next election. Seeing Jim is Fairbanks' principal campaign manager, it sounded funny. And I wondered, too, who his dear, dear friend Uncle Joe would have thought if he could have heard. I guess Jim would like to see Fairbanks continued as vice

## STURGES OFFERS Watches At Cost

We have a large number of Elgin and Waltham watches that must be sold at once. Low expenses make it possible for us to undersell everyone in Spokane on diamonds. We can save you 25 per cent.

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**SUITS AT \$25.00**—Our best selling assortment, nobby Prince Chaps and stylish Mandarin effects, in shadow plaid and striped Panamas, chiffon broadcloths and novelty check and plaid suitings; the colors that we are showing are tans, leather browns, Copenhagen blues, reseed green, navy, grays and black; the coats are trimmed or plain; the skirts are generally pleated.

**SILK SUITS AT \$20.00**—Wonder adaptations from imported models, presenting all the appearance and style of the highest priced garments in princess and jumper effects; the cloth designs are beautiful. Dots, stripes, plaids and novelty mixtures and plain colors. The fabrics are foulards, pongees, taffetas and other silks. At least a hundred suits at this price for you to make a selection from.

**THE HIGHER PRICED SUITS**—All priced up to \$75.00 in great abundance. Every wanted color shown and the late style from eastern markets added to the stock every day. Special prominence is given to the assortments at \$35.00 and \$45.00. At these prices we can show you a hundred colors.

Easter is nearly here, and if you want to get a good assortment of garments to select from we would advise an early visit. Tomorrow will be a good time to come here.

## Closing Out These Three Lines in the Carpet and Bedding Dept.

**Granite Carpet**—Only six patterns left over; the colors are red, green and blue mixtures; just the thing for bedrooms, 35c value \$23c

**Pendleton Indian robes**—In a great assortment of fancy designs, slightly soiled and mused from handling; the \$6.25 grade on sale at \$4.98

**11-4 All Wool Blankets**—In tan or gray, a good heavy blanket. We guarantee it to be all wool; \$6.25 grade on sale at \$4.15

## Easter Gloves at Less Prices

Ladies' 12 button length, double tipped silk gloves; Fowne's famous make, in black and white only; all sizes of the \$1.25 grade on sale Wednesday at a pair \$1.00

Ladies' 16 button length silk gloves, in all colors, including black and white; the grade that we sell regularly at \$2.50 a pair on sale Wednesday at a pair \$2.00

Ladies' 16 button length glace kid gloves, the best kid glove in the market, in all the new shades to match the new spring suits. Every pair guaranteed in every way. Price, a pair \$3.75

## Belts and Purses for Wear With the New Easter Garments

The separate skirt and the shirt waist demand a pretty belt and many an otherwise correct outfit is spoiled because of the fact that the right attention is not paid to the belt. Leather and silk elastic belts are the right things this season, and these we are showing in all the wanted colors. Prices 50c to \$2

The Hand Bags—In shades of color to match your new suit, in leather and silk makes; a superb assortment is to be seen at the Wonder at all prices 75c to \$2

## Men's Suits for Easter Sunday

The suit that combines style, correct color and moderate price is best bought at the Wonder. We can show you complete assortments of the Kirschbaum and Hackett-Carhart lines of clothing, the best made, most perfectly finished and most stylish suits in America. The cloths are guaranteed all wool and we guarantee every suit that we sell from these lines to wear for not less than a year; to keep its color and retain its shape for that length of time. A guarantee like this can not be given with any other line of clothing in America—it's genuine and has no restrictions. Let us show you our suit lines \$20 \$25 \$30

## The Easter Neckwear

The kind that you want to freshen up the waist and to add a touch of white to the suit or dress. Full stocks now to be seen 15c up

## Four Shopping Days Before Easter

Your Hat Must Be Bought on One of These Days

Styles count. You want style and you can get it best at the Wonder. The most wanted styles are the "Merry Widow" Sailors, the English Turban and some large models on the Mushroom lines.

The wanted colors are just the color that you personally want, and of course you want a hat to match your new Easter suit. That particular hat is here awaiting you.

The best prices are not the highest prices. Wonder millinery is marked to sell at less prices than has ever been the case at this early season in any previous year.

Merry Widow Sailors \$2.50, \$5.00, \$7.50  
Ready to wear Street Hats \$2.50 to \$10.00  
Swell Dress Hats \$5.00 to \$50.00  
All Children's Millinery on sale for this week at a discount of 25 per cent.

## King Ed Eats Eggs At \$3 Per Bite

LONDON, April 14.—King Edward has breakfasted upon the eggs of the golden plover, the first of the season, as precedent decrees, at \$3 a bite. They were forwarded to him at Biarritz.

For years it has been custom in England to forward the first plover eggs of the season to the king. He pays fancy prices for them and the first five found this year brought \$5 apiece.

It would be little short of treason in the English mind not to favor the king with the first find.

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