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NOW HAVE A GOOD LAUGH.

The country has been having a laugh over the "joke" an Augusta judge perpetrated by fining three negroes an aggregate sum of \$210,000,000. A little comparison with another great fine of recent judicial history brings out still finer points of this joke, and incidentally uncovers its rival in burlesque.

Judge Landis fined the Standard Oil Co. \$29,000,000 on a jury verdict of guilt against the Rockefeller monopoly.

The Augusta judge fined each negro \$70,000,000, leaving the John D. affair considerably in the shade. There are elements of similarity in the two cases, however, notwithstanding the final difference in results.

The negroes had allowed garbage to accumulate on their premises and rot, corrupting the air. Lacking the convenience of ready money to pay the full amount of the fine fixed they were allowed to pay \$1 each and depart amid the guffaws of an appreciative commonwealth. Great glee, that, especially for those who were permitted to see the negroes' faces when the sentence was pronounced.

Standard Oil had the money to pay the fine Judge Landis prescribed. It was worth a billion.

It had allowed the garbage of illegal and rotten practices to accumulate on its premises until it has corrupted social air and political life—not of a city alone, but of the nation.

Having the money it did not pay any more than the poverty stricken negroes did. In fact, it did not pay as much, for the negroes gave up \$3, and John D. has not been separated from one cent in the form of a fine out of a prosecution counted the greatest law enforcement undertaking of Roosevelt's career.

The court of appeals jumped on Judge Landis for fining John D.'s concern, the case was sent back, ostensibly for a new trial, and yesterday another judge balked the government to such extent with his rulings in favor of the oil monopoly that the case was dropped in open court on an admission from the legal representatives of the United States that a conviction could not be hoped for.

In this view the court himself coincided, and the joke that has cost the country thousands of dollars stood forth in its humorous perfection.

At first it seemed as if the joke was on the negroes, but the finale puts it on you, good natured reader. If you can't see the point you will feel it when John D. begins to play even through the oil and other human necessity markets he controls.

There is another phase of the matter that attracts attention, although it cannot be justly termed significant at this time.

In a case that Roosevelt pushed the hardest, and the success of which meant more than any other for the cause of justice under modern conditions, the government attorneys are finally thrown out, almost laughed out of court the week after Roosevelt leaves office.

FULTON ON THE FEDERAL BENCH?

For the good of public decency and that the new administration may not start out with a distinctive vile stench of its own, it is to be hoped there is no foundation for the report that President Taft is going to appoint Fulton of Oregon to the federal bench.

This man Fulton was repudiated by his own party and all parties in Oregon. Because of his record in politics and out of politics, a democrat sits in the United States senate, elected from a republican state by a republican legislature. To elevate Fulton to the United States bench would be a positive insult to every patriot who believes in Roosevelt policies or Roosevelt honesty of administration, and cause every law-breaking corporation and every individual grabber, from one end of the country to the other, to snort with amusement and take a new hold of public belongings with satisfaction.

There will be only one reason for Fulton being put on the federal bench, and it is a dirty one. He is a backer of Frank Hitchcock, who sent bulldozers to Oregon to defeat the people's will and make infamous liars and traitors of legislators during the voting for United States senator last January. It will be discouraging to the common people and tough on the honorable judiciary of the nation should Taft pay any cabinet member's little political debts by elevation to the federal bench of men like Fulton. The people of Fulton's own state politically killed and buried him, and not even President Taft can resurrect that corpse without creating a stench that will stick to his clothes for all time.

TIDA WAVES ON THE LAND, TOO

Professor Hecker, a German scientist, has just established the fact that tidal waves pass over the land as well as the water, and that measuring the earth, these waves often reach a height of about eight inches.

That people can't see the tides as they pass over the solid ground is due to the size of the earth, and the fact that every one is standing on top of the earth.

There's no way of stepping off the earth and watching it rise and fall. On the same principle, people traveling on the ocean do not notice the tides.

Hecker's method of determining "land tides" was to erect a tall column with a supersensitive plumb

bob attached to the top. As the earth surface, following the progress of the moon, slowly rose to a crest, then subsided, the tiny plumb bob betrayed it.

NO RYE IN ROCKFORD.

The incorporated town of Rockford has taken the expression of the people of the township of Rockford as a criterion on the question of licensing saloons, and the Rockford town council in deference to the strong "dry" sentiment of the adjoining farming country, has concluded to also go "dry" by refusing to renew licenses. The first saloon application to come up since the farmers held their election was that of Patrick Hunt, and it was promptly rejected.

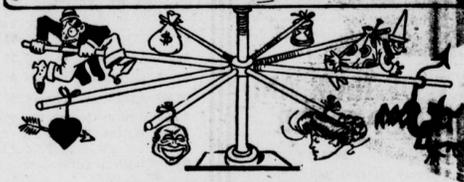
King Alfonso is the busiest ruler in Europe. He is raising a baby

PARCELS POST



Packages that may go through the mails if the London suffrage's latest idea is adopted here. In London, the other day, two zealous seekers after woman's rights addressed and stamped themselves and entered the postoffice as human mail. They were delivered at the home of the prime minister, but he refused to accept the "parcels."

MOST ANYTHING



THE WHIRLIGIG OF LIFE.



"Th' roll o' thunder don't make a louder noise than a roll o' money."

ple in the next flat have dry toast or soup or celery at meals, we can hear 'em just as plain.

A Pennsylvania squire rules that it is a crime to steal an umbrella. He wants it to rain only on the unjust.

Calendar spring comes on March 31. The real article comes when it is good and ready.

King Alfonso turned down an invitation of Wilbur Wright's to ride in an aeroplane. "My wife won't let me," he said. Even as you or I.

IF 'TWERE AS IT SOUNDS.



"YOU KNOW THE OLD PROVERB: 'IT IS ILL SHAVING AGAINST THE GRAIN.'"

MR. SKYJACK, FROM MARS

HE VISITS THE EARTH AS A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT AND MAKES WIRELESS OBSERVATIONS IN HIS NOTEBOOK

ENTERED HOUSE CONTAINING GREAT VARIETY OF TROPHIES AND MEMENTOS SAW COMPANY OF MANKIND EARLY-BRINGS GATHERED ABOUT LARGE HEAT-DOZER EARTH-BEINGS WERE AFFECTED BY HEAT, CAUSING THEM TO ASSUME QUARRELSONE ATTITUDES AND INDULGE IN EXCITED MODE OF TALK DELIVERY.



DAILY SHORT STORY

THE TIGRESS.

He had first seen her at St. Petersburg. The American, who had been seeking knowledge in travel, forgot his mission. Catherine Gourko was handsome. Her large, expressive brow eyes held in their depths a charm and fascination which none could resist. Sometimes they dreamed. Usually they laughed and sparkled. Again they might be sad, or even blaze with hatred. The abundant jet black hair contrasted well with the white neck, the pale temples and rosy cheeks. Then there was the beautifully molded figure, endowed with the subtle strength of an animal.

Dewald became a monomaniac. His world now centered in this woman. As before, he passed along the avenues lined with palaces and planted with trees, but he saw only her face. He found himself shadowing her through villas and gardens. At last he joined the social clubs to which she belonged. They met.

A fighting chance had been won. He found a lion in his path. Nicholas Nevski stood closer than he. Dewald planned to call at the same hour. This was enough. It was now a survival of the fittest. One must die.

Catherine Gourko smiled upon each. She even aided them by a suggestion. She arranged for the determining ordeal. Dewald was on hand at the appointed hour. The dice were thrown. The Russian had apparently been favored by chance. Neither suspected that the dice were loaded. They passed from the beautifully furnished outer room, with its pictures, stately, costly furniture and rare works of art, to the chamber of death.

The chamber was spacious and devoid of effects. Its walls were so arranged as to deaden sound. It was lined with set metal. The tigress had rid herself of other suitors by this method, although it was but one of her cunning devices. The Russian was handed a revolver. He took his place in the center of the room. His face wore an expression of triumph. A necklace of tiny bells was hung about Dewald's neck. He retreated to the farther end of the room. The place would soon be darkened, and the shots of the Russian would follow the sound of the bells. If he escaped the tables would be turned.

The signal to fire would soon be given. Then Dewald felt the wall move back of him. He heard a whisper. He was led through the open panel. The panel closed again. Then the signal was given. There were other bells which tinkled. These hidden bells were manipulated about the walls by a cleverly devised mechanism. He listened to the shots within. The panel was again opened. He was thrust inside. The lights were turned on. He had escaped. It was his turn to smile. He took the revolver which was handed him.

Then a change came over him. It was a feeling of revulsion. She expected him to murder his rival. He cast a glance at the pale, determined face before him. He pitted the fellow. They were both fools. The light went out. He heard the tinkle of the bells—now here, now there. Then he pointed his revolver toward the ceiling and emptied its chambers. They again faced each other.

The outcome was a surprise to Catherine Gourko. There had been no groan—no outcry. She entered the room. "Ah, you have both escaped," she cried, apparently pleased at the outcome. "What an actress she was! "Well, the American was tested first," she exclaimed. "Is it not so?" She approached Dewald with outstretched arms.

Thrusting her from him, he cried: "Friend, would you deal unfairly with an admirer? Look! Dewald moved toward the sliding panel and pushed it open. The Russian looked on in amazement. "I was not in the room when you fired," Dewald continued. "When my turn came, I avoided the direction of the sound."

The tigress laughed. "Do not be so serious, Dewald. The affair was only a test of nerve. Neither of you was in peril; besides, your cartridges were blank." For answer Dewald cast a glance at the ceiling, and then at the flattened bullets at his feet. The Russian followed his eye and understood.

The game was not ended. Nevski's life was still at stake. Dewald sprang to the electric button. The lights were extinguished. Then he grasped Nevski by the hand, and they hurried toward the exit. The Russian tore the bells from his back and flung them in her direction. As the necklace struck the floor there was a blinding flash and report from an accomplice outside. They heard a piercing scream. Then all was silent.

TO RESTORE COLOR OF FRUIT.

If your canned red fruits look dingy and faded, here's a way to restore the color and make your fruit dish look prettier. Just add the juice of cranberry sauce before serving. This has been successfully tried with cherries, strawberries and currants, and the flavor of the fruit was in no way impaired.

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SHE RAISED MORE THAN 40 CHILDREN. GAINESVILLE, Ga., March 11.—"Aunt Jane" McCrary, an old colored mammy, who had a neat little farm a few miles down the country, is dead, after living so many years she could not remember her age. In a home made buggy with a lean, gray "jenny" attached to the crude vehicle, she was a familiar figure on the streets here when she came to town with produce. She raised more than 40 children—about a dozen of her own, and strange for a woman of her race, more than two dozen adopted colored children.

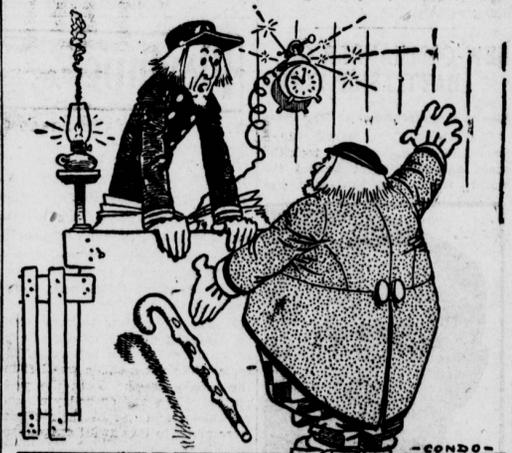
Doorman—The great savant can not be disturbed. He is busy in his study.

Visitor—Ah, engaged in solving some perplexing problem?

Doorman—Yes, he is trying to put together one of those cut-up puzzles.

ADOLF GETS ROBBED

SCENE—A Police Station. Osgar as desk sergeant. Enter Adolf with a complaint and without a watch.



Osgar—Vell vot iss der charge against you?

Adolf—Ach, I am nod a brisoner. I vant to rebort a robbery.

"For goodness sakes! Vere?"

"In my pocket. I haf been rifled."

"I dink a man of your caliber iss easily rifled. Vot dit you lose?"

"A vatch—my best vatch."

"Vot time dit id happen?"

"How can I tell, ven I haf nod der vatch to tell id by?"

"Den describe der tief."

"I coul't easier describe her vatch. It was a oben faced vatch mitoud a lid. Id hat a Choimann silfer kase und Swiss cheese mofemenda."

"Vot vass ids number?"

"Only von. Raise please a larm."

"You are yust in dime for dot. Der alarm clock iss yust vaking idseluf up."

"Ach, you make me sick mit your foolish answer. Can you dit nod dings? Can'd you put out a drag net?"

"You must dink der tief vass a sucker to be caught dot vay. Better

we detain you as a vittness."

"For why dot, I ask myself!"

"Becoss negat dime he vants to rob you he vill come here to dot id, und den we vill haf him."

"How vill I know he is der tief?"

"He vill recognize you."

"Tanks, but I don'd care to know him. Haf you no teory?"

"Why, I susbest he iss some poliss character."

"Ef so, he vass nod in uniform. Coult he haf been a blain clothes man?"

"Ferry likely. Nopody vout vant to take a vatch like dot to veat mit glat rags."

"Coult I look for him in der rogues' gallery?"

"Yess, but ef he iss a first class tief, you vout more easy find him in der rogues' parquet, too-hee."

"Ah, dere iss der villain! Dot'iss his picture."

"Vass you sure of id?"

"Yess, yess."

"Foolish man! Hiss picture proofs him to be innocence. Id shows him mitoud any vatch vot-eter!"

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