

LEARN, YE WHO HAVE EYES AND SEE NOT, FROM THEM WHO HAVE NO EYES, YET SEE

THEY ARE NOW OPENING UP A NEW WORLD TO CHILDREN WHO HAVE BEEN IN DARKNESS SINCE BIRTH.

How would you feel if you had to use the tips of your fingers to see the world and the multitude of things that are in it?

These blind children have never seen a tree—

They have never seen a chicken—

They have never seen a sheep or a cow—

They have never seen a river—

They have never seen anything of the great outdoors.

Now they're getting acquainted—through their finger tips.

A new world is being opened to them in the Overbrook Institution for the Blind at Philadelphia. Now they are beginning to see on the mirrors of their brain the shape and general appearance of live and inanimate things which exist outside the walls of their asylum.

They call it "examining"—it really is telegraphy.

The hands, passed over the hide of an animal or the feathers of a bird telegraph to the brain the contour and general appearance of the object so "examined," and the blind boy or girl from that hour knows exactly what the animal or bird looks like. Thenceforth its name assumes an entirely new meaning in the mind of the student.

In one of the class rooms at the institute there is a variety of mounted figures of birds and animals of the everyday kind. One is a sheep. It is pathetic to observe the delighted looks on the faces of the blind boys as they pass eager fingers over the woolly figure on the table.

Meanwhile the instructor explains:

"The wool you touch is the material from which our clothes are made. The sheep itself is the animal that provides us with our mutton. It is the sheep that you hear 'baa-a-ing' when you go to the park."



"CAN THEY HURT YOU WITH THIS SHARP BEAK?" LEARNING FROM THE DRIED COURSE OF A STREAM HOW RIVERS RUN.

And so the lesson proceeds while the students' busy fingers flutter over the woolly figure, examining it with keen interest.

In another part of the room a variety of mounted birds are placed around at convenient heights. A knowledge of the appearance of these birds could be acquired by the eyes in the fingers of the students. The color of the birds' plumage is explained by the instructor and the children are introduced to the world of feathered things—a world that would remain a sealed book to most of them but for this clever method of enabling them to see with their fingers.

The general complaint of the school teacher is the lack of interest on the part of the average

child. The blind student fairly bubbles over with enthusiasm.

"How high can it fly?" they ask. "Where does it build its nest?" "What does it eat? Can it hurt you with this sharp beak? How does it act when you go near it? Oh, do men shoot them? What a shame."

From the class rooms where creatures of earth and sky are studied the children are taken to the woods and fields and into the fine gardens adjoining the buildings. Here the acquaintance of Mother Earth is made at first hand.

It was strange to see a group of delighted children on their knees examining the course of a dried stream and following it eagerly

on its winding road.

"In this way," explains the instructor, "we teach them the course that a river will take. We cannot do this in any but a dried up stream, but by examining with their hands the twisting bed of a brook that is waterless the students can acquire a thorough knowledge of the way in which a brook or river pursues its way confined by the banks and winding where it will, in and out of the woods and meadows."

Another group of students collects around a tree.

"By touch alone," said the teacher, "the trained sense of these boys and girls will in time enable them to name a tree from its bark and leaves."

\$50,000 in the hole already. It would cost each man in the state \$3. And Easter bills to pay. Down with Murdock."

Ohio—\$2,000,000. "Records lost. Don't believe the state ever got it. Whole transaction was only on paper, anyhow."

North Carolina—\$1,400,000. "Money all gone. Spent for state bank, school improvements and carpetbaggers."

Maryland—\$280,000. "Not in position to return the loan without special action of general assembly. Money all gone."

New York—\$4,000,000. "Only state which invested the money well. Can pay easily if required. Bill authorizing such payment already before legislature."

Wisconsin—"Nothing doing. Re-payment would bankrupt the state. Special levy would have to be made."

Kentucky—\$1,000,000. "Money was placed in school fund. Nothing in treasury to pay back with, but if we must, we must."

Indiana—"Have forgotten all about it. Can't pay back. Takes all we've got to pay running expenses."

Arkansas—"No record of any such loan to state."

Georgia—"State records burned during Sherman's march. Couldn't pay back anyhow. Saloon license money not available any more, and we're having hard struggle to get along."

Mississippi—"No one, from governor to fourteenth assistant messenger of treasury department, has any recollection of such a loan."

Louisiana—have gone through all the books clear back to beginning, but can't find it. Must be a mistake."

"Your arms," he said, "are as perfect as those of the Venus of Milo."

And that went for a compliment until she saw a picture of the Venus of Milo.

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SOUNDS LIKE WHITECAPPERS

PEOPLE OF FAIRFIELD PROTEST ON MIXED UP CASE THERE AND HINT OF SOMETHING DOING.

A letter, with a concluding paragraph that reads like an Indiana whitecap notice, has been received by the county commissioners from George W. Brown, justice of the peace and police judge of Fairfield.

He complains of the fact that A. J. Bates and wife, former inmates of the county poor farm, who married while in that institution, and are still on the county relief list, are entertaining F. B. Brown, another former charge of the county, and that the family relations of the trio have become so mixed as to create a lot of talk around the town. Brown, in conclusion, writes:

"Something should be done in this matter. The people here would like to have one of you come down and investigate this. Mr. Bates must be taken from here or there will be trouble."

Investigation showed that Bates and wife were drawing \$10 per month from the county, which was ordered cut off by the commissioners until the case can be sifted. The records show that Brown, the newcomer, whose appearance has caused the protest, was sent by the county, at its expense, to Butte about a year ago. Prior to that time he had been an inmate of the poor farm, where he met Bates and his wife.

The commissioners would regret to see any whitecapping occur in Spokane county and may designate one of their number to investigate the case in order to appease the wrath of Fairfield.

To Whom It May Concern:

Any person contemplating of about to commence a law suit will do well to call and see M. T. O'Connor, Room 505, fifth floor Hyde block, who can give you good sound legal advice in any matters pertaining to law or equity. O'Connor is a gentleman of the old school, whose advice is sound in law matters, but my advice in advance is for any person that can avoid it to let law alone, as it is a very expensive luxury to deal in, more especially when you fall into the hands of slysters and pettifoggers, who are more numerous than lawyers in good standing.

Yours with respect, M. T. O'CONNOR, B. A. L.

URGES COLORED VOTERS TO BE FOR OMO

J. Harry Harris, colored attorney of this city, contributes the following on the city campaign from the viewpoint of the political interests of his race:

"I am a republican and always have been, and at all times have stood for republican principles, because they are the only principles, if carried out, that stand continually for the highest standard of manhood and the American doctrine. Therefore I shall support Mr. Omo for mayor and advise the members of my race to do the same. Not that I have anything to say against Mr. Pratt, the opposing candidate, but the election of Mr. Pratt at this time and the defeat of Mr. Omo will mean too much to my race and the party two years hence, when we are to again choose our representative in the United States congress, and our

county commissioners. To be strong then, we should support and elect Mr. Omo for mayor. "It is said by many that if Mr. Omo is elected he will have an open town. Let me say to my people it matters not who you elect there will be no open town. Omo can't open the town unless the people say so. The law is greater than the executive, if the people will see that it is enforced. If I thought he could or would throw our city open I would not ask you for his support, nor would I give him mine, or give it to the party. "But we want clean homes, hotels and lodging houses for the protection of decency against anything we have now. And no people need this worse than our respectable white citizens, who have been forced into this business for a living. My remedy is a restricted district. It is the duty of Mr. Omo to give us a liberal administration if elected and protect us against the evils."

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GREAT OAK ENFOLDS MONUMENT AT CHILD'S GRAVE



Special Correspondence to The Press: MEMPHIS, Tenn., April 14.—It took Dame Nature just 64 years to do this artistic piece of work in Winchester cemetery of this city. When Virginia Kirk, age 13, died in 1845, 16 years before the war,

OLD CLOTHES ARE FAITHFUL STILL

Hilarious and happy from the effects of a terrible jolt of booze, mingled with his ill luck of yesterday, John Ryan, who was robbed of all his earthly effects at the New York hotel Sunday night, staggered into police headquarters to see what progress had been made in his case this morning. On the whole, his appearance suggested real poverty, yet was pitiously amusing. One knee was exposed to view through an ill fitting pair of threadbare trousers, and many other spots on his regalia needed patches—but these were the best he had.

He sat wrapped in a bed sheet—

which was about all his friend left him—for hours yesterday, taxing his befuddled brain for a solution of his distressing circumstance. Finally he struck upon a plan. He purchased the whole new outfit, which was stolen from him, up-town Saturday afternoon and had He just sneaked out to the telephone while no one was looking, and not long afterward was reunited with his faithful old togs. Nothing has been heard of Ryan's "friend," who departed early yesterday morning with everything poor Ryan had.

Mrs. Taft's name heads the roll of honorary members of the Daughters of Ohio. She was elected at a recent meeting of the society, which was held in New York.

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HARD-UP UNCLE SAM'S BOYS WON'T PAY THAT OLD BORROW



"Now look here, son, I've spent about \$4,000 on you, bringing you up, buying clothes and food for you, putting you through school, paying your fool debts, and all that—a lot of money. Now, how about your paying me back?"

Suppose your father, some bright rainy cloudy morning, when his breakfast didn't agree with him, should spruz this at you.

Wouldn't you be taken aback, grieved, surprised, chagrined, peeved, and so forth?

Well, that's what happened when Victor Murdock, representative from Kansas, speaking for Uncle Sam, demanded back some \$28,000,000 from the states, which was given them way back in 1836.

State treasurers and auditors were astounded, some of them angry, all agrieved.

"Forget it," they said. And "Who is this man Murdock?" they asked.

And "We will write to our congressman about it and see that such an outrageous bill isn't passed."

Those eight and twenty millions were dealt out of Uncle Sam's surplus in the days of Andy Jackson, before people saw the panic of

1837 coming. Each of the states took it as a nice windfall, spent it for the general good, and promptly forgot all about it.

Nearly all the states acted like the man of one talent, except that they also lost the talent. Lots of them say they forgot about ever having it.

In phony banks, and moribund improvements, in canals that never were navigated, in libraries that never held books, in the blue jeans of legislators and carpetbaggers, the money went—usually without accounting.

And now, after 72 years, to be called on to deliver! No wonder there is excitement around various state houses and blessings are being called down on the head of the man Murdock—Murdock, whose own state didn't get in on the grand divvy, and has nothing to pay back.

Here is the answer in tabulated form:

Pennsylvania—\$2,700,000. "An outrage," say the state officials. "The money has been spent yabs and yabs ago. We won't pay unless we just have to."

Delaware—\$280,000. Not much. We haven't got the money. We're