

# THE SPOKANE PRESS

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## THE BLIND GODDESS OF JUSTICE.

The familiar figure on many of our courthouses is that of a woman, blindfolded, holding the sword of justice in her hand.

How can one who is blindfolded use a sword intelligently and efficiently?

Our courts often seem to be blind to what everyone else can see. A notable instance of this is the recent decision of the United States supreme court in the commodities case. Congress passed an act to prevent railroads and other carriers from also being shippers. Congress rightly thought that a carrier would be tempted to discriminate in his own favor as a shipper. The judges of the supreme court solemnly say that the act of congress is all right, and as solemnly decide that the law means nothing. The court held that the anthracite coal owners in Pennsylvania could not lawfully ship over their lines coal which those railroads owned, but that if the railroads organized a coal mining corporation which owned the coal, that the shipment of that coal would not be a violation of the law even if the railroad owned all the stock of the coal mining company.

It is such failures to make the administration of justice intelligent and efficient that tend to bring the law and its administration into contempt.

Contrast with the action of the United States supreme court certain decisions of the supreme court of Illinois. The grain elevators are in Illinois regarded as public instrumentalities, just as railroads are. Certain big business men in Chicago conceived the idea of organizing a corporation which owned elevators, and another corporation to buy and sell grain, the stock in both corporations being owned by the same men. They did with the grain business just what the coal barons are doing with the coal business in Pennsylvania. The supreme court of Illinois cut through the legal technicality and held that the man who was in the gain buying and selling business was just as much violating the elevator law when he did it through another corporation as if he did it directly. In other words, the court dropped the bandage from its eyes and saw the thing as it really was, and so seeing, used the sword of justice intelligently and efficiently to correct the evil.

Another contrast might be useful. The United States supreme court solemnly declared the Northern Securities Co. to be a violation of the law, but permitted the stocks held by it to be so distributed that the stifling of competition is just as efficient as if the United States supreme court had decided the Northern Securities Co. case the other way. Recently the supreme court of Illinois has had a similar question before it. It decided, not only that the holding of the stock of the other corporation was illegal, but it declared the whole transaction void and restored the stock to the original holders. Thus it made its judgment effective and restored the competitor which the financiers had tried to destroy.

Is it not about time that the bandage should be removed from the eyes of justice; that judges should see things as they are, and that instead of deciding abstract principles, judges and all other officers of the law should exert themselves to their utmost to make their judgments effective? What the people want is not well written opinions and high sounding legal phrases, but the sword of justice wielded so intelligently and effectively that the rich malefactor shall be compelled to obey the law. When courts do their duty in this respect there will be less occupation for high priced lawyers, who point the way in which frauds may be committed and yet keep their clients out of jail.

## SLAUGHTER OF CHRISTIANS.

A few years ago all Christendom was aroused over the way the Chinese in China were slaughtering Christians for being Christian. Our own John Hay, secretary of state, almost immortalized himself by officially denouncing the slaughter and spurring his government on to armed interference. It made no difference that most of the people being butchered were the despised "little yellow people." They had become believers in the Christ of civilized nations and that was enough. England, Germany, France and other nations took up the matter and we all know what followed. The blood letting followers of Confucius were put down.

At the present date, another attempt to wipe out Christians by cutting the throats of men, women and children is under way. This time, the followers of Mohammed are doing the butchering and the victims are white people, mostly Armenians. The atrocities now being perpetrated by the "unspeakable Turks" exceed anything that the Chinese exterminators of Christianity ever invented in the way of brutality and horror.

Nobody interferes. In the first instance cited, it was China, with no navy, no army worth considering. In the second instance, it is Turkey, with an army and navy and with all the foreign powers jealous of any interference lest the interfering power secure some trade or territorial advantage over the others. The regard of nations for Christianity seems to be wholly on a commercial basis. There is no fight for Christ when tariff or other trade considerations enter into the matter.

## WATER FROM JORDAN GURGLES IN GUTTER

(By United Press)  
NEW YORK, May 17.—Three thousand gallons of water imported from the river Jordan by Colonel Chas. Nauda, of Covington, Ky., were poured into the gutters from the warehouse in which the big casks had been stored.

The water was imported by the colonel with the belief that there would be a big demand for it by

parents who would like to have their babies baptized in the water from the holy stream. He admits, however, that parents have not been as anxious to avail themselves of the opportunity as he had hoped.

"Did you buy that suit for all wool?" "I did." "You got fleeced."

Smith—Do you believe in woman suffrage? Brown—Sure! Let the women suffer the same as the men.

# EXCELSIOR UP TO DATE



THE NATIVES IN ROOSEVELT'S HUNTING PARTY HAVE NAMED HIM BWANA TUMBO, OR "PORTLY MASTER."

The shades of night were falling fast  
When through an Afric village passed  
A youth who bore 'mid fields of rice  
A banner with the strange device:  
BWANA TUMBO!

His nose was flat, his feet were bare,  
And cocoanut oil shone in his hair,  
But on his beefsteak lips there hung  
A warning in his native tongue:  
BWANA TUMBO!

"What's coming off?" the old man said,  
Emerging from his hut with dread.  
"It is a fire, a murder or suicide?"  
And loud the stranger's voice replied:  
BWANA TUMBO!

"Oh, stay!" the maiden murmured,  
"Do—  
We've got stewed dog on today's menu."  
The water dripped from his pensive mouth,  
But he only answered, pointing south,  
BWANA TUMBO!

In vain the simple village folk  
Implored the youth to explain the joke;  
He simply flashed his banner quaint  
Which bore the words in fresh black paint:  
BWANA TUMBO!

But presently the jungle shook  
Till tremors stirred its furthest nook—  
Approaching fast and then much faster,  
He came, they saw, the "Portly Master,"  
BWANA TUMBO!

## DAILY PRESS' MOVING PICTURES



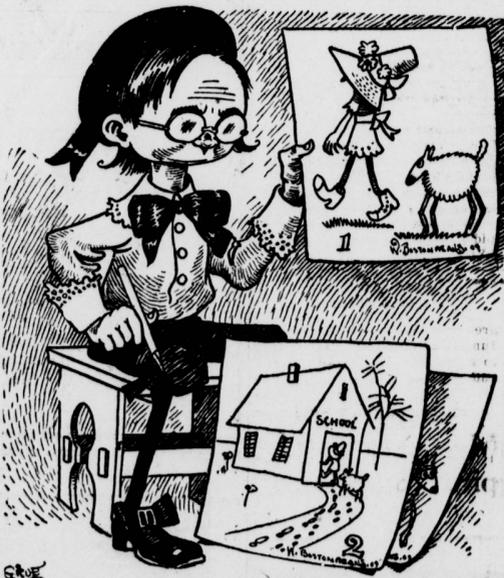
SHE'S THE GOODS.

"Wool, a yard wide, and warranted to wash."  
Who is this worried looking gentleman? Can any little boy or girl in the audience snap his finger and tell us who it is?  
Mr. Franklin MacVeagh, secretary of the treasury.  
Right. And now I will tell you why he is looking worried.  
It is not because he is a democrat. He isn't really very much a democrat.  
It is the defect that makes him

look that way. He is secretary of a treasury with a deficit.  
Didn't Mr. MacVeagh ever see a deficit before?  
Bless you, no! He was in the grocery business. There never is any deficit in the grocery business. At least not when you inherit it from your father.  
It is very hard for a democratic grocer to come into a republican cabinet with a deficit.  
It has been noticed that people who bury the hatchet generally mark the spot.

## HIGHBROW NURSERY LORE

BY WALDO BOSTONBEANS.



MARY AND HER LAMB.

A quite touching instance of brute affection is that related in the case of one Margaret, presumably of tender years, who numbered among her possessions the young of a sheep, which was endowed with a coat of fine woolly texture immaculate in appearance as the crystalline moisture precipitated from the clouds in the more rigorous season of the year.

In this connection it is cited that the immature animal carried out so excessively a well known instinct of its kind to proceed with a leader, that it formed the habit of following Miss Margaret to whatever point of the compass her inclination directed her.

When it is considered highly possible that its mistress may have at times accelerated her locomotion with the assistance of ball-bearing roller skates, there is presented an example of heroic endurance as well as singular devotion on the part of the infant sheep.

## Most Anything

A WORD FROM JOSH WISE.



"Whether life's worth living depends on the liver."

A Virginia court rules that a jilted man cannot get back the engagement ring. Better buy 'em by the gross, boys.

If they call Teddy "Portly Master," the African vocabulary is probably inadequate to classify Bill.

Think this over? Thousands of men are complaining because they can't get a job. Other thousands are complaining because they can't get capable men to work for them.

"Do you always allow the minister who marries you to kiss you?"  
"Oh, no, my dear, that's out of style now. I always allow the judge who divorces me to do so."

Stove factory burned the other day. So it seems there are not only fireless cookers, but cookless fires.

Cincinnati wants daylight to be observed earlier. Is this a bid for beer wagons to start out sooner?

It is possible that the democratic magazine will worry along without any dollar-a-word stuff.

"Unless complications set in it is hoped he will recover," is the cold-blooded way a dispatch winds up about the Italian who fell from an airship. Seems rather callous to limit his friends' hopes to a mere contingency, doesn't it?

## Pity the Postman

"Are you a postman?" said a guileless looking woman on Ninth avenue as she met one of Uncle Sam's employes in a gray suit carrying his big bag of mail.

"Yes, ma'am," said the postman, politely, as he took her letters.

"Wonder what she thought I was—a giraffe or a plumber," said the postman when the woman had gone. "I don't believe anybody gets asked more fool questions than I do. Some women even want me to lick their stamps and put them on the letters. They seem to think it my fault if they don't get the letter they're looking for and hold me responsible for all sorts of things."

## LOST BABY'S BODY SENT ACROSS SEA IN A BALE OF COTTON

GALVESTON, May 17.—Dispatches received here from Liverpool, cleared up the mystery that has surrounded the disappearance five months ago of two-year-old Alfred Hartman, son of George Hartman, a cotton grower of Gillespie county.

In December Hartman hauled a load of cotton to be ginned at Fredericksburg, near his home. His little son accompanied him. When he started the return trip the lad was missing and it was thought he had fallen into a creek.

The message from Liverpool told of the finding of the body of the boy in the center of a bale of cotton when it was opened in a wharf warehouse. It is thought that the baby crept into the open press at the gin in Fredericksburg and was bound up with the product. The cotton was kept in a local warehouse for several months before its shipment to Liverpool.

# WHEN DOLLIVER PLAYED CAT AND MOUSE WITH ALDRICH

BY GILSON GARDINER.  
WASHINGTON, D. C., May 17.—"For the first time in the 30 years I have lived in Washington and followed the doings of congress, I have seen a genuine revolt against the domination of Nelson W. Aldrich."

This comment by an old resident of the capital was called forth by the recent speech of Senator Jonathan Dolliver of Iowa.

Nothing like it has been seen in the senate since the days of Ingalls. Nothing to equal its sarcasm and probably nothing its daring. Nothing which so reveals a genuine personal antagonism, based on reasons which can only be surmised, carried to the point of an open rupture between members of the same party and veterans of the same brand of tariff partisanship.

Without mercy and without fear Senator Dolliver raised a strong hand against the suave and powerful leader of the senate. He gripped him, as it were, by the scruff of his neck and shook him until every tooth in his head rattled in its place. He set him down and let him start to walk away; then he picked him up and gave him another shake. He cuffed him, tossed him, nipped him, played with him, scratched him lightly, scratched him deeply. He poked him to see whether there were signs of life. Then he bit him through the spinal column.

Thus the cat Dolliver with Aldrich the mouse.

Senator Dolliver talked tariff. What he said sounded sensational because he spoke the simple truth. He told how lobbyists and special interests had written tariffs in the past, and how they were writing them today. Only he named names and handed out figures. He exposed the present bill as revision upward and again he handed out the facts and figures. He denounced the whole thing as a fraud and imposition on the people and to this denunciation he added force and the eloquence of a man long trained in public speaking. He exposed the leadership of Aldrich as trifling and paltry; and the sensation lay in the fact that Nelson W. Aldrich sat and had to listen. He told of tricks and subterfuges in the past and present legislation, and the galleries looked down and saw in Mr. Aldrich the author of these tricks. He drew on history and parable. He was both vehement and caustic. At times he was persuasive and then again almost playful. On the whole he made a speech more daringly antagonistic than anything which has come from the party of the opposition.

Gold words in type give but a small idea of the speech of Senator Dolliver. Yet the touch of vitriol may be seen in a passage like the following:

"All men bow naturally before the Divine wisdom even when they do not understand. All men regard with reverence the wisdom of Solomon, or Franklin, or Lincoln. But it is another matter for men full grown, sitting in this chamber, to put their individual judgment into servitude not to the great and good men who adorn the deliberations of congress, but the person on the outside whose very names are unknown to us. It is not necessary to comment harshly upon the work of Governor Dingley or William McKinley. Much less it is necessary to appear wanting in consideration for my honored friend from Rhode Island."

With this gentle introduction, Senator Dolliver proceeded to expose the action of the committee on finance and its chairman in turning over the construction of the cotton schedule to the appraisers in New York. With this and the trick by which Senator Aldrich aimed secretly to increase the cotton schedule the public are familiar.

"It is even possible," said Senator Dolliver, "to comment adversely upon the cotton schedule as contained in the senate bill without impeaching the abilities of the senator from Rhode Island, because, as he has himself stated upon this floor, the amendments offered to the senate by the committee were not the work of the committee, but every one of them made by persons connected with

the treasury department. I was, I have no doubt, a cruel revelation to some of his languid disciples to learn from the lips of the senator himself that in this cotton schedule the changes that were made did not represent the genius of the man who enjoys, in the mythology of our public life, the reputation of being the greatest living expert upon the technicalities of cotton manufacture, but that the senator from Rhode Island, mystified by the task set before him by his constituents of raising the table of these rates without touching them, turned the job over to the appraiser's office in New York."

Speaking of the wool schedule, Senator Dolliver said: "What I ask today of party leaders is to take us back, not to 180, when McKinley in despair turned the making of the wool tariff over to a mass meeting of its beneficiaries; not to 1897, when Governor Dingley's avowed purpose to reduce the McKinley rates was vetoed by the threats and clamor of outside interests, but to 1888, when the senator from Rhode Island labored month after month day and night, with William B. Allison, in the preparation of the only schedule of wool and woolsens in 40 years in which either the public interest or the welfare of the republican party was made paramount over sordid private considerations."

Senator Dolliver said he wanted "to see an end to the scandal that has accompanied the framing or every tariff bill, and that has corrupted American industries and made great enterprises mere adjuncts to political agitation."

In delivering his speech Senator Dolliver has won the temporary enmity of Leader Aldrich. To say that he has won Aldrich's lasting opposition would be doing an injustice to the character of Aldrich. Aldrich does not cherish personal animosities. These, with all other things, subordinate themselves to the ends toward which he strives. If he needs a man he goes after him. His feelings play no part. It is the method of the briber. He is suave, keen, shrewd. He has an excellent memory. He has experience at his command. He has resource; and for many years he has commanded influence, money, power. He is a dangerous man. No matter what the future may bring forth, Senator Dolliver is entitled to much credit for his courage in what he has recently done to him.

## TREE FROGS TO RIVAL WEATHER BUREAU

(By United Press)  
NEW YORK, May 17.—Four hundred German tree frogs formed part of the cargo of the Berlin from Hamburg. They are guaranteed to be better weather forecasters than any of Weather Chief Moore's professional weather makers and are being disposed of to natives of the Fatherland.

All the equipment needed, besides the frog, is a globe half full of water and a rock therein on which the frog may perch and croak out his rain warning. Where the German frog has anything on his American brothers is not disclosed.

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