

COEUR D'ALENE PRESS

EVENING EDITION

PUBLISHED BY THE
PRESS PUBLISHING COMPANY
COEUR D'ALENE, IDAHO

SUBSCRIPTION
One year, in advance \$4.00
Six months, in advance 2.25
By carrier, weekly 10

TO ADVERTISERS—All copy for changes or new advertising must be in the office by 11 o'clock to insure its insertion on that day. Advertisers who wish their advertisement discontinued must notify the business office before 11 o'clock a. m.

JOS. T. SCOTT, Editor and Publisher

COMPARISONS.

The Journal, in its last issue, attempts to make political capital out of the fact that Stockslager did not resign as district judge until he was elected supreme court judge, and is holding that position at the present time while a candidate for governor. The Press is not given to making invidious comparisons, but since the Journal has invited it, we call attention to the fact that R. N. Dunn, republican candidate for district judge, has not resigned as receiver of the U. S. Land office, although the civil service rules require him to keep out of politics, and he is violating the rule by not tendering his resignation. We can further state that special agents of the general land office have been here investigating the matter. The Press has a high regard for Mr. Dunn and dislikes to drag the judiciary into politics more than is necessary, but when the Journal begins to flounder around in the political pot and fishes up such rot as it published regarding Stockslager we are justified in making comparisons.

A Royal Slave.

"A Royal Slave" is one of the most elaborate and beautiful melo-



La Petite Hazel Rice, the dainty Spanish dancing girl in "A Royal Slave."

dramatic productions on the road. The scenery is the finest that the Studios can furnish and is painted from photographs made in Mexico. The costumes and stage accessories are very rich and the powerful and thrilling situations, make the play a series of beautiful stage pictures. Though it is a melo drama of the sensational sort, there is not a shot fired during the entire play, and it is possessed of real literary and dramatic order.

This great production presents more than half a year's work by an able corps of scenic artists and skilled mechanics, and will give our people a chance to see, not only the beautiful scenic equipment, but decidedly the most original play on the stage of this country.

It is something to be able to say at least we can herald the coming of a new play, full of new ideas, situations and startling effects. Such is true, however, of the forth-coming production of "A Royal Slave", which is put on in a most artistic manner, complete in every detail. M. Harry Gordon has always brought us the finest attractions and he assures us this is his best. The play will be seen at the Auditorium on Saturday, September, 13.

Books.

I would prefer to have one comfortable room well stocked with books to all you can give me in the way of decoration which the highest art can supply. There is no greater blessing that can be given to a family than a love of books.—John Bright.

Quite Unnatural.

He—I thought the author of this play was famous for his keen understanding of the female character? She—Well, do you doubt it? He—Of course. He has just made his heroine say that she "will suffer in silence."—Illustrated Bits.

Wrinkled faces and white hair are no burden to the aged who are loved and honored by youth.

A Wise Son.

"A dislike," said the gentle philosopher, "should not lead us to any active demonstration. We should merely seek to avoid its object."

"Maybe my boy Josh has more sense than I gave him credit for," rejoined Farmer Courtosold. "That's exactly the way he feels about work of all kinds."—Washington Star.

The Shanghaied Cowboys

(Original.)

Jacob Huss, alias Arizona Jake, had been in many disturbances of the peace and had arrested many desperadoes. His weapons were, first, his coolness; second, his quick and certain aim with his revolver. A banker once, desiring to send some gold dust to San Francisco, put it in charge of Jake and four others of the same kind, knowing that it would be safely transported. The dust was duly turned in, and the gund determined to do the town.

This was before San Francisco was visited by the great earthquake and fire, and there was a deal to be seen there. What a cowboy would be interested in was not palatial residences or libraries or scientific institutions. The party was rather inclined to sample the product of corn and rye distilled into whisky and after a three days' bout snuk to sleep in a gin mill near the bay.

The ship Sarah Rose was sailing out of San Francisco bay, the rising sun shining on her stern. The captain, a short, thickset, ugly looking man, walked the quarter deck, getting her out of the harbor as best he could with three or four miserable looking men who knew very little about seamen's work. The truth is that Captain Barker was such a fiendish tyrant that the only way he could get a crew was to take what he could find in places frequented by sailors, get them drunk, carry them aboard and sail before they got sober.

"Mr. Hale," he said to the first mate, "get 'em up."

Mr. Hale commenced the rousing of a dozen or more men who were lying on deck by kicking them, each kick accompanied by an oath. When roused they would open their eyes, at first stupidly, but, seeing themselves at sea, would exhibit great surprise. After much effort they were all aroused and lined up on the deck for inspection.

"You're a fine looking lot of lubbers to ship for able seamen," growled the mate. "And you fellers over on the end o' the line, I reckon the only ship you ever sailed in was a prairie schooner."

"You're dead right," said one of the men last addressed, "but we'd like to learn the trade—at least some of us would—if you'll give us a chance."

"You'll have a chance, and if you don't make the best of it you'll learn seamanship at the rope's end."

With the second mate the first chose two watches and the lot were ordered forward. It was not ten minutes before the man who had spoken for "the end of the line" walked forward. He was followed at different distances by four others. The mate ordered him back, but the man paid no attention to the order. The mate seized a belaying pin and rushed at the mutinous sailor with it raised high. There was a report, and the belaying pin dropped on the deck. The mate had been shot through the wrist.

The first mutineer passed on, and the next appeared before the mate, ordering him to throw up his hands, at the same time shoving an enormous revolver up against his nose. The first man when within twenty feet of the captain pulled a pistol, but the mutineer dropped it on the deck with a bullet before it could be fired.

"Do you know," roared the captain, "that this is mutiny, and mutiny is punished by hanging?"

"I know that you drugged me and my men when we were celebratin' and brought us off on to this ship against our will."

The second mate was below with half a dozen men, the only regular crew on the Sarah Rose, and depended on by the officers to enforce orders. They were a lot of desperadoes, but were well treated and well paid. Two of the "end of the line" men were at the fore-castle gangway. As the mate, who on hearing the shots had rushed forward, ran up the gangway he found himself pinned below by a cover that had been put over the opening. He ran aft, calling to his men and reaching the after gangway, and saw a man leaning over it with a revolver. It exploded, and the mate's cap followed the ball. The men below drew back. Then a cover was run over the gangway and battened down. This left only the captain, the first mate and the few men who had been working out the vessel to oppose the five who had taken possession of the ship. Only the latter were armed.

"Cap," said the leader, "I venture to introduce myself as Jacob Huss, commonly called by those who love me for my gentle disposition Arizona Jake. As I told you, me and my friends would like to learn navigatin', and we'll teach you how to treat respectable citizens in accordance with the law of the land. What trail do you follow, cap?"

The captain hesitating to reply, Jake tipped the end of his nose with a bullet, whereupon he admitted that he was bound for Puget sound.

"I think we'd prefer a short trip southward. You might land us somers about Santa Cruz."

The captain required a little more gentle coaxing before he made up his mind that the only course left him was to get rid of the t-rtars he had caught on the best possible terms. So it was agreed that he would run the ship to Santa Cruz, using the men he had on deck, who were to work under the revolvers of the mutineers. Under a fair wind and good weather the Sarah Rose was run into port, a boat was manned and the five mutineers were rowed by those of the crew who wished their freedom to shore. The gig was left at the dock and the five disappeared.

MORRIS WYNNE.

The Roundup
By Willie West

Has Something to Say About
Troubles of Baseball
Magnates.

The yachting reporter of a contemporary says the fleet sailed east by east. Of course a layman won't understand it, and I suspect it's too technical even for a real tar. Still it's no worse than the graphic word picture I once read in a prominent New York paper. Ye scribe said, "The swift sloop luffed away before the wind." Pretty soon we'll have craft that beat to leeward, others that jibe to windward and sloops with cross jack yards.

"Watch me do them up," said Itay Tallman, pitcher for the Peoria club, recently in a game with the Broadways of Marysville, O. The first ball Tallman delivered he broke his arm between the elbow and shoulder and pulled the muscles loose at the latter place. He was conveyed from the diamond and a new pitcher substituted and Broadway won by the score of 11 to 10.

With an apology offered the attorney who was presenting his side of the case in an important suit being heard in Arkansas City, Ark., recently, Federal Judge A. B. Grace, former owner of a Cotton States Baseball league franchise, recently adjourned court, invited all present to repair to the ball park, umpired the game between Friars Point and Arkansas City, then returned to the courthouse, and the case was resumed.

"The court has been requested to umpire a ball game," said Judge Grace in way of apology after interrupting the attorney who was speaking, "and cannot refuse a request of this kind. The court now stands adjourned until after the game."

The lot of the average baseball magnate is not an easy one. When his team is winning, all may or may not be rosy. It's an even break. But



When his \$10,000 Beauty strikes out with 2 on base.



When his \$300 minor-league recruit bange the ball out at the lot.

SCENES DURING A DAY OF A BALL CLUB OWNER'S LIFE.

when his outfit is losing everything is dark and greswome. On this basis three-fourths of his life is a nightmare, and only one-fourth is tinged with ecstatic hilarity.

"How can a club president or owner be in the gloomy depths of trouble when his team is winning?" I hear some one ask. Here are five reasons:

No. 1.—Because that is the time all the players strike for higher pay for the next season.

No. 2.—Because rivals accuse him of bribing umpires.

No. 3.—Because all the fans shout, "Now that you are making money, go out and spend your new profits for new players that you will need before the season closes."

No. 4.—Because all the people he ever knew, their wives, sisters, sons and second cousins, waylay him at the gate, beseech him over the phone, write him imploring letters for big bunches of passes.

No. 5.—Because the newspaper critics say: "You've given us a winning team at last, Mr. Money-much. Why on earth didn't you do it before? You were too stingy to go out after the talent. That's why. You're making a fortune out of the public, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

A middle western athletic club official has been accused of improper management of club funds and of getting no less than \$19,000 for his bit. Well, in some popular financial circles that wouldn't be called such bad management.

WILLIE WEST.

BARGAINS
IN REAL ESTATE

\$1400.—Will buy a 6 room house, good cellar and outbuildings. House all wired for electric lights. City water in house. Very close to city school.

\$1250.—2 lots with a 10 room house, good outbuildings, city water, all fenced. Good location.

\$1000.—Will buy a 5 room house with good cellar and outbuildings. One lot. This is a bargain.

\$1450.—A new 5 room plastered bungalow, mission finish, with electric lights, pantry and closets, closet. Good outbuildings. City water.

\$1500.—Will purchase 2 lots, one a corner, with a good 5 room house. Barn and other outbuildings. City water. Some fruit trees.

\$850.—2 acres of No. 1 farm land with 2 room house, woodshed and poultry house. 100 fruit trees. This is a snap.

\$2000.—80 acres of farm land with a 6 room house. Good poultry buildings, plenty of water for stock.

\$275.—Will buy 3 lots all together. This is a snap.

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Report of Condition at close of Business, Sept. 4, 1906:

RESOURCES:

Loans and Discounts.....	\$361,436.23
U. S. Bonds at cost.....	26,250.00
Banking house and fixtures.....	37,353.19
Cash on hand and due from banks.....	213,078.03
Due from U. S. Treasurer.....	1,250.00
	\$214,328.03
	\$639,367.45

LIABILITIES:

Capital Stock paid in.....	\$100,000.00
Surplus and profits less expenses and dividends paid.....	12,985.23
Circulation.....	25,000.00
Deposits.....	501,382.22
	\$639,367.45

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