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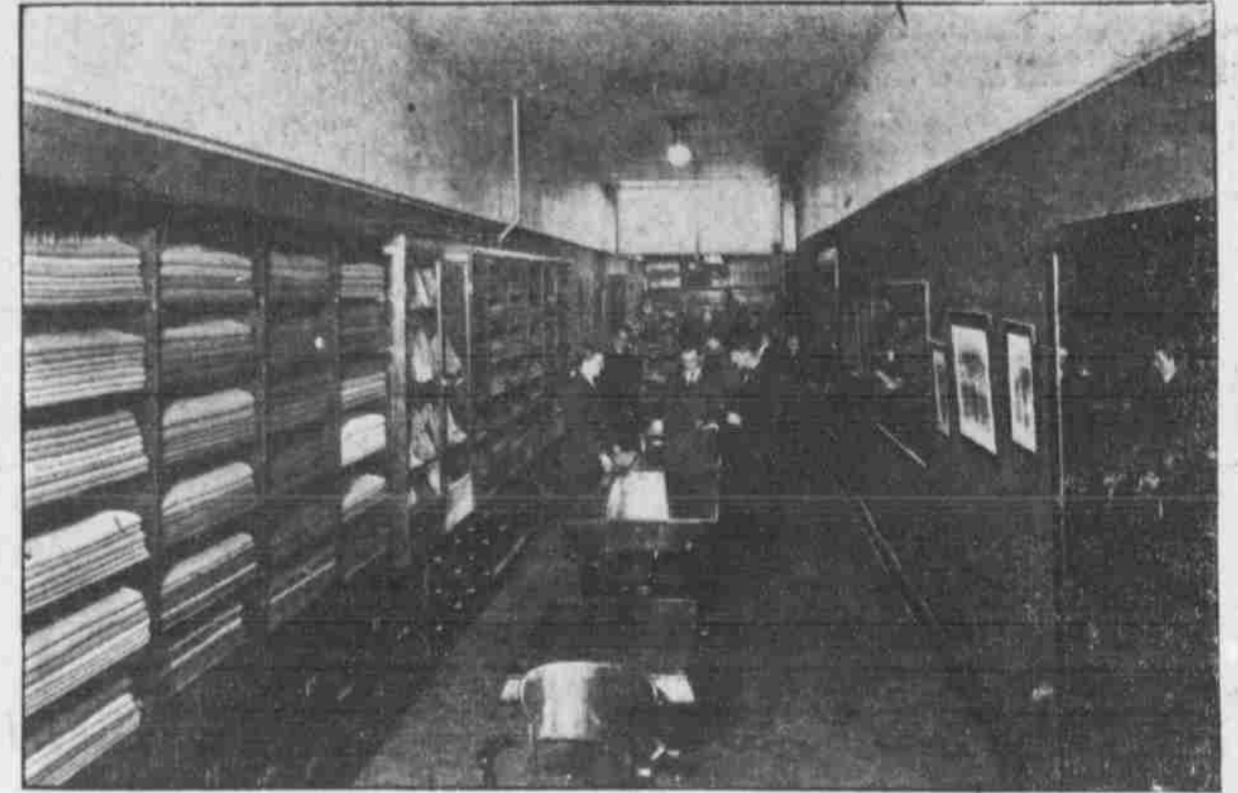


Easter is here in just two weeks.  
 You should wait no longer before ordering your spring suit.  
 Tomorrow morning, step in and leave your measure and your suit will be finished for Easter.  
 Our stock is now most complete.

**SUITS, \$20 TO \$50**



Photo Taken From Center of Dresher's Omaha Store. Square Treatment and Good Value Have Developed This Wonderful Business.



View From Front of Dresher's Omaha Store Where Over 5,000 Men Bought Suits Last Year.

**DRESHER, The Tailor**  
1515 Farnam St. Phone Doug. 1657

Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ City, \_\_\_\_\_ OMAHA, April 3, 1908.  
 My Dear Mr. \_\_\_\_\_  
 We had the pleasure of making your fall clothes and we will greatly appreciate your spring order. Our new wools have arrived and we extend you a most cordial invitation to inspect them. Our stock is now complete so make your selection while the assortment is most varied.  
 We take this opportunity to impress the fact that we guarantee satisfaction and should you not have been wholly pleased, in every particular, with the clothes we made we will be greatly obligated to you for the privilege of squaring the matter as you see fit. Anticipating your order we remain,  
 Very truly ours,  
 DRESHER, the Tailor.

Recently a copy of the above letter was sent to our many customers. You will note that we are ready and willing at any time to correct an error and that we guarantee satisfaction.

**Don't you want a suit with this guarantee of satisfaction?**

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### PASSING OF "PAT" GARRETT

Career of the Celebrated Peacemaker of the Southwest.

### FEARLESS FOE OF DESPERADOES

Man Who Got "Billy the Kid" and Others of His Class Falls a Victim to a Ranchman's Bullet.

Another character of the "open range" days in the west has passed in the person of Patrick F. Garrett, some time captain of the Texas Rangers, a celebrity of New Mexico, and a friend of President Roosevelt. The newspapers of March 1 said that "Pat" Garrett had been shot, and the next day the incident was forgotten; at least, in this section of the country. But in New Mexico, Garrett will be remembered as the man who "put out the lights" of Billy the Kid, one of the most famous American outlaws.

Conditions in New Mexico have changed, and now one can view buttes and prairie from the observation car. The old "open range" days may be rightfully called the age of lawlessness. By the term "open

range" is meant the unfenced prairie, over which a rancher's cattle wandered for an indefinite distance. A ranch proper consisted of a little group of adobe or board houses with a company store, and a well or two. This land and property, not inclusive of the live stock, was all that the owner actually possessed.

Perhaps he would not own the land on which his buildings stood, but his cattle would wander over a territory of possibly one hundred square miles. Eastern visitors on a ranch always express wonder that they see only a few cattle, two or three at a time, wandering about through the mesquite and sagebrush, and staring moodily at the buckboard rattles past and raises the dust. One can readily appreciate how, in this wide area, and in those early times, when the only law was a loaded forty-five-gauge Colt, men could go about and place their brand upon new calves, or alter old brands, without molestation.

**Men Who Feared No Law.**  
 The first population of a new western country always included many of undesirable citizens of older parts, men who feared nothing, who regarded no written or unwritten law save the one alluded to, and who entered in wholesale border fighting, cattle rustling and shooting scarpes in general. Opposed to them were sturdy cattlemen, bent on protecting their property, and who, desiring law and order, were instrumental in appointing as sheriffs men of the stamp of Garrett.

Neither Garrett nor Billy the Kid coincided entirely with the stage idea of far western. Like so many of the frontier settlers, Garrett was tall, standing about six feet four; unassuming, and deliberate of movement. By no stretch of imagination could he be thought of as posing in a barroom with both guns out, and dramatically stating that the first man who moved would be a goner.

Billy the Kid acquired his name from his extreme youth. He was but 21 when killed by Garrett, and tradition has it that his touch on the trigger sent twenty-two men to death before him. He was a small man and, it is said, had pleasant manners and a smiling face. But it is recorded that he said he "killed men just to see them squirm."

The Kid, whose name was Bonner, was born in New York, but his family removed to New Mexico. At about the age of 12 he made his first killing in a saloon affray, and from that time until his death he indulged in a succession of fights and murders. Garrett was born in Alabama, and as a young man went to the far west to "grow up with the country." Finally settling in New Mexico at Fort Sumner in 1878. Some time later he was elected sheriff of Lincoln county and made a reputation for himself as a peace officer.

During the Lincoln county war, possibly the worst and most desperate of those internal struggles of the frontier, which was the result of factional strife over cattle, the Kid was carrying on his career of lawlessness. General Lew Wallace, at that time governor of the territory, desiring to make some treaty with the young "bad man," sent word to him to come to the executive mansion at Santa Fe at midnight and unarmed, promising him that he should go as freely as he came. On his arrival the Kid was shown into a room where he found the governor and several armed men. Fearing treachery, the youth

upbraided the governor for the apparent breach of compact, but was reassured. They reached no agreement, and subsequently General Wallace told Garrett to "get him," and those two simple words meant much.

**One Life or the Other.**  
 To an easterner, in this age, it seems strange to think of two men, each ready to shoot on sight, and probably less disturbed about it than is the average man worried about his business. The explanation may be in the realm of psychology, for living in the atmosphere of danger and strife men seem to adapt themselves to the exigencies of the situation. At any rate, Garrett and Billy the Kid knew that it had to be one life or the other. Garrett had captured him once, but the Kid escaped, after being lodged in safe keeping, and now it was war to the death.

Garrett's own story of the killing, as he told it to Emerson Hough, is set forth in "The Story of the Outlaw." In brief, Garrett said he knew that he would have to kill the Kid, and he followed the youth to Sumner, where, in the old Maxwell house, the deed was accomplished. Garrett had two deputies, Poe and McKinney. These men were stationed outside Pete Maxwell's house, while Garrett went inside. They thought that Billy the Kid was in the neighborhood. Garrett said that the Kid was lying in the house of an old Mexican, not far from Maxwell's door. The most common story is that the outlaw came into the Maxwell house to see a Mexican girl, but Garrett is authority for the statement that he came over to cut some meat from a quarter of beef hanging under the porch.

Maxwell was in bed and Garrett was speaking Spanish to him in the darkness. The Kid had seen the two companions of Garrett in the moonlight, and backed into the room, coming up to the bed. The sheriff said that he had a six-shooter in his hand, and motioned toward him, asked Maxwell: "Quiet?" (Who is it?). Garrett's own words are:

"There flashed over my mind at once one thought, and it was that I had to shoot and shoot at once, and that my shot must get to the mark the first time. I knew the Kid would kill me in a flash if I did not kill him. Just as he spoke and motioned toward me, I dropped over to the left and rather down, going after my gun with my right hand as I did so. As I fired, the Kid dropped back. I had caught him just above the heart. His pistol, already pointed toward me, went off as he fell, but he fired high. As I sprang up, I fired once more, but did not hit him, and did not need to, for he was dead."

**Effective Bravery.**  
 There are varieties of bravery, but perhaps none is more effective than that displayed by such men as Garrett and his associates. One of his deputies is now living at Silver City, N. M. Some time ago, when employed on a Lincoln county ranch, word came in at nightfall that a Mexican settler not far away had some of the company's calves in his possession. Quietly taking his Winchester and pony the deputy rode alone to the Mexican's corral, and, entering, examined the calves. Any one who is familiar with night upon the plains, with its atmosphere of loneliness, will readily appreciate the courage of the man. Every moment he was in grave danger, at any instance the Mexican's shot might have flashed in the darkness, yet to him it was

only his duty, and no uncommon occurrence.

Garrett was appointed collector of taxes by Mr. Roosevelt in 1901, the president having been impressed with his ability and trustworthiness, and he held the office until 1903. In a trivial dispute over goats, the man who did so much for New Mexico met his end at the hands of J. Wayne Brazile, a ranchman. The young slayer, on surrendering himself, claimed that Garrett reached for his gun, and that he shot in self-defense, which may be true.

It seems inappropriate that Garrett should have been shot, especially in these peaceful times, yet had his wishes been consulted he would doubtless have expressed the desire to "die with his boots on."—New York Evening Post.

### ORIGIN OF SOME SLANG

Gallery Gods and Political Chair Warmers Coin Expressive Phrases.

One of those versatile vaudeville fellows whose fun flows as much from what they say as from what they do, was juggling tin plates in a marvelous manner. He could go to sleep throwing up three and catching them; he did not seem to bother himself much about four; five kept him busy, but not enough to strain his nerves of his muscles, while six required his most deeply absorbed attention. Then he ventured upon seven, down they came on the stage with a clatter.

"You can't blame him," remarked a deeply excited old woman. "Two would have been all right; five kept him busy, but not enough to strain his nerves of his muscles, while six required his most deeply absorbed attention. Then he ventured upon seven, down they came on the stage with a clatter."

"When the dishes lay prone upon the floor, and the clatter they made had subsided, the juggler walked over to a table and hung a placard on the front. It contained one word:

"Skiddo!"

"Again he essayed the seven with the same result. Again he walked over, and the second placard read as follows:

"Twenty-three!"

At the disastrous termination of the third he hung up the words:

"Get the hook!"

With that he dashed from the stage, followed by the laughter and howls of the audience.

In the case of the vaudevilleist the slang was fun, pure and simple. Thus does the slang that comes naturally, and has a meaning understood by everybody, come up gradually from mere slang and takes a place in the dictionary, like "bummer," "bulldoze" and "boycott."

You recall that episode of a night when Chauncey Mitchell Depew was at the summit of his oratorical fame. He was in demand on so many occasions that his notebook, like a pudding, was stuffed with dates.

It was an exciting campaign, and the republican party, ready to offer its best to the humbliest, had decreed that Depew, its flower of the hustling, should spend an evening among the teeming tenements of the east side. A big hall was engaged, and an hour before the speech-making every inch of even the upper gallery was filled.

Mr. Depew was at his best; he sized up his crowd when he entered, and with rare wisdom played especially to the top gallery, who unwashed and shirt-sleeved universal suffrage sat on its native heath.

He joked; he answered questions in a way that turned the laugh on the interlo-

cutors; he told stories. In fifteen minutes he had the audience going—and all were going his way.

It was in the lull of a moment that a husky young man on the upper front row leaned over the rail and hurled at the orator that immortal phrase:

"Chauncey, you're a peach!"

Up to that moment a peach had been no more than an apple, a pear, or an apricot. But what has it not stood for since that memorable night? Is not the term "a peach" the sweetest song of praise that can be sung into the human ear?

A porter or a roustabout is one who handles hales and boxes and drags them in or out with a sharp-pointed hook. And it was one of these who from an upper gallery of the Bowers vaudeville house condemned an ambitious amateur and gave a new slang phrase to the world when he suggested an accelerated exit from the stage as he bawled from his enthroned height:

"Get the hook!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### SKIPPED WITH HER FORTUNE

A Professor Who Preached Honesty Disappears With Wife's Cash.

American left-hunting heireses have experienced many trials and disappointments in exchanging their fortunes for titles, but few if any have gone against a more brutal shakedown than the foreign wife of an American professor who told her troubles to a Chicago policeman a few days ago.

Mrs. Ida Wythes Hensoldt, the bride of Prof. Henry Hensoldt, a former assistant professor in Columbia university, whom she met while he was delivering lectures on the "Ethics of Honesty," asked the police of Chicago to aid in a search for him. She accuses him of abandoning her and taking her dowry of \$35,000 in cash.

Mrs. Hensoldt told the police that she is a daughter of a member of the Australian Parliament and met Prof. Hensoldt in Sydney, where he lectured two years ago. He was entertained by many of the social leaders of Sydney and thus met Miss Ida Wythes. Prof. Hensoldt established in Sydney a magazine entitled "Occidental and Oriental" displaying editorial ability which enhanced his standing. He courted Miss Wythes and married her, she says, on January 15.

On the advice of her husband, she says, she sold for \$25,000 a ranch which she owned in Australia. Prof. Hensoldt suggesting that the money be invested in a ranch in this country. The couple arrived in San Francisco on February 21 and set forth for Chicago, where Prof. Hensoldt registered at the Palmer house on February 24 under the name of Henderson and disappeared. Subsequently, Mrs. Hensoldt says, she received a letter from him stating that he was on his way to Texas to purchase a ranch and would return in two weeks. She learned later that Prof. Hensoldt had registered under an assumed name. He told her that he came to America in 1891 from Germany.

Henry Hensoldt was a student in Columbia university from 1883 to 1891. He was assistant to the professor of natural history and received the degree of Ph. D. After leaving Columbia in 1891 Prof. Hensoldt gained prominence by lecturing and writing on occult science, theosophy and kindred subjects.

If  
 A POSTAGE STAMP  
 and  
 A LETTER  
 and  
 AN ENVELOPE  
 will yield fifty dollars profit, how much will  
 A THOUSAND STAMPS  
 and  
 A THOUSAND LETTERS  
 and  
 A THOUSAND ENVELOPES  
 yield if mailed to the fellows who want to buy your goods?  
**TRY IT AND SEE!**  
 We'll furnish the letters and mail 'em, too, if you like.  
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