

TRAGEDY OF FATHER GAPON

Downfall of the Hero of an Hour in Russia.

PUT TO DEATH BY A RIVAL SPY

Factory Preacher Who Organized the Red Sunday Procession in St. Petersburg Turned Betrayer of Revolutionists.

ST. PETERSBURG, March 30.—Materials for an interesting side chapter of contemporary history have been gathered among the debris of the Russian revolutionary junta at Geneva. Aside from the revelations of Asoff's years of betrayal the chroniclers of the movement have divulged the facts concerning the late Father Gapon during the weeks following the Sunday rising in St. Petersburg.

I remember well the enigmatic figure of the little cleric on the night of that disastrous day. He had been reported killed, wounded and prisoner; he was not touched. He was in a traktor (a workman's beer and tea room), near the Finland station. His furtive expression and downward look suggested more the character that is now given him than the heroic nature that would have fitted those stirring events.

In the Savoyment, the contemporary world and Russia's Bogatovs (Russian wealth) the social democrats and revolutionary populists publish their respective versions of Gapon's relations with their party chiefs when he appeared among them in Geneva after the suppression of the workmen's movement in St. Petersburg. Leo Deutsch, who makes the report of the social democrats, describes the initial astonishment and misgivings when the colony of revolutionary emigrants in Switzerland read of the workmen's upheaval and of Father Gapon as its leader.

Acquaints the Socialists. One fine morning he completed their perplexity by appearing among them, declaring himself a comrade. He was introduced to the group and made the acquaintance of its leaders.

It struck them as curious that Gapon avowed that he had never heard their names before. He added frankly that he knew nothing of the inner history of the revolutionary movement. His talk with them was copiously sprinkled with the pronoun I; with remarks about his life, his deeds, his impressions. The comrades accepted his harmless narrative; but they found co-operation with him difficult when he said he knew nothing about Marxism and socialist principles and was sure they were all wrong.

Soon he made the acquaintance of the social revolutionaries, the propagandists by deed men in the foreign diaspora.

"These are the practical men that Russia needs," he said, and went over to his new friends.

These, as their spokesman "A. S." now reports to their comrades and subscribers in Russia, tried to instruct him as a workman of their movement. But from the younger members he derived the impression that he was a social democrat of the two wings of the party competing for his person, and his self-concept was developed accordingly.

Demanded to Be Leader.

He would not be content with the position of simple member of the party, but demanded the leadership. First he asked for a place in the central committee. This was refused him ostensibly on the ground that he was unacquainted in revolutionary circles and a newcomer in the movement. Gapon thereupon resigned from the social revolutionary ranks and declared that he was above parties.

He set himself organizing a movement for the unification of all the elements which aimed at the overthrow of the czar's government. He summoned a congress, at which the most extreme sections, impressed by the renown of Gapon's name, took part. At the first sittings of this congress the unity movement went to pieces owing to differences over the program to be adopted. Gapon failed, not so much because he underrated these differences, but because he was unable to grasp what they signified.

He then swerved back to the social democrats and sought to reconcile those who held that their program should include wholesale assassination of the czar's agents with the minority, who were for educational propaganda. In this also he failed.

Meanwhile the October general strike in Russia had forced the czar to yield the constitutional manifesto and a form of amnesty. Keenly expectant as to the future of their movement, many of the emigrant comrades, Gapon among them, returned to Russia.

Gapon first tried to revive the old workmen's union which he had organized and sent out on that fatal march the previous January. He was defeated in this attempt by the opposition of the committee of workmen's delegates, the body which had successfully carried through the general strike.

Goes Over to Government.

This was the crucial stage of Gapon's career. The new proletarian leaders in Russia would not let him share their leadership. There is no evidence up to this point that he had consciously betrayed any movement. His chief attributes so far had been his vanity and appetite for praise, his lack of knowledge of affairs and of mental power. But his elimination from the new direction of the revolutionary movement soured him.

Both Leo Deutsch and "A. S." agree in their reports that after his failure to establish himself among the heads of the revolution he entered into relations with Count Witte's government and received his means of subsistence from that quarter. He was enabled to go abroad with government money, paid him on the railroad platform as he left the country.

He went to Monte Carlo and for a brief space treated himself to all the glided dissipations that were going; the rest of the money he spent in Paris. He had now fallen to the depth when he would perform any Juda service for money that would help him along with his pleasures.

Such a man was the deadly rival of the spy, Asoff; moreover, his former status in

the revolutionary movement would probably tempt the political police department to pay him from the funds that Asoff looked on as his own. He was marked down for death, sentenced by Asoff, and strangled by Comrade Hatenberg in a hired cottage at Esport, near St. Petersburg, the day after he reached the capital.

The revolutionary historians who draw this picture of the ex-priest explain that the tragedy was the fruit of the man's character. He never was a revolutionary by temperament. His procession to the winter palace did not aim at a revolution or a constitution, but purely and simply at begging from the Czar protection for the factory workers among whom he preached against the oppression of the government officials.

A simple shepherd leading his flock, that was how he began. When the crash came and he found that it was to fight on for his beloved factory workers he must be a silent inconspicuous wheel in the revolutionary machine his weak character collapsed.

It is noted of him that during his sojourn in the social revolutionary ranks in Geneva he took not only shooting but also riding for his beloved factory workers. He must be a high horse leading his army! Like so many other visionaries fallen on adversity he could resist everything, except temptation.

AMERICAN TRAINS IN ASIA

Trial Test of New Rolling Stock on South Manchuria Road.

Consul Roger S. Greene of Dainy reports that the South Manchuria Railway company on October 27 made a trial run of the new American first-class cars which are to be used for its express trains connecting with the Chinese Eastern railway at Changchun. The company advised the following account of this new train service.

The train, consisting of a first-class day coach, two sleepers, one dining car and one baggage car, took a party of invited guests, leading Japanese officials, foreign consuls, foreign and Japanese merchants and newspaper men, to the station of Chinchow, a run of about an hour and fifteen minutes from Dainy. After an hour's stay the return trip was made at the speed at which the express trains are to be run, an average of about thirty miles an hour, reaching a maximum of about forty-five miles per hour, so that the guests were able to observe the behavior of the cars under actual service conditions. During the ride back luncheon was served to the party.

The company officials who were present, among them the vice president and three directors, were greatly pleased with the cars in every respect, and the guests were equally impressed with their finish, equipment and smooth running qualities. The sleepers, diners and first-class coaches are all Pullman standard cars, equal to the best on any railroad in the United States and fitted with all the latest improvements. They are heated by steam and lighted by electricity. The sleepers are of the usual American type with two drawing rooms at one end, each having three berths and a private lavatory.

The express trains on which these cars will be used are to be run twice a week, leaving Dainy on Mondays and Fridays, thus connecting with only two of the trans-Siberian express trains, the International Sleeping Car company's train on the St. Petersburg express. The South Manchuria Railway company's liner Kobe Maru will continue to run weekly between Dainy and Shanghai to connect with the International express. It will leave Dainy Mondays at 2 p. m. and arrive at Shanghai Wednesdays, while on the return trip it will leave Shanghai Friday morning and reach Dainy Sunday morning.

The first express train left Dainy on October 30 at 8 a. m. A condensed time table of the main line is forwarded giving the hours of arrival and departure at the principal stations. The journey from Dainy to Changchun, which has hitherto taken twenty-five hours, will now be made in twenty-one hours, thus bringing the passenger train to the coast at 5 a. m., an arrangement made unavoidable by the time table of the Russian trains with which connections must be made. The south-bound train will leave Changchun at 8:40 p. m. on Tuesdays and Saturdays and will arrive at Dainy at 5:15 the following evening.

ROAD BUILDING TO MUSIC

How Major Kennon Got Hustle Work Out of Filipinos and Won a Bet.

Major L. W. Kennon, now commanding a battalion of the Tenth Infantry at Fort Benjamin Harrison, in building the famous Benguet road through the mountains of northern Luzon, Philippine islands, accomplished a feat called humbly impossible. It took music, money and a mongrel army of 4,000 men to do it, but Benguet road stands today one of the remarkable highways of the world.

Major Kennon's army of 4,000 road-builders rested only on Sunday. For ten hours of each day they forged ahead. On Sundays they rested in their quarters, houses built of poles and grass. They amused themselves with dances, cards and games that appealed to the different nationalities. Major Kennon introduced music as one of the attractions along the lonely highway. He is known for his resourcefulness and he does not deny that he used music to get better work out of the pleasure-loving Filipinos and other orientals. They did not like to work, and when they did it was with slow sluggish movement.

One day Major Kennon decided to try music as an impetus to zeal. He assembled his band, made up of men of all nations, and ordered it to move quietly and secretly to a place where several hundred Filipinos were engaged in drilling holes in the canon walls. The band stole up behind the slow-going drillers and suddenly

He only owned the House. Two northern business men, passing through a barren region of the south passed one day before a hopeless, tumble-down habitation, one of them exclaiming: "Poor creatures! How do they ever make a living from such land!" At this the sagging door of the house opened, a tall, lanky, poor white appearing, who drew out to them: "Looky here, strangers, I don't own all this here land; I just own the house."—Harper's Weekly.

And many other painful and distressing ailments from which most mothers suffer, can be avoided by using Mother's Friend. This remedy is a God-send to expectant mothers, carrying them through the critical ordeal with safety. No woman who uses Mother's Friend need fear the suffering incident to birth; for it robs the ordeal of its dread and insures safety to life of mother and child, leaving her in a condition more favorable to speedy recovery. The child is also healthy, strong and good natured. (Our books containing valuable information will be sent free by writing to HEADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Adams, Ga.)

'UNCLE TOM' IN PERIL YET

Adventures of Those Who Give the Show in Tents.

TEXAS OPERA HOUSES SHUT TO IT

Trade Made by Whisky, Torpedoes, Law Suits and Prejudice in Towns of the Southwest—Play the Biggest Money Maker.

GUTHRIE, Okl., April 2.—Simon Legree, villain, stood on a ladder with a paint brush in his hand swiping the side of his private car. From a nearby window Eliza beamed upon him amiably, even with affection, showing her white teeth as she smiled. The odor of ham and cabbage came from the kitchen.

Yellow dandelions had begun to show themselves; the feeling of spring was in the air, heightened by the scent of new tent stakes, newly oiled harness and fresh varnish. An "Uncle Tom's Cabin" company was preparing to abandon winter quarters and lead the nomadic life of a tent show until frost and the chill fall rains should forbid further exposure of little Eva, the dear child, to the dangers of pneumonia.

The genuine ferocious Siberian blood-founds seemed to divine the approaching hour of departure and were tugging at their chains. A bunch of marble-eyed pickaninies stood leaning over a fence at a safe distance speculating upon the awful powers of destruction possessed by the bloodhounds.

"Yes," said Legree, a mild mannered man, who had accumulated \$5,000 in good hard cash in the fifteen years he had owned a "Tom" show, "we are getting ready to go down the firing line and don't for a minute imagine that we'll be able to dodge everything. This 'Tom' business is a life of perilous adventure.

Storm Zone is Marked. "There isn't much trouble 'way up north nor 'way down south, but when you approach Mason and Dixon's line get ready for storms. It's where the crazed edges of recession and unionism flap together that life is hardest for us. And the worst place of the bad places is south central and southeastern Oklahoma. There are 'nesters' in that region only an hour removed from the 'bloody field of Shiloh.'

"Never heard about what happened to us here in the spring of 1887? Well you should have been there. Good crowd at the show and Legree just in the act of larrupin' old Tom when in comes a deputy sheriff with five or six partners, all loaded with squirrel whisky and each with a sixshooter in his paw.

"Take to the brush, every damned one of you spotted leopards, and go back where you belong; you can't pull off this show in this here country." That's what they said, and they meant it.

"Everybody fell of the benches and ducked under the tent walls and lit out for home. The fellows with the guns hurrahed and cheered. Then each one opened a bottle of whisky and waded into a nearby lake, where they paraded back and forth for hours, singing 'Turkey in the Straw' and shooting off their guns. Some of us slept on the floor of the car that night, fearing that a bullet might come through the side of the car into our bunks.

Minister Makes Trouble. "At another place a minister circulated a petition and got 250 signers asking the mayor to revoke our license. We had a handy band that played on the show, 'Frank' William Tell,' 'Martha,' 'Il Trovatore' and all that kind of stuff, yet the crowd stood in the street and jeered and said that the musicians 'played like a lot of scared niggers.' That made us sore, but we couldn't do anything.

"The petition divided the town. The mayor refused to revoke the license. A local newspaper editor said our treatment was an outrage, and got into a bully fight with a gun play for saying it.

"Tact often quiet trouble. When I see something getting ready to start I stay close around the ticket stand and forth opened the carriage door right against the door of the tent. Once inside and on the stage the audience couldn't tell whether the negroes were genuine or imitation.

Some 'Pisen' Towns. "There are towns in Texas and Mississippi that are simply pisen. In one Texas town the town band came down the street playing 'Dixie' and followed by a mob of 20 men and boys. We cancelled the performance and pulled out of town. Never get into a fight in such places; you'll get killed to a dead certainty, and maybe killed.

"We call another place, Six-Shooter Junction, after having had all the night our cars shot out there one night. In Texas one theatrical circuit will not book a 'Tom' show in its opera houses, being unwilling to take chances, and no 'Tom' show has ever played the opera house circuit in that state.

"There's \$35.00 net for the man who can get the lookings on a show would get just as heavily as 'The Cansman,' which sets Texas on fire about three times a year. Once inside a show a southern audience usually ceases its hostile demonstrations against a 'Tom' performance. There is no play more appealing in its pathos, and when the story of 'Uncle Tom' brings an audience prejudice usually gives way to tears. This season I'm going on the firing line in Arkansas; you may see my name in the newspapers some day.

Prohibition in Texas. "Getting back to Texas, let me tell you of a fool thing that happened at one town. Prohibition was a red hot issue in Texas at the time, and we switched from 'Tom' to 'Ten Nights in a Barroom.' There was intense bitterness between the opposing partisans, and to show their contempt of their enemies anti-prohibitionists often came to a show with a quart of whisky, drinking publicly whenever thirsty.

"At the performance I refer to, Joe Morgan had entered the barroom. Simon Slade and asked for a drink, only to be refused by Slade. In whose place Morgan's life had been ruined. Joe was complaining of his misery and the cruelty of Slade when a great, big Texas stud up with a quart bottle of whisky in his hand and exclaimed: "Here, Joe, damn it, take a drink with me!"

"And the rascal walked up the runway and onto the stage. The man playing Joe Morgan was a teetotaler. But the sight of the advancing Texas, deep in his cup, unswayed him so that he took several swallows from the bottle at the urgent request of the owner.

"I was playing Slade, and was puzzled

to know how we could get rid of our bottle friend without a break in the performance. The Texas leaned against the bar, perfectly at home, and crossed his high-necked boots in a comfortable attitude. The audience tittered.

"Then our unsalaried actor saw several harpoon loafers at a table playing an imaginary game of cards, but without real cards, as public card games in Texas were forbidden by law. The Texas pulled up a chair, sat down at the table, drew a greasy deck from his pocket and dealt everybody for the town marshal to take up their hands and moved gingerly away, leaving the friend of Joe Morgan alone in his glory. The Texas finally became drowsy, walked down the runway and disappeared."

Money in a "Tom" Show. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is said to have taken in more money at the box office than any other theatrical performance in the world. Outside the larger cities it seems to be as popular as ever. Among its most devoted patrons are church people who could not be induced to attend other theatrical performances.

The tent show has grown to be the most popular way of presenting "Uncle Tom," and is more easily managed than an opera house show. One man without experience in the theatrical business started a "Tom" show with a cash capital of \$250. That was fifteen years ago in Nebraska. He now has a fortune of \$50,000.

The street parade with its ponies, allegorical figures, its Topsy, its Little Eva, its bloodhounds and its brass band is the strong drawing card. The shrewd manager sends a complimentary ticket to the head of each farmer family within a radius of ten miles of the town where he shows.

"It is a certainty that if ma goes the children will go," said a manager, "and the thing to do is to get the children to begin begging ma to take them. The complimentary ticket does the work."

"A 'Tom' show seems destined by fate to be the target in the business of getting stung real good and hard, probably because of its humble story," said a "Tom" veteran. "Now what would you think of a deal of this kind?"

"In Kansas my car was in a railroad yard where I was paying the railroad company for service and protection. In a lot more than a block away was a fool colt. "One of my dogs began barking, the colt began running and went into a back yard fence, cutting itself badly. In a jiffy the town constable tied up my show upon the ground of the owner of the colt, who sued me in a justice of the peace court, where I was stuck for \$150 damages. I could have beat the case by appealing it, but the cost of delay and litigation would have amounted to more than \$150, which I paid and left town with murder in my heart."

"In another Kansas town the band in the street parade scared a spayed old scarecrow in a livery stable lot. The skate tried to jump a fence and fell and broke its neck. Stung? Well, I guess yes; just \$150 worth. If there are grafters in the show business they are driven to it by this kind of injustice."

The manager of a tent show pays kind attention to the weather, especially in the southwest country, where a tornado is likely to form in an hour and blow the feathers off a chicken. Threatening clouds are watched closely and if danger is suspected the audience is warned to leave the tent.

Often there are peculiar individuals who tell the people that they are being fooled and that there is no danger. The showman meets this with the bluff of having his workmen begin pounding stakes and loosening ropes with as much noise as possible. If the audience is dismissed and sent to bed down and sent the performers to roasting.

"I missed it once in western Kansas," said a showman, "and came near getting lynched. The clouds were the worst I ever saw—pale green and fuzzy orange all localities. I got the crowd out and mixed together. I got the crowd out and sent the performers to roasting."

"No storm. In about twenty minutes I saw 300 people headed by the mayor and the town marshal trotting toward the show ground. We held a pow wow, made it plain we were on the square and offered to put on the tent and the seats, would help them to get out of the tent and we put on a show that tickled 'em to death."

Bloodhounds Unknown. "The genuine bloodhound is unknown in a 'Tom' show. He is so small in size and so lacking in appearance of ferocity that he would be a failure as a drawing card. He is commonly used in a Great Dane, and he fills all the requirements.

"The dogs cause much trouble by fighting among themselves and attacking strange dogs. Once locked in combat it is not easy to pry them apart. Ammunition is usually held to their noses to make them loose their hold.

The dogs soon learn the business of the stage, and ten minutes before their entrance they begin an uproar of baying. The piercing scream of Liza as she starts across the ice is the cue that makes their clamor wilder, and they never miss the cue.

"The 'Tom' company has had five Evass from the same family, the father being an employe in the Chicago postoffice. He is old is now happily married and lives at Oklahoma City. When these girls reached the age of 11 or 12 years they were taken out of the show business and placed in the school, where they seemed to be brighter pupils than other children.

The Liza of this show was the wife of the manager. She looked after the welfare of the little girls, taught them their lessons regularly two hours a day, and took them to Sunday school every Sunday. At Saturday matinees the new manager was asked to stay after the performance and visit with Eva and see the ponies, etc.

The fascination of tent-show life has a strong hold on many persons and many are drawn into it in unexpected ways. An awkward boy in a country town learns to play the trombone or the flute; a show in need of a musician comes along, and the awkward boy goes on the road at \$8 or \$10 a week, with expenses.

In a "Tom" show the average salary of all performers is \$10 a week and expenses. For a season of about twenty-five weeks, in St. Louis, Mo. is the salary of a minister who ran away with a "Tom" show when a boy. Afterward his father educated him in the law. Occasionally he abandons his practice, and for diversion plays four or five weeks with his old friend and employer. Then he goes back to briefs until the wanderlust seizes him again.

BOYLE HEARING AT SHARON

Preliminary of Female Kidnaper Will Be Held Next Week.

MERCER, Pa., April 3.—It has been decided that Mrs. Boyle, charged with complicity in the kidnaping of Willie Whitt, will have a hearing at Sharon. It is probable that the hearing will be held toward the end of next week, when the Whitt family returns from Atlantic City.

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NEW BRITISH FUNMAKER

H. G. Pellissier's Show Makes London Laugh.

FOLLY THAT AMUSES ENGLISH

Consists Largely of Burlesque—Its Inventor a Naturalized German—"Potted Plays" a Feature of the Entertainment.

LONDON, March 31.—The greatest funmaker in England today is a German who is a naturalized English citizen and who has burlesqued and laughed at everything in the country. His latest joke was to outwit the censor, and so successfully did he accomplish it that all Great Britain has shaken its sides with laughter. This was the burlesque on "An Englishman's Home."

H. G. Pellissier, for that is the German Englishman's decidedly French name, started giving public performances twelve years ago, beginning with short entertainments at seaside resorts. His troupe of three women and three men all dressed as Pierrots and they billed themselves everywhere as the "Follies." Mr. Pellissier wrote all the words and music of the songs, and as far as there was any book to his burlesque he wrote the book.

As fortune continued to smile upon the venture the troupe found themselves in demand at private entertainments, and at last they made their way to London and in the small Queen's hall gave their performance to large audiences. Then King Edward sent for them to entertain at Windsor and amuse him and they succeeded in making him laugh till the tears rolled down his cheeks.

After that the "Follies" were stamped as the leading funmakers of England. They took a lease of Terry's theater in the Strand and Pellissier introduced "potted plays" and burlesque London's matinee idols.

Joked His Own Show. His posters were original, for all of them made fun of his performance. One, for instance, had a picture of the theater with the Strand and Pellissier's troupe of the doors and into the night. Underneath was the inscription, "Hundreds turned away nightly." The subtlety of this joke took some time to penetrate, but when it did people flocked to see the man who had a sense of humor great enough to laugh at his own show.

Now the "Follies" are a recognized London entertainment. And yet it is the simplest entertainment after all. When the curtain first rises there are seven chairs in a row, minister fashion. Presently out from behind a black curtain come the "Follies," three women and three men, then Mr. Pellissier himself. Songs, jokes and stories follow in rapid succession for a short time. The second part of the entertainment consists of the potted plays, when skits on all the successful current plays are given by the company.

Just now they are burlesquing the "King of Cadonia" and giving a side-splitting version of Mr. Tree's production "Faust," with Mr. Pellissier as a somewhat portly but exceedingly playful Mephistopheles. As to the scenery, Mr. Pellissier advertises it as vividly and picturesquely as Mr. Tree did his, but the audience are in the joke and they are not a bit surprised when a "Tom" show transformation scene turns out to be a canvas flat with an indoor scene on one side and an outdoor scene on the other, which is wheeled across the stage by two solemn scene shifters and twined slowly around so both sides can be viewed in turn.

"What Every Woman Knows," with Mr. Pellissier as John Shand, in a costume consisting of a tartan, a workman's coat, a high hat and court shoes, with buckles and long silk stockings to show all the stages of John Shand's career at the same time, is very funny also.

The third part of the performance is called "Everybody's Benefit" and is a burlesque variety show. Abundant Balances, singers, dancers and contortionists perform. It is foolish, absolutely foolish very often, but it is the funniest sort of foolishness England has ever had.

FOR USE AGAINST AIRSHIPS

Novel Gun that Has Been Placed at the Disposal of the German War Office.

LONDON, March 24.—Like every other weapon of offence, the airship has soon been followed with a weapon of defence against its attacks. The German War office has had placed at its disposal a gun manufactured and designed at the Krupp works at Essen especially for use against airships, and it is understood that the British War office is also considering certain inventions devised for a similar purpose.

It has been argued that naval gunners could easily disable a Zeppelin airship. The target presented broadside on is a large one, but stem on the Zeppelin offers only a forty foot circle. If the height of the airship be 1,000 feet present naval guns could not be trained upon it at less than a distance of about a mile and a half, and at this distance a forty foot mark is not a certain target, even on the level, to a moving ship. At the elevation required it would be not only exceedingly difficult to estimate the range, but even if the range were known the allowance for curvature of trajectory would be so great as to render a hit the merest fluke.

The new type of gun manufactured by Messrs. Krupp, it is asserted, will destroy a steerable airship. The shell which it fires has a diameter of sixty-five millimetres, weight nine pounds and is discharged with an initial velocity of 1,841 feet.

The gun is raised to an angle of sixty degrees and the projectile can reach a height of 18,150 feet. The shells are filled with a highly inflammable gas which will cause the gas bag of an airship to explode when it comes into contact with it.

Roosevelt a Scrapper. Four grimy urchins sat on the street curb sulking President Roosevelt.

"Say, dat guy Roosevelt 'll fight at de drop of de hat!" declared one youngster, with widened eyes. "I read in de paper only last week where he bit a man's ear off!"

None of the others had read that, how-

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