OUTLOOK DARK FOR CLAICHE GIRL AS STATE RESTS

Revelations at Trial Check Sympathy for White Slave Slayer.

SHAME OF THE POLICE.

Scandal in Relations of Plain-Clothes Men and Outcasts Weaken Defense.

WOMEN CROWD COURT.

All Eager to Hear Details of the Career Led by Berthe Claiche, Her Victim and Her Friends.

When Berthe Claiche took her seat in the court-room this afternoon her gaze strayed to a big, strapped trunk that had been brought into the room during recess. She started slightly and shrugged her shoulders. It was the trunk of Emil Gerdron.

In this trunk County Detective Rooney found last October three letters written to Gerdron by Berthe Claiche while Gerdron was in the country, some weeks before the shooting.

By these the prosecution seeks to prove that the relations between Berthe Claiche and her lover were as happy as such relations can be until he caught her in the company of the fascinating "Joe" Lorenzo.

It has been brought out in evidence that during this absence of Gerdron the Claiche girl was almost continually in the company of Lorenzo.

The prosecution closes its case against Bertha Claiche to-day, and then the defense will try to prove she was justified in shooting the man who held her as a slave, Emil Gerdron.

The wind-up of the case of the State leaves the outlook for the little defendant dark.

Much has been written and said since the tragedy concerning the awful life the little French girl led with Gerdron. A great wave of public sympathy for her was created. Had the facts developed as they were understood at first there would be no doubt about the acquittal of the girl.

But the trial has brought to light a new and sinister influence on the fate of Berthe Claiche in the police association with the outcast of the Tenderloin. Shameful revelations of the intimacy existing between plain-clothes men and women of the street have been made in the testimony. One policeman has unblushingly confessed that, in company with another officer of the law he visited Berthe Claiche in the home of one of her female partners in vice more than fifty times.

An unusually large percentage of the audience to-day was composed of women and they appeared to be bored. Many of them had followed the disgusting tales of Marie Zimmerman and Florentine La Sage yesterday and apparently they were looking for more of it.

These women are not the hard-faced lead-eyed painted denizens of the Tenderloin. None of these has appeared at the trial of Berthe Claiche. The women who hang breathless on the revelations of life in the half world are eminently respectable.

They are richly gowned and to-day they were guarded against the biting cold by expensive furs. Some of them are motherly appearing women with gray hair. Their presence in the courtroom ranks with a bass drum solo in a church.

Morton in Court.

Harry Morton, the policeman against whom charges of intimacy with Berthe Claiche have been made by two other policemen, has been subpoenad by the defense. He appeared at the Court-House to-day.

"These men," declared Morton, "are actuated by fright in testifying against me. They were transferred out to Richmond Hill and I was not transferred. All I want is that the three of us be lined up and let Berthe Claiche point out the man who was intimate with her. It won't be me. I hope God will strike me dead on the witness-stand if I lie about this case, and what I tell will contradict every statement that Martineau and Billafer have made about me."

Judge Rosalsky, of counsel for the defense, did not apepar in court to-day until the trial had been called. There was a rumor current that he had been held up and robbed last night at Sixth avenue and Twenty-third street while out gathering evidence for his client. Judge Rosalsky explained when he arrived, a little pale, but otherwise unmarked.

"I was out late last night," he said, "and had a good time. That is the only foundation for the rumor."

As a matter of fact Judge Rosalsky was raised to the sublime degree of Master Mason in Centennial Lodge, in the Masonic Temple, at a special session last night. Hence his paleness.

Henry Brueck, a Tenderloin plain-clothes man, was the first witness to-day. He proved to be a typical police witness, interlarding his testimony with legal terms picked up in the police courts.

Brueck testified to meeting Berthe Claiche at Twenty-seventh street a few days before the shooting of Gerdron.

"She asked me if I had seen Emil," said the policeman. "I told her I had not. Then she asked me to arrest him because he had beaten her. I advised her to go to Jefferson Market Court and get a warrant. She asked me what he would get. I told her we could send him away for six months. Then she said, 'What's the use? He'll kill me when he gets out, anyhow. I might as well kill him.'

On cross-examination Brueck dragged in the name of another policeman, Zendocius. It appears that he and Zendocius went into Berthe Claiche's flat after Gerdron the night she was beaten. As the cross-examination proceeded the witness went up in the air and dived around like a kite with an inadequate tail. He appeared to share the desire of other police witnesses to refrain from giving any testimony favorable to Berthe Claiche.

Mr. Levy brought out in his examination of Brueck that he was a volunteer witness. In the course of police duty he had arrested Berthe Claiche.

John R. Hawthorne, a policeman for eleven years, followed Brueck.

He said he had known Berthe Claiche for nearly four years. On Nov. 6, 1902, he saw her sign a paper in Jefferson Market Court. Hawthorne identified the paper and the signature and Mr. Ely offered the paper and the signature in evidence. It was admitted over the objections of Mr. Levy and Judge Rosalsky.

The signature is for the use of a handwriting expert engaged by the State to prove that Berthe Claiche wrote a certain letter upon which the prosecution places a great deal of reliance in proving a case against her.

The next witness was Daniel Rooney, county detective, who testified that he found three letters in a trunk belonging to Emil Gerdron, last October. The letters were offered in evidence.

John Scanlon, a fine-looking Tenderloin policeman over six feet tall, took the stand. On the night of July 8, 1905, he was on post in Seventh avenue, between Twenty-third and Twenty-seventh street. He said he knew Policeman Morton, and Morton, who has been practically accused by the prosecution of conspiring with Berthe Claiche to murder Gerdron, was brought into court for identification. Morton is a young man and looked somewhat ashamed as he stood up near the rail alongside of Berthe Claiche. He glanced at the girl, but she did not raise her eyes.

All Scanlon was asked to do was to corroborate the testimony given yesterday by Policemen Billafer and Martineau concerning the shooting of Gerdron at Twenty-fifth street and Seventh avenue. He was not cross-examined.

BETTMAN, HIS SISTER AND SCENE OF MURDER.

Mrs. Sophia Fennan

Thos Bettman

The Fennan Home

KILLED HUSBAND OF DEAD SISTER, AND THEN SHOT HIMSELF.

(Continued from First Page.)

swayed there a moment when he saw the slayer standing in the doorway aiming carefully. With a supreme effort and a despairing cry the wounded man gathered himself together and started, running down the street toward Court street.

As he swung about, turning from his brother-in-law, the older man fired again, the bullet striking the jaw, glancing up and lodging under the eye, inflicting a mortal wound. But he ran on, the blood now streaming from his wounds, seeming to be supported by his own momentum and propelled by his last agony of fear.

Shot in the Face.

Near the corner of Court street George Cunnen, of No. 160 Fourth avenue, a motorman, employed on the Brooklyn and Coney Island Railroad, saw the crimson-splattered figure reeling toward the threshold of Chess's drug store, on Court street. Cunnen sprang to his side and caught him as he fell through the door.

Dr. S. Chase, the druggist, ran out from behind his prescription counter as the dying man rolled under the chair near the soda fountain gasping: "Tom shot me." He lived only a few moments and was dead when an ambulance surgeon arrived.

The neighborhood was now aroused and echoed with the screams and cries of women. Bettman did not follow his brother-in-law out into the street. He stood for a moment at the doorsill and examined his clumsy weapon, a heavy bulldog revolver of .44-calibre. There were two more bullets.

When Bettman returned to the kitchen his sister, Mrs. Louise Lower and her little girl, Annie, had fled through a window into the rear yard and were crouching against the fence. Mrs. Larsen was wringing her hands, sobbing and stumbling about wildly. When she saw the man walking toward her with the smoking pistol in his hand she fell toward him and caught his arm.

"Let go," he raged, "or I will shoot you all." Then as he flung the woman from him he fired again, the bullet passing over the woman's head and impinging against a mirror, shattering the glass and lodging deep in the plaster. Mrs. Larsen had fallen and covered her face with her arms. The woman and little girl in the yard resumed their shrieks and other tenants in the house were piling down from the upper floors.

Blew Out His Brains.

Before any one could get to the murderer, however, he exploded his last cartridge in his mouth, blowing out his brains.

The tragedy was hardly consummated before the funeral cortege that was to have carried the body of the bride to the cemetery turned into the street and slowly drew near the house. There was now a great crowd in the street and Undertaker Kohlke, of No. 554 Court street, with difficulty drove the hearse up to the street.

There were six carriages in the cortege filled with relatives and friends of the dead, and when they saw the red tracks on the pavement and heard the murmuring about murder and suicide they added their wailings to the general clamor.

When Mrs. Lower, the sister of the dead bride and of the murderer and suicide, recovered sufficiently to talk, she told this story of the tragedy:

"My brother Tom has always been cross to Fritz, for he never could forgive him for taking Sophie from him. Sophie was his pet, and she kept house for him. Last night at the wake some evil-tongued woman said something about Sophie's marriage that made Tom rage.

Returned to Kill.

"Very early this morning he went out to a saloon and began to drink. When he got back before breakfast his face was flushed and his eyes blazed. Before he sat down to the table he went into the front room, where the coffin is, and remained there some little time. When he came out he locked the door. He was silent for some time, when he said suddenly:

"'Fritz and Louise and Annie (my little girl) and Tom (himself) will go in the first carriage.' Then Fritz got up and turned toward the little hallway. Tom went after him and drew the big revolver from his pocket. Then I don't know what happened, there was so much noise and smoke and cries, though I heard Tom shout before the first report of the pistol:

"'You are to blame for my sister's death.' My only thought was to escape, and I opened the window and carried my little girl out into the yard."

Mrs. Lower and her husband Adolph are well-to-do and have a large restaurant at No. 993 Flushing avenue. The husband arrived with the funeral cortege directly after the tragedy.

Mrs. Sophia Fennan died of blood poisoning following premature birth of a child. It was the manner of her death that preyed upon her brother's mind and wrought his enmity toward Fennan to the pitch of frenzied hatred. Bettman was a prosperous plumber and Fennan a bartender, employed in a saloon on Hampton avenue near Court street. He was twenty-four years old.

TRAIN KILLED MAN ON "DEATH AVENUE" TRACK

Livingston Was Cut Up by Cars as He Leaped from Others.

Running through Tenth avenue, which is now known as "Death avenue," a New York Central milk train going at tremendous speed ran down and killed Joseph Livingston, of No. 326 Tenth avenue, early to-day and whirled away without so much as slackening its pace.

Livingston had feared the death that came to him. Only last night he was discussing the dangers of crossing the railroad tracks at Thirtieth street with his brother-in-law, Richard Long, with whom Livingston lived.

Livingston was a driver for the Antique Furniture Company, whose stables are at Twenty-fifth street and East River. He was working all last night and tired out when he left the stables this morning for his home.

He started across the tracks at Thirtieth street, when a freight train bound uptown came upon him. He leaped to the downtown track just in time to get in front of the flying milk train, which in spite of its speed was backing. The first car knocked Livingston across the rails and the following cars and engine ran over his body.

Long, who was asleep in his home near the accident, was awakened by a scream. From his window he saw a crowd gathering, and a few minutes later he identified the mangled body as that of his brother-in-law.

SEVERAL INJURED IN RAILROAD COLLISION.

Engine Runs Into Dirt Train in Van Nest Yards and One Engineer Is Hurt.

One man was injured seriously and several others painfully in an accident resulting when an engine struck a dirt train in the Van Nest yards of the N. Y., N. H. & H. Railroad this afternoon.

The dirt train of seven cars and an engine was going west when a swift engine in charge of Willis Manning ran into the train from the east.

Manning passed an open switch, saw a collision was inevitable, shut off the steam and jumped. In doing so he fractured his left leg and received probable internal injuries.

The engine came together at a rate of ten miles an hour. Neither left the track, but one of the dirt cars in the middle of the train flopped over into an excavation, throwing William Fitzgerald, a laborer, from the train. Fitzgerald was taken to his home in Van Nest. Manning was taken to the Fordham Hospital. Fitzgerald was cut about the face and body.

John Ford, in charge of the dirt train engine, stuck to his post. He was not injured.

JOHN D. SPRECKELS HAS BAD ATTACK OF GRIP.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 28.—John D. Spreckels is seriously ill at his home in this city suffering from an attack of la grippe. He is said to be in no immediate danger.

HOUSTON WIRES TO KEEP PATRICK WITNESSES HERE

"Send for Clyde Creighton, Too, and This Town Will Be Good."

MESSAGE TO JEROME.

Rumor that Confessed Perjurer Has Offered to Assist District-Attorney.

For hours to-day before the hearing of the motion for a new trial for Albert T. Patrick before Recorder Goff was resumed, Joseph Jordan, alias "Skinny" Martin, the witness for the defense who had confessed to perjury, was closeted upstairs in the Criminal Courts Building with Assistant District-Attorney Garvan.

He smoked good cigars as he talked to Mr. Garvan and appeared to be on confidential terms with Jerome's assistant. There was a rumor down in Part I., General Sessions, where the case is being heard, that Jordan had told a good many things which may bear upon the testimony of the others of the Texans who came with him from "Big Annie's," in Houston, to testify in Patrick's behalf.

Jordan Sentenced Monday.

Jordan is to be sentenced next Monday on his own admission of false swearing, and in the meanwhile he is doing everything he can think of to secure a light sentence. He is being kept in the Tombs.

There was a delay in the beginning of this afternoon's session because Baldwin Rice, Mayor of Houston, and a nephew of Patrick's murdered victim, Willam Marsh Rice, had not arrived at noon. Mayor Rice came here at the request of District-Attorney Jerome to contradict the evidence given by Miss Minne Gaillard, the Texas schoolma'am. Miss Gaillard swore that she overheard a coversation in a street car in Houston between Mayor Rice and Charles F. Jones, the valet, whose alleged admssions formed the basis of the present pleadings. She also testified that she knew Baldwin Rice well and had known him for years.

When Mr. Jerome came into court he was grinning. He carried in his hands a telegram from Houston, signed by "Maxey, Lucas and Bonney," which read as follows:

"William Travers Jerome:

"Keep the present witnesses you have and send for Clyde Creighton and Houston will be a good town."

SULLIVAN TAKES WOODBURY'S PART

Investigating Committee Asks for Counsel to Pursue Their Inquiry.

The proposed investigation of the alleged grafting in the Street Cleaning Department and of affairs generally, under Commissioner Woodbury, received another airing at the meeting of the Board of Aldermen to-day. It was on a resolution from the special committee appointed for the purpose some time ago, asking permission to engage counsel to conduct the investigation. After a lively debate the resolution was adopted, but it does not provide any money to pay the lawyers. That part of it will come later.

Alderman Dowling set the ball rolling by denouncing commissioner Woodbury. He is from Brooklyn, and made the claim that the streets of that borough were never in as filthy a condition as at present.

"I am surprised to hear the Alderman make such a statement," said "Little Tim" Sullivan, "It is not safe any more to hold public office. You are put down as either a grafter or a fool. Incidentally it must be remembered that even the Board of Aldermen is not above suspicion."

Then, to the surprise of the other members, Alderman Sullivan started in to defend the Street-Cleaning Commissioner.

"Candidly," he said, "if I had the power to appoint or remove, I would never have appointed him. I believe there are many things in that department that calls for an investigation. I believe the dumps are a disgrace to the city, and the padrone system that has worked its way into the department is rotten. But I do not believe in this searching around to investigate anything and everything simply on idle rumor.

"This investigation is all buncombe. In the first place, it is against the city charter to employ special counsel. I believe the Street-Cleaning Departmn is well conducted and that there is a good man at the head of it."

When it came to the vote it was found tht only eleven Tammany men were against it, and the other nineteen of the same organization favored it. The investigatbrs will meet next week.

HOUSE OF MANY CHILDREN AFIRE

Left Alone in Room, Little Ones Set Curtains Afire with Matches.

Fire in the six-story tenement-house at No. 73 Norfolk street this afternoon disclosed the fact that with twenty-four families in the building, there are so many children that no one person has any idea to whom the hall playmates of their children belong.

Jacob Denis, of No. 76 Norfolk street, and Samuel Ularnick, of No. 24 Norfolk street, were passing the tenement when they noticed smoke pouring from one of the fifth-story windows. Hastily calling to Patrolman Jacob, they rushed into the house and up the stairs, crying "Fire!"

The tenants gathering their children about them, made a grand rush for the ground floor, so that the building was quickly emptied. Denis and Ularnick, on their way out, found in the hallway of the fifth floor four children, between the ages of three and ten years. The hallways were getting dangerously full of smoke, so they each took two children in their arms and made their escape.

When the engines arrived, it was discovered that the fire was in the apartment of Abraham Sacks, near whose door the children had been found. The door was locked and had to be forced. The flames were quickly extinguished but there was no one in the apartment, and it was with some difficulty that the four children were finally identified as belonging to the Sacks family. What had become of the parents could not be discovered. The children, in reply to questions, answered simply that they had "gone out." Left alone, they got to playing with matches, and when they found the curtains burning they went into the hallway and closed the door, which locked automatically.

Of all the fathers who appeared upon the scene and of all the hundred or more children there, none ever had taken the trouble to learn who or what the Sacks children were. They were cared for by neighbors.

BLAST HURLS A DRILLER TO DEATH

Second Man Severely Hurt in Explosion at the Pennsylvania Terminal.

One man was killed and another severely hurt by an explosion of dynamite in the Pennsylvania Railroad excavation at Eighth avenue and Thirty-second street to-day. James J. Finnegan, a driller, of No. 2188 Fifth avenue, died in the French Hospital. He was fearfully lacerated about the head and body. His fellow-workman, Thomas Jones, of No. 11 Grand avenue, New Rochelle, was badly hurt.

The two men were working a steam drill when the charge exploded. The boulder had been dislodged from the face of the cutting. The dynamite lay unsuspected in the hole that had been drilled for it, and in which it had failed to ignite when the face of the ledge was overthrown. The drillers were put to work boring holes for more of the explosive.

Suddenly there was a roar and the two men were hurled through the air a distance of twenty feet.

LAWYER ARRESTED IN SEWER FRAUD CASE.

District-Attorney Jerome has taken up the prosecution of lawyers in this city who were implicated in the alleged sewer frauds in Brooklyn, and to-day had Benjamin Gerson Oppenheim, a lawyer of No. 265 Broadway, arraigned in the Tombs Police Court on a charge of misdemeanor, it being alleged he paid clients to come to him and bring suit against the city for damage to their property by the overflow of sewers in Brooklyn.

This misdemeanor is designated in the Penal Code as champerty. The complaint against Oppenheim was sworn to by Frank J. Prial, an examiner of sewer claims in the Comptroller's Office. Prial declares that he was informed by an Italian named Pesce that he had been paid $2 each for getting Mr. Oppenheim 100 sewer claims from Brooklyn. The lawyer's examination was set over until March 2 by Magistrate Steinert. The District-Attorney has issued subpoenas for many other lawyers charged with the same offens in connection with the $2,000,000 sewer frauds in Brooklyn.

RAID LEMON GAME IN NICK OF TIME

Alleged Victim Was $540 Out When Sleuths Reached Pool-Room.

The good old "lemon game," that standard Tenderloin pastime, got a hard jolt to-day when Headquarters men raided a gang of alleged lemon players at a pool and billiard room over the Rialto restaurant, at No. 1366 Broadway, between Thirty-sixth and Thirty-seventh streets. With the arrival of the patrol wagon, the usual Broadway crowd blocked traffic, while they wondered if it was a pool-room and if so why axes weren't used.

The strangest part of the raid was that it was made on complaint of a man who said he was trimmed at the game yesterday, and the police found another alleged victim, $540 to the bad and steadily getting worse, when they swooped down on the place to-day.

The lemon game is simple. A stranger becomes acquainted with a crowd in a pool-room. He sees a chap playing who doesn't seem to know the tip of a cue from the butt. Then one of his new found friends beats the pool-player. Bets are made and the stranger is allowed to back his new friend, who wins steadily. Then, when the bets are heavy enough the "friend" commences to lose. The losing continues until the victim's roll is gone.

The complainant yesterday was Albert Adams, of No. 300 West Seventeenth street. He lost a large amount which the police did not state specifically. When detectives went to the place to-day they found Frederick Freeman backing his favorite player and $540 out of pocket. They arrested the players, George Kaufman, of No. 48 Lexington avenue, and Isaac Freeman, of Mills Hotel No. 1, charging them with the grand larceny of Frederick Freeman's $540.

Also they arrested as suspicious persons John Golding, Frank Stern, John Theller and William Madden. These, the police say, played with Adams yesterday.

DETECTIVE BUREAU WIPED OUT BY BILL

Sinecure Spot Packed with Favorites, Says Committee of Nine.

ALBANY, Feb. 28.—Senator Cooper and Assemblyman Prentice introduced today the bill of the Committee of Nine abolishing the present Detective Bureau and providing that the Commissioner shall organize a new bureau to be known as the "Bureau of Criminal Investigation."

Accompanying the measure was the following statement from the Committee of Nine:

"Under the law as it stands to-day any patrolman assigned to detective work becomes by virtue of such assignment a permanent detective-sergeant with a sergeant's rank and pay. Even though it proves that he has no detective ability, or fails to develop any he mus remain a detective.

"He cannot be reduced unless the Commissioner can prove at a trial that he has been guilty of something approaching a criminal offense. He may be suspected, with good reason of untrustworthiness, but if the specific evidence is not at hand he is none the less a fixture.

"Advantage was taken of this situation to 'pack' the bureau in the latter part of 1901. As a result there are now over two hundred and fifty men in it, some of whom are doing patrol or other duty at sergeants' pay, because there is no detective work for which they are needed or for which they are fit. On the other hand, the door of entrance which should be open to the entire force, as a reward of good police work, is practically blocked. There have been only five detetive-sergeants appointed during the past four years. The new bill legislates no officer out of the department. It abolishes the present Central Office Bureau of Detectives and the position of detective-sergeant, and provides that all the present detective-sergeants shall retain the rank and pay of sergeants and shall not be disciplined except upon written charges and after the trial, as provided for all other members of the police force."

Ludlow Chryste, secretary of the Committee of Nine, who brought the bill to Albany, said that it had been submitted to Mayor McClellan and Commissioner Bingham, and would not be opposed by them.

ECZEMA ON FACE AND HANDS

Troubled from Childhood With Skin Eruptions—In Winter, Hands Would Crack Open and Swell Twice Their Size—Skin Now in Splendid Condition.

CURED BY THE CUTICURA REMEDIES

"From childhood I had always been troubled with skin eruptions, more or less, and in winter my hands would crack open all over the back. You could lay a straw in any of them, but since using the Cuticura Remedies for the eczema about five years ago I have not been troubled in any way. At that time, I think, I got the eczema from handling imported hides at the Custom House stores. I doctored for it for over a month without relief. It was on my hands and face, and my hands were swollen twice their size. After losing time, I was told of a woman whose finger nails had fallen off and was cured by the Cuticura Remedies, so I tried them and I was cured, and my skin is in splendid condition now and does not crack in cold weather. I gladly give you permission to publish any part of my letter relating to the cure and use of the Cuticura Remedies. Henry O'Neill, 4949 Girard Ave., Philadelphia, Pa., July 2, 1905."

CUTICURA—THE SET, $1

Complete Treatment for Every Humor from Pimples to Eczema

Bathe the affected parts with hot water and Cuticura Soap, to cleanse the surface of crusts and scales and soften the thickened cuticle; dry, without hard rubbing, and apply Cuticura Ointment freely, to allay itching, irritation, and inflammation, and soothe and heal; and, lastly, take Cuticura Resolvent Pills to cool and cleanse the blood. A single set, costing but one dollar, is often sufficient to cure the most torturing, disfiguring, itching, burning, and scaly skin, scalp, and blood humors, with loss of hair, from infancy to age, when all else fails.

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston, Mass. Mailed Free, "How to Cure Torturing Humors."

"LOOK FIRST TO THE EYES."

One doctor writes: "I could give the details of perhaps a thousand cases of migraine, or sick headache, cured by glasses."

Eyes examined by Oculists who are Registered Physicians of experience:

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EDW. JOHNSON, M. D. (Many years in private practice.)
MARCUM KENYON, M. D. (8 years Manhattan Eye and Ear Hospital.)
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PENNY A POUND PROFIT.
SPECIAL FOR WEDNESDAY.
PIGNOLIA NUT CARAMELS ..... POUND 10c
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Loft 3 STORES
54 BARCLAY ST COR WEST BWAY.
29 CORTLANDT ST COR CHURCH ST
PARK ROW & NASSAU ST COR SPRUCE ST

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No Employers' References Required.
You positively save the middleman's profit by dealing direct with us.
CALL OR WRITE FOR CATALOGUE NO. 11
TO-DAY.
B'klyn Branch, 467 Fulton St.
L. W. SWEET & CO.
39 MAIDEN LANE N.Y.

DIED.

DOOLEY.—On Feb. 28, ROSANNA T., beloved daughter of John and Rosanna Dooley (nee Donlon), aged 16 years.

Funeral from her late residence, 206 East 106th st., on Thursday, at 1 P. M. Interment Calvary.

LAUNDRY WANTS—FEMALE.

OPERATOR wanted on shirt, collar and cuff starch machine at Dakota Steam Laundry, 1st av. and 124th st.

LOST, FOUND AND REWARDS.

LOST—Cardinal bird; Sunday; reward. Return to Dobson, 2421 8th av.

—ON SALE—
1906 WORLD ALMANAC
25c. By Mail, 35c.

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Vinol creates appetite and aids digestion; helps invalids and convalescents to recovery; helps nervous and tired women; promotes natural, restful sleep; feeds strained and weakened nerves; overcomes exhaustion in nursing mothers; revitalizes and builds up the over-worked; strengthens delicate and weakly children.

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HEGEMAN & CO., 200 Broadway; 2683 Broadway; 84 W. 125th St.; 200 W. 125th St.; 1917 Amsterdam Ave.; 2835 Third Ave.
J. JUNGMANN, 1020 Third Ave.; 428 Columbus Ave.; 1 E. 42d St.
KINSMAN'S DRUG STORES, 601 Eighth Ave.; 128th St. and Eighth Ave.

CLEAR HEAD and STEADY NERVES win!
POSTUM FOOD COFFEE
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"There's a Reason."

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Pure Molasses Candy, LIGHT and CRISP, with a RICH, THICK coating of the finest chocolate. The only candy made which you continue to eat after you think you've had enough.
FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.
Look for the words *Greenfield's* "SPONGE" on every piece.
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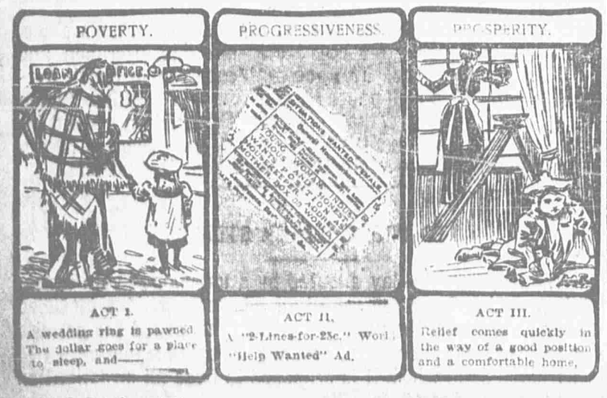

ACT I. A wedding ring is pawned. The dollar goes for a place to sleep, and——

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ACT III. Relief comes quickly in the way of a good position and a comfortable home.

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