

NEW YORK, SUNDAY, MAY 17, 1903.—Copyright, 1903, by The Sun Printing and Publishing Association.

## WISDOM of SIMEON FORD

### At a Turkish Bath.

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My dear reader, have you ever bathed? Turkish bathed? I was myself a slave, was I not, and I am now a sadder and a cleaner man.

In this article, which is meant to be delectably light and playful, appears to you to be brought with an underlying varicose vein of gloom, do not hastily pass it by, but remember that it is in the interest of science. I have dallied with luxury in the Orient (as called) also remembering that I have contracted a deep, sonorous cold, which will, in all probability, fondly nestle in my bosom till my ulster blooms again.

The preliminaries of the Turkish bath are simple. You pay \$1 at the door and pass into the "cooling room," where the necessary registers of this degree of appropriateness of this title does not appear upon you until you have visited the inner shrine, where the temperature is up near the boiling point.

In the "cooling room" you are privileged to deposit your valuables in a safe. I did not avail myself of this boon, however, for reasons of a purely private nature, but passed at once into the "dressing room."

This room was not so large as to appear dreary, not yet so small as some I have lodged in on the Bowery, but was about 7 by 4. The furniture was simple, yet elegant, consisting of a chair and a brush and a comb long past their prime. The comb was chained to the wall, but the brush was permitted to roam at will.

Hardly divesting myself of sealskins, fangers and other paraphernalia of rank, I arranged them in a neat pile in the centre of the room and placed the chair upon them. This simple precaution I had learned while occupying a room separated from its fellows by low partitions.

Your neighbor may be a disciple of Isaac Walton, and during your sleep or absence may take a cast over the partition with hook and line. What could be more embarrassing than to have one's trousers thus surreptitiously removed? I am a lover of the "gentle art" myself, but I am ever loath to be played for a sucker.

I was now ushered into the "hot room," where a number of gentlemen were loitering about and peering curiously and furtively about a timid, shrinking nature, I was somewhat embarrassed on entering a room thus filled with strangers, and the more so as I realized that my costume was too bizarre and striking for one of my worldly proportions. So I flung myself upon a marble divan, and, as grace upon a marble divan, but immediately arose therefrom with a vivid blush and a large blister. I then sat upon a seething chair until I came to a boil, when I rose up and endeavored to alleviate my sufferings by restlessly pacing the room.

A few towels were scattered about, and as the nimble chambermaids leaped from the rug, so leaped I from towel to towel in my efforts to keep my feet off the red-hot floor.

Having basked in this room until I was quite aglow, I summoned the attendant and told him he could take me out at once or wait yet a little longer and remove me through a hose. I then passed into the "dressing room," where I was laid out on an unelastic marble slab like a "found drowned" at the Morgue, and was taken in hand by a muscular attendant, who proceeded to manipulate me with great violence.

He began upon my chest, upon which he pressed until he lifted his feet off the floor and my shoulder blades made dents in the marble. I mildly asked if it was absolutely necessary that my respiratory organs should thus be flattened, to which he replied with a rich Turkish accent: "Come off, young feller, I know my biz," and swooped down upon my digestive organs.

Manipulation consists of dis-jointing, dis-jointing, bruising and rending limb from limb, and may be healthful, but it is not popular with me.

This man said he was a pianist also, and that he could manipulate and at the same time strengthen his fingers and improve his technique, and to illustrate he struck a few resounding chords in the small of my back and then proceeded to interpret Wagner's "Die Walkure" upon my vertebrae, running his fingers up and down in the treble and thundering down in the bass, just as if I were the keyboard of a Steinway grand, an illusion doubtless heightened by the ivory whiteness of my skin.

He wound up by playing that grand show-off piece, the "Battle of Prague," while I joined in with the "Cries of the Wounded." It was a fine rendering, no doubt, but next time I am to be played upon, I shall ask for a soft andante movement—a Chopin nocturne, say.

ON CLOTHES.

Of course, I know something about clothes. I have always, in deference to the tyranny of fashion and a severe climate, worn clothes. Not always such clothes as I desired to wear, but still, by courtesy, clothes.

When I was a boy children were not numbered as they are now. Lilliputian bazars were infrequent. As a rule our clothes had been worn previously by some adult relative of an entirely different style of architecture.

Our mothers used to lay us on the floor, mark around us with a piece of chalk, and how our alleged garments from these hand-me-downs. The results were serviceable rather than natty.

I recollect appearing at school one day in a suit carved out of my uncle's army overcoat. I entered with some misgivings. I was received with enthusiasm. Remarks were made calculated to wound my feelings.

In order to provide against a habit I had of growing rapidly, tucks had been made in the trousers, intended to be let out from time to time. The effect was more striking and bizarre than fashionable.

It was common gossip at the time that army clothes were made of shoddy that fit suit were like iron. I tried to wear it out. I spent hours sliding down cellar doors and sitting in custard and cranberry pie, and spilling food on

myself, but that hateful army overcoat was indestructible and imperishable.

Finally, in despair, I set to work and out-grew it, and it was passed along to a younger relative, and I dare say some unhappy wretch is wearing it yet.

Some one tells me that the manufacture of clothing is New York's greatest industry. Doesn't it seem a shame that the Creator should have provided every other living thing with fitting and well-fitting and well-ventilating clothing, and then left man his latest and noblest work, to the mercy of the clothiers?

I never see a dog or cat without a feeling of envy. Just a lick and a shake and a scratch and the toilet is complete, while we poor mortals wear out our lives tying and untying and buttoning and unbuttoning.

And then men's clothing is so hideous! Hamlet says: 'Tis not mine own livery, good mother. Nor customary suits of solemn black."

Ham must have had on his evening clothes when he said that. ("Customary suits of solemn black" just describes it. Isn't it queer, then, when a man wants to appear gay or charming, or grace a festive occasion, he dons one of those spike-tailed, low-necked, shell-headed atrocieties, which makes him look like a cross between a hen and a Morgue—a suit only fit to be buried in, and not really appropriate for that?)

Of course, we have to adapt ourselves to our climatic environments, but so have the women, and see how lovely they always look!

SIMEON FORD.

### INDIANS GROWING MUSICAL.

A Demand for Pianos Among Tribes in the Northwest.

LINCOLN, Neb., May 16.—A score of years ago it would have been difficult to convince a Westerner familiar with the stiff-legged dance of the Indian and his monotonous Ho-ya! Ho-ya! that the red folks would ever become musicians. And yet that is what is happening.

Pianos are appearing in the homes not only of the Oklahoma and Indian Territory Indians, who have money for almost any old luxury, but also in those of the Sioux and Blackfeet and Crow. A Lincoln wholesaler has in the past six months sold no fewer than twenty-five pianos, averaging in price more than \$400 apiece, to families of the Northern Indians.

Indian schools in the East and West are responsible for this novelty. The returning musicians must have their pianos, and their orders for good music are on file with dealers all the time.

Musical notes are in the Indian as in the African. The idea of the Indian before he is educated in music is to select two tones, balancing the voice back and forth between them, in a monotonous fashion. The women of the Sioux tribe, when performing the squaw dance, jump up and down, uttering a guttural sound, half betwixt a grunt and a moan.

There is not the least bit of music about it. Perhaps the nearest approach to any music the Dakotas Indians have shown was in the ghost dancing days of the early '90s, when fervor and religious fanaticism lent spirit to their songs. But even in these the "three-ghost repetition" was present. These ghost songs—"wagi o-wan kin"—as sung by the Sioux were of a number of stanzas, the same meter running through all. Some idea of the monotony of the sounds can be gathered from the opening verse, which went:

Wah he kure ink he kure, Wah he kure ink he kure.

This same ending, which means, "saith my father, saith my father," marked a dozen verses. Some concluded with "Nihun quon he heye lo, nihun quon he heye lo" ("saith my mother, saith my mother"), while still others with "Unei heye ce, unci heye ce" ("saith my grand-mother") and "Tuwa heye ce, tuwa heye ce" ("saith somebody").

Parts were sung alternately by men and women, while both joined in the refrain. The terminal words "lo" and "ye" seemed to have been added for the purpose of euphony rather than for any change in meaning.

This ghost song was in the nature of a chant, and indeed most true Indian songs are. An accent or emphasis was given at about every second beat of common time. The refrain was at times a wail, with an unusually plaintive quality.

Many of the Sioux have become good musicians, largely through the admixture of French blood. The old fur traders of St. Paul were French, and a not inconsiderable number of Frenchmen trapped through this region fifty years ago and settled down with squaws as wives.

### DOWIEITES AT WORK HERE.

The Advance Guard Is Already Distributing the Prophet's Literature.

The Dowie advance guard that arrived here several weeks ago and took up quarters in a West Side boarding house has divided into three groups, and is already doing missionary work, so that when Dowie gets here he will have in his audience at least folks who will know what he is talking about.

One group is working in Manhattan, another in Brooklyn and the third in Jersey City and Hoboken. The members of each group are supplied with Dowie literature, articles, editorials and books written by Dowie. They make up a clear exposition of what Dowie stands for, what he hopes to accomplish and what he expects of his converts.

## LINKS MAN AND THE FISHES.

### PROF. BOELSCHKE TELLS OF A GREAT STEP IN EVOLUTION.

How the Gill Breather Became a Lung Breather and Created Out on Land, the First Real Ancestor of Man—Living Fishes That Illustrate the Step Forward.

The great step from gill breathing to lung breathing is the one that opened a new world for the vertebrates.

Now this step is not to be sought between man and the lung-breathing amphibian. It lies between the amphibian and the fish. There must have been an animal once that passed from one form to the other—the bridge between gill and lung.

The frog is a higher amphibian. We must look to a lower form. Such a one is the salamander. We must hunt for a lizard-fish.

Now our study of evolution leads us to believe that from the world of the ancient amphibians there sprang two great branches—one became a land-walking form, and, finally, man. The other became the bridge-creature with struggling forms, and you see what an advantage the existence of a lung meant for the survival of the *Ceratodus*.

Of course, you will object that the mere fact that the lung was an advantage could not produce one. Where did the lung come from? *Ceratodus* shows us. The lung did not fall on him from the blue sky.

The true fish owns a well-known organ—the swimming bladder. This air-filled bladder regulates his weight for him, giving him the same specific weight as that of the water where he lives.

Anatomically, this swimming bladder belongs to the alimentary canal. In many fish there is an air connection with this canal. The inference is simple that such an air-filled sac might have served on occasion for taking air into the blood; that is, for breathing.

In certain existing forms of true fishes we have found the little beginnings of such a development. In the *Ceratodus* the development became complete.

Along the wall of the swimming bladder there began to form air-sticking blood vessels; the mouth of the bladder began to lengthen from the depths of the canal toward the mouth, as it was used more and more to suck in air. The air passage became a wind pipe, and the swimming bladder a lung.

Now, let us think further. In the course of centuries, perhaps many centuries, some of the water holes became entirely dry. Then everything died that had not advanced beyond the stage of *Ceratodus*, the creature of one lung, needing at least some water.

To picture any survivors, we must picture a creature that had gone beyond the old *Ceratodus*—a creature that had reached a still higher state of conformity to conditions, like the African two-lunged fish that can live in sun-baked mud.

And then another step. The water disappears entirely and forever at last from some of the holes. The lizard fish that had learned to breathe with its lungs exclusively begins to crawl across country to seek each.

Now geology tells us that at this time, in the Devonian epoch, most areas of the world held shallow waters that became smaller and smaller steadily, partly from evaporation and partly from draining away in the sands that now form our old river beds.

The lizard-fish had to wander often and often, farther and farther. The swimming bladder lungs became strengthened more and more. The gills degenerated more and more.

At last they appeared only in the amphibian forms during incubation—ancestral portraits—shown today in the unborn birds, and more plainly in the frog, while it is still a "pollywog," only to disappear entirely with growth.

The lizard-fish had become a lizard, an amphibian! They surely are not particularly agreeable or attractive animals, these lizard-fish. In the museum the layman would probably overlook them in his interest in the sizes of fishes that seem far more curious and bizarre. And yet, how much hides behind these oldest lung-breathers in the world!

Millions of years ago those lizard-fish of the Devonian or the carboniferous age played their rôle—the great advancement of life. Then they became almost lost. They disappeared from the lands where nature, the ideal sun-blossom of nature, unfolded itself. No life seemed to remain between their last survivors in the swamps of Africa or South America and in two lost streams of Australia, and the line of light that began to arise in the life of earth far upward for the animal.

And yet, from this line of light, from culture, there grows one day the great desire for knowledge. And after the measureless procession of time it turns back to the lizard-fish; it seeks him in his lonely Queensland wastes and helps him to a wonderful resurrection.

It is the true resurrection of Nature through the Spirit. WILHELM BOELSCHKE.

### SCARCITY OF GOLDFISH.

Dealers Say the Ponds Are Not Yielding Well This Year.

Dealers in birds and aquarium fish in this city are lamenting the fact that goldfish are so scarce this year that they cannot supply the demand. The retail price of goldfish has gone up 200 per cent. and even at the increased price the demand cannot be met.

There is a big sale of goldfish in this city every year. They are almost as great a pest as canaries and cats. Sometimes they live for years, sometimes they die in a few months. The demand for them keeps up year after year and the men who deal in them depend on this branch of their business for considerable profit.

Most of the goldfish sold in this city are caught in nearby streams. There used to be two small ponds in South Brooklyn, and three in what was once Bay Ridge, that were full of goldfish and the principal amusement of the boys in the neighborhood was to catch them with bent pins for hooks.

Many thousands of the fish are caught each year in The Bronx and in the Croton watershed, but for some reason this source of supply has failed this year. The Prospect Park and Central Park lakes are full of goldfish, but of course they cannot be touched.

Goldfish that cost 10 cents last year, bring 25 and 30 cents now. Because of their scarcity the aquarium men have laid in large stocks of water lizards and baby turtles, but they do not sell so well.

But the *Ceratodus* can live only in streams that never go entirely dry. His one lung is not so able as the two lungs of the African fish.

Now, where the *Ceratodus* lives, the extreme of drought goes only so far as to dry the main stream, leaving water holes here and there. Into these holes crowds everything that needs water to live.

Soon the densely packed creatures exhaust the oxygen in the water holes, the water becomes foul, and the creatures that have only gills are in dire trouble. Hordes of the true fishes die.

But the *Ceratodus* remains well and happy. He keeps his nostrils above the surface and breathes the upper air with his lungs.

Now let us imagine that gray, dim time when there stood mighty forests of fern and other long-past growths that we burn to-day as anthracite. Picture waters that experienced periodical droughts like those Australian waters of to-day. Now think of those ancient water holes crowded with struggling forms, and you see what an advantage the existence of a lung meant for the survival of the *Ceratodus*.

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FREDERICK LOESER & CO. BROOKLYN ADVERTISEMENTS. FREDERICK LOESER & CO.



## Another Matchless Piano Sale

The piano buyer's opportunity is at hand through our May sale of fine new and used pianos. The new pianos are samples, the used pianos are from rentals and trades. Those taken in trade have been practically remade by our force of expert repairers and present an unusual opportunity to the buyer who wishes to limit his investment. To such we wish to say that prejudice should be thrown aside and the Loeser guarantee of satisfaction accepted. Detailed description could not do the values justice; come and see how little money will buy a really desirable piano.

Square Pianos.		Upright Pianos.		The Loeser Special Piano.	
These pianos have been refinished, restringing, soundboards refinished, and are essentially new. Terms, \$10.00 cash, \$5.00 monthly, with interest at the rate of 4% per annum.		Terms, \$10.00 cash, \$6.00 monthly, with interest at 4% per cent. per annum.		Of the first one hundred of these excellent pianos there remain seven, which will be disposed of at our introductory price of \$150 each. Our price in the future will be \$200. Sold by dealers generally throughout the country at \$250 and upwards. They are made by a reputable New York house and bear its name.	
Boxed for shipping \$5.00 extra:		Boxed for shipping \$5.00 extra:		One rarely finds a Knabe piano for sale at a reduced price, therefore the announcement that one of these famous pianos, one a Baby Grand and one an upright, prior size, will be sold at greatly reduced prices on account of usage will be of more than ordinary interest to the seeker of a truly artistic piano.	
Cost New. Price. \$300 \$25		Cost New. Price. \$200 each \$150		May be purchased on payment plan if desired.	
A. H. Gale, \$300 \$25		Heller, used, oak, \$200 \$150			
Honze Waters, \$300 \$25		Heller, used, walnut, \$200 \$150			
Miceli & Co., \$300 \$25		Richmond, used, walnut, \$240 \$185			
Seames, Bent & Co., \$300 \$25		Howard, used, mahogany, \$250 \$175			
Mason & Co., \$300 \$25		Smith & Barnes, used, mahogany, \$265 \$200			
King & Co., \$300 \$25		Smith & Barnes, used, mahogany, \$250 \$195			
Manhattan, \$300 \$25		Smith & Barnes, used, mahogany, \$285 \$220			
Bloomfield & Otis, \$300 \$25		Smith & Barnes, used, d. walnut, \$285 \$220			
Phelps & Son, \$300 \$25		New Sample Uprights.			
United Piano Makers, \$350 \$25		1 Kayton, rosewood, \$225 \$150			
Decker Bros., \$400 \$25		1 Cambridge, \$225 \$150			
Krakauer Bros., \$450 \$25		1 Rica & Son, oak, \$250 \$160			
Chickering & Sons, \$600 \$25		1 Rica & Son, walnut, \$350 \$160			

## Men's Honespun Coats and Trousers, \$9.00.

The Best \$15.00 Kinds You Ever Saw.

This offer is all the more surprising because just at the beginning of the season, and though we don't claim to have a monopoly of the market for homespun, we firmly believe you won't be able to get such another suit anywhere this summer for less than \$15.00. Homespun are the rage and they are scarce.

These are ideal suits for summer wear, combining comfort and sightliness. There are the newest colorings and designs among them, including the famous Donegal homespun. Made in this country (without the odor). Light, beautiful fabrics that will enable you to defy the dog days to come.

Broad, well shaped shoulders, with just enough padding to make them set well; 1/4 lined; all the seams taped; bellows pockets.

Trousers with permanent turn ups and belt loops. Coat and trousers cut on the newest lines; not extreme but gentlemanly. Single breasted and two-button double breasted styles.

They are from one of the foremost makers in this country. Most of them are hand tailored throughout, hand felled collar and hand worked button holes. A great bargain. Sizes 34 to 40 only.

## Men's Shirt Sale.

29c. for \$1.00 to 50c. Kinds.

Section II.—None sent C. O. D. Gilds and cuffs which we offer at a never-equalled price to straighten up our stock. Many different kinds—all told 1,213 shirts in the lot. There are percale and madras stiff bosom, white dress shirts, negligees of woven and printed madras—and not a shirt in the lot worth less than 50c. and some worth \$1.00; sizes are 14 1/2, 15, 15 1/2, 16, 16 1/2, 17, 17 1/2, 18 in the stiff from kinds and in the negligees 14 1/2, 15, 15 1/2, 16, 16 1/2, 17.

\$1.00 Summer shirt at 67c.—The best values yet offered; oxford and woven madras; fine summer shirt; plain front; colored stripes and neat figured effect; separate cuffs; sizes are 14 to 16 1/2; shirt selling to-day elsewhere at \$1.00 each; to-morrow 67c. each.

New 60c. shirts for 39c.—Of good woven madras, choicest colorings you could possibly wish for and bespeak the \$1.00 in appearance, though excellent 60c. shirts, to cost at 39c.; separate cuffs to match; sizes are 14 to 17.

Boys' Summer Furnishings. Second Floor. 60c. shirt for 39c.—Negligees of splendid wearing and washing madras; strongly put together; separate cuffs to match. They are neat figured and striped in good colorings on white ground. Sizes are 12 to 14.

50c. suspenders at 25c.—Boys' light elastic suspenders in a new weave; 300 pairs, nice light grounds with pretty stripes of blue; made by the maker of our 60c. suspenders. They are dandies; all at 25c. each.

## New Printed Liberty Satins.

49c. for Regular 75c. Kind.

This is one of the best silk offers ever made in the silk business. There are 5,000 yards in the lot. These printed liberty satins are in the most desired polka spots—navy and white and black and white. This is the printed silk season and no doubt other printed silk sales will be advertised, but before purchasing we would advise you to examine these. They are all new fresh silks, printed in the latest arrangement of polka spots in different sizes, and at 49c. it is the best bargain ever offered.

## Other Silks at Bargains.

27-inch pongee silk, 40c. instead of 75c. 27-inch corded wash silks, 49c. instead of \$1.00. Guaranteed black taffeta, 49c. instead of 60c. Check Louise's silks, 58c. instead of 79c. Fancy silks, 60c. instead of \$1.00.

27-inch white habutai, 40c. instead of 65c. 27-inch gauze black taffeta, 70c. instead of \$1.00.

98c. for regular \$1.50 Black Satin Crepe de Chine.—24 inches wide, slightly imperfect but nothing to signify.

## Table Tennis at 25c.

Sets That Always Sell up to \$2.00.

We are closing out a lot of our table tennis sets that have always sold formerly up as high as \$2.00 a set, all