the ruins of what

with good goods.
sharp eyes see
board of blackened

, ashes damp and

cticed eye seeks out

of destruction.
ces bomb. Hunter
akes break for the

ware. Away with it!
you're driving me

do.
ef.
and to come.
thing here which he

will know
was blown
d how and why and

t all belongs.
is getting all too

table and gets at

III.

Cafferty's home. He
chair with a Police
p. Telephone bell

Haw, haw, a bomb! who said
That 'twas a bomb?
Why, that's a battery,
A simple little thing to generate a spark.
I'll rend it into pieces for you now.

(Jailer Sisk picks up bomb and whittles it with a knife, while everyone else jumps to a safe distance. When he has cut it up, all return and join in a chorus.)

Chorus (chief leading):

O, we're so glad the bomb's not bad,
And will not blow us all away,
We'll all rejoice in tuneful voice,
Because we'll live another day.

DIED.

FAWCETT—Sunday, October 13, 1907, Ellen Fawcett, aged 77 years, at the home of her daughter on the south side. Funeral announcement will be made later.

BORN.

PHILLIPS—Sunday, October 13, 1907, to Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Phillips, a son.

If you wish to be comfortable and successful, use common sense about food.

$1,000,000 can't buy good

citement am
by last nigh
ing in the
Editor."

The contes
whatever ar
that the fina
in Sunday's
of the scho
pupil shall b
simple enou
or boy will
filling in the

CHA

After he
claimed, at
tender of
smelter and
borhood for
shooter of
a Mexican,
tering the
was taken
yesterday
Alonso had
gun away
and he evid
being rapid
police from
Officer Cur
the intersec