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# The Millheim Journal.

R. A. BUMILLER, Editor.

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cheerfully recommend it to all who suffer from  
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my trouble. The first dose I took relieved me  
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and hearty as ever I was. It is the best medicine  
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Constipation of my Bowels, caused by a temporary  
Derangement of the Liver, for the last three or  
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on front of wrapper, prepared only by  
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## Behind the Counter.

"My first day at the store!" said Car-  
ry Wallingford, with a curious thrill  
through her, as if an ice cold stream  
were trickling down the line of her spi-  
nal column. "Oh, I wish I were a rich  
girl, and didn't have to work!"

"Work is honorable, my child, said  
old Uncle Wolsley, who, with his spec-  
tacles on his nose was trying to spell  
through the illegible paragraphs of the  
daily paper, muttering to himself that  
"either they didn't print as good as  
they used to, or else his old eyesight  
was failing."

"Yes, I know," fluttered Carry; "but  
—but I'm very willing that someone  
else should have the honor this time."  
Uncle Wolsley turned his glasses with  
mild reproach upon his niece's pink-  
and-white face.

"I wish I could be as brave as you,  
Uncle Wolsley," said Carry, as she  
tied the crimson strings of her little  
capote under her round chin.

Old Wolsley Wallingford had sheltered  
his little pet lamb by his hearth fold  
all her lifetime until now. He was a  
jeweler by trade, and he had kept his  
unpretending store open as long as  
possible. But the tide of fashion went  
by, and left him stranded on the un-  
frequented side-street, where the sign  
of the tarnished silver watch attracted  
no further attention.

And one day, when he had set all  
day in the window with his magnify-  
ing-glass, working at some impossible old  
time piece, whose owner had died and  
never called for it, twilight crept darkly  
over his eyesight and his heart. He  
laid down the tools.

"All day long," said he, "and never a  
customer! Well-a-day! It is time for  
the old man to shut up his store at  
last."

He went out and put up the wooden  
shutters, with a heart that was heavier  
than they, and from that time thence-  
forward the wooden imitation of the  
silver watch swung no longer over the  
door.

Uncle Wolsley had been conquered in  
life's battle, and had laid down his  
arms, and now it was that Carry re-  
luctantly threw herself into the breach.

How could she let the dear old man  
starve? And Mr. Pickrell's fancy  
and dry goods store on Sixth avenue  
was really a very creditable establish-  
ment, and Mrs. Pickrell herself had  
promised, from the severe heights of  
the cashier's desk, to "keep an eye" upon  
old Mr. Wallingford's niece, and if her  
services proved desirable, there was no  
sort of doubt but that her salary would  
be increased in time.

So Carry buttoned up her sack, drew  
on her neat blue head gloves and took  
the little basket, in which, wrapped in  
a napkin, was packed her bunch of ap-  
ple pie and cheese, and went forth to  
meet her new career, little reckoning  
how brief it was to be.

At first it was not very pleasant.  
The store was small and stuffy, with  
gorgeous piles of cretonne and chintz  
at the door, and festoons of laces, silk  
handkerchiefs and colored jerseys flap-  
ping against the head of the girls be-  
hind the counter, of whom there were  
three besides Carry—bold, high-voiced  
damsels, who wore their hair down  
over the bridge of their noses and gig-  
gled incessantly.

Customers came and went, charge  
was made and paper parcels expedi-  
tiously wrapped up.

Mr. Pickrell walked the floor with  
his hands in his pockets, ordered away  
small girls whose noses were flattened  
too persistently against the windows  
outside, and smiled beamingly on old

ladies who stopped to examine the  
quality of the chintzes and flannel  
suitings.

Mrs. Pickrell reprimanded the young  
women with the banged hair for gig-  
gling too loud when there were custo-  
mers in the store, and called to Carry  
to "mind what she was about" when a  
box of ribbons fell off the counter upon  
the floor.

Carry grew very weary, her head be-  
gan to ache, and she wondered how  
long it would be before "shutting-up  
time."

At last a tall, brown-faced young  
man came in, wearing a foreign-look-  
ing coat trimmed with fur, and some-  
how bearing in his aspect the indescri-  
bable stamp of belonging to some other  
country.

One of the banged haired nymphs  
was eating her lunch; the second had  
rushed up the street to get change for a  
ten dollar bill; and the third was en-  
gaged in matching an impossible shade  
of ribbon for a young lady who was de-  
termined not to be pleased with any-  
thing.

"Carry!" shrilly signaled Mrs. Pick-  
rell.  
And our heroine advanced gallantly  
to the rescue.

"What can I show you?" she asked,  
timidly, of the new customer.  
"Silk, please," said the young man.  
And when Carry perceived that he  
was considerably more embarrassed  
than herself, she took courage.

"What color?" said she.  
"I don't know," answered the custo-  
mer—"that is—I haven't quite made up  
my mind. Perhaps you could sug-  
gest—"

"What is it for?" Carry asked, with  
mild toleration of his evident bewilder-  
ment; and at the same time she could  
not help perceiving that he was very  
handsome, with wavy black hair and  
dark, liquid eyes, long lashes, and  
pleasant to look upon.

"For a dress."  
"A dress? But is it for a young la-  
dy, or an old one?"

"I don't know," acknowledged the  
gentleman—"young—that is, not old.  
She can't be over forty. To tell you  
the truth"—and he smiled in spite of  
himself—"I've never seen the lady.  
But she is a cousin of mine, and I  
want to make her a present."

"Yes, I understand," said Carry. "Is  
it to be black or colored?"

"What would you advise?" said the  
stranger, blindly clutching at Carry's  
feminine counsel as a shi-wrecked mar-  
iner may be expected to cling to a float-  
ing spar.

"Black would perhaps be more suit-  
able, seeing that you don't know the  
lady's age or complexion," remarked  
Carry.

"But blue and pink are such pretty  
colors!" pleaded the dark-haired young  
man, looking longingly at the piles of  
lustrous fabrics on the shelves.

"Yes," said Carry, growing interest-  
ed; "but they are only suitable for a  
very few occasions, while black is al-  
ways appropriate."

"I thought that only old ladies wear  
black silk?"

"Young ladies do, also," calmly as-  
serted Carry.

"If you were selecting a dress," said  
the stranger, in desperation, "which  
color would you choose?"

"I would choose seal brown," said  
Carry, after a second or two of delibera-  
tion.

"Eh? should you? Show me seal-  
brown then, please," said the customer.  
"It's a little grave, perhaps"—surveying  
the shining folds, "but it's pretty. Yes,  
it's very pretty? How many yards  
now does it take for a dress?"

"I should think," said Carry, after a  
second interval of reflection, "that fif-  
teen yards might answer if it was eco-  
nomically cut."

"I don't know anything about econo-  
my," said the young man; "I want a  
good allowance."

"Then I should recommend eighteen  
yards," advised Carry.

"Cut me off eighteen yards," said the  
gentleman, promptly; "and put in the  
linings and trimmings and all that sort  
of thing, please—you'll know what I  
need, better than I do myself. And I  
say—"

Pickrell praised the young shop girl for  
the good sale she had made.

"You'll be a valuable hand in time,"  
said she. "It isn't often we get a  
chance to sell a silk pattern like that.  
Folks mostly go on Broadway for their  
expensive dresses," she added, with a  
sigh.

Carry was very tired when she came  
home in the frosty October dusk. The  
store did not close until ten, but the  
girls took turns, two by two, to stay  
after sunset, and Carry's turn fortu-  
nately did not come until the next  
night.

When she reached home Uncle Wol-  
sey had the lamp lighted and the kettle  
boiling for tea, and was slicing off  
some canned corn beef, and "minding"  
the toast before the fire at the same  
time.

It looked cheery and pleasant; Car-  
ry drew a long sigh of relief.

"How nice it is to be at home, Uncle  
Wolsley!" she cried. "Do let me make  
the toast! And, oh! it hasn't been  
such a very hard day, after all. And  
Mrs. Pickrell says I've made the best  
sale she has had for a week. Such a  
handsome young man. Uncle Wolsley!  
and he treated me as if I were a prin-  
cess instead of a working girl, and—"

"Stop, stop!" said Uncle Wolsley,  
pausing with the knife still in his hand.  
"I've had a good-looking young man  
here, too, Carry. Needn't think you  
have got a monopoly of articles. What  
do you think of your poor mother's  
cousin from the seal-fur fisheries in  
Alaska? And what do you think of  
his bringing these things here as a  
present for you and me—eh?"

Uncle Wolsley laid down the knife,  
and carefully dusting his hands on the  
roller-towel, drew forth from the bu-  
reau-drawer a seal-brown silk dress-  
pattern, and a pair of fur-lined gloves,  
wrapped around with a spotted silk  
neck muffler.

"Why, Uncle Wolsley—" almost  
shrieked Carry.

"What's the matter?" said the old  
man. "Ain't they pretty? Oughtn't I  
to have taken 'em?"

"It's the very man," said Carry. "I  
sold them to him this afternoon."

"Eh?" said Uncle Wolsley.  
"At the store," said Carry. "Oh, Uncle  
Wolsley! And is he really my  
cousin? I am so glad."

"Glad of what? retorted a strong,  
cheery voice, and in came the myster-  
ious stranger himself. "Why, I de-  
clare," he cried, "if there isn't the little  
girl who sold me the things to-day."

"Glad that you are my cousin," said  
Carry, with a mischievous smile and a  
low courtesy. "Because—because I  
thought you were very pleasant and  
kind—"

"And I thought—" said the stranger.  
"But no, I won't tell you what I  
thought. How do you do cousin?"

"I am so glad you chose the seal-  
brown silk!" demurely observed Car-  
ry. "What should I have done with a  
blue or a pink silk?"

"It would have looked very well on  
you," said the cousin meditatively eye-  
ing her, "blue would have matched  
your eyes, pink, your cheeks."

"Just my sentiment," chuckled Uncle  
Wolsley. "Come, young folks—come;  
tea is ready. And the toast is getting  
cold."

Not until the visitor had taken his  
leave did Uncle Wolsley, smoking his  
pipe before the fire, impart to Carry an  
additional piece of news.

"What d'ye suppose Mr. Lennox told  
me he came down to the State for,  
Carry?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Carry,  
innocently.

"To get him a wife!" said Uncle Wol-  
sey.

"Oh!" said Carry, shading her face  
from the fire. "I am sure I hope he  
will be successful!"

The three banged-hair young maiden  
at Pickrell's Emporium subscribed to  
buy a Bohemian glass cologne set for  
Carry Wallingford's wedding present;  
but they murmured much among them-  
selves because this golden stratum of  
luck had not come to them.

"We're just as pretty as she," said  
they; "and much prettier, some folks  
would say. And why couldn't the cus-  
tomer have fallen to our lot?"

## Fred Vokes in Disguise.

How He Scooped in Some Southern  
Ohio Would-be Sharps.

Fred Vokes, the English sprint run-  
ner, is one of the fleetest men on the  
cinder path. Fred is one of the kind,  
too, who knows how to use his hands  
as well as his legs, and between the two  
he always manages to catch to that  
first thought of all true sons of Britain  
—his stomach. Fred is never at a loss  
for a friend or a dollar, and likes good  
living as well as the best of them. He  
is a big, robust fellow, and is so much  
inclined to embonpoint that anybody not  
acquainted with him would never pick  
him out as a foot runner. As an illus-  
tration of the way in which Fred turns  
a penny once in a while it is only neces-  
sary to recite the particulars of one of  
his little escapades. Recently he heard  
there was an amateur foot runner in  
southern Ohio whose friends believed  
him a wonder. He was not long in  
providing himself with a wooden chest,  
and two days later the name of William  
Elliot decorated the register of the hotel  
at McArthur. He came there a  
full-fledged patent medicine man, and  
after making the rounds of the village  
stores without selling one bottle of his  
stuff, he returned to the pool room at-  
tached to the hotel and tried his hand  
at pocketing the ivories. He was the  
sucker in the crowd to the extent of  
three or four games, when he threw  
down his cue and said: "I am no pool  
player, but I will fight, wrestle or run  
any man in town for \$100." His bluff  
was a good one, and the bait was quick-  
ly grabbed down by one of the friends  
of the aforesaid running wonder.

"I'll take that bet," said one of the  
men in the saloon, little dreaming that  
he was talking to one of the first pro-  
fessionals in the country, "and we'll  
back a McArthur boy to run you one  
hundred yards." The money was put  
up and the amateur runner introduced  
to Vokes, alias Elliot. Some of the  
village sports called the alleged patent  
medicine man to one side and said:

"Can you run?"

"Well, I should say I could," was his  
reply.

"We will back you," one of them said,  
"but want you to run a trial. Where's  
your running shoes?"

"What's them?" innocently quizzed  
the medicine man. "I run in my boots."

"The yokels looked at each other and  
laughed. They provided him with shoes  
for the trial, and Elliot purposely cov-  
ered the hundred yards in very slow  
time. This settled it with the village  
sports, and they went immediately and  
put their money on the home runner.

This was exactly what Vokes want-  
ed, as he was not working or bucking  
for himself. He had all the money he  
needed, and covered every dollar that  
the McArthur men put up. About  
\$800 was put up and the patent medi-  
cine man, to the astonishment of the  
McArthur people, ran away from their  
pet runner with as much ease as Jay-  
Eye-See would with a cart horse. The  
McArthur men saw they were duped,  
but did not squeal. "A man on a crutch  
couldn't go in that town now and get a  
race," was Vokes' parting remarks as  
he finished his story the other night.

"EVERY ONE FOR HIMSELF."

When the people, after reaching the  
street, ascertained the facts of the situa-  
tion a scene of great disorder of another  
kind ensued, caused by the discovery  
that numbers were missing. Then a  
rush back was made. This, however,  
was stopped at the main entrance by  
the police, who had arrived and assum-  
ed control. Seventeen corpses were  
found inside the theatre, near the door.  
They were all torn, crushed and disfig-  
ured. Of the dead, twelve were  
women, three were boys, one was a girl  
and the other a man. The remains  
were almost unrecognizable. Eye-wit-  
nesses say that the way the strong men  
who got uppermost in the struggle at  
the door crushed and trampled on those  
who fell down in the conflict was in-  
describably ruthless and brutal, although  
of course not wilful, it being a case of  
"every one for himself." A number  
of infants carried in their mothers'  
arms and clung to through all the pan-  
ics were also crushed or smothered to  
death and a number of others were fa-  
tally injured.

The scene during the attempted re-  
turn of the crowd was painful in the  
extreme. The bereaved remained at  
the doorways all night waiting to have  
their dead restored to them, and the  
lamentations of the women were heart-  
breaking.

The hall to-day resembles a disorder-  
ed auction room. Broken furniture,  
crushed toys, children's hats, broken  
bottles, orange peel, actor's wigs and  
shreds of clothes lie scattered over the  
floor. There are many blood spots on  
the backs of chairs as well as on the  
floor. Every here and there ghastly  
knots of hair are clinging to the furni-  
ture. Several escapes were made  
through the windows, most of which  
are badly smashed.

A TERRIBLE STRUGGLE.

The bodies were found at the bottom  
of the stone stairs leading to the gal-  
lery. Here a terrible struggle took  
place between the front of the crowd  
rushed from the main floor and the  
leaders of the throng which rushed  
down the gallery stairs. The dead lay  
mostly in two opposing rows, the feet  
of each row close to those of the other,  
one row of heads lying toward the gal-  
lery stairway, the other toward the  
opposite side of the hall. The faces of  
the dead were distorted with agonized  
expressions. A little girl, since identi-  
fied as Eva Marks, was found lying at  
the bottom of a pile of dead. Her lower  
limbs were bare and the upper part of  
dress was torn to shreds, showing that  
she had fought hard for life. Isaac  
Levy, a venerable man, with long white  
flowing beard and hair, was found  
among the dead. He and his wife were  
regular attendants at the performances  
given in the hall. They always sat  
near the door. It is thought that Mr.  
Levy, instead of fleeing alone when the

panic started, remained to help and  
protect his wife. So the old man was  
brushed down by the rushing crowd  
and stamped to death. His wife's  
body lay opposite. The woman was in  
the prime of life and wore brightly-  
colored clothes and quantities of jewel-  
ry. Beside her lay a little boy, whose  
knickerbockers and stockings were torn  
to shreds.

Gospel Without Cost.

A venerable Kentuckian told "THE  
INTERIOR" the following story: A  
wealthy planter, a man of education,  
an eloquent speaker, and a successful  
politician, was converted. He wanted  
to do good. His neighbors were ir-  
religious, and he felt that his first  
duty was to them. He built a commodi-  
ous church, put an organ in it, and  
hired an organist. He obtained a li-  
cense to preach, and prepared some  
excellent sermons. When the house  
was ready, he sent his servants all  
over the neighborhood and invited  
everybody to come to church at 11  
o'clock next Sunday. The people  
came and listened. At the close of  
the service the preacher thanked them  
for coming, and invited them to come  
again next Sunday. On Saturday he  
sent his servants out to remind them  
of the Sabbath service. He did this  
year after year, paying all expenses  
himself, not taking collections from  
anybody or anything, for he wanted  
to convince the people that the gospel  
was free—"without money and with-  
out price."

"And what was the result?" was  
asked.

Oh, he preached for twenty years,  
and there wasn't a single conversion  
in all that time!

People are not likely to prize very  
highly that which costs them nothing.  
If you want to get a man into the  
church, begin by getting him to do  
something for it. If you want to de-  
velop the piety of a church, train its  
members to work and to give.

## Washington's Birthplace.

There is scarcely a sign now of the  
house in which Washington was born,  
on the lower Rappahannock, nor any  
more of the other houses where he  
passed his boyhood, over against  
Fredericksburg, and in the landscape  
which must have been known to our  
soldiers who fought at Chancellorsville.  
Both these houses were of the old  
Virginia stamp—big roomy piles of  
lumber, with long, sloping bent roof  
in the rear, and two huge chimneys  
slapped against the exterior walls at  
either end. It was at the home in  
Stafford county must have happened  
that episode of the cherry tree; and it  
was there, too, happened [after his  
father's death] that other better au-  
thenticated incident of the boy's sub-  
jugation of a young thoroughbred  
colt which nobody could master; and  
yet this intrepid lad known as George  
Washington, and known for many  
athletic feats even as a boy, did mas-  
ter the brute, and so enraged him by  
the mastery that the poor animal,  
in a frenzy of protesting plunges, died  
under the very seat of the boy master.  
This martyr to young Washington's  
iron resolve was a great pet of his  
mother's, under whose special guid-  
ance the fatherless lad had now come;  
and there may have been a bone to  
pick between them regarding the colt;  
but never, then or thereafter, any real  
breach in their mutual regard or love,  
—"American Agriculturist."

## Foitenness of Great Men.

Truly great men are polite by instinct  
to their inferiors. It is one element of  
their greatness to be thoughtful for  
others.

The greatest men in the world have  
been noted for their politeness. Indeed,  
many have owed their greatness mainly  
to their popular manners, which induc-  
ed the people whom they pleased to  
give them an opportunity to show their  
power.

## A Fearful Calamity in a London Public Hall.

A False Alarm of Fire Starts a Pan-  
ic in Which Men, Women and  
Children are Trampled and  
Crushed by the Fright-  
ened Crowd.

LONDON, January 19.—The hall in  
Prince's street, Spitalfields, where a  
fatal panic occurred last night, is a fa-  
vorite resort for the Jews of that part  
of London. Last evening a benefit per-  
formance was given and the place was  
crowded. During the progress of the  
play a man and woman quarreled in the  
street outside and near the main door-  
way of the hall. The man used violence  
and the woman screamed. Her cry  
was heard by a passer-by, who misun-  
derstood it and shouted "Fire." The  
woman's screams and the cries of "fire"  
were heard inside and at once created  
a panic, the audience, numbering five  
hundred, rising in a body and rushing  
pell-mell for the main entrance.

The manager of the Hebrew Dramat-  
ic Club, which was giving the enter-  
tainment, was on the stage when the  
panic began. He perceived at once  
that there was no good reason for it  
and did all in his power to allay the ex-  
citement and to afford all possible fa-  
cilities for the exit of the people. The  
hall has a number of entrances and he  
had them all thrown wide open, and  
called on the people when they would  
not remain to divide and use all the  
doorways. But they paid no attention  
to him. In fact, many of them con-  
structed the manager's earnestness into  
proof that there was a fire and these in-  
creased their exertions to get out. The  
whole crowd, as if with one impulse,  
made for the main entrance. It hap-  
pened that among those who first reach-  
ed it were a number of women and chil-  
dren, who had been occupying some of  
the rear seats. They were overborne  
by strong men attempting to pass them  
and as the women and children fell at  
the doorway they tripped up others who  
were crushed down by the rush of the  
frantic crowd. It took but a few min-  
utes to empty the house and the alarm  
was so thorough that not a soul among  
the entire audience refrained from the  
struggle to get out.

"EVERY ONE FOR HIMSELF."

When the people, after reaching the  
street, ascertained the facts of the situa-  
tion a scene of great disorder of another  
kind ensued, caused by the discovery  
that numbers were missing. Then a  
rush back was made. This, however,  
was stopped at the main entrance by  
the police, who had arrived and assum-  
ed control. Seventeen corpses were  
found inside the theatre, near the door.  
They were all torn, crushed and disfig-<