

KITCHIN TO GO ON THE STUMP

Ex-Governor Will be Heard in Campaign—True Bill Against Young Thomas

(Special to The Dispatch.) Raleigh, N. C., Sept. 14.—Blood-hounds took the trail yesterday of four long-termers who broke State's prison yesterday morning and are chasing the men who have a lead of seven or more hours upon the dogs.

John Pearce, white, serving a term for housebreaking in Granville county; Repass Asbury, sent up from Northampton for murder in the second degree; Emmett Smith, Granville county, serving for larceny and Tom Boylan, of Bladen county, 15-year prisoner under conviction of murder in the second degree, escaped. The last three are negroes.

The men broke out about 5 o'clock. They took for the prison and went to the kitchen as usual. It is the opinion of Warden S. J. Busbee that they had made a key for the back door and escaped with it. They were able to unlock it. After getting out they broke the lock on the iron gate and scaled the stockade. They were not seen in the dash but within five minutes after they had gone it was known about the prison.

As soon as Warden Busbee could get Raeford he had the brag trailers in Raleigh. The prison official doesn't share the popular irreverence toward the bloodhounds. The dogs without difficulty struck the trail where the men went over the wall and they appear to have a clear field.

The men escaped while a steward was on duty but the steward was at work in a place that prevented his seeing the men as they went out. There is no doubt that the men planned the trick well.

They were not trustees and had no special privileges. Their work made them more familiar with the surroundings and doubtless was responsible for the key with which they opened the door. This is the first escape from the prison in Raleigh in a long time.

Former Editor Tom Owen, who has quit the newspaper game for high finance, has returned to Clinton after spending a few days here.

Mr. Owen missed his Boswell while here but to other sources he betrayed the fact that he isn't the least bit sore on the action of Sampson county's Republicanism that a few days ago repudiated his persecutors and turned out some of the present county officials. The former editor has recovered from the flattening out that the Butler machine gave him recently and is just as plump and pleasing as he was last year when the Democratic legislature flatly refused to abbreviate his perquisites as county treasurer.

Owens boasts that he never tells the same story twice.

His tailor knows differently.—Exchange.

DOGS PUT ON THE TRAIL OF ESCAPES

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THEATRE

Again did the Johnson Musical Vaudeville Company register a distinct hit yesterday with their second big bill of the week, "The Mix Up," a roaring farce comedy, with some of the very prettiest and most enjoyable special feature that have been seen yet.

This bunch of artists is always on the job and every individual member of the company is a finished star, capable of holding down their respective stations. There was some big new numbers on the song list that attracted much attention and among them the presentation of "My Killarney Rose" in beautiful motion pictures, accompanied by George Weist and sextette, was especially enjoyable. The old "Illustrated song" with inanimate slide illustrations is a thing of the past, and the new motion picture illustrated song, giving to the characters life and animation was pleasant diversion that went big with three big audiences.

Miss Louise Wright, that vivacious little comedienne is daily singing and dancing her way into the hearts of Victoria patrons. Her rendition yesterday of "Good Old Days Back Home" and several other selections was one of the bright spots in the day's program. Meyers, Hutchison, West—"Two Lads a Girl and a Piano" did some more fancy piano and singing stunts that brought forth rounds of applause, while the opening and final number, "There's a Land Beyond the Rainbow" was a pleasing rendition of this favorite.

And the little plot which was a real one was well acted by Elsie Johnson and Grace Hutchison ably portraying two jealous wives, Guy Johnson the inimitable, as "Jake the Fixer," Louise Wright as an adventuress and Harry Phillips and Harry Meyers as two young married men out on a lark.

This bill will be put on last times tonight and a brand new show, with all new features takes its place for tomorrow and Saturday, in which Miss Grace Hutchison will repeat by request "The Broadway Blues," and introducing another distinct novelty in "Ye Olde Teddy Bear Quartette."

Big Offering at the Royal Today. This afternoon the crowds have begun to pack the large Royal Theatre for its two-day presentation of Pavlowa "The Incomparable" in her film masterpiece "The Dumb Girl of Portici" which is to run throughout tonight and tomorrow at that Theatre.

Great as was Annette Kellerman in "Neptune's Daughter," it is said "The Dumb Girl of Portici" surpasses it in artistic as well as in dramatic action and development. Anna Pavlowa, of course, is a big factor in the attraction as the creator of the title role, and not only emphasizes her charm as

mistress of the dance, but reveals new and surprising powers as an emotional actress. Nothing has been ne-make this production as interesting as interesting as it is thrilling, colorful and convincing.

The story has been adapted from Auber's famous dance opera "Mazeppa," a story of the strife in Italy during the 17th century when the land was under the rule of the Spanish viceroys. Although Pavlowa is the leading light, in which she portrays the role of Fensila, it is far from a single central figure picture. The story carries no less than a dozen characters, all very important to the colorful development chosen for the respective parts with the greatest of care by Lois Weber and Phillips Smalley, who produced this picture as well as "Where Are My Children," "Hyacinths" and other world famous masterpieces.

WANTS TO PROSECUTE FOR HIGH TREASON

(By Associated Press.) Petrograd, Sept. 14.—The Patriotic Anti-German "Society of 1914" has petitioned the government to prosecute the Extreme Right leader, M. Bulatzel, for high treason, he having striven, it is alleged, to sow discord in the ranks of the Allies.

M. Bulatzel edits the Black Hundred Weekly, the Russky Grajdann. In the last number he wrote an article on Mr. Asquith's declaration concerning bringing to book those responsible for international crimes, whatever their position. On the ground that the declaration was directed against the Kaiser, the article contained a scur-

rilious diatribe against Great Britain for "planning a tribunal such as sentenced to death Mary, Queen of Scots, and Joan of Arc." In two years of war, continued the article, the British army had advanced only a few hundred yards, and the task of bringing in the prisoner was therefore presumably to be imposed on Russia.

According to Mr. Asquith, "head of the English Freemasons," the diatribe went on the war was not to end when the time came for Russia to conclude an advantageous and honorable peace, but when the Hohenzollern dynasty had been laid low by Russian bayonets.

Indignant speeches were made at the meeting of the "Society of 1914," it being pointed out that the article in effect advocated a separate peace between Russia and Germany. It was resolved to send a deputation to Sir George Buchanan, the British Ambassador, to convey the sentiment of the meeting and of the overwhelming mass of Russians.

The physician had been called in haste to see a small negro who was ill. After a brief examination the doctor announced, "This boy has eaten too much watermelon." "Oh, doctor," expostulated the parent of the ailing one, "they ain't no slich ting as too much watermelon. Dat nigger jus' ain't got 'nough stomach."—Exchange.

"Which is the most delicate of the senses?" asked the teacher. "The touch," answered Johnnie. "How's that?" asked the teacher. "Well," said Johnnie, "when you sit on a pin, you can't see it, you can't hear it, you can't taste it, but you know it's there."—Exchange.

DOG FIGHTING AN EVIL NOW IN JAPAN

(By Associated Press.) Tokyo, Sept. 14.—Dog fighting and cock fighting have developed into such an evil the Japanese government has promulgated regulations prohibiting such contests in the future and providing a punishment of fine and imprisonment. Dog fighting has spread extensively in fashionable circles and clubs have been formed for its furtherance. It is charged that the fighting has incited gambling.

RUSSIAN PRISONERS OF WAR ESCAPE

(By Associated Press.) Amsterdam, Netherlands, Sept. 14.—No less than 1,500 escaped Russian prisoners-of-war are stated to have so far reached this country from Germany. Owing to the deficient shipping connections with England lately, over 150 are now waiting to sail for that country en route for home to rejoin their regiments, according to the Amsterdam Telegraaf.

GERMAN COMPOSER DEAD.

(By Associated Press.) Seoul, Korea, Sept. 14.—Franz Eckert, a German musician, who is believed to have composed the music for the Japanese national anthem, Jimigayo, died here recently at the age of 68. He was one of the pioneers in the introduction of western music into Japan and for twenty years was connected with the court at Tokio.

VICTORIA

Tonight 7:30 and 9:10, 20, 30c
Guy Johnson Presents
ELSIE JOHNSON
AND HER MUSICAL
VAUDEVILLE CO.,
—in—
"The Mix Up"
A Roaring Farce Comedy
With Some Big New
Song Hits.
TOMORROW AND SATURDAY
Everything New, Presenting
"RECONCILIATION"
By Request Miss Hutchison will Repeat "The Broadway Blues"
EXTRA FEATURE—Ye Olde Teddy Bear Quartette.
OTHER SONG HITS
"My Own Iona"
"Beautiful Dreams"
"Sweetheart Time"
"Quaker Town"
And Others.
Matinees Daily: 3 P. M.
Ten and Twenty Cents.

PAVLOWA "The Incomparable"

In "The Dumb Girl of Portici"

The Supreme Artistic Triumph of the Cinema Art

Show Starts: 12:00; 2:00
4:00; 6:00; 8:00; 10:00 **ROYAL** Today and Tomorrow
Adults 25c, Children 15



WILLIAM J. JOHNSON

"How many pieces of meat on the floor, Spare Ribs?"

HER arms akimbo, the Widow Perkins stood in the doorway surveying with displeasure her son's latest recruit. "Sure now, Jimmie Perkins, it's marvellous that mongrel straight back to where he come from, ye'll be! Ye know well enough that not another mouth can I feed!"

"But, ma, he hasn't got anywhere to go back to!" Jimmie pleaded. "He's been a followin' my wagon all day long."

Both mother and son looked down at the limp little creature whose ears and tail drooped dispiritedly, as if he were aware that he was unwelcome.

Mary Ann Perkins, really as tenderhearted as her twelve year old Jimmie, softened. Then the challenging attitude which had grown to be her main weapon of defense during the years of nesting her brood of five, again asserted itself.

One glance at his mother's face told Jimmie all was lost.

"Go along with him, I say! Sure his ribs are spare enough, but if I'd a fed all the trash you've poked up these

years, it's in the poor-house we'd a been long before now!"

Slowly Jimmie turned and walked out of the doorway, followed by the forlorn looking little creature.

"Take him down the street and lose him! And mind ye hurry back to supper," his mother admonished, "for I've got to wash and iron Sarah Jane's check dress to-night."

Outside in the alley-way, Jimmie sat down to think, fingering a protecting arm about his despoiled charge.

As he patted and stroked the wasted body, his mother's words recurred to him.

"It's Spare Ribs I'll call ye!" he said, turning the dog's face up to his own. For at no time during the Widow Perkins' harangue had there been any intention on Jimmie's part of abandoning this homeless and friendless little waif. The vicissitudes encountered by the oldest of the Perkins progeny had made him something of a philosopher. Of course he must not worry his overtaxed mother about the keep of Spare Ribs. Nor could he at that moment devise means of caring for him.

Suddenly his eye caught the rickety and deserted hen house with an opening on the alley. With Spare Ribs trotting at his heels, he opened the creaky old door. It was musty and dark inside, but to-morrow he would clean it out.

With cheerful alacrity Jimmie gathered enough grass from the patchy places outside, to make a bed. Then he picked Spare Ribs up in his arms and tenderly laid him down in it. With the stealth of a mother leaving her baby's crib, he stole away, tying the door securely. When he had turned the corner, he could still hear the dog whimpering. Spare Ribs was both lonely and hungry.

That night Jimmie's sleep was disturbed by dreams of the hungry little creature, but during his wakeful moments a brilliant idea came to him.

Perhaps Mr. Grogan, whose delivery wagon he drove, would let him take care of his barn as well as of his horse! He could house Spare Ribs there and get enough waste meat from the market to feed him.

Jimmie arranged it early the next morning. Each day thereafter like a clown at a circus, Spare Ribs would risk about his benefactor. So yearningly would he stand at the front wheel of Jimmie's delivery wagon that finally the boy spoke the one encouraging word needed to bring the dog at a bound to his side. Never again was he relegated to an ignominious

place running behind the wagon.

At odd moments during his work around the barn, Jimmie taught Spare Ribs some simple tricks. So proud was he of the dog's intelligence that he longed to take him home and show him off to his mother and the children. But as yet he had not summoned enough courage to disclose his whereabouts to the family. With almost uncanny cleverness, the dog kept to his stable when Jimmie started off in the direction of home.

Then it happened that Jimmie's time spent in the Grogan barn while he taught Spare Ribs tricks, gradually extended until his mother became anxious.

"What makes ye so late, Jimmie? It's at no good boys of your age can be out on the streets. Remember your father and what he brought us to!" And notwithstanding this seeming disloyalty to her husband's memory, the Widow Perkins brushed away a tear with the corner of her apron.

Mary Ann Perkins soon found that she had a more immediate worry to face than the fear that one of her offspring might inherit the curse that brought her "big man" to his end. Bedelia Sue, her youngest, was taken down with scarlet fever. No chance could be taken with Jimmie—now their only wage earner. After a brief talk with Jimmie in the barn, Tom Grogan offered him a bed in his house and a seat at his table. Lonely widower that he was, the genial Irishman welcomed the companionship of the boy, and the diverting Spare Ribs.

The second day after Jimmie's return home—following a rigid fumigation—Ballock's Menagerie of Trained Animals pitched their tents in town.

When the boy got back to Grogan's shop to stock up for his second round of delivery, he beheld a stranger, stout of build and florid of face, no less a personage than the head of Ballock's Menagerie. He had come to order meat for his family of trained animals. But this errand seemed of little importance beside the trouble which had suddenly precipitated itself upon him.

"Spot, my trick dog, the biggest attraction in the second act of my show, is sick—very sick! The 'Quinine Wonder' is billed for to-night and all the tickets sold. What am I to do?"

By this time Jimmie had his emotions under sufficient control to permit him to speak.

"Sir"—he stepped forward, trembling in his audacity—"I gotta dog. His name is 'Spare Ribs.'"

While the stranger stood surveying the boy, Tom Grogan broke in.

"Sure an' I believe Spare Ribs could help ye out! Run and fetch him, Jimmie, and show the gentleman!"

Without waiting for the stranger's reply, Jimmie darted round to the alley. He had only to whistle softly to his sleek, well groomed pet. Could the dog be counted on to perform his best trick? He entered the shop with Spare Ribs trotting at his heels. Jimmie quivered with excitement when, a moment later, the amateur team stood before their audience of one.

"H'm! not a very likely looking mutt!" was the judge's comment as he looked at Spare Ribs.

"Let me show you what he can do!" Jimmie said.

"Give me his best trick!" Ballock spoke curtly. But the man's attitude only stiffened Jimmie's determination. Quickly the boy found a piece of meat, cutting it into five pieces. These he laid in a row upon the sawdust floor. Tom Grogan's eyes twinkled with pride as he watched the "try out." One glance told him that the skeptical Ballock's attention had been captured.

Already Spare Ribs was sitting up in his regulation attitude, intently watching his master.

"How many pieces of meat on the floor, Spare Ribs?"

After a glance at the floor, the dog's eyes turned to his beloved master. Slowly he pawed the air five times.

"Now bark it for me! Right! Good boy!" Jimmie stooped to pat his approval. Then he turned to Ballock.

"How many pieces shall I tell him to take away?" he asked.

"Can you ask him any number?"

The proprietor of Ballock's Menagerie betrayed his amazement.

"Any number!" For the first time pride crept into Jimmie's tone.

"Three, then," the showman said.

"Spare Ribs!" The boy's voice thrilled with tenderness and the dog's head came up in mute response.

"Bring me three pieces of that meat." He held up three fingers.

With not a second's hesitation, the dog brought the correct number, placing them obediently at Jimmie's feet.

After calling out different numbers with the same success, the excited showman shouted:

"Say, you're engaged at seventy-five dollars a week and expenses, whether Spot gets well or not. I never saw such a stunt!" he added, to the beaming butcher. "And he says he has more as good. Who ever heard of a dog who would handle meat that way and never offer to eat it, to say nothing

of the counting act! You've got a berth with us as long as you want it. Report at noon."

Late that afternoon Jimmie, flushed and elated over the success of his afternoon performance, burst in upon Grogan.

"Mr. Grogan, I've a favor to ask of ye!" he began. "You've never refused me anything yet, and I know you won't this time. Ma's got to go to the show to-night and I want Spare Ribs to be a clean surprise to her. She wouldn't never go if she thought I'd bought the tickets, so could ye take her with you?"

To make up his mind. Thus it happened that the smooth-shaven, strong featured Tom Grogan and the somewhat bewildered widow occupied seats together at the evening performance by Ballock's Menagerie of Trained Animals.

Suddenly Mary Ann clutched at the sleeve of her stalwart escort. Fearing for a moment that the shock of Jimmie's appearance might unnerve her, Grogan's big hand closed over hers reassuringly.

"What do I see?" she whispered in amazement. "It looks for all the world like my boy Jimmie!"

"Faith and it is just him, Mrs. Perkins. And he's to get seventy-five dollars a week and expenses!"

When she recovered from her astonishment, Mary Ann was fluttered to find that her hand was firmly clasped by Jimmie's employer. As she will drew it her pulses quickened and a rosy flame spread across her cheeks.

Thunderous applause testified to the appreciation of Spare Ribs' lively act. "And to think I refused to give that dog house room!" the Widow Perkins murmured.

"Well, you couldn't know he was one of them—that do ye call 'em 'geniuses'?" Grogan exclaimed. "I'm thinkin' about gettin' up a dog show of me own and starrin' the two of them. What do ye think?"

It may have been the time it took Mrs. Perkins to make up her mind, but certain it was that Tom Grogan became a regular visitor at the Perkins home. Meanwhile Jimmie and Spare Ribs went strolling on the road and sent lavish sums home.

And soon it was rumored that the permanent removal of Widow Perkins and her brood into the roomy house of Widow Grogan was under discussion.

"Take him, mother dear," Jimmie wrote. "An' Spare Ribs'll dance at your wedding."

Which Spare Ribs did.