

Remarkable Values in WOMEN'S READY-TO-WEAR

The following are only a few of the scores of extra special bargains that go on sale

MONDAY AT THE NOVELTY COMPANY

NEW WAISTS DRESS SKIRTS Worth to \$2.50, twenty charming new models in high and low neck effects, exceptional values. 98c \$1.48

PETTICOATS WOMEN'S HOSE \$1 values, white, blue, pink, etc., striped, gingham, chambray, etc. 48c Worth 30c, black, cotton lisle hose, per pair. 5c

WASH DRESSES LONG CREPE KIMONOS Values to \$2.50. All the newest and prettiest Spring wash dresses, in gingham, blue, white, etc., all colors. 98c Worth \$2. Empire and shirred backs, made full. Splendid patterns in light and dark colors. 98c

WOMEN'S VESTS SERGE DRESSES 10c values in women's gauze vests, at each. 3c Worth \$4. Made in herring bone, white, blue, etc., and navy. 14 styles. \$1.98

Tailored Suits Values to \$20

New and clever Spring models in women's tailored suits, in serge, diagonals, hickory, etc. Exceptionally well tailored and charming suits, all colors, on sale at \$12.50 and \$10

Spring Coats Worth \$10

Splendid all wool serge coats, three-quarter and full length models, made in belle designs, a few some handsome nature. All colors, at \$12.50 and \$5.98

TRIMMED HATS Worth to \$5.00, charming in all models, at \$2.98 and \$1.98

MUSLIN GOWNS MUSLIN DRAWERS Worth 75c, neatly made, embroidered, trimmed, at 39c 25c values, neatly tucked and hemstitched, at 15c

GINGHAM APRONS CORSETS Neatly made, with or without bibs, at 25c Strongly made, support-ers, good styles, at 48c

HAIR NETS WOMEN'S NEW SHOES Worth 50c, full size, all colors, at 1c All the newest models in lace and button styles, at \$2.48

WOMEN'S OXFORDS and PUMPS WAISTS Every new spring style in foot-wear, a wide variety, at \$2.48 \$1.00 values in high and low neck effects, neat new styles, at 48c

THE NOVELTY G. 214-18, No. 15 1/2 ST. OMAHA

DRINK AND ENJOY Met's BEER THE OLD RELIABLE Wm. Bohrer, Retail Dealer, Phone Douglas 119

Whose Children's Birthday Today? The Bee's "Little Folks Birthday Book" answers that question every day for your boys and girls.

NATION'S DARKEST CRIME

Anniversary of the Assassination of President Abraham Lincoln.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A SPECTATOR

Sudden Transition of the People from Heights of Joy and Hope to the Depths of Grief and Gloom.

Eight and forty years ago Monday occurred the greatest tragedy in the history of this republic—the assassination of President Lincoln in Washington. Circumstances surrounding the tragedy of April 14, 1865, lent to it a force that cannot be measured at this distance of time. The civil war had been fought to a successful close. Joy over the conclusion of the desperate struggle was universal in the north and hearts strained to the breaking point, overflowed with gratitude and reverence for the greatest president who guided the destinies of the nation through four years of devastating war. In the midst of the relief and rejoicing the nation's leader was stricken unto death. The next instant joy changed into grief, hopefulness into gloom, and the waning passions of war were revived and redoubled in fury.

An authentic account of the tragedy and attending circumstance is given in General Roskill Brinkerhoff's "Recollections of a Lifetime." His account follows: An Ominous Sign. The morning paper of April 14, had announced the arrival of General Grant in the city and the evening papers made the further announcement that in company with the president he would be at Ford's theater that night. For want of inclination, or want of time, I had never been much of a theater-goer myself, but I had a couple of friends who had never seen General Grant. Therefore, for the first time in Washington, I concluded to go with them. We went early in order to select our position. The night was dark, for there was no moon until after 10 o'clock, and my recollection, also, is that it was cloudy, with a gloomy mist in the air. At any rate, as we came down from the war office and passed E street, we noticed in front of Grover's theater, a large transparency, and as it was the only one visible, we gave it attention; but as the air was misty or smoky we could not make out the inscription distinctly. At each end, however, there was a separate inscription: that on the left was "April, 1861, the cradle." That on the right was "April, 1865, the grave."

"Father, oh, grave," said one of the party. "They must be rebels," said another. Of course it meant the cradle and grave of the rebellion, but its instinctiveness confirms my recollection of the mistiness of the night. We remembered it afterward as an omen of evil. We passed on to Tenth street, and having entered the theater, we took seats diagonally opposite the president's box, and upon the same floor. The president's box was upon the second floor, which was twelve feet and eight inches above the stage. The two boxes upon that floor had been thrown into one by removing the partition between them. The box was festooned with flags, so that we knew it was the president's.

Setting for the Tragedy. The play commenced and had been in progress quite a while, perhaps half an hour, when the president came in. He was greeted with a storm of applause as he passed on to his box. He was accompanied by Mrs. Lincoln, Miss Harris and Major Rathbun. General Grant had concluded not to come and was then on his way to Philadelphia. Mr. Lincoln took a seat in the armchair (a rocking chair) at the side next to the audience. Mrs. Lincoln was at his right, near the center of the box, and Miss Harris at the further side. Major Rathbun was seated on the sofa, near Miss Harris a little back from the front. Mr. Lincoln for the first time during my knowledge of him, seemed cheerful and happy. I had seen him often during his presidential term, commencing with his inauguration in 1861, and a sadder face I never saw. But now the load seemed lifted and even sweet in care and anxiety had passed away. He seemed to enjoy the play very much. The play was the "American Cousin" and Laura Keane was the star of the evening.

Everything passed on very pleasantly until about 9 o'clock or a little later. It was in the third act, in the milkmaid scene, when one of my friends called my attention to the president's box, with the remark: "There's a reporter going to see Father Abraham." I looked up and saw a man standing at the door of the president's box, with his hat on and looking down upon the stage. Presently he took out a card case, or something of that kind, from his side pocket and took out a card. It is said that he showed it to the president's messenger outside, but I saw nothing of that kind, in fact, I saw no other man there aside from those seated in the audience. He took off his hat and put his hand upon the door knob, and went into the little hall or corridor, back of the box. I then turned to the play. Presently, I cannot say how soon, it may have been two, three or five minutes, I heard a pistol shot. I turned to the president's box and saw a man flash to the front, with a face as white as snow, and hair as black as a raven.

The Leap and the Shoot. My first impression was that it was part of the play. The man put his left hand upon the front railing and went over, not with a clean sweep, but with a kind of scramble, first one leg and then the other. It evidently was his intention to swing over as we swing over a fence, but his spur, as afterward appeared, caught in the flag, hence the scramble. As he went over, or possibly after reaching the stage, he shouted very clearly and distinctly, "See sumpster!" and then for the first time it flashed upon me that the whole thing meant assassination. The Virginia coat-of-arms, with its device, had been familiar to me from childhood, and of course with "see sumpster" ringing in my ears, clearly through the hall, I understood it at once. The man struck the floor, and sunk down partly, but immediately rose up and brushing a double-edged dagger, which glittered in the gaslight, he passed glancingly across the stage, with his face to the audience, and went out. He did not run, it was a swift stage walk, and was evidently studied beforehand. "See sumpster" was his cry for effect. It is said his leg was broken by the fall, but I saw no evidence of it in his gait. For a moment there was a stillness of death. The audience seemed paralyzed. No sound whatever came from the box that I heard. It is said in the various accounts that Mrs. Lincoln shrieked. I heard no shriek. Major Rathbun testified that he shouted "Stop that man!"

heard nothing of that kind, and I believe I could have heard a whisper. I saw Mr. Lincoln sitting in his chair with his head dropped on his breast, but in all other respects he retained the position he had before he was shot. Quite a little interval passed before anything was said or done. By interval I mean twenty, thirty or forty seconds, which under such circumstances seem a long time. Then some of the audience rose up, others sat still. Here and there inquiries came as to whether the president was hurt. In company with Major Rotter (a paymaster in the army) I started for the box, but before we got there others had found that it was barred inside. In the meantime Miss Keane had gone into the box from the stage entrance, and perhaps one or two others; at any rate an inquiry was made for a surgeon, and a crowd gathered around the box. There was no uproar or confusion at any time. After a few minutes the door was opened and Mr. Lincoln was carried out along the back side of the dress circle and out at the front. I was close behind, and as we went downstairs I noticed a splash of blood on every step. His face was very pale, and the stamp of death upon it, which once seen, rarely deceives us.

As we reached the street the news began to come of other assassinations. The vice president had been killed; Mr. Seward had been murdered, also Mr. Stanton. In fact, the air was full of rumors of blood and for a short time it looked as if there might be a second St. Bartholomew in progress. I immediately passed down Tenth street for a sight of the signal station upon the Winder building, and soon saw signals to the army, and knew that any uprising would be quickly suppressed. Mr. Lincoln was taken into a dwelling house across from the theater, April 15, and there died. This closing stanza of his favorite poem illustrates his ending: "The wink of an eye—'tis the draught of a breath From the blossom of health to the pale-ness of death. From the glided sabon, to the pier and the shroud; Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"

Wilson at Gridiron Dinner (Continued from Page One) ship, overcome Keeper Bryan in a terrific struggle, but is slain in a duel by Underwood. The safe arrival of the Platform is announced, but, alas, on board was none of the democratic cargo; not "Lafayette" nor "Cromwell" nor "Phillip Independence," nor "revised Sherman law," nor "free canal tolls," nor "civil service reform," but only 15,000 office-seekers. Keeper Bryan: "Mr. President, what shall we do?" President Kauffman (after whispering with President Wilson): "President Wilson says to take the ship to sea again and scuttle it!" Bryan: "God pity the poor office-seekers on a night like this."

Two Nativities Present. Scarcely had the guests settled back to dinner before disorder arose through the imperative and noisy demands for admission into the hall and into membership into the Gridiron club of two reporters—Robert H. Patchin of the New York Herald, and Thomas F. Logan of the Philadelphia Inquirer. In accordance with custom they were initiated in the presence of the company, the ceremony taking the form of a practical examination of the candidates in reportorial work. Testing his general information, one was asked where the democratic party is mentioned in scripture, to which he replied: "In the Book of Psalms. The wild asses did stand in high places, they sniffed up the wind like dragons; their eyes did fall, because there was no grass." "Are the progressives mentioned anywhere?" "Yes, in the Book of Hosea: They are all hot as an oven, and have devoured their judges, they have sown the wind, and they shall reap the whirlwind."

"As to the republican party?" "In the revised version, prepared by Dr. Roosevelt, the psalmist says: 'The wrath of the people came upon them, and slew the fathers of them.'" Also the Becoming Poets. The musical feature of the evening was a parody upon the "Chimes of Normandy," in this instance, replaced by the "Liberty Bell." Like the original chimes this bell was supposed to ring out only upon the return to his castle (in this case the White House) of the rightful heir, Mr. Jeffersonian Democracy, something of a philosopher, something of a political economist, something of an orator and something of an historian, always and the human mind contemplated the grave as the last and enduring resting-place after the struggles and sorrows of this world. \* \* \* Every-thing else has changed, but that sentiment remains steadfast today.

Further the crowd says: "The bribe and weeds grew up in it. What of that? The blackberry's flower is as sweet to the dead as any. The weed, though so called, spreads its perfume on the desert air. They, too, are nature's tributes to the dead." "Above the graves the blackberry hangs, In bloom and green its wreath; And hark! the evening as if they sang 'The chimes of peace beneath.'"

WOMAN IN CANNIBAL COUNTRY Plucky English Matron Penetrates Congo Wilds, Cures Ills and Dodges Lions. An English woman who has the pluck to travel alone over 3,000 miles in the wildest parts of the Congo and yet see the complete absence of cannibals and life generally, is something of a rarity, even in these days. Mrs. Marguerite Roby, who is one of the most traveled women of today, has just returned to England after a journey from Luena to Elizabethville, nearly 3,500 miles in distance, accompanied only by a few native servants, and tells the story of her travels to the London Mirror.

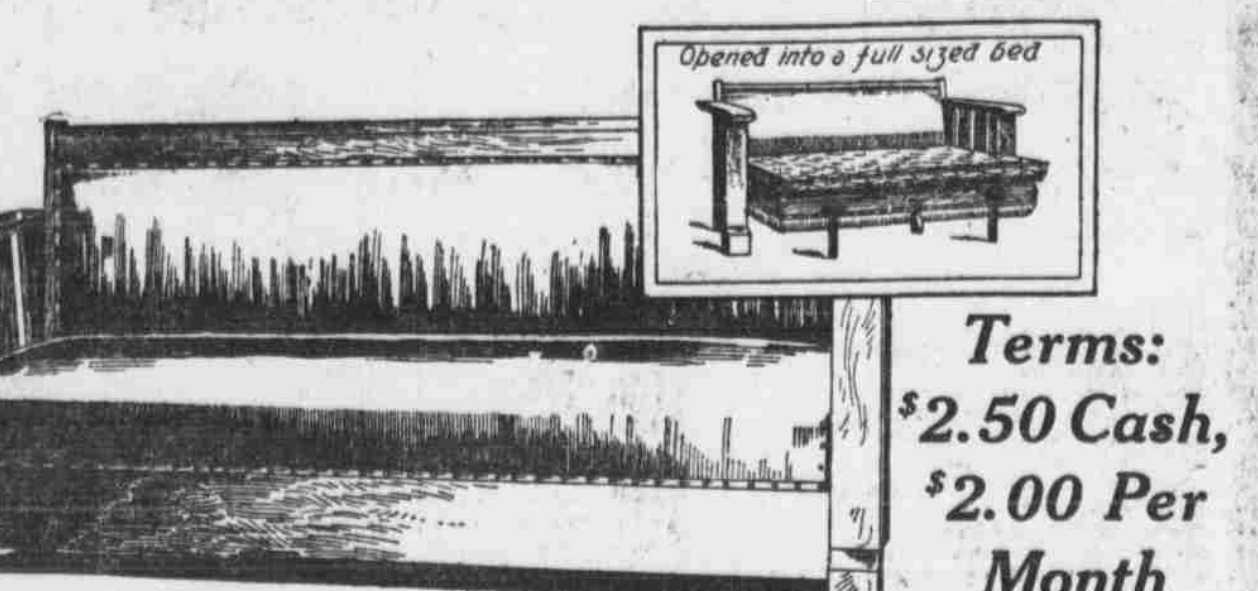
She left Luena on January 28 last, and after passing through districts where white women have never been seen before, arrived at Elizabethville on September 18, taking a train from there to Cape Town. At one time she nearly died of black-water fever, while at another she narrowly escaped being gored to death by a buffalo. One of the most humorous and yet rather gruesome incidents of the journey, said Mrs. Roby, occurred near Madiba. She arrived at a village where no missionaries, Belgian officers or white women had ever been seen before. Her appearance caused great excitement, and eventually the chief came forward with a present—the leg of a black man who had been killed the day before. Mrs. Roby was horrified. She made

the man understand that white officers with soldiers would come and punish him for it. But the chief, a cannibal, with a dry sense of humor, misunderstood. "Oh, yes," he replied quietly. "I have heard of the white officers. They are nice and fat! They will be good to eat." "At this place there are two tribes of natives, the Babundas and the Babendas," said Mrs. Roby. "The former eat dogs and the latter men." As a means of getting on good terms with native chiefs Mrs. Roby found that her slight knowledge of medicine and power of performing minor operations were most valuable. At Salata this knowledge practically saved her life. She had just crossed a native bridge when a number of men rushed toward her armed with spears. Her baby (servants called out "Medicine lady") and the crowd of natives at once stopped and became respectful. The chief of this village then appeared. His face was badly swollen with toothache. "He came up to me, pointed to his face and asked if I could cure his pain," said Mrs. Roby. "I looked into his mouth and found that he had a large abscess on the gum. Fortunately I had a small surgical knife with me, and I managed to lance the abscess very successfully. The chief was delighted and became respectful. On other occasions I was able to help natives who had had accidents or were ill. On another occasion, at Kimpuki, Mrs. Roby went out on a search for lions to shoot a lion has always been one of her great ambitions. "Fortune favored me," she said; "for we had not gone far before I boy pointed excitedly to an opening in the forest. There were three lions there. I had the great opportunity of my life—but did I do it. I was afraid, I turned round and ran as fast as I could for the camp."

During part of the time Mrs. Roby wore her hair in a plait down her back. "When I was staying in a village sitting down, I had the great opportunity of my life—but did I do it. I was afraid, I turned round and ran as fast as I could for the camp." During part of the time Mrs. Roby wore her hair in a plait down her back. "When I was staying in a village sitting down, I had the great opportunity of my life—but did I do it. I was afraid, I turned round and ran as fast as I could for the camp."

Clothing for Men and Women on Credit The "Union's" Values are Always the Greatest This \$45 Chase Leather Unifold Bed Davenport \$24.50

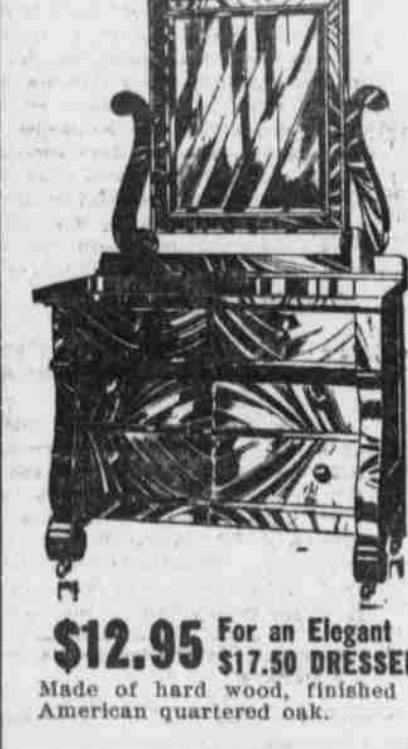
Do You Intend To Move? IF SO, SEE US. TELEPHONES: Douglas 1800



Just Like Cut Worth \$45.00, Special Price—\$24.50

ITS DOUBLE USE Think of having a piece of furniture that can be put to a double use. When closed, the Unifold is a davenport, and when opened it is a full sized bed.

THE HANDSOME FRAME The frame, as you will notice, is built on straight lines, a style quite in vogue now. It is made of solid oak, with a high piano polish.



\$12.95 For an Elegant \$17.50 DRESSER Made of hard wood, finished in American quartered oak.

\$10.50 For This Beautiful \$16.50 Brussels Rug. They are 9x12 ft. in size, splendidly made, many pretty patterns. Give us a trial to give the best of satisfaction.

\$24.50 for \$35.00 Guaranteed Steel Range. Complete with upper warming closet as illustrated—extra heavy duplex grates—large baking oven—nickel trimmings.

WOMAN IN CANNIBAL COUNTRY (Continued) Plucky English Matron Penetrates Congo Wilds, Cures Ills and Dodges Lions. An English woman who has the pluck to travel alone over 3,000 miles in the wildest parts of the Congo and yet see the complete absence of cannibals and life generally, is something of a rarity, even in these days. Mrs. Marguerite Roby, who is one of the most traveled women of today, has just returned to England after a journey from Luena to Elizabethville, nearly 3,500 miles in distance, accompanied only by a few native servants, and tells the story of her travels to the London Mirror.

Even when threatened with such a tragic death thousands of miles from home, Mrs. Roby seems to have preserved her sense of humor. DAY OF SKYSCRAPER PASSING Signs of Dismalizing Popularity Indicated by New York Officials. Borough President McAneny of New York City predicts that the time is coming when there would be no more skyscrapers built in Greater New York, and when that type of architecture would be regarded as a curiosity. He was describing some of the features of the proposed work of the commission to be appointed by the Board of Estimate and Apportionment to regulate the height and size of buildings throughout the greater city. In this connection he said that a bill soon would be presented to the legislature providing for the creation of a special commission on "city planning and the city beautiful." The commission, he said, would make so many drastic changes and improvements that the citizens of the metropolis would not recognize some sections of it in the next decade.

Whittled to a Point. Opportunities always shrink with old age. True greatness never goes to a man's head. When things won't come your way, you haven't the right kind of bait. The fools are not all dead. In fact, lots of them haven't been born yet. Virtue isn't going to take people to heaven until it has been thoroughly tested. At any rate, there is a lot more satisfaction in spending as you go than in lending. The higher education sometimes demonstrates that the more we know, the less we believe. Tell a woman that distance lends enchantment to the view and she will at once become distant. The people who jump out of the frying pan into the fire had no business in the frying pan in the first place.—Boston Herald. Persistent Advertising is the Road to Big Returns.

UPHELD CEMETERY SANCTITY Virginia Court Puts Sentiment and Poetry Into a Ruling. Ground was conveyed to a town to be used as a graveyard and was dedicated to the public use as such, relates the Docket. Many years thereafter, and when many dead had been buried therein, the cemetery was abandoned for a new one. The town still controlled the old cemetery, but suffered it to grow up in briars and brush, and it became in bad condition in appearance. Later the town set it to one Couch for \$1,000 because it was no longer of any use and was a constant expense to maintain in a presentable condition and had become a rendezvous for immoral purposes.

Can't Wash 'Em There are hundreds of things that can't be washed, but can be Dry Cleaned successfully. Tapestries, hangings, stand and pillow covers, table and couch covers, chaise and rope portieres, oriental rugs, lace curtains, damask curtains, woolen blankets, steamer blankets, bath robes, kimonos, trappers, fur coats, fur sets, party dresses, opera robes, fancy waistcoats, tailor suits, corsets, jabots, neckties, silk and aid slippers, gloves, oriental rugs, carpets and all kinds of house furnishings and wearing apparel. Dry Cleaning does not injure their color or fabric and they are returned to you as fresh and clean as when new. Our prices are very reasonable and the work guaranteed—first class. Phone for a wash.

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