

Phenomenal Value-Giving in Our Grand Midsummer Clearing Sale

All the Men's Furnishings from O Donahoe-Redmond-Normile stock will be closed without regard to actual value--Shirts, Hosiery, Suspenders, Neckwear, Underwear, etc., at most surprising bargain prices. For description and prices see last page

HAYDEN'S
THE RELIABLE STORE

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THE RELIABLE STORE

Midsummer Clearance Ladies' Hose

High grade garments from our regular stocks priced far below retail value.



98c Lisle Hose, an immense assortment in allover lace, lace boot and embroidered styles, on sale for quick clearance, at pair49c
All newest shades of brown included in this lot.

50c Lisle Hose, in plain gauze lisle or fancy embroidered, specially selected at pair 75c; or 3 pair for\$1.00

35c Fancy Embroidered Hose, special, at pair25c

15c and 10c Embroidered or Allover Lace Hose, in black or white, on sale Saturday at 12 1/2c and10c

Children's 25c Hose, fine or heavy ribbed, special bargains at clearing sale price15c

Children's Hose, fine ribbed or allover lace, in black or white, 19c value, at pair12 1/2c

Big Clearance Shoe Sale

of high grade Shoes at the price of real cheap ones. Not a pair reserved except Grovers and Queen Quality. Everything must go at prices that will move them quick.

Women's and Misses' Dongola lace and Blucher cut \$1.50 Shoes and Oxfords98c

Women's and Misses' \$1.50 white canvas Gibson Oxfords, all sizes98c

Women's \$1.75 canvas Oxfords, covered heel\$1.25

Women's \$3 chocolate Gibson Blucher, large eyelets with ribbon lace\$1.98

Children's Shoes and Oxfords worth up to \$1.75, three lots, \$1.00, 75c and49c

Men's genuine box calf English welt Bluchers, sold everywhere at \$2.50\$1.98

Men's \$3.50 Regent rock oak soles, genuine Kangaroo Good-year welt Bluchers\$2.50

The best Shoe in Omaha, \$2 and\$1.75

Boys' and Youths' best quality Tennis Oxfords50c

We sell GROVER Shoes and Oxfords, the kind of a shoe that will not hurt your feet for they are made for tender feet. Agents for the Grover and Crosssett Shoes for men and the Grover and Queen Quality Shoes for women.

Hardware and Housefurnishings

O. K. Washing Machines, worth \$6.95\$4.89

American Rotary Machines, worth \$5\$3.95

Mrs. Vrooman's 25c Sink Strainers12 1/2c

Best quality Fly Screen, wire cloth only1 1/2c

Best quality Poultry Wire only3c

Four-tie Parlor Brooms, worth 25c, only19c

25c braided Clotheslines, only17 1/2c

Clothes Pins, long white wood, per dozen1c

No. 1 Galvanized Tubs, worth 65c39c

No. 2 Galvanized Tubs, worth 75c49c

10-quart Galvanized Pails only19c

Four 10c rolls large size Toilet Paper for25c

Smaller sized Rolls2 1/2c

25c White Embroidered Wash Belts, 10c

A splendid line of the very newest styles; bargains beyond comparison—the best ever offered at sale price only10c

75c Elastic Belts, steel studded, unequalled bargains at sale price, 39c

75c Leather Belts, immense assortment of the very newest novelties, sale price39c

Grand Ribbon Clearance - Saturday

A tremendous line of plain and fancy ribbons will be closed at just half price—20c Ribbons, 10c; 30c Ribbons, 15c; 50c Ribbons25c

All colors and widths, don't miss them 35c Box Fancy Ruchings19c

An assortment of six patterns in each box.

Keep Clean Hair Brushes

A regular \$1 value, on sale for one day, Saturday, at35c

20c Hair Brushes, genuine bristle brush, great bargain, at9c

25c Novels, splendid line of titles, in Saturday's sale, each5c

Gloves and Parasols

The most complete lines you'll find in Omaha. No matter what your glove wish you can readily satisfy it at Omaha's busiest Glove Department.

Famous Celebrated Long Silk Gloves, the only silk glove with an absolute guarantee on the market; we are sole Omaha agents and show complete lines; values from \$1.75 to \$2.50—special Saturday, \$1.98 and\$1.49

\$1.98 and \$2.50 Long Silk Gloves, broken lots, in several popular makes; black, white or gray; special to close Saturday at\$1.25

Ladies' Two-Button Gloves, 75c and \$1.00 values—in all colors; double finger tips—Saturday at 50c and25c

Ladies' Silk and Linen Parasols—A swell line of hand embroidered goods will be closed at JUST HALF REGULAR PRICE.

Children's Parasols, worth 39c, several different styles to select from, choice Saturday19c



Magnificent Bargains in Women's Garments

Early fall garments are beginning to arrive and powerful price cutting on all summer garments must be resorted to in order to make room for these new goods. Suits, Skirts, Waists, in all newest styles, priced at less than cost of materials.

400 Pretty Wash Suits,

in lawns, Swisses, dimities, ginghams and madras; all colors and white; trimmed with fine tucks, laces and embroideries, regular \$5 and \$6 values, sale price\$1.50

250 Neat Shirt Waist Suits,

in gingham or Madras; all colors; newest styles; regular values up to \$4, choice at98c

\$8 and \$9 French Voile Skirts,

trimmed with bands and folds of taffeta, on sale at \$4.95

6 Silk Underskirts,

magnificent values, \$3.95

Three Grand Waist Specials—Women's Waists

worth up to \$1, choice39c

Women's Waists, worth to \$2.50, choice, 98c

Women's \$3 Net and Jap Waists, choice, \$1.50

Manufacturers' Stock of Children's Dresses from

Borgenicht & Scharff, New York, on sale at



\$15 and \$18 Lingerie and Mull Dresses,

in beautiful new designs, Princess or dress styles—pink, blues, helios and white—choice at\$4.95

30 Fine Tailor Suits,

in chiffon, Panama and fancy mixtures; suits in the lot worth to \$30, choice Saturday only at\$12.50

\$10 Silk Coats, in Eton,

pony or box styles—made of Givernand's best taffeta, at \$4.95

about one-third real value—Children's Dresses, worth to 75c, choice25c

Children's Dresses, worth \$2, choice69c

Children's Dresses, worth \$1 and \$1.5049c

Children's Dresses, worth \$3 and \$3.50, at 98c

From 8 Till 9 A. M.—Lawn Kimonos at15c

From 9 Till 10 A. M.—\$1 Wash Underskirts25c

From 10 Till 11 A. M.—\$2 Dressing Sacques, dark colors, at39c

From 11 Till 12 A. M.—\$2 Moire Underskirts 85c

All Meats Sold Here Are Government Inspected.

Sirloin 10c, Veal 5c, Veal 6c, 10c

Stew 10c, Steak 6c, 10c

Fresh, Tenderest Meats at Lower Prices Than Elsewhere

Try HAYDEN'S First

CRANKS AT SAGAMORE HILL

Mild Variety of Bughouse Visitors at President's Summer Home.

WATCHFUL GUARDS HALT CALLERS

A Jersey Sample with a Wonderful Submarine to Bust Lumber Trust—Other Specimens at Oyster Bay.

In the vernacular of the secret service men who guard the president's summer home at Oyster Bay all cranks are "bugs," and in this category are placed a great variety of well meaning human beings. In the eyes of the service all men and women who call upon the president with personal grievances to air or "bug" schemes to unfold are "buggy," and will bear watching.

For many months after the Buffalo tragedy the list of dangerous and suspicious characters included almost all strangers of foreign appearance, and any unknown caller at the White House who had an impediment to his speech stood a fair chance of landing in the lockup for inquiry into his mental condition.

While this state of secret service hysteria continued a number of perfectly rational women and men were bundled down to police headquarters, there to be bundled out again, with apologies, and a great many "plain drunks" who happened to wander into the sacred precincts of the White House grounds were seized on the charge of harboring anarchistic tendencies upon the head of the administration. The detectives are not quite so suspicious nowadays, but if one has business with the president or his secretary it will pay to be brief and to the point when stating the errand. If you have novel theories to demonstrate regarding the laws of gravitation, the power of explosives or the habits of the people of Mars, reserve them for the day of the man you want to see—don't tell them to the secret service guard.

The young man who traveled to Sagamore Hill from New Jersey in an automobile on Monday morning, landing in the president's front yard at 4 a. m., followed this wise course, and consequently is still at large. Had he told his business to the secret service men at the hill he would in all probability have been detained, and might even now be languishing behind the bars at the Missouri jail. But he had the good judgment to maintain a dignified silence when asked about his mission to the president—merely said he would call later after seeing the secretary—and went back to town in his auto. When he met the secretary he was a little more communicative, but not much. "I have some great improvements in submarines to show the president," he said to Mr. Loeb, "and as it is important that my plans be adopted before the fleet sails for the Pacific, the sooner I see him the better it will be for the nation."

Loeb sees the Point.

"We are trying to give the president a real vacation this summer," replied Mr. Loeb, "and in order to spare him as much trouble and work as possible we are transacting practically all official business here at the office. Can you not tell me your plans?"

"Impossible. No one but the president shall learn of my invention. If I told everybody all I know, why, everybody would know as much as I do."

"That's no," sneered the secretary. "There's no denying that. But you might give me an idea about your improvements,

so that I can convey to the president at least some inkling of the importance of your inventions."

"Well, in the first place," replied the Jersey inventor, impulsively, "all the builders of submarines have started wrong. They've built their boats of steel and iron. Anyone who gives the matter a moment's thought can see that wood is the only proper material. Now, what I want the president to do in the first place is to get after the Lumber Trust. If the price of lumber is brought down to where it ought to be we would have all the timber we wanted for the construction of a great fleet of these submarines. Do you begin to see the idea?"

Secretary Loeb thought he began to see clearly, but he assured the stranger that it was a matter entirely out of the president's hands. The proper official for him to see about the building of submarines was the chief of the construction bureau of the navy at Washington. If the president were to see him and talk all day with him the matter would have to be referred to the chief constructor anyway. If he had any documents that he wanted to leave for the president to look over he might do so, but it would not be at all convenient for the president to see him in person.

The inventor from New Jersey thanked the secretary for his trouble, expressed the hope that the administration would not regret his course and bowed himself out. Before leaving Oyster Bay he assured the newspaper men that there would be something well worth publishing about his invention one of these days. In the meantime, however, he intended to keep his mouth shut, for if he told the world all he knew the world would know quite as much as he did.

The "bug cranks" at Oyster Bay this year is much smaller than usual, as the secret service men intimated, but, as he also said, the arrival of one will probably be followed by others. Like fires, suicides, storms and other accidents, elements of human, the visits of cranks "come in bunches." There will be periods of months, in Washington or Oyster Bay, during which the president's guards will not encounter a single person who gives evidence of thinking crooked upon any subject under the sun. All the president's callers will be of the every day, business or social variety, and the detectives will begin to think that the last "bug" has left the country. Then one will show up with a weird story that he must tell the president, and inside of twenty-four hours there will be four or five others. One of them will have an scheme for harnessing the stars; another will come with a grievance against the secretary of state because he allows King Menck to possess more than one consort; a third will demand that the pension commissioner be fired from his job for failing to grant a stipend to all the hens that lay more than twelve eggs a month, and a fourth will claim to be the president's long-lost son by a spirit wife.

Mostly Harmless.

By far the greater number of the president's unwelcome callers are perfectly harmless. They would no more injure a hair of his head than they would cut off their right hands, but, as has proved in more than one distressing instance, the most peaceful looking and innocent "bug" may, without a moment's warning, develop homicidal tendencies of the most violent character. James Sciele, for many years a faithful doorkeeper at the White House, is now on the retired list and pitifully broken in health, as the direct result of an encounter with a crank at the front door of the mansion a couple of years ago. The man called to see the president upon some "business" mission, and when admittance was denied he attacked Sciele with a

knife. The weapon was taken from him, but not until after he had stabbed the policeman. There was the insane farmer from Syosset, Weinbrenner by name, who called at Sagamore Hill one summer's night three years ago, to demand the hand of Miss Alice from the president. He loved the young woman, he said, and was certain that she loved him. Nothing stood in the path of their happiness but the cold, cruel father, and to induce the latter to seal their bliss with the paternal blessing Weinbrenner carried a couple of loaded .38 calibre revolvers. Two secret service men had one of the battles of their lives before they managed to take the guns away from him.

The president had not been here a week this summer before "The Woman in Blue" put in an appearance. She is Mrs. Lucy Lee of Manhattan, and although she has made probably fifteen trips to Oyster Bay within the last three years, no one has yet been able to discover just what she wants from the executive. Sometimes she hires a team in the village and rides to Sagamore Hill, at other times she walks the three miles. When she reaches the president's grounds she tells the secret service men that she wishes to see the head of the administration "on business." No amount of persuasion will induce her to state her "business," and after a while she goes back to the railroad station with her errand unfulfilled.

Luckily, perhaps, for the president, a great many of the cranks who finally land in the vicinity of his home send him fair warning of their plans. "I will call upon you at the White house and demand that you answer to me, personally, for all the high crimes and misdemeanors you have committed," writes one. "Prepare your defense, for I will be there at 12:30 p. m. on the 15th inst." When the man calls he is greatly surprised and hurt to find that instead of the president waiting for him with his defense there are a couple of secret service men waiting for him with handcuffs. Frequently the unbidden guests further facilitate the work of the detectives by sending the president their photographs. "Behold the countenance of the Moses who will lead the American people out of the wilderness," writes one. "You have had your chance to lead them and have failed." When Moses reaches the president's office the secret service men gently lead him to the nearest home of detention. A great many of the president's frisky correspondents write him for the purpose of warning him of conspiracies. These plots are usually hatched in the cabinet or in the innermost circle of the president's personal friends, and why he has not detected them long before the date of the warning letters there are at a loss to understand. But he is not on his guard, and if he falls by the machinations of his ministers or his tennis court friends, his political blood be upon his own head. Still more horrible are the plots and counterplots that are incubated against the president in the elements and among the lower animals. "Beware of the flies!" sets one of the well meaning correspondents on paper. "There is a great battle now going on between the flies that are for you and the flies that are against you. If the flies that are against you triumph over the flies that are for you, beware! Beware!"

Maybe that's the reason all the screens at Sagamore Hill were put in order early this summer. But the secret service men who patrol the gravel walks in front and rear of the house are more concerned these days and nights about the mosquitoes. New York Tribune.

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Move to Organize Section Men.

A movement has been started to organize the 200,000 or more Italian railroad employes all over the United States and bring about a higher scale of wages.

The paper that goes to the home brings the returns to advertisers

THE OMAHA EVENING BEE

A clean and reliable paper for the home is barred from no self-respecting household.

6c Per Week Delivered

Within everybody's reach--reaches everybody

FARM VALUES IN NEW YORK

Empire State Land Falls Off \$750,000,000, Say Agricultural Department Experts.

A thorough investigation by the United States Department of Agriculture has revealed an alarming decrease in farm land valuation in New York state, which is not far short of a menace to the welfare of the commonwealth. Startling figures are presented, which show an enormous loss in wealth and population in the state's rural districts, and a consequent weakening of social and political influence.

According to the reports of the government inspectors, the country is being abandoned by the city, with the result that lands have decreased \$750,000,000 in value; that more than 12,000 farms have been abandoned; that the population of the more remote towns and villages has, in several instances, decreased 40 to 50 per cent.

The comparisons are made with the state's agricultural property in the early 80's. In some districts land values have decreased since then nearly 90 per cent. The 12,000 abandoned farms in the state are capable of caring for a population of 250,000 and represent an area of 1,200,000 acres, most of which is arable land.

The national government inspectors who have been engaged in investigating this subject declare officially that these farms have not been abandoned because of lack of fertility. For the last twenty years the cities have so fascinated the immigration of country people that the farmers' sons and daughters and those who formerly would have become farm hands have abandoned the soil to their parents. In many districts all of the farmers are men of advanced age. As fast as these die the farms become untenanted or are sold for little or nothing to the less vigorous and venturesome of the younger generation t. become the property

ANNUAL HARVEST OF CHIN

Industrious Missourian Profits by the Fertility of His Lower Jaw.

Growing, harvesting and marketing whiskers for revenue is the unique side line in which Fred Evers, otherwise "Old Man Fritz," keeper of the golf links at the St. Louis Country club, is engaged.

Evers, who is 61 years old, has for many years added to his income by clipping his luxuriant beard annually and selling it to mattress makers of other persons who can use silky "blanca" of Titian hue in their business.

While Evers declares persons who mention his transactions "crazy with the heat," his associates say he himself is authority for the statement that for many years he has received from \$10 to \$25 for his annual crop of facial fringe.

Club members recall that during the seven years he has served them he has let his beard spread over year after year from his chin to his waist and then cut it off. Now they know why.

The last crop was garnered by Evers this week. He now displays only a mustache. But a reddish beardlet commencing to sprout is taken as evidence that he is entering the market again.

"Old Man Fritz's" beard grows very fast. He has told friends that he grew long whiskers before he was 21 and sold his

PERISH THE IMPIOUS THOUGHT

New England Flooding the Product of the Modern Pie Foundries.

A certain prominent journal bemoans the fact that pie is on the decline. It avers that in some portions of the country—not so far from Boston, either—many cultured and fastidious folk, such as college professors and clergymen, are deeply grieved at the presence of pie upon the table, regarding it as evidence of a vulgar and melodramatic taste, and deeply grieving to their sense of the aesthetic.

It is sad, indeed, to see good New Englanders kicking at the latter by which they have eliminated. Were not our ancestors born to pie—even pie for breakfast? Has not one sagacious historian remarked that it was "that identical pie for breakfast that caused the hatefulness that was the very backbone of Puritanism?" And did not the illustrious pay intemperate tribute to pie, and the classic Emerson boast that he indulged thrice daily?

Again, it is tearfully argued by these sensitive and shrieking souls that pie is inimical to sound slumbers and comfortable digestion that a goodly sized wedge of the misc variety taken late at night has been known to cause weird phenomena—visions which recall Lew is Carroll's famous lines:

He thought it was a coach and four
Which stood beside his bed,
He looked again and saw it was
A bear without a head.

But would not anything prove injudicious taken under such circumstances? Who ever heard of a person sneaking into the pantry at midnight and foraging upon pre-

digested cereals, English walnuts and the hygienic and innocuous stewed prune? No man by some elemental and unerring instinct invariably takes pie whenever he can get it, and by the same token it is always pie and pie alone that gets all the blame.

The greatest philosophers have agreed that man's instinctive action is superior to his reasoned action. Now, pie is surely a matter of instinct. Man turns to it as naturally as the flowerlet to the sun, and the good pie-smith (if the casual will permit me to coin the word) is always an honored and consequential person in any community. Moreover the most confirmed vegetarians, who turn shudderingly away from a lovely, juicy tenderloin, done to the psychological turn, persists in clinging to large slices of apple, custard, squash and berry pie with a touching ardor and undiminished enthusiasm.

As to those stories of certain old ascetics of ours being overtaken by apoplectic seizures, due to excess in diet, they are merely the exceptions which goes to prove that, as a rule, the eighteenth century digestion aros nobly to the occasion. Merely a few irascible, choleric old braggarts they were, who as likely as not richly deserved to be come up with. And then they would have died in time, anyway.

No; pie is not the anachronism a few hyper-sensitive critics would make it appear. It should be awarded a legitimate place in the history of our great country, as having ethical value of a definite dignity and proportion. Dante very properly consigned ingratitude to the lowest hell, and let us beware lest our repudiation of pie mean the disintegration of the finest fiber of our commonwealth. Nobly has it heartened us in joy and sorrow—and who can say it has not affected the destiny of the nation?—Boston Transcript.