Officers Gather for Progressive and Labor Meet

Indications at Grand Island Conference Are for Endorsement of Howell and Bryan.

Grand Island, Neb., Aug. 24.—Upward of a score of officers of the Nonpartisan league, labor leaders and representatives of the progressive party are here for a general conference of all the progressive political elements of the state today and tomorrow. The meeting is preliminary to the formal state convention of the Nonpartisan league here tomorrow.

Among these there is very plainly a strong current for endorsement by the league, and for the complete co-operation of the other elements of the conference in that endorsement, of R. B. Howell of Omaha, republican candidate for United States senator, and Charles W. Bryan, democratic nominee for governor. It is likely that a full congressional ticket will be endorsed, as well as a complete state ticket. It was predicted that Arthur G. Wray of York, progressive candidate for United States senator, will withdraw in favor of the progressive republican candidate, Mr. Howell.

Seek to Unite Votes.

The state central committee of the progressive party, a number of which are already on the ground and which meets formally on Friday, has been instructed by the state convention to fall into line with the action taken at this conference. Union labor representatives seem equally determined with the organized farmers.

"It means," said one of the prominent leaders in the conference, "that the farmers and workers of Nebraska are to try the so-called balance-of-power plan in an effort to unite its thousands of votes on progressive candidates of all parties."

Among the leaders already here are H. M. Lux, manager of the Nonpartisan league; Jesse Johnson, former manager; Andrews Dahlstein, chairman of the league executive committee of Newman Grove; Fred Pancon, committee member; Mr. Brewer of Minneapolis, league lecturer; C. R. Whittaker of Plattsmouth, and J. W. Behrens of Yutan, members of the progressive state central committee; Secretary Coffey of the state labor organization, Lincoln; J. B. Hageman, Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen, Lincoln; F. H. Frickey, Lincoln, of the locomotive firemen, and N. J. Ellsberry, Grand Island, progressive candidate for lieutenant governor.

Congressional Ticket.

Included in the program of action by this conference of the different groups of "progressives," is the endorsement of a congressional ticket. The general prospects are said, though there has been no complete canvass for a consensus of opinion, to favor endorsement of Morehead in the First; Howard in the Third; Cummins in the Fourth, and Beal in the Sixth, with action as to the second and Fifth more "in the air."

For railroad commissioner there is said to be a strong pull for Randall; for Ellsberry for lieutenant governor; Miss Pyrtle for superintendent of public instruction and Pool for secretary of state. It is stated that the situation is not quite so clear as to a choice between McDonald and Spillman for attorney general; Shumway or Marsh for secretary of state; Swanson or Warrington for commissioner, and Hall or Robinson for state treasurer.

The program for the conference calls for a big barbecue at Lion Grove, a riverside country club, at which A. C. Townley will address the assembly.

Mystery Airplane Here From Chicago

Pilot and Passenger Tell Conflicting Stories About Destiny of Craft.

Bill Yackey, former air mail pilot stationed at Omaha and now operating a commercial line in Chicago, arrived in Omaha at 10:10 yesterday morning in a new five-passenger French ship with one passenger. A reported tried to find out what it was all about. This is what he found:

First—An Associated Press dispatch from Chicago:

"When Charles Cripp, reputed wealthy cattle man, was notified Wednesday that his son had been seriously injured in an automobile accident in Omaha, he immediately chartered an airplane to take him home. The flight was expected to take four and one-half hours and cost Cripp $300 for the round trip."

Second—The passenger's statement to the reporter:

"My name isn't Cripp; it's C. C. Hehricksen. I'm a stock buyer and my home's in Broken Bow. I'd always had an ambition to ride a ship. My son, Bruce, 15, lives in Utica, Neb., and a team ran away and broke his arm. We're going to fly to Utica to see him before going on to Little Rock, Ark., and on back to Chicago. I don't know how much the trip's going to cost me."

Third—Yackey's statement to Superintendent Dunphy of the local air mail division:

"My passenger sold 26 carloads of cattle in Chicago Wednesday afternoon. It was too late for him to deposit the money there, so he hired me to fly him to Omaha. He was introduced to me by a Chicago banker. We left Chicago Wednesday night, flying in the dark before we reached Iowa City. We flew on into Des Moines this morning and deposited the money. My passenger also sold four more carloads of cattle. I understand we're going to fly on to Little Rock, Ark., and then back to Chicago. I expect to make $1,700 on the trip."

Trains Discontinued.

Owing to the coal shortage, the Chicago Great Western has temporarily discontinued the operation of Trains Nos. 1 and 4 between Omaha and Fort Dodge. Northbound trains Nos. 11 and 14 and southbound trains Nos. 13 and 15 will be continued at present schedule.—Adv.

One Costs $15,000, the Other $125

Do you need a new winter coat?

Let your optics run over these 1922 models.

On the left we have a little thing in sable, quite nobby, and announced as the very latest in fur garments. It's price? Oh, very reasonable, very reasonable, only $15,000. Really, a rare bargain.

But if you don't care much for sable, try the one on the right. It's 1922 style, too, but there's a slight difference in the cost. You can get this one for $125.

Visiting merchants in Omaha for Market Week looked these models over at the style show given by the Omaha Manufacturers and Jobbers' association at M. E. Smith's Wednesday and pronounced them winners, but business on the $15,000 model didn't break any records.

Marriage of Barry Wicklow

By RUBY M. AYRES

Copyright, 1922.

(Continued from Yesterday.)

"But that's all rot, and you know it is. Look at Topsy! She'd made her name before she'd been on the stage five minutes; she was born to it; she's got all the cheek, and—and—" He broke off, meeting the other man's eyes.

Greaves carefully cut and lit a cigar. There was a moment of silence, then he said, quietly:

"I never knew you were such a good judge of character, Wicklow."

Barry colored. "I suppose you're pulling my leg."

"I'm not in the least. As a matter of fact, I think you're right in everything you say. I've always thought so."

Barry stared. "You mean—you mean—what the devil do you mean?" he asked, irritably.

Greaves pulled up a chair and sat down.

"Look here, my boy," he said. "I'm going to talk to you like a father. It's no business of mine whether you and your wife hit it or not, but I'm as cute as most people, and from the way you're upsetting yourself I suppose you think something of her. She's a dear little girl, I'm fond of her—oh, you needn't glare like that," he added, as Barry began to look angry. "There's no harm in my affection for her, or I shouldn't be telling you about it, you bet your life. You're right in what you say; she'll never make a success on the stage, and I've known it all along."

Barry hardly knew if he were angry or relieved, and the other man went on.

"Hulbert introduced her to me. He wanted me to do something for her; you know his way. He thinks money can do anything. I'm an old man, and I know it can't. Hazel's pretty enough; she'd get over the footlights all right if all the audience expected her to do was to smile at them and look pretty. She hasn't got a bad little voice, either, and she dances quite nicely, but—. He shrugged his heavy shoulders. "She hasn't got the cheek! I'm using your own word. She hasn't got the 'bite,' if you understand me." He paused. "And you may congratulate yourself that she hasn't," he added, dryly.

"You've never told her this. You've led her to believe—to expect htat—" Barry stopped. "I suppose you're going to give her a chance and let her fail. Is that it?" he asked again, bitterly.

Greaves did not answer.

"It's a rotten trick, anyway," Barry went on, hotly. "She ought to be told, I shall tell her myself."

"My dear boy, she won't believe you. People never do when they're stage struck. I've given up trying to tell them. They only look sorry for me and go off to someone else. Your wife has got to learn her lesson the same as the rest; and Hulbert's got to learn it, too. It's just a case where one has to be cruel to be kind."

Barry began pacing the room. He knew that Greaves had spoken truthfully when he said that Hazel would not believe him. She was so sure in her own mind that she would make a success.

Greaves refilled Barry's glass.

"And what's she going to do when she knows the truth?" Barry asked hoarsely. "It will break her heart. She's quarrelled with her people; she hates the sight of me."

Greaves smiled.

"Ah, well," he said smoothly. "It's not a bad thing to begin with a little aversion, and there is such a thing as affection being caught in the rebound, you know."

Barry laughed grimly. "Not for me, I'm afraid. I treated her rottenly to start with; indirectly all this is my fault."

He came back to where the elder man sat.

"Tell me what you're going to do," he urged, agitatedly. "You've got some idea in your head, I know, and if Hazel—"

But Greaves only shook his head. "You'll have to let things take their natural course, my boy; it's no use trying to force matters." He held out his hand. "'Pon my word, Wicklow, I believe I really rather like you after all."

Barry laughed. "Well you're about the only one of my acquaintances who does, then," he said, constrainedly. "I've made more enemies during the past month than ever in my life before."

But he felt considerably cheered. It was early morning when he left Greaves.

If Hazel were a failure! The thought gave him a pang. He did not want her to fail; it would hurt him more than anything in the world to know of her disappointment. And yet, on the other hand, if she were to succeed it meant an eternal barrier between her life and his.

Supposing Greaves were not to be trusted; supposing he was the sort of a man who ran with the hare and hunted with the hounds? What was a man to believe?

He passed a wretched night. One moment he wished he had never seen Greaves, and the next moment he was sure that Greaves would prove a friend. He stayed in bed late the next morning. His head ached miserably; it made him hot all over to think of that scene at Topsy's flat. Whatever happened he would never go there any more; that part of his life was wiped out for ever.

In the afternoon he strolled round to the club. He wondered if it were his imagination that several men he met looked at him rather quizzically. No doubt, Jimmy Helder had been talking. He stayed half an hour, and went back home again; he spent the rest of the day indoors.

He felt at a loose end, and yet he had the feeling that something of importance was going to happen; that soon something definite would put an end one way or the other to the torment of the past weeks.

But Friday passed, and nothing did happen, and Barry began to wonder if perhaps it would not be as well to pack a bag and go off home for the week-end. He knew that his uncle and aunt would be glad to have him, and it would be better than sticking about in London and not knowing how to kill time.

But it was only after lunch that he made up his mind. He was looking up trains when the phone rang sharply. It was Greaves.

"I looked for you at the club last night," he said.

"What's happened to you?"

Barry scowled. "Nothing. I was there in the afternoon. What do you want? I'm just going away for the week-end."

He distinctly heard the little exclamation of surprise from the other end of the phone.

"Going away! Surely you'll be at the Pantheon tonight?"

"The Pantheon!" Barry echoed, irritably. "Why in the world should I? With all respects to you, I'm dead sick of music halls shows, and—What do you say?"

Greaves laughed. "Oh, I thought you'd be interested tonight, anyway," he said. "I'm putting your wife on as an extra turn!"

At the Pantheon! Barry Wicklow's heart seemed to give a great thump and then stand still.

He knew what the Pantheon was—knew how celebrated it was for its all-star performances—and a horrible feeling of apprehension went through him.

Supposing Hazel failed. The risk was enormous; he could not bear to think of it. He had once seen a girl hissed off the stage at a music hall, heard the shouts of derisive laughter that followed her frightened exit, and it turned him cold to think that perhaps something like this lay in store for Hazel.

This altered everything. He threw the timetable down. After this there could be no question of going down to Ereshie hall; he would go to the Pantheon.

He thought of Greaves' admission last night. In his heart, Greaves, too, thought she would fail. It seemed sheer cruelty to allow her to go on knowing that; surely there was some way of stopping her, or persuading her to give up the idea.

He turned his steps toward Hazel's flat. When he rang the bell and asked to see her, he saw the obvious hesitation in the maid's face. Miss Bentley was resting; she had said she was not to be disturbed.

"Just tell her I have called," Barry urged, earnestly. "I won't worry her; tell her it's very important. My name is Wicklow."

The girl knew his name right enough. She went away hesitatingly. After a moment she came back. Miss Bentley was sorry, but she could see nobody.

The hot blood beat to Barry's face.

"I'm not going till I have seen her," he said, obstinately. He passed the girl and stepped into the hall. It was quite obvious that he meant to do as he said.

The girl shrugged her shoulders helplessly. "Miss Bentley will be very angry."

"I will take all the blame," Barry said.

Hazel had heard the raised voices in the hall. She came to the door of her sitting room; she was fully dressed, and held a book in her hand. Evidently she had made the excuse of resting so as not to see him.

"I told you I was not at home to anyone," she began. She looked at the girl angrily.

Barry stepped forward. "It's not her fault, I forced my way in."

It seemed useless to resist. She led the way back into the room silently.

Barry shut the door. He was very pale, and there was a strained look in his eyes.

"I shouldn't have come, he began, roughly, "only—Greaves tells me you are going on at the Pantheon tonight."

"I am, yes; though what it has to do with you . . ."

"It has everything to do with me. Oh, don't think I've come here to quarrel with you, or rake up the past. It's all as completely forgotten as if it had never existed. I—I only want to speak to you for your own sake, Hazel, you don't know what you are doing, you don't know what the Pantheon audiences are, they're used to first-rate artists. Oh, don't mistake me." He rushed on, as she drew away from him offendedly. "But you've no idea what an ordeal it is. You've never walked on the stage in your life. Give it up, Hazel, before it's too late. Give it up for your own sake, if not for mine, I beg of you."

She laughed bitterly.

"Because I'm your wife, you mean. You are afraid that I shall do something that will make people talk and laugh about me." She raised her head proudly. "I'm not going to fail," she said. "I feel sure that I shall not. Mr. Greaves . . ."

"Greaves told you what he did to please you, and to please Hulbert. Greaves isn't a fool, he knows as well as I do that you're not cut out for the stage. You have to be born to it, and you're not. You'll break your heart if you fail, and Hulbert's money can't buy success for you," he added, hearsely.

Her eyes flashed. "Delia has been talking to you. She said just the same thing to me the other day. You're both jealous! That's what it is. I suppose this is a conspiracy between you?"

"You know quite well that I detest your cousin. It's not at all likely that I should discuss you with her."

She turned away. "You come here and upset me just when I ought to be left alone. If I do fail tonight it will be your fault. I was feeling quite happy and confident until you came. Mr. Greaves will be furious if he knows you have been here."

"I don't care a curse for Greaves, or any of his crowd. It's my duty to prevent you ruining your life if I can."

"You've said that before; I'm tired of hearing it." Her voice shook now. She began to cry.

The maid, who had evidently not been much further than the other side of the door, came in unceremoniously. She looked at Barry with angry eyes. She had had strict instructions from Mr. Greaves that her mistress was not to be worried, she said. It was too bad for him, and would he please go away at once.

Barry looked at his wife with desperate eyes. It was useless, he knew. Nothing he could say or do would make any difference to her decision. He had got to stand helplessly by and let her go her own way.

(Continued in The Bee Tomorrow)

Alamito
The Safe Milk
DO uglas 0409
AND OUR WAGON WILL STOP

Harding Willing to Delay Action on Ship Subsidy

Expresses Opinion That Success of Measure Might Be Jeopardized by Pressing Action Now.

Washington, Aug. 24.—President Harding, in a letter to Representative Mondell, the republican leader, expressed willingness to have congressional consideration of the administration ship subsidy deferred "until we can rivet the attention of congress with a full attendance."

Success of the measure, the president added, might be jeopardized by pressing for an immediate decision.

The letter was in reply to one from Mr. Mondell, in which the republican leader had declared that he and his associates were reluctant to bring the bill to a vote in the house at this time.

"I am frankly disappointed," the president stated, "that the circumstances have combined to make a difficult situation, due on the one hand to the diminished attendance in the house, and chargeable on the other hand to the new complications which have arisen. It would be folly to score the development of the prohibition issue which came up so unexpectedly and we must face the fact that the friends of the bill must harmonize their views to accord with both the constitutional amendment and public opinion on this subject.

"Moreover, the came friends of the measure must reach a concord in the matter of the favoring provision carried in the tax exemption section, which was designed to provide an indirect aid to American shipping enterprise."

The president expressed the hope that the administration would "find a way" to deal with these new difficulties with the approval of all supporters of an American merchant marine, and that they may have favorable action before the congress gets too deeply engaged in the pressing legislation which must be considered in the short session."

Corn Suffers From Hot Winds and Drouth

Lincoln, Aug. 24.—Corn deteriorated in nearly all parts of the state, due to the hot winds and weather, according to the weekly crop summary of G. A. Loveland, meteorologist in charge of the weather bureau here. In most northeastern counties the damage was slight, but in southern counties many fields have "fired." In some fields the crop is practically ruined and cutting for fodder has begun in a few instances.

The week was favorable for haying, threshing and the cutting of third crop alfalfa.

Sugar beets continue to do well, but pastures are very dry, the report states.

Temperature during the week ending Tuesday averaged seven degrees above normal. Rainfall during the same period ranged from none in some counties to more than an inch along the Platte river.

RADIO

Detector Tube Is Traffic Cop of Air

Wide Difference Between Crystal and Vacuum Bulb.

What is the basic difference between the crystal and the detector tube in their operation?

What is the function of each?

Many radio amateurs who are still new in the game fail to comprehend the real use of the detector tube, knowing only that it works far more efficiently in the reception of radio concerts than the crystal.

Radio sets might be likened to the broad main street of a great city. Stand on the pavement and watch the automobiles on the street. There are thousands of them going in both directions—speeding up and down so fast and in such great numbers that it almost makes you dizzy to watch them.

That's the way with the electric currents in a radio set. The current is what is called "alternating"—that is, it swings from one direction to the other and it does it so rapidly as to be almost inconceivable.

No telephone diaphragm in the world will respond to such inconceivable rapidity.

So the clever radio engineers put in their sets a little gadget called a condenser, which stores up a lot of these rapid pulsations and, every so often, releases a bunch of them all at once. The ear and the telephone respond best to something like 5,000 pulsations a second. They will work up to 10,000, but we have our condenser chop up the incoming currents into 5,000 bunches, much like sausages strung on a long link.

But the pulsations in each bunch are still first one way and then the other. They still go so fast that they would neutralize each other's effects of the diaphragm. So we have to find something to make them all go the same direction—in other words, to eliminate those in one direction and use only those in the other. Then the bunch of one direction currents act together on the telephone and the ear and we get 5,000 pulsations a second, which is just what we want.

The detector is the traffic cop on this one-way street. It is like a water or air or steam valve in its action. It passes current in one direction, but blocks the current coming in the opposite direction.

If you are within about five miles of a big broadcasting station you can hear the concerts on a crystal—but you can never amplify the signals or put them on a loud speaking horn. The best you can do is to put four or five sets of telephones in the circuit and thus let your friends hear.

With the audion bulb, under favorable conditions, you can hear the concerts for 300 or 400 miles and, by adding what is known as amplifiers, you can make the signals just about as loud as you want to—and put them on a horn or phonograph so that everybody in the room can hear them.

WAAW Friday

The Omaha Bee's radio concert from the Omaha Grain Exchange station WAAW tomorrow night will be featured with saxophone solo, singing and piano selections by clever artists.

W. L. Hetherington and Philbert Polcar, both saxophone artists, will play several melodies for the entertainment of radio audiences. Their program will be announced tomorrow.

Miss Ruth Bieber, a soloist of wide repute, will charm radio fans with three of her favorite song numbers, "Pale Moon," by Logan; "Oh, Didn't It Rain?" by Burleigh, and "My Little Sunflower," by Vanderpool.

Miss Grace Williams of Great Falls, Mont., a pianist of rare interpretative ability, will play these three piano selections for the delight of invisible audiences who will be listening in on The Omaha Bee's concert: "Faust;" "Marche Hongroise," by Gowdowsky, and her own variations of "Swanee River."

Daily baseball scores broadcast at 5:15 p. m. by The Omaha Bee from Station WAAW are received in practically every town throughout the central west, according to numerous cards from radio fans.

The Central Telegraph office of England is now carrying on wireless service to Berlin, Cologne, Posen, Rome and Egypt, a report states. News handed in at that office is broadcast from the postoffice radio station at Leafield, near Oxford, and is picked up in India and Australia, except when atmospherical conditions are unfavorable, while regular radio news service is carried on with Halifax in Nova Scotia.

Guns Guard Cortege of Collins in Dublin

(Continued From Page One.)

hail of lead into the attackers of Collins.

After the procession was dismissed he told an interviewer in a voice choked by emotion a vivid story of the fatal ambush.

"The car in which Collins was riding," he said, "was the first to meet the ambushers' fire. There were at least 250 of them against 12 of us. It was about 9 o'clock when we passed through the village. We had not gone over 400 yards along the road when from both sides we were caught by a deadly cris-cross of machine gun fire.

"The driver of Collins' car wanted to drive at full speed but the general ordered him to halt and told us to take cover. He took command of the whole situation and directed the fire against the attackers for nearly an hour. Two machine guns kept up incessant firing at Mick's open car but up to then no one had been hurt and it began to look as though the irregulars were going to scatter in order to risk more casualties.

Sniper Creeps Up.

"It was during a lull in the attackers' fire that Mick noticed a sniper creeping on hands and knees some distance down the road behind him. Mick immediately went about a dozen yards in his direction with the object of stopping further movement in the rear of the party. At that moment heavy firing swept across the road from both sides. The gun in the whippet armored car which followed had jammed, lessening the effect of our fire.

"The sudden burst of shooting caused Mick to turn around for a few seconds and the next moment I saw him fall to the ground, shot through the head. As he lay dying he shouted words of encouragement to his men to go on firing and not mind him. Immediately there were cries of 'My God, Mick is shot.' Men rushed to his assistance. Although bleeding freely from a terribly lacerated wound, he lived 15 minutes, during which he continued to fire his revolver."

Omaha Circuit Luther League to Meet Here

Music to Be Feature—Oratorio to Be Broadcast by Arrangement With The Omaha Bee.

More than 100 delegates from five states are expected here today for the opening of an annual convention of the Omaha circuit, Young People's Luther league, which will be held Friday, Saturday and Sunday in Our Saviors Lutheran church, Thirtieth and Izard streets.

Music will be a feature of the convention.

The Hazard-Sweetwater band will play a sacred concert on the lawn of the church at noon Sunday.

Oratorio to Be Broadcast.

A sacred oratorio, "Emmanuel," will be sung by a chorus of 125 voices Sunday night. A. W. Peterson of Omaha will be choir master and Miss Blanche Fletcher accompanist. The singing will begin at 8 and will be broadcast by radio by special arrangement with The Omaha Bee.

The visitors will come from Nebraska, Kansas, Iowa, Minnesota and South Dakota. Rt. Rev. N. Boe of Sioux Falls, S. D., president of the league district, and Rev. N. M. Ylvisaker of Minneapolis, secretary of the national league, will be among the guests.

Sight-Seeing Tour.

After a motor parade through Omaha this afternoon, the visitors will go to Elmwood park for a picnic. A sight-seeing tour Sunday afternoon, taking in smelting and packing plants, will be another feature.

The Ladies Aid and Mission society will serve luncheons and dinners in the church basement Saturday and Sunday.

"Lord, What Wilt Thou Have Me Do?" will be the convention theme.

New Legion Head to Lay Statehouse Cornerstone

Lincoln, Ag. 24.—Whoever may be the choice of the American Legion as the new national commander to be elected at the national convention in New Orleans, La., in October, that person probably will, at one of his first official acts, participate in the laying of the cornerstone of the new Nebraska state house on Armistice day, November 11, according to Governor S. R. McKelvie, who stated today that an invitation will be extended to the new commander.

The state house will be dedicated to the soldier dead of the state and all patriotic and former service men's organizations will take part in the ceremonies. These will include veterans of the civil and Spanish-American wars.

Omaha's Largest Family of 325 to Hold Reunion

The Elsasser family, Omaha's largest, will hold its annual reunion September 3 at Elmwood park.

Orchard & Wilhelm Co.

Modernize Your Home With a
VACUUM
PIPELESS FURNACE

Save from 30 per cent to 50 per cent in fuel over any other style of heating plant.

Installation is inexpensive and does not tear up the house.
The Vacuum means more heat, more ventilation and less fire risk.
It burns any fuel—coal, coke, wood, oil, cobs.
It is absolutely guaranteed.
It is built for long-time service.
It materially increases the value of your property and should therefore be considered strictly an investment.
Free demonstration in our basement department.

Sold on convenient monthly payments.

Orchard & Wilhelm Co.
SIXTEENTH AND HOWARD STREETS

Thompson, Belden & Co.

Just Six More Days That You Can Buy a
Wooltex Knockabout
For 20% to 33⅓% Less Than After September First

The Wooltex Knockabout is a smart, attractive all-wool service coat for fall and winter wear. Their lines are trim and graceful—their materials serviceable and their tailoring excellent.

In the August Sale They Are Priced
$19.50, $25.00
$29.50, $35.00
and $42.50

Sports Hose
$1.25 a Pair

¶ Silk lisle Derby ribbed hose is a great favorite for sports wear. It is different from an ordinary ribbed hose and comes in black, navy, white and cordovan for $1.25 a pair.

¶ Silk and lisle ribbed sports hose in fancy mixtures for $1.25 a pair.

Main Floor

Cotton Suitings
25c a Yard

The 36-inch width in shades of blue, brown, green, tan and corn priced to close at 25c a yard.

Second Floor

Kayser's Mercerized Union Suits with the tight knee and round or bodice necks, are specially priced from $1.49 to $2.19.