WOMAN'S NEWS-FEATURES

Saves Girl's Life

And She Refuses to Tell Him Her Name.

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Dear Miss Fairfax: Coming down town the other day I got in front of a car. The car dodged and I dodged and before I quite knew what was happening a man pulled me back into safety. He scolded me a little for dodging in front of a car, saying it was much better to stand still, and then started to walk on in my direction with me. We had a pleasant conversation and by the time I came to my turn he asked if he might introduce himself, telling me his name. I told him I didn't pick up acquaintances on the street, even when they saved by life. Did I do right?

RESCUED.

P. S. He had dirty teeth.

I think this man was taking advantage of the situation. Whether or not you told him your name isn't important. You struck the point (resentment of his attitude) by what you did, although I think, too, you could have told him your name in such a way that he would have asked no more questions. Evidently his attitude impressed you as wrong, and that is the point. Had he been thoroughly a gentleman, and wished to know your name, he might have volunteered his and left it for you to offer yours. I am not worried about you for the tone of your letter indicates you can take good care of yourself, and I am glad of that.

Dotty: You know as well as I do that you have no right to accept attentions from a married man. The man is a cad and no good can come of this friendship. You don't need my advice, my dear. From the tone of your letter I know that your conscience is telling you to drop him, and the sooner you do, the better.

Blue Eyes: Accept his invitations occasionally, but don't give up all your friends. Even if you are not in love with him, there is no reason why you shouldn't go out with him if you enjoy being with him.

Comings and Goings of People You Know

Miss Dorothy Hall has returned from Estes park.

Crosby Shevline is spending a few days in Sioux City.

Mrs. Clyde Roeder and daughter, Suzanna, returned Sunday from Colorado.

Phil Hardy of Lincoln will spend the week-end in Omaha with Nelson Updike, jr.

Mrs. Frank Rogers of Davenport, Ia., is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Edwin Busch.

Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Dinan have returned from Spirit Lake, Ia., where they spent the last two months.

Miss Mary Ure will be a senior at the University of Nebraska this year and Miss Frances Ure a freshman.

Billy Gordon leaves Sunday for Lexington, Mo., where he will enter the Wentworth Military academy.

Ms. T. F. Rockwell of Los Angeles will arrive Saturday for a visit with her sister, Mrs. Ralph Williamson.

J. C. Kinsler and son, James, jr., returned Sunday from Okoboji and Alexandria, Minn. Mrs. Kinsler will return the first of October.

Bernard Hanighen, son of Mr. and Mrs. John J. Hanighen, will leave September 18 for Hackley preparatory school, Tarrytown, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Creighton and children are motoring home from children have returned from Prior Lake, Minn.

Miss Daisy Rich will leave Tuesday for Lincoln, where she attends the University of Nebraska. Her guest, Miss Mary Griffen, of Portland, Ore., left Thursday noon for home.

Prof. and Mrs. H. L. Reed of Cornell university and their son, Kenneth, left Thursday morning after a short visit here with Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Belden.

Mrs. Guy Furay left Sunday for St. Louis for a short visit with her parents. Her sister Maisie Whyte, who has been her guest, returned with her.

Mrs. M. Hamlin and daughters, Catherine and Mayme, have returned from California where they spent the summer. They are at the Colonial hotel.

Mrs. Ralph Russell returned Tuesday from Corning, Ia., where she was called by the illness of a relative. Mr. Russell and their son are at Wayne, Neb., for the week.

Miss Helen Myer of Mound City, Mo., is the guest of Miss Mary Leslie. Miss Leslie and her guest are members of Kappa Delta from the University of Nebraska. Miss Myer was graduated last spring.

Mrs. Grant Leslie and daughter, Jean Eva, of Santa Monica, Cal., who have been visiting here have gone to Alma, Neb., where they are guests of Mrs. Leslie's mother. They will return to California, September 15.

Dr. and Mrs. L. J. Chaloupka and son, Melvelle Louis, have returned from a motor trip to Lincoln, where they visited Mrs. Chaloupka's sister, Mrs. Erwin Herpolsheimer. Mrs. Chaloupka is the leader of the music department of the South Omaha Womens' club.

Mary Elaine Meyer, small daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Louis Meyer, has been ill for the last four weeks with an infection which she incurred stepping on a rusty nail at Glenwood, Minn., where she was summering with her mother and baby sister. Mrs. Meyer and the children have returned to Omaha and Mary Elaine's recovery is expected within a fortnight.

When in Omaha Stop at
Hotel Rome

Visits Grandma

Little Mary Ann Carey with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. E. J. Carey of Milwaukee, is visiting her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Lichnovsky.

Dr. Carey who is dean of students at Marquette Medical college was formerly professor of anatomy at Creighton University.

Adele Garrison

"My Husband's Love"

How Madge Rushed to Try to Do What Dicky Asked.

The train, the last by which I could hope to reac hthe city in time to get Dicky's evening clothes to the tailor, chug-chugged its noisy way out of the station.

After satisfying myself that Alfred Durkee was nowhere in sight, I took a taxi and made all possible speed to the Durkee home, bargaining with the driver on the way for a trip to the city, if I should find that Dicky's suitcases were still at the house.

I wondered worriedly if there had been some unexpected happening at the Durkees. But the worry eased and changed suddenly to irritation when, as I ascended the veranda steps, after telling the driver to wait for me, the door opened suddenly and Leila, registering strong astonishment and remorseful confusion, flew out to meet me.

Leila Didn't Understand.

"Madge!" she exclaimed excitedly. "Don't tell me you said the three-thirty-one train! I though you meant you changed at three-thirty-one. I looked it up and there was a change at three-thirty-four, so I thought that must be the train you meant. That would have brought you here at four-forty, and Alf ment to meet you then. Oh, I'm so sorry! Has it mixed up your plans, and what can I do?"

She was so absolutely ingenuous, so honestly distressed, that my irritation vanished instantly. But I could not help comparing the manner in which she had mixed things up for me, with the calm, certain efficiency with which Lillian Underwood or Katherine Burkett would have handled the matter.

Know Leila's propensity to get things twisted, Dicky dubs her "charmingly inefficient," and the characterization fits her snugly. I had been strongly tempted, when she answered the telephone, to ask for Alfred, that I might be sure of his meeting the train. But fearing to offend her—she is sensitive to the extreme—I, instead, had taken particular pains to make the train directions minute and exact, and had repeated them two or three times. How she managed to get them twisted, I had no idea, and moreover, I never would know, for, of course, I could not question her.

"It doesn't matter a bit," I uttered the falsehood unblushingly, and kissed her with real warmth—it would be a hard-hearted person, indeed, who could retain wrath against so gentle and sweet a creature as Leila Durkee. "I can catch a train at Valley Stream, if I can get the suitcases right away. But I won't have time to see your mother-in-law."

"The suitcases are right here in the hall," she replied. "Alf put them here so they would be ready. And Mother Durkee's asleep—poor dear!—after a hard day. Alf is sitting with her, and I've been watching the door, so I could keep people from ringing the bell. I told Central not to ring us on the telephone either, unless the message was a long distance one."

"Then that's all right. I said relieved that I would not be delayed further. "I'll run out tomorrow if I possibly can."

I directed the taxi driver to put the suitcases in the car and with a hurried but affectionate adieu to Leila started upon my drive to the city. The train would have landed me at home by the narrowest of margins, and I was dismayed at the delay I already had experienced.

"Your Man Say—"

There was nothing I could do to speed the driver, a thoroughly able citizen in his line, who patiently was doing his best with safety to get me to my destination at the appointed time. But neither he nor I reckoned with a triffic jam which put me in a state almost as fuming as his solely-tried engine after its constant shifting of gears, and landed me at the door of the apartment house at five o'clock, a whole hour after the time Dickey had named for the appointment with the tailor.

I tipped the driver liberally to carry the suitcases upstairs for me, and then, waiting for nothing else, I hurriedly unpacked Dickey's suitcase, tossing the things on chairs and tables, until I discovered the evening clothes. Wrapping them in paper, I ran down the stairs and walked as swiftly as I could without attracting attention to the tailor shop Dicky had designated.

The tailor eyed me with calm, remote indifference when I had stated my errand.

"Your man say four o'clock," he said with an ominous air of finality. "It now ten past five. I cannot press clothes now."

L. O. E. Grand Chapter Presents Framed Charter to Local Unit.

At a meeting of the L. O. E., chapter No. 1, Wednesday evening in the Elks' club rooms, Mrs. E. E. Hanson was elected color bearer to fill the vacancy made by the resignation of Mrs. E. Everton. Mrs. Ralph Williamson was chosen outer guard to fill the vacancy made by the appointment of Mrs. Hanson, the former outer guard.

Mrs. Frank Furness, worthy matron of the L. O. E. grand chapter, presented the local unit with a framed charter. The 160 names of the charter members were inscribed by Miss Irene Tauchen.

Ruth Gordon Takes Prizes at Hamburg Horse Show.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Gordon, their daughter, Ruth, and son, Billy; Dorothy Rutherford and Belle Howe Arey have returned from Hamburg, Ia., where they motored last week for the horse show there. Miss Gordon, who rode her mare, "Busybody," took a second in the five-gaited class, of which her mother's horse, "Wonderlady," was first. The family as a whole are greatly interested in riding, and for the past two years have been riding on the paths north of Florence almost daily.

Engaged Couple Here.

Perley M. Clark, U. S. N., is the guest of his mother, Mrs. Frederick D. Powers, and Lieutenant Powers. He arrived Saturday and will be here until late in the month.

Miss Louise Heintz of Annapolis, Md., whose engagement to Mr. Clark was announced by her parents August 11, is also the guest of Lieutenant and Mrs. Powers. Many affairs will be given in their honor. Tuesday night they were honor guests at dinner at the Athletic club roof.

Omahans at Saranac.

C. T. Kountze left Thursday for New York, from where he will go to Lake Saranac to join the Omaha colony which will be there next week. It will include Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Judson, Mrs. A. L. Reed and Mrs. Margaret Hynes.

Luncheon Tuesday.

The October team of the First Methodist church gave a luncheon Tuesday for the Mesdames W. H. Dinwiddie and W. J. Dinwiddie, who leave Friday to make their future home in Los Angeles.

Tea for Sister.

Mrs. C. W. Mead gave a tea Thursday for her sister, Mrs. A. W. Palensky of Sioux City, who is her guest for a month.

Luncheon for Relatives.

Mrs. William Newton gave a luncheon at her home Thursday for relatives from Sioux City.

Miss Grace Carlson of Chicago left Tuesday after a visit here with her cousin, Mrs. Earl Allen.

MICHAEL O'HALLORAN

BY GENE STRATTON PORTER

SYNOPSIS.

Michael O'Halloran, an orphaned newsboy, finds a little lame girl while on an errand with another boy. The child is frantic for fear that the authorities will place her in an orphanage since the death of her grandmother a few hours previously. Michael, or Mickey, is slightly afraid of the child, but sympathizes with her over the prospect of the orphans' home. She pleads with him not to leave her.

Peaches finally persuades Micky to take her away. He hires a woman to assist him and gets her established in his home in Sunrise Alley. After bathing her Micky gives her his bed. Both fall asleep.

Douglas Bruce, the man who aided Micky in obtaining his money from a bigger boy, is introduced with Leslie Winton, a woman who loves the swamps and great outdoors. During their conversation it is decided that Leslie will take a trip to the swamp and attempt to make a basket as artistic as that of the Indian women.

(Continued from Yesterday.)

He laid the pillow on the foot of the bed, saying politely: "'Scuse me, Lily, till I get me a bottle of milk."

Soon he returned and with his first glimpse of the bed stood aghast. It was empty. His eyes searched the room. His pallet on the floor outlined a tiny form. A dismayed half smile flashed over his face. He took a step toward her, and then turned, getting out a cloth he had not used since being alone.

Mickey knew Peaches must have hurt herself sliding from the bed, although her arms were strong for the remainder of the body. She had no way to reach his pallet but to roll across the floor. She might have bruised herself badly. He was amazed, disgusted, yet compassionate. He went to her and turned back the comfort.

"You must be speaking a little louder, Lily," he said gently. "I wasn't quite hearing you."

Only muffled sobbing. Mickey dropped the cover.

"I want my breakfast," said a very small voice.

"You mean, 'Mickey, please get my breakfast,' Flowersy-girl," he corrected gently.

"Oh I hurt myself so!" Peaches wailed. "Oh Mickey, I fell an' broke by back clear in two. 'Tain't like rollin' off my rags; oh Mickey, it's so far to the floor, from your bed! Oh Mickey, even another girl's back, or yours, or a dog's, or anybody's wouldn't fix it now. It'll hurt for days. Mickey, why did I ever? Oh what made me? Mickey-lovest, please, please put me back on the nice fine bed, an' do please give me some of that bread."

Mickey lifted her, crooning incoherent things. He wiped her face and hands, combed her hair, and pushed the table against the bed. He broke toast in a glass and poured milk over it.

Then he cooked the egg and gave her that, keeping only half the milk and one slice of bread. He made a sandwich of more bread, and the cheese, put a banana with it, set a cup of water i nreach, and told her that was her lunch; to eat it when the noon whistles blew. Then he laid all the picture books he had on the back of the bed, put the money for his papers in his pocket, and locking her in, ran down Sunrise Alley fast as he could.

He was one hour late. He had missed two regular customers. They must be made up and more. Light air, cleanliness, and kindness would increase Peaches' appetite, which seemed big now for the size of her body. Mickey's face was very sober when he allowed himself to think of his undertaking. How would he make it? He had her now, he simply must succeed. The day was half over before Mickey began to laugh for no apparent reason. He had realized that she had not said what he had required of her, after al.

"Gee, I'm up against it," said Mickey. "Ididn't s'pose she'd act like that! I thought she'd keep on being like when she woke up. I never behaved like that."

Then in swift remorse: "But I had the finest mother a fellow ever had to tell me, while she ain't had any one, and only got me now, so I'll have to tell her; course I can't do everything at once. So far as that goes, she didn't do any worse thean the millyingaires' kids in the park who roll themselves in the dirt, bump their own heads, and scream and fight. I guess my kid's no worse than other people's. I can train her like mother did me; then we'll be enough alike we can live together, and even when she was the worst, I liked her. I liked her cartloads."

Mickey revolved the problem in his worried head without reaching a solution. His necessity drove him. He darted, dodged and took chances. Far down the street he selected his victim and studied his method of assault as he approached; for Mickey did victimize people that day. He sold them papers when they did not want them. He bettered that and sold them papers when they had them. He snatched up lost papers, smoothed and sold them over. Every gay picture or broken toy dropped from an automobile he caught up and pocketed for her.

A woman stumbled alighting from a passing car. Mickey dropped his papers and sprang forward. Her weight bore him to the pavement, but he kept her from falling, and even as he felt her on her feet, he snatched under the wheels for her purse.

"Is that all your stuff, lady?" he asked.

"Thank you! I think so," she said. "Wait a minute!"

To lend help was an hourly occurrence with Mickey. She had been most particular to teach him that. He was gathering up and smoothing his papers, several of which were soiled. The woman opened the purse he had rescued, taking therefrom a bill which she offered him.

"Thanks!" said Mickey. "My shoulder is worth considerable to me; but nothing like that to you, lady!"

"Well!" she said. "Are you refusing the money?"

"Sure!" said Mickey. "I ain't a beggar! Just a balance on my shoulder and picking up your purse ain't worth an endowment. I'll take five cents each for three soiled papers, if you say so."

"You amazing boy!" said the woman. Don't you understand that if you hadn't offered your shoulder, I might now be lying senseless? You saved me a hard fall, while my dress would have been ruined. You step over here a minute. What's your name?"

"Michael O'Halloran," was the answer.

"Where do you live?"

"Sunrise Alley. It's miles on the cars, then some more walking," explained Mickey.

"Whom do you live with?"

"Myself," said Mickey.

"Alone?"

"All but Peaches," said Mickey. "Lily Peaches."

"Who is Lily Peaches?"

"She's about so long"—Mickey showed how long—"and about so wide"—he showed how wide—"and white like flaster church flowers. Her back's bad. I'm her governor; she's my child."

"If you won't take the money for yourself, then take it for her," offered the woman. "If you have a little sick girl to support, you surely can use it."

"Umm!" said Mickey "You kind of ball a fellow up and hang him on the ropes. Honest you do, lady! I can take care of myself. I know I can, 'cause I've done it three years, but I don't know how I'm going to make it with Lily, for she needs a lot. She may get sick any day, so I ain't sure how I'm going to manage well with her."

"How long have you taken care of her?"

"Since last night," explained Mickey.

"Oh! How old is she?" Questions seemed endless.

"I don't know," answered Mickey. "Her granny died and left her lying on rage in a garret. I found her screeching, so I took her to my castle and washed her, and fed her. You should see her now."

"I believe I should!" said the woman. "Let's go at once. You know, Michael, you can't care for a girl. I'll put her in one of the beautiful Children's Homes—"

"Now nix on the Children's Homes, fair lady!" he cried angrily. "I guess you'll find her, 'fore you take her! I found her first, and she's 'mine! I guess you'll find her, 'fore you take her to a Children's Home, where the doctors slice up the poor kids so they'll know how to get money for doing it to the rich ones. I've annexed Lily Peaches, and you don't 'get' her! See?"

"I see," said the woman. "But you're mistaken—"

"Scuse crossing your wire, but I don't think I am," said Mickey. "The only way you can know, is to have been there yourself. I don't think you got that kind of a start, or want it for kids of your own. My mother killed herself to keep me out of it, and if it had been so grand, she'd wanted me there. Nix on the Orphings' Home talk. Lily ain't going t obe raised in droves, nor flocks, nor herds! See? Lily's going to have a home of her own, and a man to take care of her by herself."

Mickey backed away, swallowing a big lump in his throat, and blinking down angry tears.

"'Smorning," he said. "I asked God to help me, and for a minute I was so glad, 'cause I thought He'd helped by sending you, so you could tell me how to do; but if God can't beat you, I can get along by myself."

"You can't take care of a girl by yourself," she insisted. "The law won't allow you."

"Oh, can't I?" scoffed Mickey. "Well, you're msitaken, 'cause I am! And getting along buly! You ought to seen her last night, and then this morning. Next time I yel for help, I won't ask to have anybody sent, I'll ask Him to help me save our souls myself. Ever see that big, white, wonderful Jesus at the Cathedral door, ma'am, holding the little child in His arms so loving? I don't s'pose He stopped to ask whether it was a girl, or a boy, 'fore He took it up; He just opened His arms to the first child that needed Him. And if I remember right, He didn't say: 'Suffer little children to be sent to Orphings' Homes.' Mammy never read it to me that way. It was suffer them to come to 'Me,' and he took up, and held tender. See? Nix on the Orphings' Home people. They ain't in my class. Beacheous lady, adoo! Farewell! I depart!"

Mickey wheeled, vanishing. It was a wonderful exhibition of curves, leaps, and darts. He paused for breath when he felt safe.

"So that's the dope!" he marvelled. "I can't take care of a girl? Going to take her away from me? I'd like to know why? Men all the time take care of women. I see boys taking care of girls I know their mothers left with them, every day—I'd like to know why. Mothert said I was to take care of her. She said that's what men were made for. 'Cause he didn't take care of her, was why she was glad my father was dead. I guess I know what I'm doing! But I've learned something! Nix on t eas ytalk after this; and telling anybody you meet all you know. Shut mouth from now on. 'What's your name, little boy?' 'Andrew Carnegie.' 'Where do you live?' 'Castle on the Hudson!' A mouth just tight shut about Lily after this! And nix on the Swell Dames! Next one can bust her crust for all I care! I won't touch her!"

On the very instant, precisely that thing occurred, at Mickey's very feet. With his lips not yet closed, he knelt to shove his papers under a woman's head, then went racing up the stone steps she had rolled down, his quick eye catching and avoiding the bit of fruit on which she had slipped. He returned in a second with help. As the porter lifted the inert body, Mickey slid his hands under her head, and advised: "Keep her straight!" Into one of the big hospitals he helped carry a blue and white clad nurse, on and on, up elevators and inot awhite porcelain room where they laid her on a glass table Mickey watched with frightened eyes. Doctors and nurses came running. He stood waiting for his papers. He was rather sick, yet he remembered he had five there he must sell.

"Better clear out of her now!" suggested a surgeon.

"My papers!" said Mickey. "Sac fell right cross my feet. I slid them under, to make her head more pilloy-like on the stones. Maybe I can sell some of them."

The surgeon motioned to a nurse at the door.

"Take this youngster to the office and pay him for the papers he has spoiled," he ordered.

"Will she—is she going to—?" wavered Mickey.

"I'm not sure," said the surgeon. "From the bleeding probably concussion; but she will live. Do you know how she came to fall?"

"There was a smear of something on the steps she didn't see," explained Mickey.

"Thank you! Go with the nurse," said the surgeon. Then to an attendant: "Take Miss Alden's number, and see to her case. She was going after something."

(Contined in the Morning Bee Tomorrow.)

Auto Race Driver Killed

By Associated Press.

Hamline, Minn., Sept. 6.—One automobile race driver was killed and another burned at the Minnesota fair race yesterday.

Owen B. Van Drake, 31, St. Paul, was killed and Joseph Lehman, 31, Minneapolis was burned.

Van Drake was killed when he was thrown heallong into a concrete retaining wall.

Lehman's automobile crashed into a fence on the far side of the track. His body was enveloped in blazing gasoline which he extinguished by rolling on the ground.

A Brownie for Billy

Photography is one sport that you and the children can enjoy together. And unless you happen to be familiar with this inexpensive, easily-worked Eastman-made camera, Billy with his Brownie or Betty with hers will get pictures that will surprise you.

Developing, printing and enlarging of the superior kind.

Eastman Kodak Co.
(The Robert Dempster Co.)
1813 Farnam St.
Branch Store
308 South 15th St.

Hosiery Shop — Entrance Floor

Featuring for Friday---A Sale of

Chiffon Hose

An Unusually Sheer Quality

Chiffon Hose—the dominating favorite with well dressed women—made with garter tops, all sizes; very broad showing.

Yours at the Extreme Low Price of

$1.45

Including Black and a Splendid Range of Wanted Colors

Included in this sale are some Chiffon Hose with slight imperfections—so slight, in fact, that they are difficult to detect and will not impair the wearing qualities.

"STYLE WITHOUT EXTRAVAGANCE"
HERZBERGS
1519-1521 DOUGLAS ST.

BURGESS-NASH COMPANY.

"EVERYBODY'S STORE"

An Absolute Clearance of

Summer Dresses

Our entire remaining stock of beautiful summer dresses, an assortment which includes

Dainty Lace-Trimmed Voiles — *Crisp Linens*
Tub Silks — *Organdies* — *Ratines*

Ridiculously Low-Priced at

$4.45

—models displaying the smartest styles of the season. Regardless of their value or former selling price, each dress is marked at the same unbelievably low price.

Come early and select two or three of these remarkable values. You will find them utility dresses for early fall wear, and very likable for next season's wardrobe.

Gown Section—Third Floor

Furniture

For the Baby

High Chairs $4.25

Golden oak finish high chairs, well constructed and extremely neat in appearance. Priced $4.25. Others in walnut, mahogany, ivory and white enamel.

Baby Beds $17.95

The most convenient of all baby beds, the "Kozy Krib," finished in ivory. Completely inclosed with wire screen, making the baby equally secure in the room or on the porch. A special value, including mattress, $17.95. Fourth Floor

Baby Day Specials

Jackets and Kimonos 49c to 79c

Dainty little jackets and kimonos for these cool mornings. Made of white outing flannel, pink or blue trimmed, finished in the attractive shell stitch.

Hemmed Diapers Doz., $1.98

Outing flannel diapers, one dozen in a sealed package, 27 x27 inches in size.

Gowns 59c to 79c

Medium weight outing flannel gowns with draw string in bottom.

Jiffy Pants Pair, 39c

White or tan rubber baby pants, specially priced for Friday.

Stockings, Pr., 39c

Good quality silk and wool stockings at an unusually low price.

Third Floor

Crocheted Booties Pair, 25c

Attractive little bootees nicely crocheted with pink or blue trimming.

Continuing the Sale of Wool Goods

Imported Henriettas

Soft silky French Henriettas that drape nicely are shown in navy, black, midnight, red, brown, henna, delft, old rose, gray, tan and ivory. 42-inch width; yard **$1.95**

Crepe Marion

Dainty all wool Crepe Moussiline Marion in shades of pink, sky blue, orchid, tapestry, Quaker flame, cardinal and marine blue. 36-inch width; yard **$1.45**

French Nuns Veiling

A pretty soft quality all wool Nuns Veiling in shades of navy, piping fox, cardinal, delft and scarlet. 36 inches in width; yard **$1.25**

Poiret Twill

Fine Australian wool is used in this desirable fabric for tailored suits and frocks. Midnight and navy blue, autumn brown, cocoa, gray and black; 56 inches in width. Yard, at **$3.65**

New French Serge

Excellent wearing quality all wool French serge in navy and midnight blue, autumn brown and cardinal. 39 inches wide; yard **$1.39**

Sport Velours

An attractive material for fall coats and capes. Scarlet, bluejay, marigold. 56 inches in width. Priced very special at, yard.... **$2.95**

Sport Flannels

A practical material for blouses, school dresses and children's clothes. Scarlet, delft blue, tan, gray and ivory; 27 inches in width; yard **$1.59**

Illuminated Velours

Beautiful checked velours in autumn color combinations. The weight is suitable for coat dresses, skirts and tailored suits. 50-inch width; yard, at **$2.45**

Second Floor