

Today

Driving and Betting.
Some Politics.
Wasted Immorality.
Soap for Sheikhs.
By ARTHUR BRISBANE

"Pop" Geers, past 70, died as he had worked, driving a race horse. He leaves a million dollars, never drank, smoked, cursed or bet on the races.

James Hoey, good actor, brother of "Old Hass" Hoey, was buried yesterday at Sayville, N. Y.

When Hoey first went to Sayville he brought a stable of race horses, bought a fine house, raced his horses, enjoyed himself.

When Hoey died in his old age, he held a job as "caddy" at the local golf club.

Moral: "It's safer to drive race horses than to bet on them. Driving horses may make a millionaire of you, as it did of Geers. Betting on them is apt to make a caddy of you, as it did of the late James Hoey."

Mark Sullivan, who observes accurately, says that both demands and republicans are amazed at La Follette's hold on the west. "The democrats, it seems, 'bemoan their lack of publicity, but believe that the papers opposing them will be compelled to print Davis' speeches."

That's too optimistic. One man can take a political speech to an editor, but a hundred can't get their print. The editors will print speeches, however, if the speech-makers say something. Not much has been said by anybody thus far.

Senator Wheeler, vice presidential candidate with La Follette, at least stirs things up, but respectability holds its breath and whispers "bolshevism." He actually tells workmen in the mills of New England that "they could run the government if they would stick together, imitate the farmers of the west and elect the type of congressmen they want."

What do you think of that, for out-Trotzkying Trotzky?

Malcom McAdoo, brother of William Gibbs McAdoo, has left the democratic party and comes out for La Follette.

In North Dakota democrats and republicans have combined in a "nonpartisan" ticket to beat La Follette. La Follette probably will beat them, as "Golden Rule" Jones beat a similar combination in Ohio years ago. That kind of "nonpartisan" doesn't please voters.

Leopold, one of the young Chicago murderers, prepares 10 questions and will endeavor to send us answers after he is hanged—if he is hanged. His 10th question is, "What is happiness?" According to Biblical teaching he won't be able to answer that question. "Where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched."

If the young murderer sends any message, we would like an answer to this question:

"Are the hideously imperfect personalities of murderers and such human refuse, preserved forever more or less in the shape they held here? Or does merciful Providence wipe them out of existence? Is crime a defect of body and brain, or has it nothing to do with the spirit, released in death?"

It is hard to believe that all the murderers, tyrants, cannibals, etc., are indestructible and preserved forever. That would seem a waste of immortality.

Mrs. M. E. Harrison, back from Turkey, says the Turks are earth's champion bootleggers, having practiced the art since Mohammed ordered prohibition. Also she says that what the much advertised sheikhs chiefly need is soap. In this country what they need is brains.

The lady saw a Turkish soldier fring his pistol wildly in the air celebrating "the proclamation of a republic." Privately he said, "What is a republic?" Some near home might ask that.

If Kemal Pasha should die now the Turkish republic would go to smash, says Mrs. Harrison.

What would happen in Italy if Mussolini died?

A country or a business depending on one man, however able, is always in danger.

Jack Dempsey, American prize, crowded the British prince off the front page the other day with the announcement of his engagement to marry a young lady of the film world.

It was a pretty story of childhood friendship when the young lady wore "pig tails," that gave the prince's place to Jack Dempsey. The denial of the whole thing brings Mr. Dempsey back to the front page. Thus the news goes.

Adele Garrison

"My Husband's Love"

"Oh! Mrs. Graham!" Mollie Fawcett's voice held a note of genuine distress as she came breathlessly up to Katherine and me. "I am so afraid I have done or said something I ought not. Your maid—I thought—I wondered—"

She was covered with a confusion as pretty as it was sincere, and my heart unexpectedly warmed to the child.

"My maid is a very silly woman," I said quickly, "and you must not mind anything she says or does. I will see that she doesn't annoy you, but I think it perhaps would be as well if you avoided speaking to Jim as much as possible, and accepting any service from him while you are here."

Her face was dyed scarlet by the time I had finished, and she put out her hands to me with an unconsciously little gesture of appeal.

"Truly I did not mean—" she began, broke off and started again. "He and that boy Jerry, asked me if I would like to ride the horse, and I've always been crazy to try riding. Oh! Why do I always get into—why do things like this have to happen to me?"

"If you really want to know why

things like this happen to you," I said laughingly, "suppose you take a good long look into your mirror when you go to your room. That's the only answer, and you may be sure that you have done nothing at all to offend me or even to annoy me in the slightest degree. I would not expect you to be about the matter at all, only that my maid, who has served me faithfully ever since my marriage, is extremely temperamental, and I do not wish her upset. But you must not worry about it any more. Indeed, the matter isn't worth another thought. I have something more pleasant for your consideration. Wouldn't you like to come down to Mr. Graham's outdoor studio now, and look at his sketches?"

Her face brightened instantly, and her eyes were starry.

"Oh! I'd love it!" she said with pretty enthusiasm.

"Then we'll do it now," I laughingly quoted. "Katherine, won't you come, too? There are some new things Dickie has done which I think you may like to see."

"I am sure of it," Katherine responded, and I knew by her tone she had grasped my camouflaged message to her to guard our young guest from any annoyance at Katie's hands until I had seized an opportunity to discipline my fractious little maid.

It was but a short walk to the old corner, which Dicky with Jim's help had transformed into an outdoor studio, and once Mollie Fawcett was inside its walls, all remembrance of anything outside it appeared to vanish from her memory. I never have seen any one appear more fascinated—it is the only word fitting the case—before any exhibit of rare paintings than was my young guest before the heaps of drawings, some finished, some discarded after half the work had been done, some holding but a few lines, which are the mute testimonials of Dickie's erratic habits of work.

Within thirty seconds of our entrance into the studio I plainly saw that nothing Katherine nor I were needed—or even wanted. Careless as Dicky is, he yet has a curiously meticulous habit of labeling each

drawing with the name of the story for which it was made, the name of the story's author and the magazine in which the tale appeared, together with the date. The first thing my guest's eyes lighted on was a set of drawings which had illustrated a popular magazine story of the year before.

"Oh—h!" she caroled. "I read that story and saw those drawings. To think of knowing the artist now!"

She took the big sheets carefully—almost reverently—into her hands, and sat down with them before Dickie's empty drawing board.

"Is—this where—he does them?" she asked, and at my assent she fixed her eyes again upon the drawings and began to study them as if her life depended upon her committing their lines to memory.

I went softly toward the door and signaled Katherine to join me. Mollie Fawcett did not turn her head as we opened the door and went out. I do not think she knew we had gone.

"I thought perhaps one of us would have to answer questions," I said, "but I don't think we're needed."

"She hasn't reached the questioning stage yet," Katherine returned practically. "Wait until she does. She'll keep us both busy. Just now she's overwhelmed with the novelty of it all, and more than a bit awed. If you ask me I think it would be a most excellent time for you to interview Katie if you wish. I'll stay here, and see that no one disturbs your fair charge."

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\$1.50 Metal Hot Water Bottles 98c
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Bloomers and step-in drawers of satin striped batiste, novelty cloth or nainsook. In flesh, orchid, peach; women's or misses' sizes.

Children's bloomers of English sateen made with elastic knees and waistbands. In black, and white.

Daintily trimmed with fillet and Irish edges and medallions are these envelope chemise of fine quality nainsook. Sizes 36 to 44.

Nightgowns of fine cotton crepe are trimmed with hand-embroidered motifs. In peach, flesh and orchid. Sizes 15, 16, 17.

Second Floor

Shop for the Boys and Girls Saturday

New Coats

For Girls 6 to 14
\$9.75 to \$32.50

Smart new fall coats, fashioned with youthful simplicity, may be had with rich trimmings of fur or in plain styles. Brown, deer, mustard, tan, blue, and heather.
Third Floor

New Dresses

For Girls 6 to 16
\$5.95 to \$17.75

Again girlhood makes demand for fashion-right apparel and is answered with frocks that follow the lines of the popular tube silhouette, with occasional narrow pleats to add the charm of youth. Fashioned of jerseys, wool crepe, serge and twill—materials that make desirable school dresses.
Third Floor

Girls' School Uniforms

\$6.75 - \$8.75

Navy French serge school uniforms in jumper styles may be had in sizes for the little girl or the junior miss. Made with "V" neck, pockets and pleat at the side. Sash of self material.
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Third Floor

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Kiddies' School Sox 19c

2 Pairs, 35c
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Two-tone soft toe oxford, red and elk—
Sizes 2 1/2 to 5 \$2.75
Sizes 5 1/2 to 8 \$3.25

Two-tone sport shoes, brown calf and elk—
Sizes 8 1/2 to 12 \$4.25
Sizes 12 1/2 to 2 \$5.00

Patent, soft toe blucher oxford—
Sizes 2 1/2 to 5 \$3.25
Sizes 5 1/2 to 8 \$3.50
Sizes 8 1/2 to 12 \$4.25

Two-tone sport shoes, red and patent—
Sizes 2 1/2 to 5 \$4.00
Sizes 5 1/2 to 8 \$4.25
Sizes 8 1/2 to 12 \$4.50
Sizes 12 1/2 to 2 \$5.00

Brown calf, soft toe shoes—
Sizes 2 1/2 to 5 \$3.35
Sizes 5 1/2 to 8 \$3.75
Sizes 8 1/2 to 12 \$4.25

Elk or black calf, soft toe blucher oxford—
Sizes 2 1/2 to 5 \$3.25
Sizes 5 1/2 to 8 \$3.50
Sizes 8 1/2 to 12 \$4.00

Two-tone sport shoes, elk and brown calf.
Sizes 2 1/2 to 5 \$4.00
Sizes 5 1/2 to 8 \$4.25
Sizes 8 1/2 to 12 \$5.00

Bring the Children Saturday to Get Souvenir Balloons and Horns.
Main Floor

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A delightful assemblage of gowns to enhance a woman's charm—evening gowns, sports frocks, street dresses—far too diversified for satisfactory word-picturing.

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Charmeuse
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Bengaline
Crepe Chiffon

Evening gowns maintain the prevailing simplicity of line. Sport dresses involve styles of decisive trimness, while street frocks embody unusual treatments of fur, lace, beading, braiding, buttons. A varied range of colors is available: shutter green, burnt russet, Venetian fuschia, penny, rosewood, slate, navy brown, also black.

Third Floor

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"Wear Wright" Fabric Gloves

Lovely soft suede finish fabric gloves in strap wrist gauntlet style. Regularly \$1.75.

\$1.25

16-Button Fabric Gloves

\$1.25 to \$2.00

A full line of long fabric gloves with half P. K. stitching, embroidered and spear-point backs. In the fall suit shades.
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For Saturday---Sale of Women's Novelty Low Shoes

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The Styles—
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Strap Pumps
Sandals
Colonials
Oxfords

Low, Cuban, Military and Spanish Heels. Broken sizes from AA to D.
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A Sturdy Make for School Wear
\$6.95

Suits that will withstand the wear that an active school boy gives; suits made with yoke back and belted all around. Full cut, knickers, well lined. Made of diagonal stripes, plaids and tweeds in tan, brown and gray. Sizes 8 to 16 years.
Extra Pants, \$2.00

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Knickers in gray, blue, brown and mixed colors, made of wool mixtures. Sizes 6 to 16 years.

Boys' Blouses

95c

"Kaynee" and "Tom Sawyer" blouses of chambray, percale and madras in stripes, checks and plain colors. Sizes 4 to 14 years.
Third Floor

Boys' School Caps

\$1.00

Caps in plaids, overplaids, tweeds and plain colors; well made little caps for everyday school wear. Sizes 2 to 8.
BOYS' WASH SUITS, \$1.39 sizes 2 to 8.
Third Floor

