

The Jacket Sale

A Great Opportunity to Buy Women's and Misses Jackets

This Sale includes every Spring Jacket in our stock whether Women's or Misses', and offers an unequalled opportunity for the selection of a light Jacket, suitable for traveling or cool evening wear. Note the tremendous reductions offered NOW. There is a good range in Black and Colored Cloth Jackets in the most approved tailored styles.

Lot 1-Jackets
Worth 6.00 to 16.50 at **\$5.00**

Lot 2-Jackets
Worth \$10 to \$20, at **\$7.50**

Lot 3-Jackets
Worth \$15 to \$27.50, at **\$10.00**

The Great Suit Sale

Still offers Splendid Bargain Opportunities

THIS SALE includes every cloth suit in our stock, all this seasons styles—Suits that are well tailored and made of excellent materials. Colors: dark, medium and light and you will get good service out of them for cool day wear and for traveling. There is still a good range of sizes but they are going fast.

Lot No. 1 includes Suits worth 15.00 to 20.00, Choice at **\$10**

Lot No. 2 includes Suits worth 20.00 to 35.00, Choice at **\$15**

Lot No. 3 includes Suits worth 27.50 to 45.00, Choice at **\$20**

A moderate charge will be made for alterations

MILLER & PAINE

DON'T WAKE 'EM UP!
As Long As They Sleep They Are Perfectly Harmless.
What did you tell that man just now?
I told him to hurry.
What right have you to tell him to hurry?
I pay him to hurry.
What do you pay him?
Five shillings a day.
Where do you get the money to pay him?
I sell bricks.
Who makes the bricks?
He does.
How many bricks does he make?
Twenty-four men can make 24,000 bricks a day.
How much do bricks sell for?
Seventeen shillings and sixpence a thousand.
You give him five shillings and keep the rest!
Sure!
Then, instead of you paying him, he

really pays you twelve shillings and sixpence a day for standing around and telling him to hurry?
Well, but I own the machinery.
How did you get it?
Sold bricks and bought it.
Who made those bricks?
Shut up you will wake the fools up and then they will make bricks for themselves.—British Workman.
ILLINOIS LAW VOID.
Women Not Allowed to Work More Than Ten Hours Daily.
Score one decision in favor of labor—and by a state supreme court. The supreme court of Illinois has just declared valid the law limiting the employment of women to not more than ten hours.
The court reversed Judge Tuthill of Chicago, who had issued an injunction ordering District Attorney Wayman and State Factory Inspector Davies not to proceed against violators of the law. Judge Tuthill claimed

that the law limited the right of freedom of contract.
Supreme Justice Haud, author of the opinion, said:
"To require a woman to stand on her feet for ten hours a day and perform severe manual labor while thus standing, has the effect to impair her health.
"As weakly and sickly women cannot be mothers of vigorous children, it is of the greatest importance to the public that the state take measures to protect the women."
A number of legislatures are considering employers' liability laws; more are looking into child labor problems; in nearly every state where legislatures are or have been in session attention is given to sanitary laws.
The proud and haughty Sugar Trust has "caved in" to its despised Slav workmen, who struck for higher wages and better treatment at Williamsport, near New York. Only 2,800 men involved.

THE STUDY OF LIZA ANN

A Character That Was Not Read Aright by the Author.

By AGNES G. BROGAN.
(Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.)

Lawrence Stanton had gained his reputation as a great author through a faithful portrayal of types. He determined now to combine business with pleasure and take a trip to some unfrequented mountainous country where he might come in contact with the people and make a study of them in order to weave a story about them. He especially desired to find one character, an ignorant and attractive young girl; but, though many could easily answer the first requirement, the latter was always missing until he met—her.

This was the day that he had followed the lonely trail up and up, through sunshine and shadow, until he came upon her suddenly where she was sitting upon a fallen log. She arose, startled at Stanton's appearance. "Don't go," he said quickly. "I am only resting for a few moments."

She hesitated, pulling at her bonnet strings undecidedly as he lit his pipe. Then curiosity overcame prudence. "Whar you from?" she asked.

He waved a hand indefinitely toward the east. "My home is over there," he said. "And yours?" The girl flashed a smile at him and imitated the vague movement of his arm.

"Up thar," she answered.

Stanton laughed. "Got a mother and father?" he asked. She nodded vigorously.

"And what is your name, O maid of the mountains?"

She resumed her seat upon the fallen log. "Liza Ann," she answered, and then, "What you here for?"

"I am here," said Stanton gravely, "to obtain information which may be valuable to me in the production of a book."

Liza Ann looked puzzled.

"Did you ever read a book, my child?"

She shook her head.

"Have you ever been away from home, Liza Ann, farther away than the village?"

"Never been nowhar," said the girl contentedly. Then she looked up at



"YOU WILL MARRY THE BEAUTIFUL LADY," him. "Tell me about that place whar you come from."

And Stanton told her.

Slowly the sun sank down behind the tall trees. Liza Ann slipped to the ground. "I'm goin'," she said.

"You will come here tomorrow afternoon, will you not?" Stanton begged.

He intended to have his notebook with him then. "I will bring a book to show you, with pictures of the places we have been talking about."

Liza Ann smiled delightedly. "Yaas, I'll come," she drawled, and Stanton wondered how she could run so lightly and gracefully upon the mountain path in the heavy shoes that were so many sizes too large.

He had just settled himself comfortably at the same picturesque spot upon the following day when Liza Ann appeared. Her styness seemed to have vanished, for she responded merrily to his sallies, then silently turned the pages of the book which he had brought, while Stanton wrote rapidly, pausing to look up at her from time to time.

She came again and again at the man's bidding to sit beside him as he worked. Stanton studied her moods and emotions as a naturalist might analyze some wonderful butterfly, while the book progressed rapidly. He brought his camera, too, and took many successful pictures of the obedient little subject. The one which pleased him most was that of Liza Ann just as he had first seen her, the sunshine sifting down through the leafy trees to rest upon her upturned face. This, he decided, would make a charming frontispiece for the new book. She was very proud of the copy of the photograph which he gave her.

So the golden days passed, and later, when the early moon came peeping over the mountain peak, they would walk together up and up the fragrant pathway. On one of these evenings he told her such parts of the story as he thought she might understand—of the winsome girl who lived in a log cabin home and dressed in calico.

"That's me!" cried Liza Ann and clapped her hands gleefully.

Then he told her of the beautiful lady who wore satins and jewels. She looked up at him with startled, widening eyes.

"Who's that?" she demanded.

"That, my child," Stanton answered, with an odd smile, "is only a woman of the world."

"I don't like her," the girl burst out passionately. "I don't like her." And in a moment she had left him.

The man laughed amusedly. He knew that she would come back to him again, and she did. He found her waiting at the old trysting place on the night that he was going away. Her face was very pale in the moonlight.

"What a doleful Liza Ann!" he teased. She looked at him dumbly.

"I will come back, little one," the man comforted. "You must not forget me, and one day you shall lead me up the lonely trail again, while I tell you how much I have missed you since we said goodby."

The girl raised her dark and solemn eyes to his. "You will never come back," she said quietly.

Stanton laughed. "Well," he answered evasively, "there will be the book to finish first, and then—"

"Then," said Liza Ann in that same dull monotone, "you will marry the beautiful lady."

Stanton did not reply to this. "Goodby, my little mountain maid," he said. "I will send the book to you, and remember that the man who wrote it will be thinking of you always."

"I don't want your book!" she burst out fiercely.

He tried to put his arm about her, but she darted from him and went running fleetly up the narrow path. Far above a mossy bank lay bathed in moonlight. Stanton, watching, saw the girl pause a moment here and then throw herself face downward upon the ground.

The man lit a cigar leisurely, then picked up his valise. Still the little figure lay quite motionless. "Strange creatures these," he said musingly and continued his journey downward.

Much work had accumulated during Stanton's absence, and he was very busy for some time after reaching home. Then he returned to the book once more, walking to and fro as was his custom while thinking out the details of a story. Often he would pause before the picture of Liza Ann which had been placed upon the mantelshelf.

He seemed to gain inspiration from the witchery of her laughing face. Another picture stood near in a golden frame—that of a woman serene and beautiful who was wearing a wonderful gown. The author ended his walk abruptly this evening and seated himself to read the paper; then, with a sharp exclamation, he looked more closely at the printed page. The picture from the mantelshelf in some unaccountable way had been transferred to the paper before him. Liza Ann, seated upon a fallen log, the old sunbonnet framing her tangled curls, smiled happily out upon the world with childish wonder in her eyes. Beneath the picture Stanton read, "Miss Judith Jerrold, who is appearing at the Star theater this week in 'The Transformation of Liza Ann.'"

Feverishly the man turned to the theatrical notes: "Miss Judith Jerrold comes to the Star theater this week in a new play which has been written expressly for her by Henry Clayton. Miss Jerrold has been spending the summer months in a remote part of the mountains, resting after an exhausting winter season and studying the speech and mannerisms of the simple folk who will live upon the stage in Mr. Clayton's production of 'The Transformation of Liza Ann.' There are many emotional actresses. There is but one Judith Jerrold, and she will move us to laughter and tears with the mishaps of Liza Ann."

Stanton jumped to his feet. It was late, but he must see her tonight, must know for a very certainty the truth. Half bewildered, he entered the theater and sat through the performance as one in a dream. The great actress was holding an impromptu reception upon the stage after the play, so he pressed forward through the crowd which surrounded her. She advanced to meet him and graciously extended her hand, but a mocking light shone in her dark eyes.

"So," she said laughingly. "I am discovered. My only apology is that, having been in seclusion so long, the desire to act a part became irresistible. I had read many of your delightful character studies and longed to see if I could impersonate the unsophisticated mountain girl so truly as to deceive even you, a student of types. The result has been satisfactory to myself, but disappointing, I fear, to the author, as you will find that many of the original and ingenious sayings which so amused you at the time were merely quoted from the play which you have seen tonight."

Stanton's face grew very stern. "A greater part of the book will have to be rewritten," he said. "The incident has been an unfortunate one for me."

The actress was wearing the trailing lace robe in which she appears, you will remember, during the last act when the half wild little creature is transformed suddenly into a great heiress, but she looked up at the man now with the soft, wide eyed approach of the innocent mountain girl. Again he seemed to see her lying prone in the moonlight.

"Yes," she said slowly. "It may have been unfortunate for your book, Mr. Stanton, that this ignorant, lovable child never existed, but it was rather fortunate, don't you think, for poor little Liza Ann?"

With a bright nod she dismissed him and turned to greet a new admirer. Stanton turned to follow her, hesitated a moment, then silently made his way out into the night.

THE VALUE OF INSTRUCTION

By DONALD CHAMBERLIN
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"I was taught my business," said the old detective.

"I went into Bliffin's office a green hand. The first job he gave me was to trap a gang of counterfeiters. Counterfeiting is a risky business, and those engaged in it are therefore extraordinarily wary. They must have a place in which to manufacture and to get rid of the stuff when manufactured. To do both of these without getting caught is difficult, and it makes them very skillful in covering their tracks."

"Bliffin told me that a certain district was being flooded with spurious coins and notes. I was to go and locate the plant. I didn't know how to begin, so he told me to find out some persons who had recently come into the neighborhood. I was also to go to the postoffice and learn if any mail was being delivered to any suspicious person. I did as I was told and after several days' hunt was discouraged. I went to Bliffin and told him there was but one person who had moved into the district, so far as I could find out, and there wasn't anything suspicious about him. He lived alone, it is true, in a small house he had rented and had put in what furniture he needed on the installment plan. Since he was the only newcomer I had watched him especially in the matter of his mail. He went out in the morning after the postman had delivered his letters, reading them on the street, and when he had finished would tear them up and throw the fragments anywhere. I picked them up, put them together and read them. There wasn't one in which there was anything incriminating."

"Let me see some of them," said Bliffin.

"I showed him two or three letters I had pasted together. He looked them over and said:

"There's your man."

"What do you mean by telling me that one who doesn't care who reads his letters is my man?"

"Two of them have been written by himself to himself. He has torn them up and thrown them on the street to be picked up by greenhorn detectives."

"You could have knocked me down with a feather. I didn't say anything. I went back and rented a room across from where the suspected man lived. One morning I rose rather early and stood at my window. A milkman drove up to the house opposite and delivered a quart of milk. A cook took the milk and handed the milkman the can he had left the day before. I watched the house for a week, then went to Bliffin and told him I hadn't got any further. He was working on some papers at the time and without looking up from them asked me to tell him anything I had seen. I mentioned the milkman."

"You mean the postman," said the inspector.

"No, the milkman."

"That's the way the man you're looking for gets his mail."

"I said milk."

"And I say mail."

"How did you come to think of that?"

"Oh, experience, I suppose. You'll find the milkman is a newcomer."

"I went back to my room to think out a plan for capturing some of that mail. But I couldn't find a way to do this except by letting the young man know it. This would spoil my game. I concluded to capture the outgoing mail. I watched for my man to go to a letter box to drop in a letter. When he had done so I stood by the box, not permitting any one to drop in anything more, and when the postman came along I showed him my authority and demanded the letters in the box. There were ten of them, and I took them to my room, steamed them and found one agreeing to turn over 'green goods' to a countryman. I kept this letter and dropped the others in the box."

"The countryman was to call at a certain house not far from where the young man lived at a certain hour on a certain day. Bliffin told me that in the house referred to the stuff was made. Why he thought so I didn't know. He seemed to see things ahead without even thinking about them. I would have sworn the plant was in the house where the young man lived."

"The matter at this stage was taken out of my hands. Bliffin sent a man to the house where the countryman was to call for the 'queer,' supported by enough men to surround the premises. They captured the gang, finding the machinery for making the money. Another force went to the house of the young man I had been watching and captured him also. Among other things taken was one of the milk cans. It was made with a false bottom, capable of containing quite a sizable mail. The milkman was not captured, but of course he was one of them, as Bliffin had predicted. His milk wagon didn't belong to any especial firm, though he did carry some milk in it."

"This was the beginning of my instruction under Inspector Bliffin. I gained more in one year under him than I would have gained in ten years alone. But it took me many years to know things instinctively without stopping to reason them out. One thing I learned on that case. Ever after if a suspect tried to act as if he didn't care I felt pretty sure he did care. If he didn't he would lack like any other person under similar circumstances."