

HONESTY.

LARGEST GENERAL CREDIT HOUSE IN THE WEST.

INTEGRITY.

BUSINESS ON PRINCIPLE

JUNE AGAINST MAY. We Are Going to Try to Do More Business this Month Than We Did Last. If we succeed, it will be phenomenal. If we do as Well, it will be remarkable enough, for we must say that our May business was something wonderful. Success leads to success, and encouraged as we are in our special sales, we work Harder to Make Them Better.

LOOK AT OUR PROGRAMME THIS WEEK

- Bed Room Suits, oak, cherry and walnut, \$9.50, \$14.50, \$25, \$40 up. Folding Beds, 50 designs, all wood, \$10, \$18, \$25, \$35, \$50 up. Wardrobes, all wood, \$8.50, \$10.50, \$12.50, \$15 up. Extension and Kitchen Tables, \$1.25, \$1.75, \$3.75 \$6 up. Cane and wood seat Chairs 20c, 40c, 65c, \$1 up. Sideboards, \$12.50, \$19, \$25 up.



- Parlor Suits, plush brocatelle and tapestry coverings, \$20, \$28, \$35, \$50 up. Brussels Carpets, 100 patterns to select from, 50c, 65c, 85c, 95c up. Ingrain Carpets, 17c, 25c, 40c, 60c up. Lace Curtains and Window Shades, 26c, 55c, \$1, \$2 up. Baby Carriages, \$2, \$3.50, \$5.75, \$9.50 up. Gasoline and Cook Stoves, \$3, \$5.25, \$7.75, \$11 up.

AND OUR ENTIRE STOCK AT EQUALLY LOW PRICES.

OUR TERMS. EASY PAYMENTS.

- \$15 worth of goods, \$1 per week or \$4 per month. \$30 worth of goods, \$1.50 per week or \$6 per month. \$60 worth of goods, \$2 per week or \$8 per month. \$90 worth of goods, \$2.50 per week or \$10 per month. \$125 worth of goods, \$3 per week or \$12 per month. \$250 worth of goods, \$5 per week or \$20 per month.

NINE GRAND PRIZES GIVEN AWAY!

- Owing to the immense and unprecedented success of our prize distribution which takes place July 5, at 7 p. m., we have decided to increase the number of prizes from eight to nine. Every purchaser is entitled to a ticket for each \$10 worth of goods purchased. First Grand Prize—One beautiful plush parlor set.....value \$100. Second Grand Prize—One elegant oak chamber suit.....value 100. Third Grand Prize—One handsome oak sideboard.....value \$ 50. Fourth Grand Prize—One celebrated family universal cook stove value 25. Fifth Grand Prize—One fine oak bookcase.....value 25. Sixth Grand Prize—One solid oak extension table.....value 15. Seventh Grand Prize—One gorgeous plush oak rocker.....value 15. Eighth Grand Prize—One fine decorated stand lamp.....value 15. Ninth Grand Prize—One handsome hanging hat rack.....value 10.

PEOPLE'S MAMMOTH INSTALLMENT HOUSE,

OMAHA'S LEADING TIME PAYMENT HOUSE,

613, 615, 617, 619 North Sixteenth Street, Between California and Webster Streets, Omaha.

WANAMAKER'S BIG BRAIN.

The Wonderful Things It Has Accomplished in a Few Years.

A VERY LITTLE WORLD IN ITSELF.

The Immense Establishment in Philadelphia—His Pride in His Sunday School—Extensive Plans for Postal Reforms.

[Copyright, 1896, by Frank G. Carpenter.] WASHINGTON, June 5.—[Special to THE BEE.]—By all odds the most unique character in American politics is John Wanamaker, the postmaster general of the United States. A man whose whole life has been that of business, who has had nothing to do with politics nor politicians, he is made the head of what has always been the biggest political machine of the government. There are more than 150,000 employees who are more or less directly under the control of the postmaster general and his big red fingers rest upon the keyboard to which is attached the wires reaching out to every city and village in the country. It was indeed a curious appointment. Still Benjamin Harrison has in John Wanamaker his closest ally and his strongest friend. He has in him perhaps the ablest worker of his cabinet and one of the strongest forces of his administration. Wanamaker is

A Man of Ideas and he believes in running his department on business principles. He is chafed every day by the slow progress of the necessary consultations with senators and representatives who throw in his way and heays if he could run the postoffice department on his own plan he could make \$10,000,000 a year for the government.

I don't doubt that he is correct. For the past forty years everything he has touched has turned into gold and now at fifty-two he is said to be worth \$15,000,000 and he has an income of about \$2,000 a day. Still it is only four decades since he was carrying the clay which made the brick in his father's brickyard, and about that time he engaged to clerk in a bookstore for a less sum per week than the scrub women of the postoffice department get for a day. He is called by his enemies a counter-jumper and sneering remarks are made about his store in Philadelphia. All the world knows that he has a store there, and the fact became pretty well advertised before he became postmaster general. Few people, however, appreciate the immensity of his business and the wonderful system which it is run. It is the biggest establishment of its kind in the world. It far out-ranks the great Bon Marche of Paris, and it is, in fact, five times the size of Jordan & Marsh's great Boston establishment. It clears, I am told, \$1,000,000 a year and it does a business of \$35,000,000 annually. Its roof covers acres and on an ordinary week there are 25,000 buyers at it at one time. You can find anything in it from a fish hook to a steamship's anchor and its mighty growth has been the outcome of the brains of this man. It is a mistake, however, to suppose that it does any business for the government. There are

Two Other Wanamaker Firms in Philadelphia and it is these which have caused the accusation that the postmaster general is a competitor for government contracts. The fact is that prior to his appointment the firm put in bids for many kinds of government supplies and they made a great deal of money out of them. When Mr. Wanamaker accepted the postmaster generalship he gave orders that no bids were to be made

either for supplies to the postoffice department or any other department of the government and I am told that this order has reduced the profits of the firm during the past year fully \$100,000. The only way in which the government can now buy anything at Wanamaker's store is by its agents purchasing over the counter like the ordinary shopper. To give a further idea of this establishment, it has the largest retail book business in the United States. Its cellar contains the biggest electric light plant of the whole world and under its one roof more than four thousand employes work during the ordinary season and this number is increased to 5,000 at Christmas. Wanamaker believes in advertising and his advertising manager gets a salary of \$12,000 a year. He pays each of the Philadelphia papers from \$2,000 to \$4,000 every month for advertising, and one of his principles in advertisements is that they shall tell the truth. Among his principles of success are application, integrity and advertising and he ranks these high in the advice he gives to young men. He is interested largely in the wholesale branch of his establishment, which goes under the name of Hood, Bonbright & Co., and he has some stock in it. I understand, in the firm of Wanamaker & Brown, though he has not been associated with this firm for six years and he merely holds their stock as collateral.

John Wanamaker, however, is best known from this big retail store. He owns the most of it, though Robert C. Ogden has a large interest and he has the entire management of the store now that Wanamaker is a cabinet minister. It is true that there is a private wire running from the Philadelphia house to the postoffice department, but only three or four messages pass over this a day and these are more of social messages than business ones. If Mrs. Wanamaker or the girls are going to Philadelphia the postmaster general will send a line announcing the fact, or if he wants some special arrangement

For His Sunday School his private wire is called into requisition. As to ordinary business matters, he is seldom consulted and it is only as to questions of general business policy, large purchases or the buying of a corner lot that his partners have to telegraph him. His two sons are members of the firm, and though I have not met them, I am told that they are men of more than ordinary business ability. Both are still under thirty and both are graduates of Princeton college. Tom Wanamaker is in the house at Philadelphia and Holman spends most of his time in Paris as the foreign purchasing agent of the establishment. Both of the young men are married and both have babies in short clothes. Tom Wanamaker married a Miss Welch of one of the old families of Philadelphia, and his brother Holman has a French lady for a wife. The postmaster-general has an eye for the beautiful in woman, and he is very fond of his daughters-in-law. He dotes more over his grandchildren than President Harrison does over Baby McKee, and he is essentially a family man.

Probably no public man in Washington has a more pleasant home life than John Wanamaker. He is thoroughly

In Love with His Wife and family, and he has two charming daughters who are good old-fashioned girls, and with whom he loves to romp after his day's work is over. Every one knows where he lives. It is in the historic Frelinghuysen mansion, which Mrs. Whitney made such a social center during the last administration, and which Mr. Wanamaker has improved at an expense of about \$50,000. This house is one of the most elegant furnished houses of the capital. Its walls are hung with satin and it has rooms so large that you could turn a wagon-load of hay around in them without touching the walls.

It has a picture gallery as big as a barn, and this is filled with some of the precious art works owned by the postmaster general. He has little pieces of canvas here which have cost \$300 an inch, and I am told by an art friend of his that there are at least \$300,000 worth of pictures in this room. Still these paintings comprise only a part of his collection, and he is, you know, the possessor of Monksey's "After the Wedding," which hangs on the left wall of the gallery. There are more than fifty pictures on the walls of this ball room, and though they are all very valuable I do not think that some of them are as beautiful as those which hung in the days of the Whitney ownership. Secretary Whitney had a remarkable taste in art, and in his collection are many masterpieces. He had a Miller which Vandendyck painted, and more than any painting he owned, and some of his pictures of the French school were wonderfully beautiful. The postmaster-general is a good judge of fine paintings. He has

Made a Study of Art, and can tell a good painting without asking the advice of a picture buyer. He knows most of the great artists of Paris personally, and he is a haunter of the studios when he is in Europe. The postmaster-general and his wife have entertained more lavishly than any other family connected with the administration, with perhaps the exception of the Mortons. They have kept open house, have given many dinners and receptions, and at the close of a lot of their parties this picture gallery ball room has been thrown open for dancing. The postmaster-general is noted as a Sunday school man. He is, I believe, a genuine Christian, and his cloak of religion has not been done with his official appointment nor his business success. He is not so straightforward, however, as were our Puritan fathers, and he does not consider dancing sinful. He will not use wine, however, at his state dinners, and he confines his own drinks to apple-soda, hawthorn water and the succulent soda. He believes in the observance of the Sabbath, and he will not allow a letter or a telegram to be delivered at his house on Sunday. He will not talk business on Sunday and there are no Sunday newspapers taken in his house. He runs his Christianity, too.

On Business Principles and he says that ministers would get along better if they had more business tact. Few people have any idea of the Christian work which he is doing in his Sunday school at Philadelphia which he started in the "Five Points" of that city when he was working on a salary of less than \$100 a month for the government clerk. His first Sunday school was held in a tent and he was a successful Sunday school teacher when he was thirty years of age, twenty years before any one imagined that he would be a rich man, and the wildest dreamer would not have pointed him out as a cabinet minister. I am told that Wanamaker risked his life in supporting his Sunday school and that the toughs of the Quaker City used to pelt him with mud when he began with the ragged children and tried to influence the drunkards to build up a Sunday school. It was perhaps this feeling that made him work the harder for Wanamaker as a factor from the word go, and opposition only made him more anxious to succeed. A man who visited his Sunday school the other day was telling me something as to its proportions. Said he: "Wanamaker has two grand tabernacles, one of which is the Bethany church and the other the Sunday school. There are about five thousand pupils in the Sunday school and there are something like three hundred teachers. The school has a magnificent organ and it has an orchestra of fifty pieces. Wanamaker opens it every Sunday and gives the children a talk. After he has gotten it to

into swing he goes across to the Bethany church where he has a bible class of 1,000 men and women. He talks to these in the most practical way and leads the singing. After the service is over the teachers all stay and when they are through he stops and shakes hands and talks to the scholars. He has his scholars all organized into working bands of charity and mission work, and immense quantities of coal and provisions are

Distributed to the Poor through them. He gives a great deal himself and understands how to make others give. He believes that the boys make better Christians in their work and he has his "John Wesley" bands and his John Knox bands and he seems to keep track of every individual boy and his work. The mothers of the children counsel with him and he gives as much good by his advice as by his money. After the Sunday school is over Mr. Wanamaker spends the remainder of his Sunday with his family if they are in Philadelphia. He comes back to Washington early on Monday, and is often at the department before noon.

Postmaster-General Wanamaker spends as many hours at his desk as any postmaster-general we have had for years. He rises at about half-past six o'clock, shaves himself and takes a good, plain breakfast. He rides down to the department in the department coach and ready for work at half-past eight, thirty minutes before his force of clerks have begun to arrive. He has a private secretary, Mr. Marshall Cushing, whom he pays himself to attend to his personal matters, and this man is an old newspaper man who takes his directions from the postmaster general and dictates them to stenographers. This man looks over the mail, disposes of a large part of it, referring matters relating to the store to Mr. Ogden, those to the Sunday school to the manager at Philadelphia, and handing over to the postmaster general such as he cannot answer himself. The postmaster general gets a cartload of mail and newspapers every day from all parts of the country to eat up ten times his income. I spent an hour this morning in looking at some of the letters which pour into his private secretary. They are from churches, Sunday schools and individuals, and they ask for everything from

A Set of False Teeth to a donation of thousands. Many of the letters have the words "The Lord loveth the cheerful giver" at the top, and not a few of them come from across the water. Here is one dated February 27, 1896. Mr. Wanamaker: I saw your name in the paper not long ago, saying you had more money than I and I would like to do with you. I am writing you for some of it. I will not make a lot of excuses, but I am a poor farmer's daughter. Answer. A boy from a normal school in Alabama wants money to finish his education, and thinks the Lord will continue to shower copious streams of blessings on Wanamaker if he sends it to him. A New Jersey woman says she is very fond of music and tells Wanamaker that the bible says that he shall not let the left hand know what the right hand doeth. She has been offered a \$63 organ for \$23 cash, warranted for six years, and she wants some money to buy it. This letter is badly spelled, poorly written, and it ends by saying "God bless you" in imitation of the girl.

A Virginia man has made a cane from wood at Monticello and will be thankful for a Russian woman has heard of Mr. Wanamaker's benevolence and writes for alms. There hangs in the postmaster-general's office a wooden chain five feet long cut out of one bar of wood. The links are about an inch wide and this chain was Made by an Ohio Man who sent it to the postmaster general. It now hangs in the mantle in front of the clock. In the next room there is a chain seven feet long sent by the same man with a request for the postmaster general to send him \$100 a foot for it or \$700. The man was thanked for the first chain and was told that the postmaster general could not pay for the second one, nor could it be sold for \$60 as the man afterwards suggested. A few days ago another letter was received from the same man saying that he wants the postmaster general to immediately take the seven feet of chain and burn it in a hot stove to ashes, and to be sure to send it back here. He has been evidently blowing about the money he will get if it is not sent to him. All such letters are answered but it would be unwise to give in response to them. FRANK G. CARPENTER.

until 7 or 7:30 in the evening, doing the best part of his work after the rest of the clerks have gone. He has a number of hobbies in his postoffice work and he is always after new ideas. A man who tried to get work of him the other day was asked by him whether he had

Any New Ideas and what he had for the time being, and when the man really showed that he had some originality he was at once given a job. Postmaster General Wanamaker was surprised to find when he first came into office that a number of the ideas that he supposed were his had been formulated and discussed by other postmaster generals. This was so with the postal telegraph, which he thought was a new thing, and the postal savings bank, to the cause of which he is ardently devoted. The idea in his postal telegraph scheme of having the competitive telegraph lines do the business, and having the postoffice merely deliver the messages is his own, and his scheme for appointing a general manager of the postoffice department, who shall have a term of office for ten years at \$10,000 a year, is also his. He has several other hobbies in addition to these, and he works at these steadily, hammering away and hoping to succeed. He is a hard worker and he does better than any other man in the administration how to make other men work. He is well liked at the department, and socially is a jolly good fellow. John Wanamaker gives away a great deal of money in charity every year. He gives much to Washington, and he has enough applications every day from all parts of the country to eat up ten times his income. I spent an hour this morning in looking at some of the letters which pour into his private secretary. They are from churches, Sunday schools and individuals, and they ask for everything from

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FIZZ OF THE FUN-MAKERS.

A Barely Possible Explanation for a Young Lady's Broozy Bathing Suit.

SHE JUST FITTED FOR A CHAPERONE.

She is Quite Deaf and Almost Blind—Mr. Mullin Preferred the Cider—Took His Order—A Dog's Pants.

Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly: Biggs—I wonder why Miss Phonn wears a check bathing suit? Riggs—Probably because she wants it to "Play the Beaver."

The Best He Could Do. Clothier and Furnisher: Wife—I am so anxious for a new dress. Husband—Can't you wait, dear, until I fall again.

A Young Financier. Time: Say, mamma, how much am I worth? You are worth a million to me, my son. Say, mamma, couldn't you advance me twenty-five cents?

Useless Advice. Clothier and Furnisher: Billings—There is only one way to keep your trousers from bagging, and that is not to walk so much. Kingley—Great Scott! Don't you know that I'm the father of twins?

Ignorance Scored. American Grocer: He (referring to the open)—And what did you think of Sullivan's score? She (disparagingly)—You forget, Mr. Mossbach, that Mr. Sullivan is a boxer—not a baseball player.

A More Important Case. Puck: Hackman—Is the doctor at home? Bridget—Yes, sir; he's out in the back yard killing a chicken. Hackman—Call in, I've got bigger game.

Cool and Collected. Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly: Goslin—Jaysmith owes me \$100 in cool cash—borrowed money, doncherknow. Gazzam—If it's cool it ought to be collected.

Sudden Gush of Sympathy. Chicago Tribune: "Mamma," said the petted young heiress, "is it true that Annie Simpson's fever left her quite deaf and nearly blind?" "That is what your Cousin Simpson writes, dear." "Let her come and live with us, mamma," pleaded the daughter, with eyes almost tearful in their tender sympathy. "I want her for a chaperone."

Evidently Not. Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly: "When the jury brought in a verdict of 'guilty,' the prisoner turned pale and trembled like a leaf." "Then he didn't have the courage of his conviction?"

Accounted For. Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly: Tramp—Can you give me an old pair of pants, Mister? Mister—Say trousers, my man, not pants. Pants belong to dogs. Tramp—Is that so? That accounts for the way they go for 'em, then. Literary Note. Texas Sittings: Friend—How are you

coming on? Author—Good. I've got the material all ready for a first-class novel. "You are a lucky man." "That's not all; I've got the material for a splendid comedy, besides." "You are fortunate." "Yes, all I need now is the material for a new pair of pants."

The Remedy Worse Than the Disease. Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly: Mullin—Oh! he's a chinder in me eye, from the gas-house!

Mrs. Mullin—Sorra, sorra! This is phwat ye'll do. Hold yure nose wid wan hand; ture'n th' lid iv yure eye insid-out wid th' other; kapp yure mouth shut, an' shooze like th' devil! Mullin—Oh! I tink 'll kapp th' chinder, Rosie!

Second Nature. American Grocer: "This room is very close," remarked the guest to the head-waiter. "Can't I have a little fresh air?" Mrs. Du Telle—You didn't? Why, I heard more'n a month ago that Mr. Du Gay had mashed his type writer. "One air!" he yells, after a pause, adding, "have it fresh!"

The March of Trade. Clothier and Furnisher: Great Merchant (to manager)—Inform the general, Mr. Mumm, that owing to the general stagnation in business their salaries will be reduced ten per cent. on and after the 1st.

Mr. Mumm—Yes, sir. Great Merchant—And by the way, if the architect calls with those plans for my Newport villa, ask him out to dine. I will return at 1 o'clock.

Badly Out of Order. Mrs. Du Telle—Did your husband get his type writer fixed yet, Mrs. DeGay? Mrs. DeGay—Why? I didn't know there was anything the matter of it. Mrs. Du Telle—You didn't? Why, I heard more'n a month ago that Mr. De Gay had mashed his type writer. Mrs. DeGay (guardedly)—Oh—well it will be fixed when he comes home this evening.

It Should Have Jurisdiction. Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly: Mrs. Gazzam (reading the newspaper)—Here's an account of a man arrested on his wedding day. Gazzam—Was he tried in the marriage court?

A Basted Romance. Clothier and Furnisher: "Miss Clara," began the young man, "it becomes necessary for me to speak to you upon a subject which deeply concerns us both. I will first ask you to recall to mind the last evening I was here. We parted, if you will remember, upon the steps. As I proceeded slowly across the lawn the full moon came from behind a cloud and enveloped me in a flood of mellow glory. Suddenly, Miss Clara, it seemed to me without a note of warning, I was overwhelmed—"

"One moment, Mr. Smithers," interrupted the beautiful girl as she stuck an extra hairpin and turned down the gas three-quarters of an inch. Then drawing her chair still closer, she indicated by a wave of her hand that he could proceed.

"I was about to observe, Miss Clara," continued the young man, "that I was overwhelmed by the onslaughts of your father's dog Grip who ate up three weeks of my salary in half a minute and unless your pa makes up for that suit there is going to be war." "Say no more, Mr. Smithers," replied the young lady, rising slowly and painfully from the Jennings-Miller position that she had assumed, but a moment before and pointing to the door. "Oh, I will have pa send you a check for nine dollars by the first mail."