

Sole Agents for "Queen Quality" \$3.00 Shoes for Women.

BOSTON STORE

Sole Agents for Rogers, Peet & Co.'s Fine Clothing.

Last Day of the Sale of the Lahr-Bacon Co's Stock

Tomorrow ends the sale of the Lahr-Bacon stock, but thousands of people will have reason to remember it for months to come. Every day of the sale has been fraught with values that can only be termed as marvelous, and despite inclement weather, the selling has been phenomenal. Nevertheless we expect the last day of the sale to be the biggest day. The values we have prepared for you warrant our belief. We are confident that no one can read this advertisement and fail to attend the sale. The offerings attract with irresistible force.

Damask, Linens, Napkins, Embroideries, Ribbons, Laces, etc. 15c yd., 29c yd., 35c yd., 50c yd., 69c yd., \$1.98 dozen, 7c yd., 3c, 5c, 7c, 10c, 15c, 2c, 5c, 10c

Extra Special Sale Black Taffetas. 300 pieces of Black Taffeta go on sale tomorrow at about half their worth in 3 lots. Lot 1 24-inch and 27-inch all fine silk taffeta—heavy rustling quality and natural finish—worth 89c a yard—50c. Lot 2 Trezona Freres & Co's (Lyons, France) celebrated Black Taffeta, 27-inches wide—worth \$1.00 a yard—79c. Lot 3 36-inch Sterling Man... 1.35. Cheney Bros. and Imported Satin Finish Foulards, worth \$1.39 and \$1.25—69c.

Novelty Silks Reduc'd. We have made special reductions on all our finest novelty suits, and no doubt the inducements will tempt you. The \$49 Suits for \$37.50. The \$42.50 Suits for \$32.50. The \$37.50 Suits for \$27.50. Ladies' Blouse and Eton Suits—made of all wool homespuns, L'aignon collar, gilt trimmed, new flare skirts, worth \$8, special sale price only—4.85.

9.65 for \$20 Eton Jackets—all the finest eton jackets in the sample lot will be sold for \$9.65. They are worth up to \$20—made of the choicest materials, according to the modes in vogue. \$10.00 Etons and Box Coats go for \$4.98—made of very fine materials, all colors. 3.98 for Cheviot Skirts with novelty band around lounce.

Sale of Boys' Children's Clothing. Boys' \$2.50 Vestee and 2-piece Suits—in 50 different styles—open vests and shields—all made of good material—worth up to \$2.50—special sale price—1.39. Boys' 2 and 3-piece Knee Pants Suits—ages 3 to 15—made of choice chevrons—worth up to \$3.50—on sale tomorrow—1.98. Boys' 3-piece Suits—new styles, light and medium shades, single breasted coat with vest also Russian blouses—up to \$7.00—values, for—3.98. First offering of boys' wash suits—made of plain linen or galatea cloth, with standing collar, fly front, sailors, worth up to \$1.25, at—50c.

Prints, Lawns, Percales, White Goods, Sateen, Muslins, Sheets, Toweling. All Lahr-Bacon's shirts—2c yd. All Lahr-Bacon's plain colored lawn remnants—2c yd. All Lahr-Bacon's percale remnants—2c yd. All Lahr-Bacon's fine white goods—10c yd. All Lahr-Bacon's sateen, the 2c kind, at—10c yd. All Lahr-Bacon's muslins every grade—6c yd. All Lahr-Bacon's damaged bleached sheets—25c each. All Lahr-Bacon's unbleached toweling—1c yd. All Lahr-Bacon's turkish toweling—3c yd.

Hosiery Sale. Ladies' men's and children's fast black, tan and fancy hosiery—plain and fancy, including drop stitch—2c values, at—10c. Ladies' men's and children's hose, fast black—made of Egyptian cotton silk finish—2c kind, at—12c. Ladies' men's and misses' hosiery, of the finest qualities, hundreds of styles, plain and fancy—special per pair—15c. Ladies' and men's finest imported hose—full regular mode fancy patterned, stripes, pink dots, etc., worth up to 75c a pair—25c.

Summer Underwear. Ladies' fine ribbed undersuits, crocheted lace and ribbon trimmed—all sizes, at—5c. Ladies' fine bleached and fancy colored undersuits, plain and fancy—nicely trimmed, worth \$1.00, at—10c, 15c. Ladies' finest summer undersuits, fine cotton and silk mercerized—plain values, at—25c, 35c.

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Sale Lahr-Bacon Co's Dress Goods. 75c Dress Goods, 25c a yard. \$1.00 Dress Goods, 49c yard. \$1.50 Black Dress Goods, 75c yd. French Challis, 39c & 45c yard. 75c 39c and 45c.

Shirt Sale. Men's finest shirts, made in the season's newest styles and patterns—including silk front, negligee, pleated bosom, and stiff front shirts, white and fancy colored, made of best shirt materials—on sale in two lots. All the men's shirts worth \$1, \$1.25 and \$1.50, go on sale at—50c. All the men's shirts worth \$1.75 and \$2, go on sale at—75c.

Ladies' Shirt Waists. Ladies' fine lawn shirt waists, hand-some patterns—worth 75c—on sale in base—25c. Ladies' fine shirt waists—made of lawn, dimities, percales, etc., white and colored, newest styles, narrow cuffs—plain backs—\$1.25 values for—50c. Our new waists are in the best ever shown at 75c, 98c, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.85 and up.

\$25 Paris Hats \$10. Monday we will place on sale all our Paris and New York pattern hats that are a trifle soiled from handling and being exposed. These hats are models that were, up until tomorrow, priced \$18, \$20, \$22 and \$25. They portray all the leading styles in fashionable headwear—your unlimited choice of the lot—\$10. Beautifully trimmed hats—models designed by the foremost designers in the country, and the superior products of our own workrooms—hats that cannot be excelled in style and beauty \$8.00 and \$10.00 values—5.00.

On Sale in Basement. 3,260 pairs women's good every day "kid" house slippers and oxford ties—59c, 69c, 75c, 89c and 98c.

Buttons, Ruching, Trimmings, Tucking, Neckwear, Embroidery, Linings, Tapestry, Velours, Ginghams, Dotted Swiss. 1000 gross of fine pearl buttons, all sizes, go at—2c dozen. 500 pieces silk ruching and tucking from the L-B stock, worth up to 15c, go at—1c each. Dress trimmings from the Lahr-Bacon stock on bargain counter at—3c yd. 1000 yards of the all-over tucking, worth up to 50c yard, on sale at—18c yd. All the lace net ties and turn-over collars, worth up to 25c, at—10c and 15c. Embroidery and insertion from the L-B stock that sold up to 25c, go at—3c yd. Dress linings from the L-B stock in all colors, worth up to 15c, go at—3c yd. All Lahr-Bacon's fancy upholstery tapestries—25c yd. All Lahr-Bacon's velours, narrow width—5c yd. All Lahr-Bacon's chambray gingham, 6c yd. All Lahr-Bacon's fine dotted swiss remnants—10c yd.

STORY OF DRAMATIC TRIUMPH. Clara Morris' First Long Draught of Wine of Success. "L'ARTICLE 47" AT DALY'S THEATER. Startling Effects in the Great French Penal Code Tragedy—Studying the Mad Scene—The Frightful Scare. (Copyright, 1901, by S. S. McClure Co.) It was during my second season in New York that I came to the play "L'Article 47"—famous for its great French court scene and for the madness of its heroine. I am so utterly lacking in self-confidence that it was little short of cruelty for Mr. Daly to tell me, as he did, that the fate of the play hung upon that single scene—that the production would be expensive and troublesome and its success or failure lay absolutely in my hands. I turned white as chalk with sheer fright and could scarcely force myself to speak audibly when asked if I could do the part. I answered slowly that I thought it unfair for Mr. Daly to first reduce me to a state of imbecility through fear and then ask me to make a close study of violent madness—since the two conditions were generally reversed. The people laughed, but there was no responsive smile on my lips as I entered upon a period of mental misery that only ended with the triumphant first night. I did all I could do to get at "Coras" character, and standing before the dread catastrophe—feeling that her madness must to some extent be tinged by past habits and personal peculiarities—I got a copy of the French novel—that was not an affection, but a necessity, as it had not then been translated, and I was greatly impressed with the minute description of the destruction done by the bullet. George had fired into her face. Portions of the jawbone had been shot away; the eye much injured, had barely been saved, but it was drawn and distorted. As the woman's beauty had been her letter of introduction to the gilded world, indeed had been her sole capital, that "scar" became of tremendous value in the makeup of the part, since it would explain and in some scant measure excuse her revengeful actions. Still, as the play was done in Paris, the "scar" was almost ignored by that brilliant actress, Madame Roussel. I had her photograph of the part of "Coras," and while she had a drapery passed low beneath her jaws to indicate some injury to her neck or

breast, her face was absolutely unblemished. To my mind that weakened "Coras" case greatly—she had so much less to resent, to brood over. I took my trouble to Mr. Daly, after I had been out of the madhouse at Blackwell's island and had gained some useful information from that awful aggregation of human woe. He listened to Belote's description of "Coras" beauty and its wrecking "scar"—he looked condemningly at the Roussel picture, and then asked me "What I wanted to do?" I told him I wanted a dreadful scar—then I wanted to veil it always—and he broke in there with, "Then why have the scar, if it is to be veiled?" While I hurried on with: "My constant care to keep it covered will make people imagine it a hundred times worse than it really is. Then when the veil is torn off by main force and they catch a glimpse of the horror they will wonder that her already tottering brain should give way under such a blow to her vanity!" Mr. Daly studied over the matter silently for a few moments, then he said: "You are right. That scar is a great factor in the play—go ahead and make as much of it as you can." But right there I came up against an obstacle. I was not good at even an eccentric makeup. I did not know how to proceed to represent such a scar as I had in my mind. "Try," said Mr. Daly. I tried and with tear-red eyes announced my failure, but he said: "I will ask Mr. Lemoine to help me—he is the cleverest and most artistic makeup maker of faces I ever saw." "Yes," said Mr. Daly, "get him to try it after rehearsal—you have no time to lose now!" Only too well I knew that; so at once I approached Mr. Lemoine and made my wants known. I had not the slightest hesitation in doing so, because in spite of his sinful delight in playing jokes on me he was the kindest, most warm-hearted of comrades—and true to that character he at once placed his services at my disposal, though he shook his head very doubtfully over the undertaking. "You know I never saw a scar of such a nature in my life," he said, as he lighted up his dressing room. "Oh," I said, "you who can change your nose or your mouth or your eyes at will can make an ugly scar easy enough," and off went hat and veil, and Mr. Lemoine, using my countenance for his canvas, began work. He drew more and more glum as he wiped off and repainted. One scar was too small—oh, much too small. Then the shattered jawbone was described. Again he tried. "Clara," he said, "I can't do it because I don't know what I am aiming at!" "Oh, go on!" I pleaded; "make a hideous scar, then I'll learn how from you and do it myself." He was patient and kindness personified, but when at last he said he could do no

more, I looked in the glass, and—well, we both laughed aloud in spite of our chin. He said: "It looks as though some street boy had given you a swat in the eye with a chunk of mud." I mournfully washed it off and begged him to try just once more—tomorrow—and he promised with a doubtful air. A Living Picture. I had tears in my eyes as I left the theater—I was so horribly cast down, for if Mr. Lemoine could not make up such a scar, no one could—but he used too much black! That was a grave mistake, and—oh, dear! Now what? Men were peeling up the stone walk. I could not go home by the Sixth avenue car as usual without a lot of bother and muddy shoes. I was just tired enough from rehearsal and disappointed enough to be irritated by the faintest contempt and I almost whimped as I turned the other way and took a Broadway car. I dropped into a corner. Three men were on my side of the car—I glanced casually at them and "goodness mercy!" said I to myself, "what are they gazing at—they look fairly frightened!" I followed the direction of their eyes—and I gasped! I felt goose-flesh creeping up my arms! On the opposite side sat a large and handsome mulatto woman—a small basket of white linen was on her knees—her face turned toward the driver; and, oh! good God, not so long ago her throat had been cut almost from the car! The scar was hideous—sickening, it made one feel faint and frightened, but I held my quivering nerves with an iron hand—here was my scar for Cora! I must study it while I could. It had not been well cared for, I imagine, for the edges of the awful gash were puckered as though a gathering thread held them. There was a queer, cordlike welt that looked white while the flesh either side was red and threatening—and then as if she felt my eyes, the woman turned and faced me. A dull color rose slowly over her mutilated throat and handsome face and she felt hastily for a handkerchief, which was pinned at the back of her dress collar, and drew the ends forward and tied them. I kept my eyes averted after that, but when I left the car weariness was forgotten. I stopped at a druggist's shop, bought sticking plaster, gold beater's skin and absorbent cotton, and with springy steps reached home—materials in hand, model in memory, I was content—I had found my scar at last. Realism Modified. If you are about to accuse me of hardness of heart in using to my own advantage this poor woman's misfortune—don't! or at least wait a moment first. When I had gone through the asylum's wards and the doctor had called my attention to this or that exceptional case and had tried to make clear cause and effect—when I had noted opthalmian's stealth in one and tigerish ferocity in another—I suddenly

realized that to single one of these unfortunate, out, then to go before an indifferent crowd of people and present to them a close copy of the helpless, afflicted one would be an act of atrocious cruelty. I could not do it! I would instead seize upon some of the general symptoms—common to all mad people—and build up a mad scene with that aid. I would then make a cruel imitation of one of God's afflicted. So in this scar I was not going exactly to copy that riven throat, but with slender rolls of cotton covered and held by gold beater's skin I was going to create dull, white welts, with angry red spaces painted between, with strong sticking plaster attached to my eyelids. I was going to draw it from its natural position. Oh, I should have a rare scar! Yet that poor woman might herself see it without suspecting she had given me the idea. Oh, what a time of misery it was! The preparation of that play! Poor Mr. Daly—and poor, poor Miss Morris. You see everything hung upon the mad scene. Yet, when we came to that, I simply stood still and spoke the broken, disjointed words. "But what are you going to do at night?" Mr. Daly cried. "Act your scene, Miss Morris!" Act it—in cold blood—there in the gray, lifeless daylight, with a circle of grinning sardonic faces, ready to be vastly amused over my efforts? He might better have asked me to deliver a polished address in beautiful pellucid Greek—to compose at command a charming little rondeau in sparkling French or a prayer in sonorous Latin—they would have been easier for me to do than to gibber, laugh—to screech, to whisper, whimper, rave—to crouch, crawl, stride, fall to order in street clothes—and always with those fiendish "guyers" ready to assist in my undoing. Yet, poor Mr. Daly, too! I was sorry for him—he had so much at stake. It was asking a good deal of him to trust his fate entirely, blindly to me. "Oh!" I said, "if I could do as you please believe me! I want to do as you wish me to, but dear Mr. Daly, I can't—my blood is cold in daylight—I am ashamed—constrained! I cannot act them!" "Well, give me some faint idea of what you are going to do," he cried impatiently. "Dear goodness!" I groaned, "I am going to try to do all sorts of things! loud and quiet—fast and slow—close-eyed, cunning, wide-eyed terror. There that's all I can tell about it!" and I burst into harassed tears. He said "never another word, but I used to feel dreadfully when at rehearsals he would rise and leave the stage as soon as we reached the mad scene."

SWIFT SERVICE TO SUBURBS. Street Car Company Plans Extensions in Several Directions. DIRECT LINE TO THE COUNTRY CLUB LINKS. Every Other Car on Walnut Hill Line Will Continue to Benson—Scheme for Route to Florence. The street car company is rapidly completing the repairs on the Walnut Hill line and will soon start the construction of a siding near Krug's park, where extras may be held to accommodate the crowds expected at the new resort this summer. One of the most important changes to be made on this line is the establishment of through service between Omaha and Benson. Last fall when the Omaha company took over the management of the Benson line connection was made between the tracks of the two lines at the Walnut Hill terminal, but the old Benson service has been discontinued, and after June 1 every other Walnut Hill car will make through trips from the southern terminus to Benson. This innovation is made for the benefit of members of the Country club and others who patronize the Benson line, and who have complained repeatedly because they have been forced to wait on the hill for a Benson car. Will Help Suburbs. It is said that the establishment of this through service will increase the demand for acreage property in this suburb of Omaha and that at this time several deals involving the transfer of two or three twenty-acre tracts are pending, the consummation depending upon the introduction of this service. The regular meeting of the board of directors of the street railway company is scheduled for May 1, but there is but little probability that it will be held, as there is not a quorum of the members present in the city and the time of the return of the absent members is a matter of doubt. As soon as the meeting can be held several questions will be finally decided, the more important being the extension of the Walnut Hill line or the Farnam street line to Riverview park, and the extension of one of the lines terminating in the northern part of town to Florence. Extension to Florence. At one time it was decided to extend the Florence line from Twenty-fourth and Ames avenue, this plan being suggested by J. J. Brown, who was an extensive holder of property along that proposed route. Since the death of Mr. Brown residents of the

HENRY WYATT IS PROMOTED. Well Known Burlington Atchafee Becomes Chief Clerk of Auditing Department. Henry Wyatt has been appointed to succeed Eddie Mullen as chief clerk in the office of the assistant auditor of the Burlington. The appointment has already taken effect and Mr. Wyatt has assumed the duties of his new position. Mr. Wyatt has been connected with the Burlington for fourteen years, the most of which time has been spent in the auditing department. His appointment to the important position of chief clerk comes as a reward for his long years of capable and faithful service. In pursuance with the civil service rule of the Burlington, all of the clerks in the assistant auditor's office have been advanced by reason of the change in the chief clerkship.

BE A MAN. Throw Away Your Medicine—Our VACUUM ORGAN DEVELOPER WILL RESTORE YOU. NO CURE NO PAY. 75,000 IN USE NOT ONE FAILURE NOT ONE RETURNED. Our Vacuum Organ Developer should be used by every man who has any ailment of the blood and is a cure for all ailments of the blood. It restores small weak organs, lost power, failing manhood, drains errors of youth, etc. Stricture and Varicocele permanently cured in 1 to 4 weeks. No Electric Belts to blister and burn. Our Vacuum Developer is a local treatment applied directly to the weak and diseased parts. It gives strength and development wherever applied. Old men with lost or failing manhood, or the young and middle aged who are feeling the results of youthful errors, excess or overwork are quickly restored to health and strength. Our marvelous appliance has astonished the entire world. Hundreds of leading physicians in the United States are now recommending our appliance in the severest cases where every other known device has failed. You will see and feel its benefit from the first day for it is applied directly at the seat of the disorder. It makes indifference how severe the case or how long standing, it is a cure to yield to our treatment as the sun is to rise. The blood is the life, the fertilizer of the human body. Our instrument forces the blood into circulation where most needed, giving strength and development to weak and lifeless parts. The Vacuum Organ Developer was first introduced in the standing armies of Europe a few years ago by the French specialist, Dr. Roussel, and its remarkable success in these countries led the Local Appliance Co. to secure the exclusive control of its sale on the Western Continent, and since its introduction into this country its remarkable cures have astonished the entire medical profession. It has restored thousands of cases pronounced incurable by physicians. It cures quickly, harmlessly, and without detection from business. Remember there is no exposure, no C.O.D. or any other scheme in our dealing with the public. Write for free literature and a booklet in plain language. LOCAL APPLIANCE COMPANY, 137 Thorpe Block, Indianapolis, Indiana.