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**EASY TERMS.**  
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**We Give Green Trading Stamps.**

**OPENING THE DOOR TO JAPAN**

**Commodore Perry's Part in Starting the Empire as a World Power.**

**PERSONAL ACCOUNT OF HISTORIC EVENTS**

**What Was Done and How it Was Done, and the Atmosphere of Oriental Diplomacy and Color Enveloping Proceedings.**

Commodore S. Nicholson, United States navy (retired), describes in Harper's Weekly the events leading to the opening of Japan to the world's trade—events in which he was a participant as navigating officer of Commodore Matthew C. Perry's flagship. He says, in part:

Through fifty-one years have passed since the arrival of the American squadron in the Bay of Yeddo, many of the scenes and incidents of our visit are still vivid in my memory. I recall in particular the "calico forts" as the men on board of our ships called them, stretching for miles along the shores, and composing an extensive series of defenses which might have been deemed formidable but for the fact that they were only painted scenery. They were, in fact, made of cotton cloth, built screen fashion, and ornamented with horizontal and vertical stripes which may have been intended to represent stone-work. By the help of our telescopes and field glasses we were able to view them close at hand, as it were—possibility that could hardly have occurred to the minds of the Japanese—and thus they failed to terrify us to any great extent.

The Bay of Yeddo is an immense sheet of water, and we thought the scenery very beautiful—the lofty and symmetrical cone of Fujiyama, Japan's sacred mountain, towering in the distance, its summit clad in snow, and the landscape dotted with picturesque villages. It was charming weather, in the month of July, 1853, and on the water were floating innumerable trading junk and other craft, including a great many government boats, some of them carrying soldiers, which looked about our ships rather menacingly. They wanted to come aboard to peep with us and doubtless to spy, but the commodore had given orders that this was not to be allowed, and to convince the Japs that the prohibition was to be taken in earnest, we made a brave show of pikes and cutlasses, with sentinels at the gangways and guns and ammunition in readiness for use. One official, I remember, came alongside and held up a big piece of paper, on which were printed some words in large letters, in French, ordering us to go away immediately.

**The Unexpected Happened.**

The Japanese had known that we were coming, but they never dreamed that we would dare to enter the Bay of Yeddo. They supposed, as a matter of course, that we would go to Nagasaki, to which port the Dutch and Russian traders were admitted under various humiliating restrictions. But the commodore, who was an exceedingly shrewd man, perceived that if he adopted such a program, he would be likely to be treated on the same basis as the other foreigners—a thing not to be endured, inasmuch as he came on a diplomatic mission, as an ambassador and the personal representative of the president of the United States.

Accordingly, we went direct to Yeddo, the capital of the country, prepared to play the biggest game of bluff imaginable. If the Japanese were exclusive, he would be equally haughty. If they told him to go away he would pay no attention; if they refused to negotiate, he would make himself, politely but firmly, so tiresome that they would be obliged to respond in some shape. Snubs would not count, because he could be equally snubby in return. While doing his best to preserve peace, he would make it manifest that he could meet force with force. All through the game he was to insist on being treated by the emperor on equal terms, and would not discuss the object of his mission with anybody who did not hold credentials as the personal representative of the monarch.

**EGGS STRICTLY FRESH—NIT**

**Litigation Brings Out New York's Source of Supply and the Age of the Article.**

Few people are aware of the venerable age of the average egg that reaches the New York market. In some litigation between an egg commission house and a wholesale egg company in Iowa, interesting facts are disclosed. The case has just been decided by the appellate division in this county.

On April 30, 1896, the plaintiff bought five cartloads of eggs from the Iowa company. These were kept in storage in Sioux City until the following winter, and the last of them did not reach this city until January 1, 1900.

commander-in-chief, but with a couple of subordinate officers, being granted to him. He was informed that the commodore bore a letter from the president of the United States to the emperor, and that it could be delivered only into the hands of a person duly authorized by the latter as his ambassador.

**Impressing the Governor.**

Naturally, the governor went away much impressed. There was some more delay, but at length the official returned with an autograph communication from the emperor, enclosed in a beautiful sandalwood box, stating that he had appointed a prince of the realm, one of his high counselors to receive the missive of President Fillmore. A date—two or three days later, I think—was set for the reception of the letter, the place appointed for the ceremony being on shore not far away, where, the governor imagined, a temporary building would be immediately erected for the purpose.

This was accomplished the first great step in the series of events which culminated in the opening of Japan to modern civilization. It was quite a wonderful thing, indeed, when one comes to think of it—considering the fact that, up to the time the island kingdom had absolutely refused to enter into any relations with other nations, save for the scanty trading privileges above mentioned. We had entered the Bay of Yeddo in defiance of the laws of the country; we were staying there against the orders of the authorities, and we had persisted in communicating with the emperor, notwithstanding the determined opposition of the government. The commodore had even gone so far as to say that, if nobody would carry his letter to the emperor, he himself, with an armed force, would take it to the city of Yeddo.

**A Dazzling Ceremony.**

The ceremony attending the transfer of the president's letter was a dazzling affair. The day, I remember, was bright, and on shore the scene was made gay by the military bands and the regiments of Japanese soldiers, in their quaint costumes, were drawn up in picturesque array. On our side no pains were spared to contribute to the occasion, as he landed, being accompanied by a considerable force of marines, and escorted by the most of the officers of the squadron in full uniform. Accompanied by his suite he entered the great wooden house which had been erected for the occasion, where, after going through many forms of oriental politeness, he placed in the hands of Prince Ieda, the emperor's representative, the gold boxes containing the letter and his own credentials, the documents being written on vellum and bound in blue velvet. The boxes were of exquisite workmanship, each of them in a rosewood casket, and were carried by two beautifully dressed boys.

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**The Second Visit.**

Before the beginning of the next year the Japanese government sent word to Commodore Perry, through the Dutch traders, that the emperor was dead. As it turned out, this was true, but our commander did not feel sure of it, and he was by no means disposed to accept the suggestion, conveyed with the message, that it would be impossible under the circumstances to renew the negotiations for a long time to come. Accordingly, early in February, 1854, we found ourselves once more in the Bay of Yeddo, our squadron on this occasion comprising eight vessels, three of which were steamers—the Pow-

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Its FICTION is by Owen Oliver, Josephine Dixon, William Farquhar Payson, Cosmo Hamilton, Sarah Guernsey Bradley, Lucia Chamberlain, Gertrude Lynch, Hartley Davis, Mary B. Mullett, etc.

Its ESSAYS are by Maurice Maeterlinck, Richard Le Gallienne, Dorothy Dix, and Alan Dale.

Its POETRY is by Duncan Campbell Scott, Arthur Ketchum, W. D. Nesbit, Theodosia Garrison and Nixon Waterman.

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**Twenty More Trips**

To the St. Louis exposition. Forty trips have already been awarded as a result of the previous "elections." There are still twenty trips for those who are ambitious to see the exposition and make the journey at the expense of The Bee. The exposition is not open yet, but when your friends come back in the summer and fall and tell you how fine it was, you will be sorry that you did not let people know that you wanted to go and get them to vote for you. A little hustling will result in

**A SPLENDID VACATION.**

Get your friends interested in the fact that you want to go and they will be glad to prepay their subscriptions and to save their coupons for you. Remember that you get 520 votes on a year's subscription in the city and 600 votes on a year's subscription in the country.

**Via the Wabash**

The reason the Wabash has been selected as the best route to the World's Fair is because it is many miles the shortest, the time is quicker and it lands passengers at its own station at the main entrance at the World's Fair grounds. It has seven distinct lines to St. Louis from all directions, so that its facilities for taking care of you are greater than that of any other road.

**Rules of the "Election"**

The ten persons receiving the largest number of votes at the close of each "election" will be furnished, at The Bee's expense, as prizes, such a the exposition.

No restrictions are placed as to where the party lives as a candidate for one of the exposition trips.

All votes must be made on coupons which will be published each day in The Bee.

Prepayment of subscriptions may be made either direct to The Bee Publishing Company or to an authorized agent of The Bee.

No votes will be counted for employees or agents of The Bee, or for those with instructions given them.

The vote from day to day will be published in all editions of The Bee.

The "elections" will close each Thursday at 2 p. m.

Votes may be deposited at the business office of The Bee or sent by mail. No votes sent by mail will be counted which are not in the Omaha postoffice for delivery at 10 a. m. on the day of closing.

Address, "Exposition Department," Omaha Bee, Omaha, Neb.

**COUPONS ON PAGE 2.**

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 cures Frostitics and Chillsains.

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 for Man, Beast or Poultry.

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 cures Cuts, Burns, Bruises.

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 heals Old Sores quickly.

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 drives out all inflammation.

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 cures Caked Udder in cows.

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 is a positive cure for Piles.