

FOLLOW THE CROWDS TO HAYDEN'S

A New Lot of Loom Ends Have Arrived Thousands of Values Remain for You

Our gigantic Manufacturer's Loom End Sale has called forth favorable comments from all sections and has won the appreciation of thousands

The multitudes of people who attended this sale on the opening day received sensational bargains and they profited greatly. There was enthusiastic buying in all departments. NO WONDER! Think of buying merchandise at about half the usual price.

We wish to announce that the remaining six days of this sale will witness the giving of values even greater than those of the opening day.

IT'S MONEY IN YOUR POCKET! COME QUICK!

This Sale Is Bringing Your Friends! HOW ABOUT YOU?

WE EXTEND AN INVITATION TO ALL TO ATTEND

The Gigantic Manufacturer's Loom End Sale

Incomparably the greatest value giving achievement of the year; presenting marvelous values in merchandise of the highest class. We'll make the closing days best.

HAYDEN'S THE RELIABLE STORE HAYDEN'S

Curious and Romantic Capers of Cupid.

Miss Myra Kelly Weds.
MISS MYRA KELLY, the New York school teacher and author, whose stories of child life in the east side of the big city brought her fame and fortune were married on the 27th inst., to Allan MacNaughton, of Seaneck, N. J.

There is something of a romance in the meeting of Miss Kelly and Mr. MacNaughton. Mr. MacNaughton had read and been captivated by Miss Kelly's stories. When a friend of his brother spoke of bringing Miss Kelly to one of the paper chases held at Cedar Ridge, his estate, Mr. MacNaughton said nothing about his desire to meet the author, but later he expressed himself in this way:

"From the first moment I began the love-making that has lasted ever since, but it's only lately that she's recognized it."

Miss Kelly was an ardent admirer of horses, and for some time she has frequently accompanied Mr. MacNaughton on his rides.

Immediately after the marriage ceremony the bride and bridegroom were driven to Cedar Ridge. Mr. MacNaughton's place comprises several hundred acres, a section of the picturesque estate of the late William Walter Phelps, formerly United States Minister to Germany. Mrs. MacNaughton will have on the estate 24 miles of drives. She is fond of driving a four-in-hand, and calls this her latest accomplishment.

Mrs. MacNaughton intends to go ahead with her literary work, using her maiden name. Before she settles down to work, though, the couple will go to Canada on a hunting trip. Then they will take a trip abroad. "Myra Kelly's" publishers have, it is said, been urging her to write an Irish novel, and she may go to Ireland with her husband during the hunting season.

long after he left. Angry letters passed between them, and soon she wrote him it was her wish that their correspondence should cease, and he consented. He was in Chicago when her letter came, but at once left there and traveled farther west. Reluctant, the wife hurried to Chicago, but found no trace of Hurlbutt. Some years later she secured a divorce on the grounds of desertion, and married Rufus Beresford, a mine owner. He died in New Mexico, leaving several properties in Montana. The widow went to Helena, Mont., and recognized her former husband at a hotel. She was a stranger to him. She engaged him to examine her properties. The friendship thus established led to love. They were married, and after the ceremony she told him her secret, and he declared he was doubly delighted.

Great Faith in Astronomers.
The faith of Roland Hartke of Madison, Ill., in the ability of astronomers to accurately forecast the eclipse of the sun on August 30 won him a bride.

For many months Hartke, who lives in Madison, has been paying assiduous court to Miss Beatrice Simpson, a pretty girl of 20 who lives in Kane, Ill. Miss Simpson agreed to marry him some time in October. Hartke begged for an earlier date, but she was obstinate. Their conversation about the eclipse changed things, Hartke suggested that they get up early on the morning of the 29th and witness the eclipse.

"Oh, I don't believe in such things," Miss Simpson B reported to have said. "You don't mean to tell me that any man can tell what is going to happen to the sun? It's all foolshness, besides, I don't want to get up so early."

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Hartke. "I'll make you a bet that the scientists are right. If they are you marry me on the day of the eclipse. If they're wrong, then I won't ask you to marry until October."

"It's a bargain," said Miss Simpson. When the big black spot appeared on the surface of Old Sol, it was hailed with delight by Hartke and looked on with awe by Miss Simpson.

"Well, you win," she said. "I didn't believe such a thing was possible."

Tersely Told Tales Both Grim and Gay

At the Telephone.
PROMINENT officer in the United States army was discussing army methods and referred to the common use of the telephone in modern warfare.

"The telephone is a great institution," he said, "but I am afraid that the famous fighters of the past would not have appreciated it. I never use one that I do not think of the description of the instrument given by an irascible army officer of my acquaintance."

"The first thing I do," he says, "after picking up the receiver is to stand in front of a hole in the wall and yell, 'Hello! I get no answer, and repeat the call. About the third time I leave off the last syllable, and the fourth time I put the last syllable first.'"—Harper's Weekly.

Thinning Out a Crowd.
The Hon. H. L. Dawes in his young manhood was an indifferent speaker. Participating in a law case, soon after his admission to the bar, before a North Adams justice of the peace, Dawes was opposed by an older attorney, whose eloquence attracted a large crowd that packed the court room.

The justice was freely perspiring and, drawing off his coat in the midst of the lawyer's eloquent address, he said:

"Mr. Attorney, supposing you sit down and let Dawes begin to speak. I want to thin this out crowd."—Boston Herald.

one. It was not exorbitant, but it was enough—a reasonable and just bill.

"The banker, though, thought otherwise. With an imprecation, he declared the bill to be an outrage."

"Why," he cried, "the operation only took you ten minutes."

"The surgeon laughed."

"Oh," he said, "if that is your only objection, the next time any of your family needs an operation I'll keep them two or three hours under the knife."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Dr. Thayer's Dilemma.
The late Dr. Henry Thayer, the founder of Thayer's laboratory in Cambridge, was on his way to his office one winter morning in the early '80s when the sidewalks were a glare of ice. While going down Main street he met a lady coming in the opposite direction. The lady was a stranger to him, although he was not unknown to her.

In trying to avoid each other on the pavement they both slipped, and came to the sidewalk facing each other, with their pedal extremities considerable entangled. While the polite doctor was debating in his mind what was the proper thing to say or do under the trying circumstances, the problem was solved by the quick witted lady, who quietly remarked:

"Doctor, if you will be good enough to rise and pick out your legs, I will take what remains."—Boston Herald.

flags, could hardly admire enough his military grace and skill.

"Oh," she said, "look, look! They're all out of step but our Jim!"—Hartford Courant.

An Unanswerable Argument.
Superintendent John Flinn of the Indian school at Chamberlain, S. D., nodded toward a prim, grave little girl.

"Sometimes," he said, "the arguments of children are unanswerable. You see that little girl with straight black hair tied with a red ribbon? Well, her name is Arrow. She is a chief's daughter. Her father and mother are quite civilized, and she is being brought up in a household as civilized as a Bostonian's."

"In argument it is sometimes impossible to get the better of her. She said to her mother one day:

"I wish I had a new doll."

"But your old doll," her mother answered, "is as good as ever."

"So am I as good as ever," little Arrow retorted, "but the doctor brought you a new baby."—New York Tribune.

Venetable Millinery.
At the recent unveiling in Ocean Grove of the bronze statue of the late Dr. E. H. Stokes, a Methodist minister said:

"I knew Mr. Stokes well, and one of the things I most admired in him was his simplicity, his modesty, his plainness. He hated affectation and vanity, even in women; and in a good humored way he would often poke fun at the freakish fashions that came up from time to time in women's dress."

"I remember one summer, when the ladies' hats were very large and a great many cherries and beans and grapes and so on covered them. Dr. Stokes went about Ocean Grove telling a hat story."

"He said there came a knock at a man's door one morning, and the man answered it, and then called upstairs to his wife:

"Ann, here is the girl with the vegetable."

"But the wife, coming down stairs hastily, called as she descended:

"Don't be silly. It's my new hat."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Huge Profits in Selling of Soda Water.

FOR a margin of clear profit on a commodity in sharp demand, perhaps the glass of soda water of the thirty summer world promises more than any other one small luxury. At a cost averaging one cent a glass, the drink of soda water sells for 5 or 10 cents, according to the fittings of the soda fountain and the confectioner's trade.

Just what this profit means in the United States is suggested by the fact that 40,000,000 pounds of liquid carbonic acid are manufactured and sold for the purpose, each pound aerating an average of seven gallons of water.

But when it is said that for 10 cents a person may buy a glass of soda water from a fountain costing \$20.00, while thousands of fountains averaging \$2,000 to \$5,000 in value the country over sell the product at 5 cents a glass, these figures are calculated to set the possible adventurer into the business to a sober second thought.

Within a few years, however, the soda water industry in the United States has assumed proportions that are likely to cast a shadow on the nation's bill for alcoholic drinks. Starting as a drug store annex, with a reputation for exerting a mildly medicinal effect upon the system, the glass of soda water has grown in popularity and in case and cheapness of manufacture until there is no town or village too poor and underpopulated to cater to the thirsty stranger, and in the heart of the Broadway business district of New York's single firm has put in a fountain costing more than \$20,000.

The soda water man in his several capacities has evolved in the larger cities, and his numbers entitle him almost to an artisan classification. In many drug stores all over the country the soda water fountain runs the year round, and the soda clerks may outnumber the registered pharmacists two to one, especially in the summer seasons. The drug store that once got its revenues from the prescription case almost altogether not infrequently has had its old trade wiped out in favor of soda water and ice cream patrons, leading up to the fountain, which as a manufactory and ornamental service fixture is the feature of the store, costing \$2,000 to \$10,000 as a first investment.

Just as the soda fountain has become popular in the drug stores the consumers' numbers have grown until the fountain has become the focus of the confectioner's and at least an adjunct to the corner fruiterer's, some of whom sell the carbonated drink at 1 cent a glass.

In the placing of soda fountains the chief item of cost lies in the degree of elaborateness shown in the upper fountain. Between a fountain that costs \$3,000 and the one costing \$20,000 there is little difference in mechanism below the level of the floors. But in the \$20,000 fountain in New York the onyx front measures forty feet in length, with a height of ten feet, while the distribution of carving, of art glass, silver, and electric light effects makes the fountain front one of the most striking features of an already elaborate scheme of decoration.

Fifty dollars will buy a soda water fountain and the plant necessary to furnish it with a palatable drink, the type most frequently in use in the small fruit stores. For \$200 a good, economical soda fountain may be bought, though \$200 for such an outfit comes nearer the average cost.

The evolution of the soda fountain has brought into its trade the confectioner as well as the druggist. Already making ice turn to soda water. The ice cream soda, however, is easy for the confectioner to make and its popularity has tended to link the confectionery business with the soda fountain, for the opening of a refreshment room in connection with his counter trade offers many inducements for one who can equip and manage such a place in a way to draw trade. Whether in the country or city a well conducted place of the kind draws patronage in summer or winter, serving cold drinks in summer and hot drinks in winter.

Considering the salaries workers at the soda water plant in the cities a good man for a responsible place in an establishment draws from \$15 to \$25, sometimes \$30 a week. The economical administration of the soda water plant means a good deal in final profits, and where larger fountains are used there are chances for saving by which the adept may save more than a single clerk's salary.—Chicago Tribune.