

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER
VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR
THE BEE PUBLISHING COMPANY, PROPRIETOR
Entered at Omaha postoffice as second-class matter.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
Daily and Sunday... \$4.00
Daily without Sunday... \$3.00
Evening and Sunday... \$4.00
Evening without Sunday... \$3.00
Sunday Bee only... \$2.00

REMITTANCE.
By draft, express or postal order. Only 2-cent stamps taken in payment of small accounts.

OFFICES.
Omaha—The Bee Building
South Omaha—211 N. Street
Council Bluffs—14 North Main street.

CORRESPONDENCE.
Address communications relating to news and editorial matter to Omaha Bee, Editorial Department.

MAY CIRCULATION.
57,852 Daily—Sunday 52,748
Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing company, being duly sworn, says that the average circulation for the month of May, 1916, was 57,852 daily and 52,748 Sunday.

Subscribers leaving the city temporarily should have The Bee mailed to them. Address will be changed as often as requested.

It is always in order to boost for Omaha!
No matter how the score stands, root for the home team!

Still it is quite usual in a fight for each to accuse the other fellow of starting it.

The latent fighting spirit of the United States needs but a just cause to spring into action.

Give credit to whom credit is due. Carranza supplied the pep for American preparedness.

The growing harmony among reunited Nebraska republicans is plainly distasteful to the democratic "pie-biters" and their spokesmen.

Wisconsin progressives are the latest recruits to the republican fold. Harmony grows with the hours, because national safety demands it.

One Missouri militia company enrolls twelve preachers, all Baptists. Which goes to show that Mexico is still attractive as a missionary field.

After all, it is not the prospect of honor and glory that draws guardsmen to active service. Duty has the first call, others follow where duty leads.

Once more the Japanese scare-crow rises above the cacti of Mexico for the amusement of Americans. We can't lose it while the saving sense of humor abides.

The latest word from Villa, pictures the elusive bandit growing whiskers. If the report be true, all hope of reconciling him with the Wilson administration must be abandoned.

The greetings sent by the republican state committee to the national standard-bearers of the party reflect the sentiment of the rank and file in Nebraska—and no dissent.

A number of ambitious cities, besides Omaha and Lincoln, have movements under way to exert pressure on the railroads for new passenger depots. If Omaha cannot present as good a case as any of them, the others must be in a bad way.

What is Governor Morehead going to do about his chief food and oil inspector brandishing his official club to make everybody subject to his displeasure "come through" with a constitutional amendment to insulate him six more years on the payroll?

It is evident from the facts in the case, that the weather man and the grocers and butchers agreed to an armistice enabling the latter to bring home the remains of the picnic before the rain tanks tilted. The incident insures a year of peaceful conversation.

Did you notice that, when "called" for its "huckleberry" fake, the World-Herald never peeped. That imaginary Omaha republican resorting to the columns of a democratic organ masked behind the name of "Berry" to proclaim his intention to vote for Wilson coupled with the declaration that he knows "a lot of republicans" of the same mind simply does not exist. If there were any such person, he would have been trotted out.

Double Tracks and Double Depots.
The traveling men are now agitating a question that is bound to become vexatious for the railroads before it is settled unless the transportation companies beat the public to it and give the relief sought because it has been suggested. It is a matter of safety first, and has to do with depots at stations where double track lines are used. The traveling men would like to have matters so arranged that passengers will not be compelled to cross tracks to get on trains. Several methods by which this may be accomplished have been suggested, and one of them will doubtless be forced upon the railroads in time. The problem applies to all the stations where trains are stopped on more than one track, and has in it elements that appeal for support. The railroad companies have given much attention to the prevention of accidents in other ways, and it is not unreasonable to expect that they will safeguard life around their passenger stations as far as is humanly possible.

The Music Publishers' Association of the United States in solemn convention lament the inhumanity of the war, which forces them to strike high notes in the price list. No matter in what direction ears are turned it is impossible to detect a note of discord in the swelling uplift chorus, or vision the quiver of a lid as producers berate the war while extending their reach.

Russia's 1916 model gas motors possess a trajectory range of three miles and one whiff spells death. The inventors of gas as a weapon of war stand a first-class chance of testing their own treatment.

Effect of the "War" on Congress.
One result of the present war scare is shown in its effect on congress, where preparations for national defense have been speeded up very materially by reason of the likelihood of conflict. The Hay army bill, that was hailed by "deserving democrats" as perfect in all its details, is now being amended to embody provisions insisted upon by the republicans when it was going through. Principal of the amendments to the law will be a provision to "federalize" the National Guard, which means that the "forty-eight little armies" are to be made into one great army for the nation's uses, and that the deadening pressure of state's rights will be removed from the service. The navy bill, fortunately not enacted into law, is being changed in the senate to embody the recommendations of the general board, and thus to give the country a program for building that promises adequacy instead of temporizing with a serious situation. The probability now is strong that circumstances will compel the democrats to redeem finally their violated promises to provide for the reasonable defense of the nation.

Bait for the Bull Moose.
In view of the proclaimed purpose of the democratic political yardmasters to spare no effort to round up and corral all the stray bull moose who can be brought into the Wilson fold, the prepared statement given out by "Brother Charley" Bryan, on his return from the St. Louis convention to assume his duties as mayor of Lincoln, is especially interesting. He says:

"The democratic national platform and candidates offer the only logical resting place for the progressive republicans who were betrayed at Chicago by the man they looked to as their Moses, the late bull moose leader, Theodore Roosevelt."

This, doubtless, reflects the real attitude of the democrats, but is it the kind of bait on which the bull moose will bite? Will branding Colonel Roosevelt as a "traitor" make his former followers enthusiastically embrace Woodrow Wilson and consort with the democratic donkey? Judging from the manifestations, the sudden love of the democrats for the bull moosers is so intense that it is painful.

Live Stock Growers Are Awake.
Resolutions adopted by the Nebraska Live Stock Growers' association at its Alliance gathering, indicate that the members of that organization are keenly alive and progressively active in furthering the best interests of their industry. The subjects treated of in the resolutions pertain exclusively to the live stock industry, and only touch the public indirectly, but they serve as an illustration of the change that has come over the business of cattle raising and the producing of meat animals within a few years. The cowboy followed the buffalo into limbo, and the homesteader made a checkerboard of the range with his barbed wire, but the "cattle baron" met the situation and readjusted his methods to the end that his business, while not so extensive as to landscape or "book count," is far more stable because it is on a more substantial basis. Conditions that threatened have been turned to service, and intelligent direction has given to the live stock industry such standing as it never could have attained under the bygone regime. Nebraska's interests in the business is far greater than is generally understood. On the first of January last, the value of the cattle in the state, exclusive of milch cows, was more than \$85,000,000, while the swine then on the farms of the state were valued at above \$42,000,000. This shows what an important factor in the state's wealth and prosperity cattle and hogs have become.

Wilson's Undivided Responsibility.
In another column of this page The Bee gives space to a most interesting review of the Mexican situation written for the Louisville Courier-Journal by Colonel Henry Watterson in his characteristically forceful language. Not that we want to be understood as approving or concurring in his interpretation of the succession of events in Mexico, or the conclusions he draws from them, but his survey takes a broad sweep that is certainly invigorating. One assertion, in particular, however, calls for contradiction, being repetition of the groundless charge that Wilson "inherited" his Mexican troubles from Taft when the truth is that the revolution that deposed Madero took place on February 18 and the Madero assassination on February 23, 1913, but ten days before President Wilson assumed his office and President Taft was particular to hold everything growing out of this situation in abeyance in order not to forestall or complicate any policy which President Wilson might purpose to adopt. What Wilson inherited from Taft, therefore, was a perfectly free hand in Mexico and by no perversion of the facts can blame for Wilson's blunders be unloaded upon his republican predecessor. Whatever anyone else might or might not have done under the same circumstances, President Wilson must take the full responsibility for his conduct, or rather misconduct, of our Mexican affair.

One on the Surgeon.
This scene is staged 3,000 miles away, but it can be performed anywhere with modern costumes:
Velvepe, the great French surgeon, successfully performed a serious operation on a little child. The mother, overjoyed, called at the surgeon's office and said:

"Monsieur, my child's life is saved, and I do not know how to express my gratitude to you. Allow me, however, to present to you this pocket-book embroidered by my own hands."

The great surgeon smiled sarcastically. "Madam," he said, "my art is not merely a matter of feeling. My life has its necessities, like yours. Allow me, therefore, to decline your charming present and to request some more substantial remuneration."

"But, monsieur," asked the woman, "what remuneration do you desire?"

"Five thousand francs."

The woman quietly opened the pocketbook, which contained five of them, and politely handing them to the amazed physician, retired with the remainder.—Pittsburgh Post.

Hot Stuff.
A clergyman was very fond of a particularly hot brand of pickles, and, finding great difficulty in procuring the same stuff at hotels when traveling, always carried a bottle with him.

One day, when dining at a restaurant with his pickles in front of him, a stranger sat down at the same table, and pretty soon asked the minister to pass the pickles. The divine, who enjoyed a joke, politely passed the pickles, and in a few seconds had the satisfaction of seeing the stranger watering at the eyes and gasping for breath.

"I see by your dress," said the man, when he had recovered, "that you are a parson."

"I am, sir."

"I suppose you preach?"

"Yes, about twice a week usually."

"Do you ever preach about hell fire?" inquired the stranger.

"Why, yes. Sometimes I deem it my duty to remind my congregation of eternal punishment."

"I thought so," said the stranger, "but you are the first of your class I have ever met who carried samples."—Harper's Weekly.

Silent but Eloquent.
Otto H. Kahn, who has given his estate in England as a home for blind soldiers, was talking about the horrors of war.

"The other day," he said, "two men on a Hoboken pier saw a huge cargo of wooden legs being loaded on a steamer for shipment to Europe."

"Those wooden legs," said the first man, "are a mighty eloquent argument against war, are they not?"

"Yes," the other man agreed, "they're what you might call stump speeches."—New York Sun.

Suspicious Parent.
C. J. Faulkner, counsel for Chicago meat packers in their conscription suit against the British government, said at a recent dinner:

"Traders could get on better if the British were not so suspicious. They doubt everybody. They are like the father—only more so."

"A father, in a deathlike silence, called downstairs to his daughter, solemnly:

"Hannah, what time is it?"

"A pause, and Hannah answered:

"It's just a quarter after 10, father."

"All right," the father said, "and, Hannah, don't forget to start the clock again after the young man goes out to get his breakfast."—Washington Star.

Watterson on Mexico

It is not true, as in his recent vociferous campaign for the presidential nomination Theodore Roosevelt insisted, that Woodrow Wilson is responsible for all the evils that have come to pass in Mexico. Some of them he inherited from Taft. Others were unescapable. But it is true that the policy of "watchful waiting," whatever may be said in its favor, bred first and last many misadventures. It was a blunder in the first place. It was pursued too long. The trouble was that the Wilsonian altruism had bit off "mor" it could chew.

There is no good crying over spilled milk. Nor has the Courier-Journal a disposition to twit the president with "I told you so." Its one aim now is to strengthen his hand and support his better-late-than-never change of policy from one of indecision to one of thoroughness.

There will never be stability of government in Mexico and good neighborhood on the border until the government of the United States takes the bull by the horns and addresses itself to the work of setting up the one and revising the other. The Rio Grande has never been a fit line of frontier. We must go to the mountains. Arizona and New Mexico must be extended across Sonora to the sea. We need Lower California and Magdalena bay in our business, and they are of small, if any, value to the Mexicans, whose territory is far too large for them to govern, even if they had the capacity for self-government. In short, not before we take over the country, as we took over the Philippines, with a view to its complete recreation and future development, will Mexico be worth living in. We do not mean or wish to rob the Mexicans. We are willing to pay for whatever we acquire. The sum would put Mexico out of debt, and, if meanwhile we suppressed brigandage and established order, the new regime could start on its way rejoicing, happy at home and trusted abroad, no longer a land of political volcanoes, steeped in ignorance and degradation.

Truly we look upon the war before us with solicitude and sorrow. It is lamentable that we must go to war. But even the pacifists at any price are bound to see that it is not only inevitable as to Mexico, but that the rule of the survival of the fittest has not yet ceased to play its part in mundane affairs. Everywhere it is still force against force. The millennium is nowhere in sight.

Nothing is left us to do but make the war so vigorous that it will be short. We should send an army to Vera Cruz at once. Whilst Funston, Pershing & Co., are blazing the way along the old Zachary Taylor line of Wood, Scott, Bell & Co., should take up the old Winfield Scott line, repeating in 1916 the history of 1848. The president can only make good the shortcomings of his "watchful waiting" by getting a move on now and showing that he is neither a "mollycoddle" nor a "pussyfoot," but a leader of men, and brave men, equal to a momentous situation, and also a mighty duty and transcendent opportunity.

So, the Courier-Journal, neither in wrath nor in glee, but in solemn earnest, cries up with the flag, sound the bold anthem, and may the God of battles decide the wisdom and the justice of the issue of life or death!

Twice Told Tales

Wilson's Undivided Responsibility.
In another column of this page The Bee gives space to a most interesting review of the Mexican situation written for the Louisville Courier-Journal by Colonel Henry Watterson in his characteristically forceful language. Not that we want to be understood as approving or concurring in his interpretation of the succession of events in Mexico, or the conclusions he draws from them, but his survey takes a broad sweep that is certainly invigorating. One assertion, in particular, however, calls for contradiction, being repetition of the groundless charge that Wilson "inherited" his Mexican troubles from Taft when the truth is that the revolution that deposed Madero took place on February 18 and the Madero assassination on February 23, 1913, but ten days before President Wilson assumed his office and President Taft was particular to hold everything growing out of this situation in abeyance in order not to forestall or complicate any policy which President Wilson might purpose to adopt. What Wilson inherited from Taft, therefore, was a perfectly free hand in Mexico and by no perversion of the facts can blame for Wilson's blunders be unloaded upon his republican predecessor. Whatever anyone else might or might not have done under the same circumstances, President Wilson must take the full responsibility for his conduct, or rather misconduct, of our Mexican affair.

One on the Surgeon.
This scene is staged 3,000 miles away, but it can be performed anywhere with modern costumes:
Velvepe, the great French surgeon, successfully performed a serious operation on a little child. The mother, overjoyed, called at the surgeon's office and said:

"Monsieur, my child's life is saved, and I do not know how to express my gratitude to you. Allow me, however, to present to you this pocket-book embroidered by my own hands."

The great surgeon smiled sarcastically. "Madam," he said, "my art is not merely a matter of feeling. My life has its necessities, like yours. Allow me, therefore, to decline your charming present and to request some more substantial remuneration."

"But, monsieur," asked the woman, "what remuneration do you desire?"

"Five thousand francs."

The woman quietly opened the pocketbook, which contained five of them, and politely handing them to the amazed physician, retired with the remainder.—Pittsburgh Post.

Hot Stuff.
A clergyman was very fond of a particularly hot brand of pickles, and, finding great difficulty in procuring the same stuff at hotels when traveling, always carried a bottle with him.

One day, when dining at a restaurant with his pickles in front of him, a stranger sat down at the same table, and pretty soon asked the minister to pass the pickles. The divine, who enjoyed a joke, politely passed the pickles, and in a few seconds had the satisfaction of seeing the stranger watering at the eyes and gasping for breath.

"I see by your dress," said the man, when he had recovered, "that you are a parson."

"I am, sir."

"I suppose you preach?"

"Yes, about twice a week usually."

"Do you ever preach about hell fire?" inquired the stranger.

"Why, yes. Sometimes I deem it my duty to remind my congregation of eternal punishment."

"I thought so," said the stranger, "but you are the first of your class I have ever met who carried samples."—Harper's Weekly.

Silent but Eloquent.
Otto H. Kahn, who has given his estate in England as a home for blind soldiers, was talking about the horrors of war.

"The other day," he said, "two men on a Hoboken pier saw a huge cargo of wooden legs being loaded on a steamer for shipment to Europe."

"Those wooden legs," said the first man, "are a mighty eloquent argument against war, are they not?"

"Yes," the other man agreed, "they're what you might call stump speeches."—New York Sun.

Suspicious Parent.
C. J. Faulkner, counsel for Chicago meat packers in their conscription suit against the British government, said at a recent dinner:

"Traders could get on better if the British were not so suspicious. They doubt everybody. They are like the father—only more so."

"A father, in a deathlike silence, called downstairs to his daughter, solemnly:

"Hannah, what time is it?"

"A pause, and Hannah answered:

"It's just a quarter after 10, father."

"All right," the father said, "and, Hannah, don't forget to start the clock again after the young man goes out to get his breakfast."—Washington Star.

Watterson on Mexico

It is not true, as in his recent vociferous campaign for the presidential nomination Theodore Roosevelt insisted, that Woodrow Wilson is responsible for all the evils that have come to pass in Mexico. Some of them he inherited from Taft. Others were unescapable. But it is true that the policy of "watchful waiting," whatever may be said in its favor, bred first and last many misadventures. It was a blunder in the first place. It was pursued too long. The trouble was that the Wilsonian altruism had bit off "mor" it could chew.

There is no good crying over spilled milk. Nor has the Courier-Journal a disposition to twit the president with "I told you so." Its one aim now is to strengthen his hand and support his better-late-than-never change of policy from one of indecision to one of thoroughness.

There will never be stability of government in Mexico and good neighborhood on the border until the government of the United States takes the bull by the horns and addresses itself to the work of setting up the one and revising the other. The Rio Grande has never been a fit line of frontier. We must go to the mountains. Arizona and New Mexico must be extended across Sonora to the sea. We need Lower California and Magdalena bay in our business, and they are of small, if any, value to the Mexicans, whose territory is far too large for them to govern, even if they had the capacity for self-government. In short, not before we take over the country, as we took over the Philippines, with a view to its complete recreation and future development, will Mexico be worth living in. We do not mean or wish to rob the Mexicans. We are willing to pay for whatever we acquire. The sum would put Mexico out of debt, and, if meanwhile we suppressed brigandage and established order, the new regime could start on its way rejoicing, happy at home and trusted abroad, no longer a land of political volcanoes, steeped in ignorance and degradation.

Truly we look upon the war before us with solicitude and sorrow. It is lamentable that we must go to war. But even the pacifists at any price are bound to see that it is not only inevitable as to Mexico, but that the rule of the survival of the fittest has not yet ceased to play its part in mundane affairs. Everywhere it is still force against force. The millennium is nowhere in sight.

Nothing is left us to do but make the war so vigorous that it will be short. We should send an army to Vera Cruz at once. Whilst Funston, Pershing & Co., are blazing the way along the old Zachary Taylor line of Wood, Scott, Bell & Co., should take up the old Winfield Scott line, repeating in 1916 the history of 1848. The president can only make good the shortcomings of his "watchful waiting" by getting a move on now and showing that he is neither a "mollycoddle" nor a "pussyfoot," but a leader of men, and brave men, equal to a momentous situation, and also a mighty duty and transcendent opportunity.

So, the Courier-Journal, neither in wrath nor in glee, but in solemn earnest, cries up with the flag, sound the bold anthem, and may the God of battles decide the wisdom and the justice of the issue of life or death!

Twice Told Tales

Wilson's Undivided Responsibility.
In another column of this page The Bee gives space to a most interesting review of the Mexican situation written for the Louisville Courier-Journal by Colonel Henry Watterson in his characteristically forceful language. Not that we want to be understood as approving or concurring in his interpretation of the succession of events in Mexico, or the conclusions he draws from them, but his survey takes a broad sweep that is certainly invigorating. One assertion, in particular, however, calls for contradiction, being repetition of the groundless charge that Wilson "inherited" his Mexican troubles from Taft when the truth is that the revolution that deposed Madero took place on February 18 and the Madero assassination on February 23, 1913, but ten days before President Wilson assumed his office and President Taft was particular to hold everything growing out of this situation in abeyance in order not to forestall or complicate any policy which President Wilson might purpose to adopt. What Wilson inherited from Taft, therefore, was a perfectly free hand in Mexico and by no perversion of the facts can blame for Wilson's blunders be unloaded upon his republican predecessor. Whatever anyone else might or might not have done under the same circumstances, President Wilson must take the full responsibility for his conduct, or rather misconduct, of our Mexican affair.

One on the Surgeon.
This scene is staged 3,000 miles away, but it can be performed anywhere with modern costumes:
Velvepe, the great French surgeon, successfully performed a serious operation on a little child. The mother, overjoyed, called at the surgeon's office and said:

"Monsieur, my child's life is saved, and I do not know how to express my gratitude to you. Allow me, however, to present to you this pocket-book embroidered by my own hands."

The great surgeon smiled sarcastically. "Madam," he said, "my art is not merely a matter of feeling. My life has its necessities, like yours. Allow me, therefore, to decline your charming present and to request some more substantial remuneration."

"But, monsieur," asked the woman, "what remuneration do you desire?"

"Five thousand francs."

The woman quietly opened the pocketbook, which contained five of them, and politely handing them to the amazed physician, retired with the remainder.—Pittsburgh Post.

Hot Stuff.
A clergyman was very fond of a particularly hot brand of pickles, and, finding great difficulty in procuring the same stuff at hotels when traveling, always carried a bottle with him.

One day, when dining at a restaurant with his pickles in front of him, a stranger sat down at the same table, and pretty soon asked the minister to pass the pickles. The divine, who enjoyed a joke, politely passed the pickles, and in a few seconds had the satisfaction of seeing the stranger watering at the eyes and gasping for breath.

"I see by your dress," said the man, when he had recovered, "that you are a parson."

"I am, sir."

"I suppose you preach?"

"Yes, about twice a week usually."

"Do you ever preach about hell fire?" inquired the stranger.

"Why, yes. Sometimes I deem it my duty to remind my congregation of eternal punishment."

"I thought so," said the stranger, "but you are the first of your class I have ever met who carried samples."—Harper's Weekly.

Silent but Eloquent.
Otto H. Kahn, who has given his estate in England as a home for blind soldiers, was talking about the horrors of war.

"The other day," he said, "two men on a Hoboken pier saw a huge cargo of wooden legs being loaded on a steamer for shipment to Europe."

"Those wooden legs," said the first man, "are a mighty eloquent argument against war, are they not?"

"Yes," the other man agreed, "they're what you might call stump speeches."—New York Sun.

Suspicious Parent.
C. J. Faulkner, counsel for Chicago meat packers in their conscription suit against the British government, said at a recent dinner:

"Traders could get on better if the British were not so suspicious. They doubt everybody. They are like the father—only more so."

"A father, in a deathlike silence, called downstairs to his daughter, solemnly:

"Hannah, what time is it?"

"A pause, and Hannah answered:

"It's just a quarter after 10, father."

"All right," the father said, "and, Hannah, don't forget to start the clock again after the young man goes out to get his breakfast."—Washington Star.

Store Hours: 8:30 A. M. to 5 P. M.—Saturday till 9 P. M.

BURGESS-NASH COMPANY. "EVERYBODY'S STORE"

Friday, June 23, 1916. STORE NEWS FOR SATURDAY. Phone D. 137.

YES, SIR!

Men's Smart "Pinch Back" NORFOLK SUITS, Here Saturday at \$16.50

That Were \$20 and \$22.50

YOU know the smartly stylish, belted back, snug fitting suits with the college air and the custom-tailored look. Yes, it's a fact, staid business men who stay young are wearing them; there'll hardly be a young fellow who wants to be "it" this year that will do without, especially when

Burgess-Nash Standard Can be had at \$16.50.

The picture tells a style story. It will satisfy your sense of completeness to come here and feast your eyes on a big, broad selection of suits in all the good styles, strictly hand tailored throughout, at \$16.50.

Men's Palm Beach Suits \$7.50 to \$10

Genuine Palm Beach, also cool cloth coats and pants, plain or pinch back, extra well tailored, perfect fitting and shape-retaining.

Men's Straw Hats Saturday, \$1.45

THEY'RE sample hats, secured from several of the best hat manufacturers in the country. Sennits, split braids, etc.; wide selection of styles; hats that are usually priced to \$3.00, for \$1.45.

Men's Panama Hats, \$5 to \$10

Genuine South American panamas, the most representative showing in the city.

Men's Golf Hats Men's Golf Caps
Natural green under band, very new, at \$1.00. Also for tennis, motoring and sports, 50c to \$2.50.

Featuring a Group of MEN'S "IDEAL" SHIRTS Road Samples That Are the Usual Values at \$1.50, for \$1

You'll really be surprised at the splendid line and range of patterns offered to you Saturday at this price. They are salesmen's samples from which they took their orders for shirts to retail to \$1.50 each. These have been added to our regular line for Saturday at \$1.

Men's Silk Shirts, \$3.45, \$5.00, \$6.50, \$7.50 and \$8.50.

A most complete line from which to make your selection. You'll appreciate the display as well as the values.

"President" Athletic Union Suits, 65c

Made of good quality pajama check nainsook, closed crotch, sizes 34 to 46. Saturday, 65c.

Genuine Poroskit Union Suits, 69c

Euru and white, slightly imperfect, long and short sleeves, ankle length and three-quarter inseams. Saturday at 69c.

Men's Linen Initial Handkerchiefs, 19c

Entire cleanup of a large factory. Hardly any two alike, usually retail to 50c; not a handkerchief in the lot worth less than 25c. Saturday at 19c.

Men's Hose, Usually to 35c, for 12 1/2c

Saturday we will place on sale a quantity of men's half hose in lises, fibre and silk; samples, odd lots and broken lines. Were to 35c, at pair, 12 1/2c.

Men's Wash Neckwear, 12 1/2c, 25c, 33 1/2c and 50c

Big lines to select from in tubulars and made Dejoivilles, at 12 1/2c, 25c, 33 1-3c and 50c.

Men's Bathing Suits, 59c to \$4.98