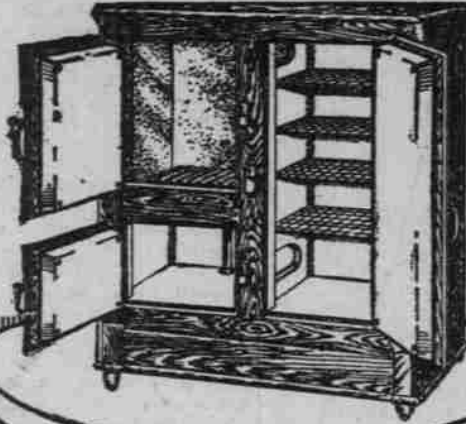


Use
Your
Credit



Here Is That Famous Refrigerator With the Seamless Dish-Like Lining, the Genuine Leonard Cleanable, Porcelain Lined

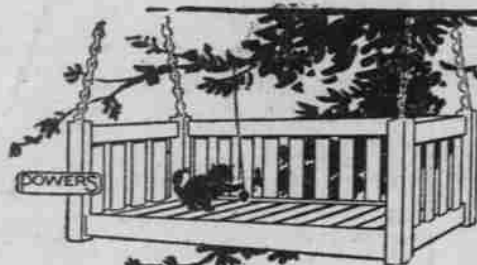
Lining all in one piece—with round corners brought clear to the front. The pride of every housekeeper—do not confuse this wonderful sanitary lining with paint enamel or porcelain lining put on in sheets and the joints filled with cement. The Leonard Cleanable is made with a one-piece porcelain lining—smooth, pure, white, everlasting. Just like a piece of china, except that it is unbreakable. This porcelain you cannot possibly scratch, even with a knife blade.

It Has No Cracks or Crevices
In which grease or germs may collect. It is the most sanitary, the highest-grade refrigerator built today, yet costs no more than many makes of inferior quality.

We Are Exclusive Leonard Dealers

This Week—Big Refrigerator Special

Our \$15.50 model offered in a six days' sale. Case is made of hardwood, lined with galvanized steel, case trimmed with extra grade hardware. Case measures 29 inches in width and 39 inches in height. Not a Leonard—but a good quality refrigerator. **\$9.95**



Porch Swings

In Five or Six-Foot Lengths, Regular \$16.50 Value, This Week

\$12.95

These Swings are built of heavy square stock with heavy posts and wide slat fillers. They are constructed to withstand outdoor weather and are finished golden. You have your choice of either the five or six-foot lengths, complete with chains, at this very unusual price.

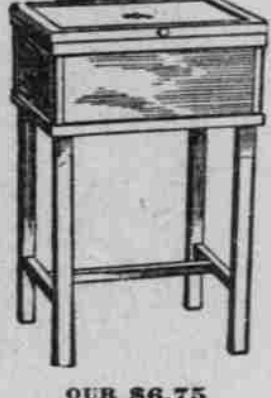


Two Remarkable Carriage Values

Our \$25.75 Reed Carriage, with reed hood, nicely upholstered interior that has been specially priced for the week. It is fitted with large rubber-tired wheels, soft spring gear and low flaring push bars. It is remarkable value at..... **\$18.90**



Our special "Loom-woven" carriage in ivory new under the sun, and tell him I want to see him." "Yes, very good, sir," said Ascanius. "Right away, sir, but what's his other name, sir?" "That's what I want to find out myself," said Priam. "I don't know who he is, where he is, or when he was, but I have a rather nice specimen of a flea to put in his ear for having made any such absurd remark as that." "Very good, sir, I'm off, sir," said Ascanius, making a bee-line for the door. "What's the big idea, Priam?" queried Homer. "You're not going to write a topical song about that flea, are you? Something like: O tra-la-loo, There's nothing new, There's nothing beneath the sun." "Well, no, I hadn't any such notion in my mind," said Priam. "But if the saying were true it would make a good one. I should say it would," chortled Shakespeare. "Wouldn't mind tackling the job myself in this strain, perhaps: 'Old Bill he thought himself, The only jam-pot on the shelf. And sang, O tra-la-lee— Since Time began long years ago, And mortal life began to flow, There's not been such a ME! I am the first of all my kind Search every age and you'll not find On land or on the sea, On earth, in air, Or anywhere, Another one like ME!' And Bill was thinking in the dark, He'd clean forgot the hungry Shark; And losing sight of his own shape, Completely overlooked the Ape; And never dreamed that in mere sin Beelzebub was his own Twin; And that for things of murderous strain He was the Duplicate of Cain; That Ananias long before, His very self-same laurels wore, And name and reputation won Along the lines that Bill has run— Yet 'tis a fact, Far to exact, There's nothing new beneath the sun— Alas how true, There's nothing new, There's nothing new beneath the sun!" "That's not bad for an impromptu," said Homer, "written thirty or forty times, and set to music by the composer of Salome, and sung by a Swarth Tenor who has lost his voice, it might get by."



OUR \$6.75
Ivory
Knitting
Stands
\$3.15

An unusual offering in an ivory decorated knitting stand. Has lift top, an interior lined with pretty cretonne. Big value.

You May Buy This VICTROLA IV for 50c Cash—50c a Week

\$22.50



Just an illustration of Powers' convenient credit terms. We are exclusive Victrola dealers and show at all times the various models produced by the Victrola Company—always a complete stock of records on hand.

We Charge No Interest

A Remarkable Showing of Ivory Reed Summer Furniture

Inviting Reed pieces for the interior or out of doors that will greatly impress you. Designs in cretonne or others upholstered that will meet your every want. Our main floor is really an exposition of beautiful pieces in reed for summer use.



Use Your Credit

30-lb. Silk Floss Mattresses

In Special Grade Art Tick **\$23.90**

The most exceptional silk floss mattress we ever owned—both in quality of material and ticking. Built with De Luxe tufting and four rows imperial stitched edges. A ticking of superior quality covering 30 pounds of pure silk floss.

Use Your Credit

Delivered to Your Home for \$21 Cash—\$3.25 a Week



This 10-Piece Queen Anne Suite In American Walnut Finish \$215

All of the ten pieces are exact reproductions of famous master-pieces. The buffet, which is a beautiful example of cabinet work, is 54 inches in width. The china closet, also a most artistically designed piece, measures 46 inches. The dining table, which is a true reproduction of the Queen Anne, is 48 inches in diameter. The five dining chairs and the one arm chair exactly match the balance of the suite and are fitted with genuine leather slip seats. This is by far the best quality suite we have to show at a like price.

Buffet, \$49.75; Table, \$39.50; China Closet, \$41.50; Side Table, \$19.75; Chairs, \$9.75; Carver, \$15.75

Genuine Cowhide Leather Bags

17 and 18-Inch Size **\$6.95**

Genuine Cowhide Leather Bags at this price are unusual these days. These bags have sewed-in leather corners, fit catches and are prettily lined.

We Charge No Interest

Folding Hardwood Child's Swings

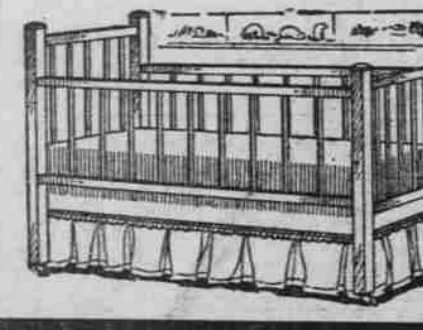
\$3.15

Made to sell for \$5.50. Portable folding swings for porch or lawn that can be used on the porch or lawn or in the home. Folds very compactly when not in use.

Pretty All-Oak Plant Stands

Very Special **\$1.15**

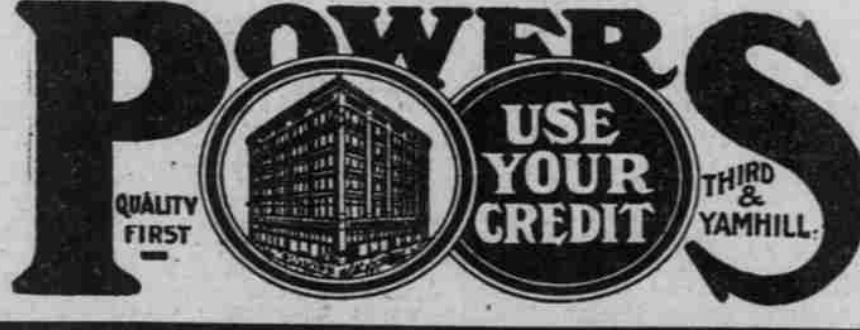
Just 72 of these excellent plant stands in solid oak to sell at this special price. They have 10-inch square tops with lower cross braces and are built on mission lines. The regular value is considerably more than the price asked.



White or Ivory Wood Cribs

\$6.90

Built of square stock smoothly enameled, fitted with non-rattling fabric spring, Simmons' quality.

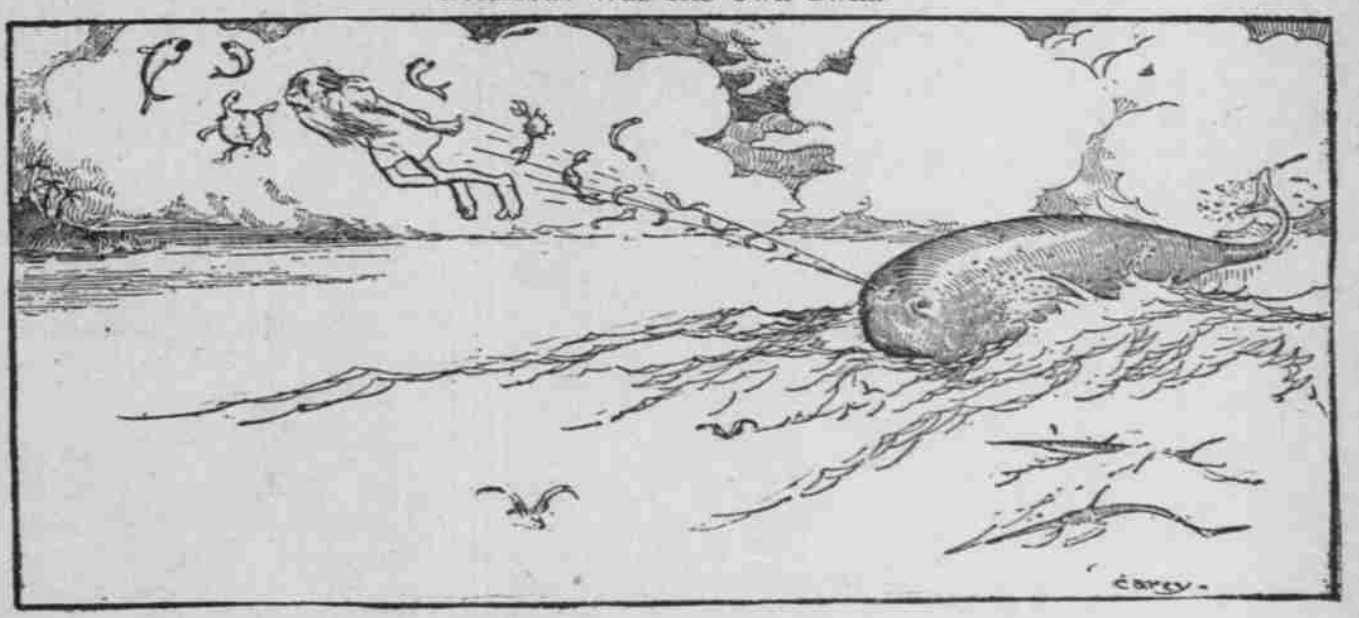


AT THE HOUSEBOAT ON THE STYX—The Antiquity of the New

Reported by Wireless to John Kendrick Bangs
(Copyright, 1918, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)



Beelzebub Was His Own Twin.



I Named Him Standard Doyle—He Was Such a Gusher.

"BOY," said Priam, as he sat in the library of the House-Boat on the Styx, addressing the youthful Ascanius as he passed through, "the man who said there's nothing new under the sun, and tell him I want to see him."

"Yes, very good, sir," said Ascanius. "Right away, sir, but what's his other name, sir?"

"That's what I want to find out myself," said Priam. "I don't know who he is, where he is, or when he was, but I have a rather nice specimen of a flea to put in his ear for having made any such absurd remark as that."

"Very good, sir, I'm off, sir," said Ascanius, making a bee-line for the door.

"What's the big idea, Priam?" queried Homer. "You're not going to write a topical song about that flea, are you? Something like: O tra-la-loo, There's nothing new, There's nothing beneath the sun."

"Well, no, I hadn't any such notion in my mind," said Priam. "But if the saying were true it would make a good one. I should say it would," chortled Shakespeare. "Wouldn't mind tackling the job myself in this strain, perhaps: 'Old Bill he thought himself, The only jam-pot on the shelf. And sang, O tra-la-lee— Since Time began long years ago, And mortal life began to flow, There's not been such a ME! I am the first of all my kind Search every age and you'll not find On land or on the sea, On earth, in air, Or anywhere, Another one like ME!' And Bill was thinking in the dark, He'd clean forgot the hungry Shark; And losing sight of his own shape, Completely overlooked the Ape; And never dreamed that in mere sin Beelzebub was his own Twin; And that for things of murderous strain He was the Duplicate of Cain; That Ananias long before, His very self-same laurels wore, And name and reputation won Along the lines that Bill has run— Yet 'tis a fact, Far to exact, There's nothing new beneath the sun— Alas how true, There's nothing new, There's nothing new beneath the sun!"

"That's not bad for an impromptu," said Homer, "written thirty or forty times, and set to music by the composer of Salome, and sung by a Swarth Tenor who has lost his voice, it might get by."

"Unfortunately the ultimate sentiment is not true," said Priam. "That's why I wanted to see the chap who first said it. I want to show him how everlastingly wrong he was."

"Oh, I'm not so sure about that," said Diogenes. "I'm a pretty old guy and I've been looking for something new for ages, and haven't found it yet—not even an honest man. Show me that and I may agree with you."

"What's the new thing you think you discovered, Priam?" asked Socrates. "If you have really found it you ought to be able to prove your case."

"Well, this war has brought out a lot of new things," said Priam. "Take this new German Gun that shoots seventy-five miles, for example."

"Stuff and nonsense!" said Ajax. "New? Why, Priam, Vulcan has made that sort of thing for Jupiter way back in the days of the Mythologians, acent before Methuselah was born. I guess I ought to know; it was a long-range shot that knocked me out. I don't know the exact distance it traveled, but I heard Mercury say once that that old thunder-bolt of Jove's traveled eight million seven hundred and fifty-two thousand miles before it plunked into me. The thing is older than the hills. You've wanted seventy-five-mile guns is only the practical application of another stolen idea—as usual."

"Sure I have," said Priam. "You were the original Jinx. I'll admit that since your time there has been nothing new in luck, but I am talking about Submarines that carried human freight and could stay under water for days at a stretch whenever it got good and ready to do it."

"That's what I'm talking about too," said Jonah.

"Well, what's the idea? Were you a Submarine that carried any human freight?" demanded Priam.

"No," said Jonah. "I've had hard luck in my day, but it wasn't as bad as that. But I am the human freight that was carried by a submarine ages and ages ago. I was the first known cargo of the first subaqueous common carrier."

"That's news to me," said Priam.

"You'll see," said Jonah. "I understand there weren't any Carnegie libraries in Troy in your day and you are therefore not exactly what anybody would call a bureau of information. But if there had been such a library and you could have stopped quarreling with your neighbors long enough to look into the catalogue under J you would have found a book called 'Jonah, or Four Days Behind the Blubber,' from a perusal of which you would have gained much valuable knowledge. It was about me and my adventures in the first submarine oil tank named in history."

"And a whale of a story it was," said Dr. Johnson. "I read it from cover to cover with breathless interest and a gasping incredulity."

"Oh, yes, I know that old yarn," laughed Priam, good-naturedly. "As I remember it, you were such an ingrowing mascot on the liner you sailed on the sailors threw you overboard."

"Vezral! Plum into the briny," said Jonah.

"In the swim at last," suggested Beelzebub.

"And immediately taken in by the first families of the sea," grinned Napoleon.

"Sticking to your point, I was swallowed by a submarine," said Jonah. "I hadn't been in the water two minutes when the thing happened."

"You were ever swarmed by a whale, sir," roared Priam, indignantly. "I know the story—Munchausen told me about it several years ago, and I took it as a sensible man would, with a grain of salt, sir—yes, sir, with a grain of salt."

"I took it with several hogsheads of salt," said Jonah. "And even at that there wasn't a dry moment in the whole adventure. It was perfectly awful—"

"You were ever swarmed by a whale, sir," roared Priam, indignantly. "I know the story—Munchausen told me about it several years ago, and I took it as a sensible man would, with a grain of salt, sir—yes, sir, with a grain of salt."

"Why not? What else is it?" came from all parts of the room.

"That's the question," said Priam. "What else is it? If a whale is not a submarine, what else is it? You wouldn't exactly call it an aeroplane, would you? Anybody here ever seen a whale soaring the heavens?" he added, turning and addressing the others.

"I did," said Priam. "I saw one. I caught him in a burberry net, but when I tried to stuff him and pin him on a cork I found he wasn't there."

"Exactly," said Jonah. "He wasn't there because whales never are there—they are submarines, and not super-terranes—and at least one of them carried human freight and stayed under water for days and days, and came to the surface when he got good and ready."

"Well, even at that," said Priam, his eye lighting with hope as he thought of one last point. "I'll bet you 40 cents you don't dare stand up before this gathering of men who are so well equipped with the fate of Ananias staring you in the face, tell us that that whale, or submarine, or you choose to call it, was equipped with a torpedo tube."

"I don't know what old Standy was equipped with," began Jonah.

"Old Standy?" asked Priam.

"Standy," said Jonah. "I named him Standard Doyle, he was such a gusher—but, as I say—I don't know what old Standy was equipped with, but if he didn't have a torpedo tube he had a synthetic substitute that made the real thing look like 25 cents, and you'd have admitted that yourself, Brother Priam, if you'd been in my place the morning the old boy hove to a mile and a half off shore and shot me out into the ambient atmosphere to land sprawling on the beach 40 yards beyond tidewater somewhere in Assyria. Gosh! All fish hooks, but that was some projection, and I wonder I lived to tell the tale."

"In other words," said Dr. Johnson, "in the days of Jonah there was a submarine."

MILITARY BANDS SAID TO BE GREAT POWER FOR STIMULATING PATRIOTISM

New York Witnesses Examples Recently of How Crowds Will Gather and Listen Eagerly to Music and Singing on Streets—Morgan Kingston Regarded as Successor to Evan Williams.

NEW YORK, June 8.—(Special)—If there was any need of demonstrating how great and important a part is played by music during these days of storm and stress in the Nation, those concerned with making a success of the Red Cross drive just closed found it out, some to their sorrow and some to their delight.

Leaving aside the undeniable psychology of music and its powers to move people to the best and highest that is in them, it is the sole means by which crowds can be gathered and held. Much has been said by enthusiasts upon the subject of "community singing," but it has not yet reached the degree of popularity which it deserves, nor have the leaders solved the problem of how to make it serve the country. Nor can too much stress be laid upon the need for bands whose mission is not only to hold together some few congenial spirits but to lend themselves informally where they are most needed. This was shown one evening last week when the Erie Railway Office Band gave its services in the help of the street corners, over the different sections of New York to the great cause. Under its conductor Mr. Schaeffer, it dispensed music which not only attracted, but held the crowds, who stopped to listen.

Nothing means so much to organizer or organization as the act of participation, and whether the participant is the small boy of the street who "joins in" or the bookkeeper of some great corporation who learns to beat the drum in the band endowed by his firm the sense of personal responsibility is the thing that in this case makes all mankind kin.

The hardships involved by those who in the moment of need turned to ask for the help of such bodies proved easily that this country is not yet properly supplied with choral and brass band organizations of this nature. In this hour does any one stop to consider what is given by the singer who ungrudgingly responds to the call for help? On the street corners, over the din of passing cars and automobiles float voices which thrill the passers-by into the realization of what it all means, and few stop to consider how much more than money is being thus contributed. The fact that many of the artists are more than fatigued after a strenuous opera or concert season has not been taken into consideration by them; they only knew that from May 29 until the end of the drive they could

(Continued on Page 5.)