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To clean up we have marked all ladies and children's Coats away down. If you have not already bought your coats now is the time to buy. The prices we are making on these garments will interest you.

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This is the store where you get special sale prices every day of the year, Sundays excepted. We keep our merchandise moving, always getting in something new, and do not allow any of our merchandise to accumulate or become shelf-worn.

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We Pay the Highest Market Cash Price for Eggs

TOMMY WAS A MAN.

A True Story of Self Control Related by a Chicago Merchant.

The following "really true" incident is told about a little fellow still in the knickerbocker stage, who works for a large Chicago paper house. One day he was called to the telephone and after listening a minute turned pale and hung up the receiver quietly and hurried to the manager's office. The manager, however, had gone out to lunch, so the boy left a note reading, "I have to go home. Tommy Barret." The manager found the note when he returned, but soon became busy with important matters and forgot all about the boy.

Three days later, Monday morning, Tommy Barret came back to work. To the other boys' queries of "Ben sick, Tommy?" he maintained a rigid silence. He worked as hard as usual, and finally the boys ceased to question him regarding his absence. Neither did they insist again after his second refusal to accompany them at noon for the usual five cent lunch of coffee and bismarcks, having come to the conclusion, as they expressed it, that "Tommy had a grouch."

One day the manager was called at noon to inspect a certain grade of paper in the storeroom on the top floor. As he and his foreman wended their way through the huge rolls of paper they heard the sound of low sobs. Silently they peered down the long aisles of paper rolls, and finally in the corner of one narrow one they saw the pathetic figure of a little boy. The aisle being too tubelike for the portly form of the manager, he bade the boy come out.

It was Tommy Barret, his face flaming with embarrassment, his cheeks tear stained and dirty from contact with the grimy little hands.

"Why, Tommy, what is it—fight with one of the boys?" questioned the manager.

"No, sir," faltered Tommy, now striving manfully to raise his voice above the threatening sobs.

"Then what was it?" The manager laid his hand on the boy's head reassuringly. Tommy bit his lip for composure, then, dry eyed, answered firmly, "My mudder died last week."

The manager turned away as the chain of memory wafted him back to his own similar loss years ago, when it took the united efforts of a host of relatives and the entire community of a sympathizing small

country town to comfort him with chocolate drops, "little pies" and miniature express wagons. And here, he thought, was this little chap working in silence and controlling the misery of his heart until he could steal away at noontime and sob it all out alone among the paper rolls.

"Have you come up here before to cry?" the manager inquired when he felt sure of his own voice.

"Yes, sir," Tommy answered timidly, adding apprehensively, "but don't fire me, sir—I won't do it again."

"Fire you!" the manager ejaculated. "Well, I guess not. A boy not as high as a yardstick, and with a man's self control." Tommy looked up thankfully at this assurance.

"Now run and wash your face," the manager continued kindly. "You're going to lunch with me at 2 o'clock."

An hour later Tommy, with face glossy from recent battle with pumice stone soap, was partaking of a substantial lunch with his employer, who waxed cheerful, confidential, even chummy, to put the boy at his ease. As they finished the dessert he nominated and elected Tommy "boss" of the twenty-four boys at the envelope table, but not the slightest reference was made to the boy's bereavement, for the manager understood the fineness of Tommy's feelings and respected them.—Chicago Tribune.

Death For Kissing.

In ancient Egypt it was considered a high degree of politeness to kiss one's hand and then place it on the top of the head.

Men of rank occasionally kissed each other, but in the land of the pharaohs no man ever dreamed of kissing a woman.

In Rome kissing was at one time a serious matter. If a slave kissed a free woman he was liable to be torn to pieces by wild horses.

It was the great Cato who promulgated a law making it a punishable offense for parents to kiss in the presence of their children.

The Greeks put to death any man kissing a woman in the public street.

In Austria today a man kisses a woman's hand only. In Russia the forehead is kissed among equals. But a Russian peasant salutes his lordly master by kissing his knees.

The Pole kisses the shoulder of his superior.

THE ESKIMO.

What He Looks Like and the Way He Dresses and Lives.

What is an Eskimo like? His portrait is easily sketched: A small person (five feet five inches is the average height of the men and five feet that of the women), with a grayish copperish and oily skin, thick lips, deep set and oblique eyes like the Japanese, a flat, oval face and fat cheeks, a low, retreating forehead and black, glossy, straight hair, which is allowed to grow to its full length. The hands and feet are remarkably small. The nose is abnormally flat.

The faces of the children are generally so fat that the eyes almost disappear, and the nose is sunken between the cheeks instead of protruding.

The Eskimos have a happy, careless, optimistic look about them. Nordenskjold used to call them "big children" and stated that "these unfortunate creatures, who are deprived of every comfort, are conceited and jocular. They are hospitable, too, and when brought into contact with Europeans they grow civilized quite rapidly, though they retain a number of their old habits."

As regards dress, it is almost the same for women as for men—a close fitting sealskin coat, with a hood for the head and breeches of the same material.

Needless to say the Eskimos dislike water as a "cleansing agent," and they lack fascination. But they do not consider Europeans as very attractive, and the refinements of civilization are repulsive to them. The same Nordenskjold once told a very amusing story on this matter. He gave a bottle of eau de cologne to an aged Eskimo lady to smell. She almost fainted and called the scent "dreadfully stenching." But she dwelt in a sordid hut, where the air was "unbreathable," and lived on food of which one hesitates to think.

The Eskimos have no religion worthy of the name. They are extremely superstitious. But how could they help being so, surrounded as they are by truly fantastic scenery—mysterious caverns and grottoes, mountains of ice, bathed in the weird light effects of the arctic atmosphere or in the awe inspiring gloom of the polar night?

The Eskimos, however, have much respect for the "head of the family." Funerals are a complicated affair in Greenland, and the

most curious custom in connection with such ceremonies is the burying of a dog's head—meant to act as a guide—together with the dead body.

They live under tents during the summer and under snow huts during the cold season. They possess a skin canoe called kayak, a sledge and a few dogs.

They marry at an early age. The bride brings to her new home her clothes, a knife and a lamp. The husband gives her a cooking pot. Eskimo etiquette compels the bride to object to marriage, and she must pretend to escape from her husband two or three times before settling down to her duties and accepting her share of responsibilities.—Exchange.

Whistling and Weeping Trees.

Among the curiosities of tree life is the sofar or whistling tree of Nubia. When the winds blow over this tree it gives out flutelike sounds, playing away to the wilderness for hours at a time strange, weird melodies. It is the spirit of the dead singing among the branches, the natives say, but the scientific white man says that the sounds are due to a myriad of small holes which an insect bores in the spines of the branches.

The weeping tree of the Canary islands is another arboreal freak. This tree in the driest weather will rain down showers from its leaves, and the natives gather up the water from the pool formed at the foot of the trunk and find it pure and fresh. The tree exudes the water from innumerable pores at the base of the leaves.—Chicago Journal.

Irish Gooseberries.

An Irishman or an Irishwoman is rarely at a loss to give quite as good as she gets. The American tourist who figures in Sketchy Bits found this out to his cost.

An old Irishwoman who kept a fruit stall had some melons exposed for sale. The Yankee, wishing to have some fun with the old lady, took up one of them and said:

"These are small apples you grow over here. In America we have them twice the size."

The woman slowly looked up at him and in a tone of pity exclaimed:

"Sure, sorr, ye must be a stranger in Ireland and know very little about the fruit of our country whin ye can't tell apples from gooseberries!"

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Lv. Beach Points.....	9:00 A. M.
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