POLICE CAUGHT PLAYING CRAPS.

Vigilant Oak Street Captain Walks Unexpectedly Into Saloon at 4 A. M.

SAYS HE'LL "BREAK" THEM

Three Dash Away and Deny Guilt, but the Fourth and Bartender March to Station.

Capt. Myles O'Reilly, of the Oak street station, was passing Jack Sommers's saloon in James Slip at 4 o'clock this morning when he thought he heard unusual noises from within. It sounded like a crap game to him, and he knows what a crap game is.

The captain went to the side door, and, finding it open, walked into the barroom.

Yes, it was a crap game, and the kind he was looking for, too.

Four policemen from his station surrounded a table and were industriously shaking dice out of a leather box. On the table was a pile of money amounting to $28.80.

They had taken their belts off, and these, with one or two helmets, were piled on the bar. Their heavy nightsticks were lying on the floor. One had his coat off, as shooting craps is warm work for one who takes an interest in it. In front of each was an array of empty glasses. The bar boy only removed glasses when the drinks were paid for.

'nd the Captain Said "Aha!"

"Aha," said the Captain pleasantly, as he entered.

"Say, Tony, get the mop and clean up this beer, will yez?" said one of the policemen as he threw a six and a four and thinking that the "aha" came from the porter.

"Yes, I'll get the mop and clean you all off the force," said the Captain as he sauntered in.

"Cheese it!" called the bartender, William Karnes, as he recognised the little captain who has become a terror to the law breakers of the precinct.

One policeman, who has passed the dice, looked up and saw the Captain.

"Great snakes of Ireland, save us!" and he grabbed his helmet and ran for the front door. He was followed by the others. O'Reilly told them to stop, that he knew who they were and they might as well walk back to the station with him. But they were all anxious to get away, and three of them did, but he caught Policeman Loosen and said:

"Now, I'll take you back to the station. If all you policemen spend your time shaking dice in saloons, we citizens must have some protection from thieves as we pass along the streets."

Captain Makes an Arrest.

Capt. O'Reilly also took Karnes, the bartender, with him, and charged him with violating the Excise law by keeping his saloon open after hours.

Loosen was told to wait in the squadroom. The Captain took a nap and at 6 o'clock, when the night squad men came in to deliver their clubs, he picked Policemen Hartt, Campbell and Quigley out of the crowd and asked them if they had not been shooting craps in Jack Sommers's saloon. They all denied it. Then the Captain said:

"I just wanted to give you the opportunity to admit it, if you wanted to, but it makes no difference. You four will go before Commissioner Partridge. I'll find out whether my policemen can shake dice in a saloon that they ought to see is closed."

He suspended the four, taking their shields from them and telling them they could explain things to the Commissioner.

He arraigned the bartender in the Centre Street Court and Magistrate Hogan held him for trial in $1,000 bonds for violating the Excise law.

O'Reilly Has Been Vigilant.

Since Capt. O'Reilly took command of the Oak street station he has slept more in the station than he has at home, but he has not let sleep trouble him. He has been going out into the precinct in all hours and has an eye on patrolmen, sergeants and roundsmen.

The capture to-day, he says, was accidental. He had been down in the James slip district for two hours and had not seen a policeman. He rapped on the sidewalk and blew his whistle and there was no response.

He said the town could have burned up and the ruins pillaged for all these policemen would care. After a diligent search he found the saloon where they were gambling and drinking.

CHICAGO TYPHOID PROBLEM.

Children Menaced, as $26,000,000 Canal Hasn't Purified Water.

CHICAGO, Aug. 20.—Two hundred and fifty thousand children will troop back to school two weeks from to-day; yet the epidemic of typhoid fever continues, the city's water supply remains polluted and there are no filters in the school buildings. Typhoid germs, according to physicians, will find a fresh field for activity in the systems of thousands of the youngsters unless measures are taken to prevent it.

School officials are undecided how to meet the emergency. Two years ago every filter was taken out of the schools because of the opening of the drainage canal. It was expected the canal would purify the water. It did for a time, but now the water is as bad as ever.

The drainage canal cost $26,000,000, but will not be wholly effective until intercepting sewers are completed two years hence.

BATTLE WITH THE MOORS.

Attack on French Troops Near Oran, Algeria.

PARIS, Aug. 20.—A telegram received here from Oran, Algeria, says that a party of Moors recently attacked a French military supply column near Ain Delkeili, and that numbers were killed or wounded on both sides. Troops have gone in pursuit of the Moors.

SHIMMER OF JEWELS AND FLASH OF COIN DAZZLE THE VISITORS TO SURGING SPA.

Never Before Has Such Wealth Been Displayed at the Great Summer Resort—Money Levels All Conditions There.

WHEN SARATOGA WAKES UP!
She generally wakes about noon.

(Special to The Evening World.)

SARATOGA, N. Y., Aug. 20.—A summer resort that a morning full of mist with particles of ice on it cannot disturb is a summer resort indeed. Such a resort is Saratoga.

The dawn of a day full of clouds is depressing. Such a dawn was the first that greeted me on my way to Saratoga. In a steamboat built on the principle of a sounding board, in which a man can be heard removing his socks two staterooms away, sleep is a 1-to-8 shot. How quickly we adopt the Saratoga vernacular.

Arriving in Saratoga about 8 o'clock in a mist that is cold one is prone to have an impression of the resort that is unfavorable. One goes to a place of reputed hospitality and is told that he may not encumber his pocket with the key of a room for hours to come. At another place of reputed hospitality the same message is delivered, and at another and another. Finally it dawns upon the mind that there is a demand for places whereupon a man may rest his weary limbs.

ROOMS AT A PREMIUM.

And such a demand there is, despite the huge monstrosities that are called hotels and line the tree-bordered thoroughfares of this beautiful village. So many are here that cannot escape the fascination—so many that have no desire to escape the fascination, and so many willing and anxious to be embraced in its sensuous maws—that the resources of the village of Saratoga, population 13,000, are taxed.

It comes to a pass—even when there is an icy mist that coats windows with freckles of moisture—that a "pull" must be exercised for the benefit of the tourist seeking repose and food. And there is much in "pull" in Saratoga.

AND WHAT IS THE SPA?

After all, from the observation of one who has observed in rain and fog and mist and sunshine, in gaslight and electric light and darkness, while twelve hours slipped by, what is there in Saratoga?

What is Saratoga?

Two questions are asked. There must be two answers. To the first question the answer is that Saratoga is a community in which there is a population of much ability in the way of subtracting outsiders from their money. The second answer is that Saratoga is cords of money, bushels of diamonds, oceans of wine.

It is safe to say that in no place in the United States to-day is there such a display of wealth as there is at Saratoga. This means display of wealth with the accent on display. It does appear that the people who make the life of Saratoga actually shed money.

In Newport there are more millionaires, but in Newport the millionaires are apart. In Saratoga the millionaire is on a level with the man who is able to spend $20 a day for hotel accommodations, even though it may be the last $20 of the leveller.

In Newport there is one hotel where those who wish to train in the millionaire class may abide. Here, a millionaire may be discovered in any hotel, and here nearly everybody lives in hotels; that is, everybody here to spend money.

There is nothing exclusive about Saratoga. Men whose pictures are in the rogues' galleries of St. Louis, Chicago and other Western cities walk unmolested along the thoroughfares of the greatest summer resort of the United States. They rub elbow with kings of finance and politics. They regard this place as their legitimate stamping ground as well as do men whose names and fortunes are known to them, but whose methods are a mystery.

MONEY IS THE GAUGE.

It would not be proper to say that in Saratoga a man is gauged by his money to the exclusion of everything else. But money in Saratoga goes further, it lavishly expended, than anywhere else in the United States—perhaps the world—in the direction of securing of the desirable for the person spending the money.

In Newport, at Narragansett, at Bar Harbor, vulgarity in the expenditure of money is in a measure minimized. Here it is emphasized, and not all the good example of the pleasure seekers educated in the way of spending money without ostentation can smother the impression.

DIAMONDS FLASH EVERYWHERE.

Diamonds flash every where on the ears of women and the hands of men. Of course, these are not the women and men who make society in Saratoga, but the glitter is there. Men of great wealth and small wealth carry rolls of bills that look to chance observers like canvas back hams. It is hard to keep from taking one's trifling bank account, converting it into one-dollar bills and going with the procession.

What follows is a record of impressions of Saratoga stored from the side glance of a day. So much happens here that more than side glances are not obtainable save at rare intervals.

WHEN THE TOWN WAKES.

Saratoga—not the resident, but the visiting Saratoga—gets up from 9 o'clock in the morning to noon. The female Saratogan, always remembering that this describes the conspicuous visitor, drinks her high ball, superintends the polishing of her diamonds and then goes with her husband to the springs to drink of the waters. There is no means of verifying the suspicion, but in connection with this observation there are more men married to fat women visiting in Saratoga than the conditions should warrant.

HORDES OF THE FLESHY.

There are fat women and fat men on every hand. They go to the springs in the morning; they eat breakfast; they drive; they eat luncheon; they go to the race track; they eat and drink there; they go to the lake for dinner and partake of food that would put flesh on a glass jar; they come from the road houses along the lake to the club-houses; they have supper there; they drink some more and then go to bed wondering what makes them gather flesh. Many of the men go to a Turkish bath, than which there are few in New York more elaborate.

In Saratoga there is little talk of money save at the tables in dining-rooms. And this talk is confined largely to men who insist that their wives eat everything on the bill of fare and carry toothpicks away, they setting the example. The impressiveness of the predominance of wealth here arises from the display of that. One story of Saratoga will not suffice to tell.

AIR FULL OF POLITICS.

The air is heavy with politics. Men forsake the betting ring, where more money is being wagered every day than would reduce the elastic tax rate of New York City if dumped into the treasury, to talk and connive and scheme in politics.

There is a local fight on in this district that has called the stalwart Republicans of northeast New York to the Worden Hotel, where the former Sheriff of this county allows them to play and call each other names. These up-State gentlemen appear to be in a deadlock about certain jobs or positions or places or honors or things. Each has a different opinion, and it is not for us to judge.

AWAITING "BIG TIM."

At the same hotel "Young Tim" Sullivan, of "De Ate," has been preparing the way for "Dry Dollar" Tim Sullivan, who is expected Friday night for the meeting of the State Democratic Committee. At the Grand Union, down the street, John F. Carroll and former Mayor Van Wyck have been awaiting the same meeting. The suggestion of ice in the air yesterday drove Mr. Carroll to New York, but Mr. Van Wyck remains, and "Young Tim" went back to-day in order that he might be in New York when "Dry Dollar" comes to Saratoga. And still he says that he don't think "Dry Dollar" will come.

MARTIN GREEN.

FOODY'S RAID SUCCEEDS.

Captain Makes Thirteen Prisoners in Alleged Disorderly House.

Ten women and three men were fined $10 each by Magistrate Mott this morning in the West Side Court as the result of Capt. Foody's raid on an alleged disorderly house at No. 212 West Fortieth street. Bertha Schwartz, the alleged proprietor, was held in $500 for examination on Thursday.

The men were unable to pay their fines and were locked up. They gave their names as Henry Bode, a clerk, of No. 208 East Twenty-fifth street; Frank Moore, an artist, of No. 116 West Sixty-first street, and "Gus" Neuman, a grocer, of No. 301 West One Hundred and Fortieth street. Later they paid the fines.

FAMOUS INVENTOR DEAD.

Joseph Shirk, Originator of Colt's Revolver, Passed Away.

LANCASTER, Pa., Aug. 20.—Joseph Shirk, the inventor of the Colt revolver and of the grain cradle, died to-day at his home in East Earl Township, this county.

He was eighty-three years old and besides being a noted inventor was a surveyor.

MOTHER GETS SON IN EXCITING CHASE.

Mrs. Frederick Camp, of Brooklyn, Took Boy from Grandparents and Drove Away—Reconciled with Husband.

(Special to The Evening World.)

WARWICK, N. Y., Aug. 20.—Mrs. Frederick Camp, of Brooklyn, has her son Stanley safely in her possession today, after an exciting chase, in which many persons in this village took part.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Camp, of Brooklyn, have been staying here at a private residence for three weeks. With them was their little grandson, Frederick Stanley Camp, a lad of six years. A strange man and woman appeared in town yesterday. They hired a rig and hovered about the vicinity of the place where the Camps were boarding. In the afternoon failing to see the boy on the street, the woman alighted from the wagon and rang the door bell of the house. Stanley Camp came to the door.

"Why, mamma," he exclaimed, "I did not know you were here."

"Hush, darling," the mother replied, as she bundled her boy in the buggy. The horses were lashed to a run. There was a wild chase through town for two miles beyond where the fugitives were stopped by a lawn party, whose members lined up across the road with whips and clubs at the residence of M. L. Sanford's.

Fred Ryerson pulled the boy from his mother's arms under the impression that she was abducting some child not her own. All hands repaired to the village court-room, where a hearing was had before Judge Servin, and the mother allowed to depart with her child. She said he had been stolen from her by his father some three weeks ago.

A telegram was to-day received by Mrs. Harvey Camp from her son in New York saying that he had met his wife and their son at Jersey City and that their differences had been adjusted.

MRS. "PAT" CAMPBELL BACK FOR MORE AMERICAN COIN.

Irish Actress and Her Indispensable Pinky Panky Poo Arrive with J. P. Morgan.

Following J. Pierpont Morgan just as closely as she could down the gang-plank of the Oceanic, which arrived from Liverpool this morning, Mrs. "Pat" Campbell, with her one love, "Pinky Panky Poo," in her arms, returned to the United States for some more of the American dollars which she gathers in so successfully.

'Really, I'm so glad to be back in New York,' said Mrs. "Pat," in evident truthfulness. "And I hope to stay many weeks.

"You Americans are so kind to us that I love you all. You all appreciate true artists, and that always spurs one on to the best efforts. I'm glad New York liked my acting before, but I have a new play which I am sure will be a rare success.

"INt is 'Aunt Jeanne,' by Benson, don't you know, the third son of the late Bishop of Canterbury. He is the author of 'Dodo,' too. It is really a very sympathetic tragedy."

Cares for Pinky Panky Poo.

Carefully adjusting the little Pomeranian's blanket, that no naughty New York breezes should reach his delicate body, Mrs. "Pat" continued:

"I expect to open at the Garden Theatre on Sept. 15 with my new play. Then I shall give Edith Wharton's translation of 'Es Liebe das Leben,' making a two months' run in all.

"I hope to make a short tour of the States then, and if I am again received with the approbation I had on my other visit I shall return to New York and play my whole repertoire for a few weeks.

"I am now partly under my own management and can do almost what I please, you know.

"John Blair, late with Mrs. Fiske, and Vaughn Glaser are recent additions to my company, which will come over in a week or two."

Plot Against Her Pet.

bell's dog told on board, but not by her.

There was a story about Mrs. Camp. It appears that Pinky Panky Poo was not regarded with idolatrous affection by the other passengers on the Oceanic. Quite to the contrary, the fluffy little pet aroused so much aversion among the other cabin passengers, who had to see the dog at all times, even at table, in Mrs. "Pat's" arms, that there was a foul plot laid against its life. A vigilance committee was appointed to forcibly abduct the dog and throw it overboard. Sunday was the day set for the murder. Just as it seemed that the little doggie was about to pass in his tiny checks the committee got faint-hearted and the plot was abandoned. Mrs. Campbell does not yet even know of the murderous plot. If she did——

Actor Ferdinand Gottschalk tells a funny story on Mrs. Campbell and Pinky on the trip. At the concert last night there was a special number rendered by a piper on board. The dolorous strains of the pipes were at their height when Mrs. Campbell's shrill voice broke in on the quiet, calling to her maid.

"Mary, go to the stateroom at once and see if dear little Pinky Panky Poo can hear this. It will set him wild if he does, for he does hate bagpipes so much."

The maid was forced to go and investigate. She reported that Poo was asleep and Mrs. "Pat" breathed easier.

James K. Hackett and his wife, Mary Mannering, also returned on the Oceanic from a two months' trip to London and Paris.

"I shall open in Philadelphia on Sept. 22 with 'The Crisis,'" said Mr. Hackett, "and will open my season at Wallack's on Nov. 17 with the same play.

"I shall send Miss Isabel Irving out on the road with the same play on Sept. 15."

Mr. Hackett had one thing to say about the coronation different from the majority.

"It didn't impress me as much as a reception to one of our own heroes here in New York," he said. "It didn't begin to compare with the welcome of Dewey or any of our big pageants to my mind.

"The one thing that pleased me most was the almost seraphic expression of happiness on the King's face."

Clement A. Griscom, President of the International Navigation Company, was a passenger on the steamship. Mr. Griscom talked freely on the steamship trust, and his words were taken almost as coming from Mr. Morgan, as the two talked business much of the trip.

"I do not know when the steamship combine will be incorporated," he said. "When I went away everything was ready for it, so I expect it will take place very soon."

"Has the Cunard line entered into the combination?" he was asked.

"No. No one but the newspapers ever considered the Cunard line."

"Mr. Morgan, Mr. P. A. B. Widener, of Philadelphia, and myself spent a very pleasant time at Kiel, Germany, with the Kaiser Wilhelm. We all attended a dinner on board the Hohenzollern and were also on board the Meteor."

Ticket Good on Any Line.

"That steamship combination," added Mr. Griscom, "includes the American, White Star, Red Star, Leyland and Atlantic Transport lines. It will mean that a ticket for one line is good returning on any boat of any of the five lines.

"There is talk of the Canadian lines joining the combination, but that is in the future.

"I think the next season will be a good one for freight as the corn crop is so good and we expect to do a big business."

Mr. Griscom's yacht Alvena accompanied the steamship to the pier, where Mr. Griscom boarded her.

Among other passengers were P. A. B. Widener and wife, Eugene Kelly, Major Arthur Lee, the English Military Attache at Washington; Dr. and Mrs. Enlett, M. Culver and Lispenard Stewart.

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL.
Also Pinky Pancy Poo.
(Photographed on the deck of the steamer.)

BOY DROWNED FROM RAFT.

Little John Collins Fell Into North River.

John Collins, ten years old, of No. 567 West Fifty-seventh street, while playing on a raft this morning at Fifty-sixth street and North River fell overboard and was drowned.

The body was recovered and taken to the West Forty-seventh street station.

FATALLY HURT IN WRECK.

Two Engines Crashed Together at Warsaw, N. Y.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Aug. 20.—A wreck occurred early to-day on the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburg Railroad at Warsaw, in which three employees were fatally injured. A double-header freight train going south and a single engine going north came in collision directly in front of the depot. Each engine was completely wrecked.

BIDS FOR WORK ON CONCOURSE OPENED

Surprise Expressed at the Absence of Proposals from John C. Sheehan and John B. McDonald.

There was a large gathering of contractors and other interested persons in the office of President Haffen, of the Bronx, this morning when that official opened the bids received for constructing the Grand Boulevard and Concourse, from One Hundred and Sixty-first street to Mosholu Parkway, including the sidewalks, roadways and paths.

The bids received, estimated cost of the work and the names of the bidders follow:

William J. Rodgers, No. 31 West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, $1,121,000.

Farrell & Hopper, One Hundred and Eleventh street and Lenox avenue, $2,000,000.

The Century Construction Company, of No. 21 Park Row, with which concern John D. Crimmins is said to be connected, $1,479,0000.

The Uvalde Asphalt Paving Company, of No. 1 Broadway, $1,011,322.50.

Cunningham & Kearns, One Hundred and Eighty-third street and Concourse, $1,223,000.

The F. V. Smith Contracting Company, of One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street and Lexington avenue, $1,284,000.

The bids will be tabulated in the Comptroller's office and will then be returned to President Haffen, who will award the work to the lowest bidder, providing his securities are satisfactory.

There was some surprise when it became known that neither John C. Sheehan nor John B. McDonald were among the bidders.

DUCHESS HURRIES OFF TO NEWPORT.

Her Grace of Marlborough Remains Only a Few Hours in New York After Seven Years' Absence.

Consuelo, Duchess of Marlborough, left New York for Newport to-day after a stay remarkably brief, considering her girlish enthusiasm yesterday at her return after a seven years' absence.

Her American simplicity was just as apparent, however, as she rode in a public hansom from hotel to station just as if she had not had a regal coach of state at King Edward's coronation.

The Duchess left the Waldorf-Astoria by the Thirty-fourth street doors and went to Fifth avenue, down which she walked on the west side for nearly two blocks before she found a disengaged cab. She showed much interest in everything.

Then she was driven to the home of her brother, W. K. Vanderbilt, jr., at Fifty-seventh street, for a short call before train time.

She was simply dressed in a fluffy morning gown of a greenish color, her favorite. Her mother, Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, and Mr. Belmont were also taken from the hotel to the station in a public carriage, catching the same train for Newport. They all rode in a compartment in the drawing-room car.

STRUCK BY A TRAIN.

SOMERVILLE, N. J., Aug. 20.—Richard Jones, coachman for Charles Pidcock, superintendent of the Georgia Northern Railroad, was struck by an engine on the Jersey Central tracks and hurled with great force against a passenger train. Two ribs were broken and he was injured internally.

THE HOTTEST DAYS Ladies' Dept. Final Clearance Sale.

are yet to come and you will want a fresh supply of Shirt Waists. We have got them; YES, and we have thousands of them, any style and size you want, and best of all at less than one-third their real value.

At 50 cts. that were $1.25, $1.50 & $2.00.
At 75 cts. that were $1.75, $2.00 & $2.25.
At 95 cts. that were $2.50, $2.75 & $3.00.
At $1.25 that were $2.75, $3.00 & $3.50.
At $1.50 that were $3.75, $4.00, $4.50 & $5.00.

Brilliantine Suits, Eton and Blouse effects, a great many made of high luster Sicilian—suitable for traveling, $25 and $30 values..... At $10.50

200 Shirt Waist Suits of Linen, Pique, White Lawn and French Batiste.
Values—$5.00, 7.50, 10.00, 12.50, 15.00 At $1.95, $3.75, $5.00.

200 Walking and Dress Skirts made of Pique, Linen Duck and Mercerized Cotton Fabrics.
Values—$2.50, 3.50, 4.50, 5.00, 6.00, 7.50 At $1.00, $1.35, $2.75.

New Model Walking Skirts, plain Melton, mannish mixtures and line stripes—$5.00, $6.75 and $7.50

Also about 50 to close at $1.95 and $3.75 which were $5.00 and 7.50.

About 65 odd suits, some samp'e garments and accumulations of the past season in Cloth and Etamine—ranging in values from $18 to $45; to sell quickly, at $7.50, $12.50, $15.00.

70 Silk Shirt Waist Suits, including plain and fancy Pongees, $15, $18 and $25 values, at $10.50.

Hackett Carhart & Co
Broadway and 13th Street.

Rothenberg & Co.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED West 14th St. OR MONEY PROMPTLY REFUNDED.

Carpets and Rugs.
The Busiest Days August Ever Knew.

Crowds are thronging the Carpet and Rug sections this week. Little wonder! Prices are the lowest ever known in an August sale. Assortments are positively unrivalled. Stocks are aglow with the brightest and best patterns that the season has produced. Not a thread that's undesirable; not one style that was not made for the coming Fall's selling. Prices are ⅓ to ½ less than regular Fall values.

$1.50 Bigelow Axminster, 90c.

Bigelow Celebrated Axminster Carpets, with borders to match, known the world over for the superior qualities and exclusive styles, suitable for parlor, library, dining-room and bedroom, rich Persian and scroll effects, light and dark, usual price $1.50; on sale to-morrow at..... 90c
Alexander Smith's Axminster Carpets, six patterns, with borders to match, value $1.15, very special at..... 80c
Wilton Velvet Carpets, from the loom of the best known manufacturer, value $1.10, at..... 75c
50 Rolls of Smith's Extra Quality All Wool Brussels Stair Carpets, value 75c., 85c. and 90c. per yard; very special at..... 69c., 59c. and 44c
10,000 Yards of Double Extra Brussels, Smith and Sanford and Higgins make, 30 different patterns: parlor, sitting-room, hall and stair patterns, value 90c. per yard, at..... 69c
Reversible Brusseline Carpets, yard wide, perfectly reversible, 12 patterns, value 50c. per yard, for sale at..... 33c

Bigelow Axminster Rugs.

Known for their beauty, coloring and splendid wearing qualities. Oriental, floral and Art Nouveaux patterns; regular price, $27.50; for this sale..... 20.00
John Bromley's Well-Known All-Wool Smyrna Rugs, 12 ft. long and 9 ft. wide, rich Oriental and medallion patterns; value $22.50; for this sale..... 14.98
Smyrna Rugs, 60 inches long and 30 inches wide, extra heavy quality, best all-wool fringe, immense assortment of patterns; value $1.75; for this sale..... 98c
500 Granite Art Squares, reversible and fast colors, at one-third off:

6x9	7.6x9	9x9	10.6x9	9x12
1.49	1.98	2.75	3.49	3.98

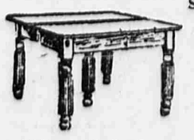
Extra All-Wool Brussels Rugs, 12 ft. long and 9 ft. wide, rich Turkish and medallion patterns; value $17.50; for this sale..... 11.98
250 Bigelow Axminster Rugs, 63 inches long and 27 inches wide, exquisite colorings; value $3.00, at..... 1.75
75 All-Wool Smyrna Rugs, 10.6 ft. long and 7.6 ft. wide, perfectly reversible; value $13.50, very special at..... 7.98

Furniture Specials.

Massive Steel Enamelled Bed, like cut, highly finished, all sizes, worth $6.50, sale price, 3.50

25 Leatherette Couches, like illustration, upholstered in tow and moss, with best tempered steel springs, a very cool and comfortable couch; regular price, $7.50; sale price, 3.98

Solid Oak High Back Cane Seat Dining Chair, with brace arms and fancy turned spindles in back, extra well constructed, regular price $1.50, sale price. 88c



Solid Golden Oak Extension Table, like illustration, will seat 10 people, highly finished and well constructed; worth $6.50, sale price..... 3.98

Linoleum and Oilcloth.

These six great specials in the best Linoleum and Oilcloth have created a sensation and have added much zest to the sale of Carpets and Rugs. We continue the offers tomorrow. We must positively refuse to sell to dealers.

49c. Cork Linoleum at, per square yard..... 29c
69c. Cork Linoleum at, per square yard..... 39c
79c. Cork Linoleum at, per square yard..... 49c
29c. Floor Oilcloth at, per square yard..... 19c
39c. English Floor Oilcloth at, per square yard..... 29c
49c. XX Oilcloth at, per square yard..... 39c