The Second and Last Shipment Has Arrived of Our Big Amsterdam Purchase of Fine Pure White

DIAMONDS

$25

Pay 50 cents a week if You Choose.

Set in Solid 14-Karat Gold Mountings, All Styles for Both Ladies and Gentlemen.

You all know the story of this remarkable purchase direct from the Amsterdam cutters—told in the Star and Times upon receipt of the first shipment, two weeks ago. The last of our big order arrived yesterday morning, so to-day will be your last opportunity to secure one of these magnificent rings at this price and with this unheard-of exchange offer. READ:

We value these rings at $30 each, and we back up this valuation by agreeing to exchange any one you may select for a larger Diamond at any future time and allow you its full value, $30—that means we will allow you $5 MORE than you paid—20 per cent MORE, instead of 20 per cent LESS, as other jewelers do.

And You May Pay 50 Cents a Week if You Choose.

DON'T FORGET OUR SPECIAL SERVICE: If it is inconvenient for you to call in person, just 'phone or write for our representative, who will gladly wait upon you with a full assortment and authority to make terms to suit you.

Watch for the Name of the Winner of the Contest.

To-day is the last day you can register your guess in the Jewel Guessing Contest. The judges who will make the count and announce the correct number are Mr. E. D. Shaw, general manager of the Washington Times, and Mr. J. Whit Herron, business manager of the Evening Star.

Watch for the Next Castelberg Advertisement, in Which the Name of the Winner of the $50 Gold Watch Will Be Announced.

CASTELBERG'S,

935 PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE.

The papers have been filled lately with the exposure of a man in New York who posed as a Hindoo and gave physical culture lessons. His clientele were wealthy and apparently intelligent people, though when one reads the strange performances of his pupils, one wonders if we, as a race, are as far advanced mentally as we pride ourselves on being. The point in the testimony, however, that is worth especial study was that given by two young girls, apparently clever, bright girls, one a stenographer. Both were afraid to say or do aught against the alleged Hindoo, for, according to the stenographer's statement, "He will go to the cellar in his house and touch a wire there that connects with a crystal that influences millions of the spirits of Hindoos that are dead, and that might bring about anything he wished. And he could do it so that there would be no trace of me or what happened to me."

If this were said by some poor, benighted girl of India or China, we would think her a fit subject for missionary work, and lament the awful state of ignorance and superstition of these poor people. But it was actually stated and believed by a bright American girl, and it took much persuasion to calm her fears and to make her believe she would not be harmed if she testified against the man.

There must be some serious underlying cause when girls in this country and in this day arrive at such a state of mind, unless they were out of their mind, which they were not.

Wasn't the start made, perhaps, as children, when they were taught to be afraid of the dark, to believe in hobgoblins and bogie men, in some weird and uncanny influences, call them what one will, over which one has no control? In many homes such things are thoughtlessly held up before children as a means of frightening them into obedience, or of making them "be good;" or, if not for this reason, simply from pure thoughtlessness on the part of the older folks. Mothers will, by the simple question, "Are you afraid to go to bed in the dark?" often put the idea in the child's head that there is something to be afraid of. A child would know nothing of such things if he did not hear of them in some way through older folks' talk. A child's imagination is, as a rule, very strong, and it sometimes does strange things. One word is sufficient to start it out on strange quests, and it will people the world for the child with all sorts of strange creatures, unless wiser, older heads disabuse the child's mind of all harmful fancies.

A girl who has been brought up with sane, sound, healthy views as to the world and the laws governing it, who has been shown the pretty moonshine of fairy tales, or the beautiful symbolism of them, if you wish, would let no magic wire and spirits of Hindoos bother her. And since there are people in the world who will try to influence others in just such superstitious ways, if possible, it is wise to safeguard the young folks against all such influences by putting in their hands the torch of knowledge. This will throw such a strong and brilliant light on all these weird tales and practices that their flimsiness and falsity will be seen at a glance.

OPEN LATE TO-NIGHT.

S. KANN SONS & CO.
8th St. & Pa. Ave.
"THE BUSY CORNER"

SAMPLE LINGERIE WAISTS
Worth up to $3.50 each,

$1.69

Waists in this collection are all samples, and hence but one or two of a style. Fancy lace-trimmed and embroidered effects, yoke and straight trimmed effects; ¾-length sleeves; lace collars. Excellent values.

WHEN A MAN MARRIES

The Novel from Which the Play "Seven Days" Was Made.

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART,

Author of "The Circular Staircase" and "The Man in Lower Ten."

Copyright, 1909, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

CHAPTER XXI—Continued.

He opened the door to let me pass out, and as our eyes met, all the coldness died out of his. He held out his hand, but I was hurt. I refused to see it.

"Kit!" he said unsteadily. "I—I'm an obstinate, pig-headed brute. I am sorry. Can't we be friends, after all?"

"'When we do not have friends we cannot lose them,'" I replied with cool malice. And the next instant the door closed behind me.

It was that night that the really serious event of the quarantine occurred.

We were gathered in the library, and everybody was deadly dull. Aunt Selina said she had been reared to a strict observance of the Sabbath, and she refused to go to bed early. The cards and card tables were put away and every one sat around and quarreled and was generally nasty, except Bella and Jim, who had gone into the den just after dinner and firmly closed the door.

I think it was just after Max proposed to me. Yes, he proposed to me again that night. He said that Jim's illness had decided him; that any of us might take sick and die, shut in that contaminated atmosphere, and that if he did he wanted it all settled. And whether I took him or not he wanted me to remember him kindly if anything happened. I really hated to refuse him—he was in such deadly earnest. But it was quite unnecessary for him to have blamed his refusal, as he did, on Mr. Harbison. I am sure I had refused him plenty of times before I had ever heard of the man. Yes, it was just after he proposed to me that Flannigan came to the door and called Mr. Harbison out into the hall.

Flannigan—like most of the people in the house—always went to Mr. Harbison when there was anything to be done. He openly adored him, and—what was more—he did what Mr. Harbison ordered without a word, while the rest of us had to get down on our knees and beg.

Mr. Harbison went out, muttering something about a storm coming up, and seeing that the tent was secure. Betty Mercer went with him. She had been at his heels all evening, and called him "Tom" on every possible occasion. Indeed, she made no secret of it; she said that she was mad about him, and that she would love to live in South America, and have an Indian squaw for a lady's maid, and sit out on the veranda in the evenings and watch the Southern Cross shooting across the sky, and eat tropical food from the quaint Indian pottery. She was not even daunted when Dal told her the Southern Cross did not shoot, and that the food was probably canned corn on tin dishes.

So Betty went with him. She wore a pale yellow dinner gown, with just a sophisticated touch of black here and there, and cut modestly square in the neck. Her shoulders are scrawny. And after they were gone—not her shoulders; Mr. Harbison and she—Aunt Selina announced that the next day was Monday, that she had only a week's supply of clothing with her, and that no policeman who ever swung a mace should wash her undergarments for her.

She paused a moment, but nobody offered to do it. Anne was reading De Maupassant under cover of a table, and the rest pretended not to hear. After a pause, Aunt Selina got up heavily and went upstairs, coming down soon after with a bundle covered with a green shawl, and with a white balbriggan stocking trailing from an opening in it. She paused at the library door, surveyed the inmates, caught my unlucky eye, and beckoned to me with a relentless forefinger.

"We can put them to soak to-night," she confided to me, "and to-morrow they will be quite simple to do. There is no lace to speak of"—Dal raised his eyebrows—"and very little flouncing."

Aunt Selina and I went to the laundry. It never occurred to any one that Bella should have gone; she had stepped into all my privileges—such as they were—and assumed none of my obligations. Aunt Selina and I went to the laundry.

It is strange what big things develop from little ones. In this case it was a bar of soap. And if Flannigan had used as much soap as he should have instead of washing up the kitchen floor with cold dish water, it would have developed sooner. The two most unexpected events of the whole quarantine occurred that night at the same time, one on the roof and one in the cellar. The cellar one, although curious, was not so serious as the other, so it comes first.

Aunt Selina put her clothes in a tub in the laundry and proceeded to dress them like a vegetable. She threw in a handful of salt, some kerosene oil, and a little ammonia. The result was villainous, but after she tasted it—or snuffed it—she said it needed a bar of soap cut up in give it strength—or flavor—and I went into the storeroom for it.

The laundry soap was in a box. I took in a silver fork, for I hated to touch the stuff, and jabbed a bar successfully in the semi-darkness. Then I carried it back to the laundry and dropped it on the table. Aunt Selina looked at the fork with disgust; then we both looked at the soap. One side of it was covered with round holes that curved around on each other like a coiled snake.

I ran back to the storeroom, and there, a little bit sticky and smelling terribly of rosin, lay Anne's pearl necklace!

I was so excited that I seized Aunt Selina by the hands and danced her all over the place. Then I left her, trying to find her hairpins on the floor, and ran up to tell the others. I met Betty in the hall, and waved the pearls at her. But she did not notice them.

"Is Mr. Harbison down there?" she asked breathlessly. "I left him on the roof and went down to my room for my scarf, and when I went back he had disappeared. He—he doesn't seem to be in the house." She tried to laugh, but her voice was shaky. "He couldn't have got down without passing me, anyhow," she supplemented. "I suppose I'm silly, but so many queer things have happened, Kit."

"I wouldn't worry, Betty," I soothed her. "He is big enough to take care of himself. And with the best intentions in the world, you can't have him all the time, you know."

"She was too much startled to be indignant. She followed me into the library, where the sight of the pearls produced a tremendous excitement, and then every one had to go down to the storeroom, and see where the necklace had been hidden, and Max examined all the bars of soap for thumb prints.

Mr. Harbison did not appear. Max commented on the fact caustically, but Dal hushed him up. And so, Anne hugging her pearls, and Aunt Selina having put a final seasoning of washing powder on the clothes in the tub, we all went upstairs to bed. It had been a long day, and the morning would at least bring bridge.

I was almost ready for bed when Jim tapped at my door. I had been very cool to him since the night in the library when I was publicly staked and martyred, and he was almost cringing when I opened the door.

"What is it now?" I asked cruelly. "Has Bella tired of it already, or has somebody else a rash?"

"Don't be a shrew, Kit," he said. "I don't want you to do anything. I only—when did you see Harbison last?"

"If you mean 'last,'" I retorted, "I'm afraid I haven't seen the last of him yet." Then I saw that he was really worried. "Betty was leading him to the roof," I added. "Why? Is he missing?"

"He isn't anywhere in the house. Dal and I have been over every inch of it." Max had come up, in a dressing gown, and was watching me insolently.

"I think we have seen the last of him," he said. "I'm sorry, Kit, to nip the little romance in the bud. The fellow was crazy about you—there's no doubt of it. But I've been watching him from the beginning, and I think I'm upheld. Whether he went down the water spout, or across a board to the next house——"

"I—I dislike him intensely," I said angrily, "but you would not dare to say that to his face. He could strangle you with one hand."

Max laughed disagreeably.

"Well, I only hope he is gone," he threw at me over his shoulder, "I wouldn't want to be responsible to your father if he had stayed." I was speechless with wrath.

They went away then, and I could hear them going over the house. At 1 o'clock Jim went up to bed, the last, and Mr. Harbison has not been found. I did not see how they could go to bed at all. If he had escaped, then Max was right and the whole thing was heart-breaking. And if he had not, then he might be lying——

I got up and dressed.

The early part of the night had been cloudy, but when I got to the roof it was clear starlight. The wind blew through the electric wires strung across and set them singing. The occasional bleat of a belated automobile on the drive below came up to me raucously. The tent gleamed, a starlit ghost of itself, and the boxwoods bent in the breeze. I went over the the parapet and leaned my elbows on it. I had done the same thing so often before; I had carried all my times of stress so infallibly to that particular place, that instinctively my feet turned there.

And there, in the starlight, I went over the whole serio-comedy, and I loathed my part in it. He had been perfectly right to be angry with me and with all of us. And I had been a hypocrite and a Pharisee, and had thanked God that I was not as other people, when the fact was that I was worse than the worst. And although it wasn't dignified to think of him going down the drain pipe, still—no one could blame him for wanting to get away from us, and he was quite muscular enough to do it.

I was in the depths of self-abasement when I heard a sound behind me. It was a long breath, quite audible, that ended in a groan. I gripped the parapet and listened, while my heart pounded, and in a minute it came again.

I was terribly frightened. Then—I don't know how I did it, but I was across the roof, kneeling beside the tent, where it stood against the chimney. And there, lying prone among the flower pots, and almost entirely hidden, lay the man we had been looking for.

His head was toward me, and I reached out shakingly and touched his face. It was cold, and my hand, when I drew it back, was covered with blood.

TO BE CONTINUED TO-MORROW.

MORNING CHIT-CHAT.

"PEOPLE always say that a mother's love for her children is so much greater than theirs for her. Now I have the sweetest mother in the world, and I love her so dearly that I am sure that she cannot care any more for me than I do for her. I wish you would write and say that it is not at all an invariable rule," a young girl wrote me the other day.

Perhaps she does care as much for her mother as her mother does for her. Or perhaps she just isn't old enough to have learned how great love can be. Of course, I can't judge.

But I am going to tell her and any one else who has any doubt about the difference between mother love and child love, two little stories.

They were told me the other day by Mary Boyle O'Reilly, the famous woman prison commissioner.

A woman lay dying in Sherborn prison. She had live a very disreputable life. She had left a good husband for another man, then left that man for the life of the streets and had dragged her husband's name in the foulest mud of the gutter.

When the woman was dying Miss O'Reilly sent for her husband. When he came, he brought with him a girl of about fourteen, who had been put into a convent at the time of the trouble and had been brought up there.

Miss O'Reilly took the girl under her wing and started off with her toward her mother's room. The girl looked about her in surprise and said: "What a queer looking hospital." Naturally it didn't take the quick-witted commissioner long to realize what that meant. The daughter had never been told of the mother's shame and the father was still making a desperate effort to hide it from her.

Of course Miss O'Reilly tried to co-operate and the girl might never have known, if a squad of prisoners in prison garments had not come down the corridor at just that moment. The girl started and shrank back, and then before the commissioner could stop her, ran straight up to one of the squad. "What place is this?" she demanded. "This is Sherborn Prison, Miss," answered the prisoner. With a cry the girl turned and ran straight back to the office. The father, who had been as terribly wronged as a man could be, made up his mind to forgive and went to his wife. She sent back a message pleading with the girl to come.

But the girl refused. And the woman died without seeing her.

And the other story isn't quite so sad. Or maybe it's sadder. I'm not sure which.

A young country girl had drifted via the life of the streets into Sherborn Prison.

She was obliged to undergo an operation and was very ill. Her mother, knowing nothing of all this, came down from the country in search of her.

She went to Miss O'Reilly's private office. "They tell me you know where my girl is," she said. "I do," said Miss O'Reilly. "Where?" "I'll take you."

As they started off in the motor some one called after Miss O'Reilly by her prison title, "Commissioner."

The woman looked up quickly. "What did he call you?"

"Commissioner," said Miss O'Reilly.

The woman thought a moment. "I never knew but one commissioner," she said, "and she was a prison commissioner."

"That is what I am," said Miss O'Reilly, and was ready to comfort the woman.

But the woman did not weep. Nor during the forty miles to the prison did she say a word about her daughter.

Only when Miss O'Reilly had brought the woman to the door of her daughter's room, she took the commissioner's hand and said slowly: "You have done a good deal for me. I can't thank you. I can only pray as the best thing that can happen to you that you may never have a child."

And then she turned and went into her daughter's room smiling.

And never once did she speak a word of reproach or blame of her.

There is a difference, you see.

RUTH CAMERON.

FROM WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW.

We still hear the cry of too much housework to allow time for outside matters, and the invariable answer is "Simplify." One cannot have everything, and if time is the most important, make sacrifices to secure it. Money-saving concerns the majority of us more, and that, too, is accomplished by condensing.

• • • •

Laundry expenses are something with which to reckon, and any device that reduces them is to be encouraged. When we have to consider cost, we should leave elaborate underwear to those with bottomless purses. There are woven garments, neat and perfect-fitting, easy to wash and requiring no handling of hot irons. There are dainty doilies to use in place of table cloths, and everybody knows that small napkins are so easy to launder that one can use them freely.

An extensive wardrobe is a veritable time-eater. Mending is perpetual, and many repairs are of such a delicate nature that only handwork is possible, and it is slow and tedious. It is easy to accumulate sewing and difficult to dispose of it, particularly when one is easily discouraged. The simplest wardrobe is all that a busy woman should consider—the woman of leisure needs no consideration. If we hire somebody to make repairs the money to pay them must be found; if we do the work ourselves we must be reconciled to the sacrifice of time.

• • • •

I still maintain that the majority of homes are too large. When we wonder at the work done by our grandmothers, we do not consider the fact that old-time kitchens were dining and living rooms as well. There were fashionable folk in those days, to be sure, but the number was small, and ordinary families lived simply. Clothing was worn out, regardless of style, and its wearing qualities were something to which we are strangers.

• • • •

Modern life has done away with drudgery as our ancestors knew it, but in its place are a multitude of tasks which are more wearing upon body and brain. All homes are pretentious, unless poverty has a death-grip upon them, and everybody is a slave to fashion. You would be amazed to know the prices paid for corsets and shoes and real lace collars by women who have nothing but a modest salary between themselves and starvation. You would be likely to lose your breath could you see the party frocks and "fixings" of some of these workers. How can they have either time or money?

BETTY BRADEEN.

New Medieval Leather.

From the Boston Herald.

A novelty for a card party prize is not always easily discovered. Just now the entertainers in search of one could avail herself of the new "medieval leather" goods.

All sorts of pretty and desirable things which lend themselves to such material are now made up in the skins, which have been treated by a process to exactly reproduce the rusty green ones found on book covers of the middle ages. The result is most artistic and eye satisfying.

Calendars, desk sets, note books, and similar trifles for the library are all to be found in it, as well as more personal belongings — belts, pocketbooks, and satchels.

Rice Pudding.

Four cups of milk, one-third cup of rice, one-half teaspoon of salt, one-third cup of sugar, grated rind of half a lemon. Wash rice, mix ingredients, and pour into buttered pudding dish. Bake three hours in a very slow oven, stirring three times during first hour of baking to prevent rice from settling.

EXCURSIONS.

NORFOLK & WASHINGTON STEAMBOAT CO.
SPEND
Fourth July
AT
OLD POINT, NORFOLK, OCEAN VIEW, Va. BEACH
ROUND $3.50 TRIP.
Tickets on Sale July 1, 2, & 3.
Limited to return up to and including July 5.
WEEK-END TOURS, including staterooms and hotel accommodations:

	OLD POINT, CHAMBERLIN:	OCEAN VIEW, O. V. HOTEL:
Sat. to Mon.,	$7.50	$6.50
Fri. to Mon., Sat. to Tues.,	$11.50	$10.00
Sat. to Wed., Fri. to Tues.,	$15.50	$13.00

City Ticket Office, 720 14th st. 'Phone M. 1520.

CHESAPEAKE BEACH
ALL AMUSEMENTS.
MAMMOTH BOARDWALK, MUSIC, DANCING.
Excellent Hotels and Cafes.
ROUND TRIP:
Week Days 25c
Sundays and Holidays.....50c
Train Schedule in R. R. Column.
For Additional Information, Telephone Lincoln 1629.

Spend July Fourth
AT
COLONIAL BEACH
On the Historic Potomac.
Fishing, Crabbing, and Salt Water Bathing.
(No sea nettles.)
The Most Popular Resort—Washington's Atlantic City.
Large Hotels, with First-class Accommodations.
Regular schedule: Steamer every day, except Monday, at 9 a. m.; Saturday, 6 p. m.
Special steamer Saturday evening, July 2, at 2:30 p. m., and Monday morning, July 4, at 9 a. m.
Foot of Seventh street southwest.
THE COLONIAL BEACH COMPANY.
'Phone Main 5912.

DELIGHTFUL
MOONLIGHT TRIPS
ON
Steamer St. Johns
Leaves Seventh Street Wharf sw., 7 p. m.
Every evening except Saturday and Sunday. Delightful Forty-mile Moonlight Trips.
Music, Dancing, Palm Garden.
Fare—Adults, 25c. Children, 15c.
'Phone Main 5912.

Steamer Macalester
FOR
MARSHALL HALL
The most beautiful resort on the Potomac River—all amusements. Leaves 7th st. wharf daily at 10 a. m., 2:30, and 6:30 p. m.
FOR
MOUNT VERNON
Daily, except Sunday, 10 a. m. and 2:30 p. m.; fare round trip, including admission to the grounds and mansion, 75c.

EXCURSIONS.

4th July Excursions

Annapolis, Chesapeake Bay, West River and return, coolest and only short sea trip from Washington. July 3, 10:05 a. m.—July 4, 8:55 a. m., and daily, except Tuesdays and Thursdays, throughout summer $1.00

Atlantic City, and return, good for 15 days, via Ericsson Line, day and night; steam from Baltimore; Chesapeake Bay and Chesapeake and Delaware Canal..... $5.25

Cape May and return, same route; 15 days $5.50

Pen-Mar Park, in Blue Ridge Mountains; daily; 6:00 a. m.; round trip for day..... $2.00

Seashore tickets to Ocean City, Md., and Rehoboth Beach, Del., sold Saturdays, good returning Mondays $3.60

Tolchester Beach, Betterton, Port Deposit, Love Point Pier, and Claiborne; one day excursion tickets $1.50

Washington, Baltimore and Annapolis Electric Railway,
1424 New York Ave.

THE ELECTRIC LINE
REDUCED RATES
Saturdays and Sundays
$1.25 BALTIMORE
AND RETURN.
Tickets good on all cars, with return limited to Monday midnight. Half hourly limited cars on the hour and half hour.
Cars 5 minutes before every hour to Annapolis and Direct to United States Naval Academy.

Gettysburg Battlefield $2.00
Account National Army Encampment in connection with Militia of District of Columbia, Maryland, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania State Militia during July. Special trains will leave 1424 New York ave. nw., at 6:55 a. m. Sundays, July 3, 10, and 31, connecting with W. M. R. R. at Baltimore.
WASHINGTON, BALTIMORE & ANNAPOLIS ELECTRIC RAILWAY,
1424 New York ave. nw.

EXTRA FOR "THE 4th"
CHEVY CHASE LAKE
Full Section of
U. S. MARINE BAND
AT DANCING PAVILION
from 2 to 5 p. m.
CONCERT AND DANCING In the Evening Also.
All Picnic Facilities—plenty of spring water—adequate car service.
Admission Free

EXCURSIONS.

FIVE DOLLARS
WASHINGTON TO
White Sulphur Springs
AND RETURN
SATURDAY, JULY 9, 11, 1910
Hotel Accommodations $3.00 Additional
Leave Washington 2:00 p. m. Saturday and return early Monday morning.
A delightful journey through a beautiful and historic section of Virginia to the summit of the Alleghanies, and one full day's sojourn at White Sulphur Springs, where the past and the present are so charmingly blended.
New ownership, new management, new features, and modern improvements have transformed the Old White into an up-to-date summer resort without sacrificing the charm of its earlier days.
Full information and excursion tickets at Chesapeake & Ohio offices, 1339 F street and 513 Penna. avenue.
'Phone Main 1066 and 2206.

COLONIAL BEACH, VIRGINIA
Penna. R. R. and Popes Creek Packet Company.
Union Station, 7:45 A. M.
Arrive Colonial Beach, 11:45 A. M.
Effective May 29, 1910.
H. E. OWEN, Manager.

Kensington Railway.
Cars from 15th st. and New York ave. every quarter hour, pass Rock Creek Bridge, Main Entrance Zoological Park, and Chevy Chase. Connect at Lake with Kensington Line. After 6:30 P. M., during Band Concert season at Lake, cars run from loop.

AMUSEMENTS.

BELASCO—TO-NIGHT At 8:15
Nights, 25c 50c 75c Mat. Sat. 25c & 50c
BEN GREET STOCK CO.
SOUVENIR MAT. SAT.,
"School for Scandal"
NEXT WEEK Sir W. S. Gilbert's Farce, The Palace of Truth

Open Air Patriotic Service
On the Cathedral Close
JULY 3, 1910, AT 4 P. M.
SPECIAL PREACHER,
Rev. J. HENNING NELMS
Rector of Ascension Parish.
The music will be sung by the Cathedral Choir, led by detachment of
U. S. MARINE BAND,
Which will play one-half hour before service.
TAKE TENNALLYTOWN CARS.

BASEBALL
4 P. M.—To-day—4 P. M.
Washington vs. Boston

MASONIC AUDITORIUM 13TH ST. & N. Y. AVE.
Every Eve., From 7:30 to 10:30 ALL SEATS, 10c
MOVING PICTURES AND VAUDEVILLE
PICTURES CHANGED EVERY NIGHT ALL SEATS, 10c.

AMUSEMENTS.

COLUMBIA To-night At 8:15 Sharp
The COLUMBIA PLAYERS IN
A BACHELOR'S ROMANCE
NEXT WEEK—"MISS HOBBS."
SPECIAL HOLIDAY MATINEE JULY 4, 2:15 P. M.
MATINEES THURS. and SAT. 25c & 50c
No 'Phone Orders

NATIONAL Night Prices—25c, 50c, 75c, $1.00. Wed. & Sat. Mats., 25c, 50c, 75c.
Aborn Grand Opera Company
EVERY NIGHT, WED. AND SAT. MATINEES,
"THE BOHEMIAN GIRL"

ALL CARS TRANSFER TO THE
CASINO THEATER 7th & F Sts.
Most Perfectly Fireproof Theater in America.
Wm. Morris-Vaudeville
AMERICA'S BEST PICTURE PLAYS.
Prices: MATINEES, ALL SEATS, 10C. EVENINGS, 10C AND 20C.
Performances: From 1:30 p. m. to 5 p. m. and from 7:30 to 11 p. m.

At Fountains & Elsewhere
Ask for
"HORLICK'S"
The Original and Genuine
MALTED MILK
The Food-drink for All Ages.
At restaurants, hotels, and fountains.
Delicious, invigorating and sustaining.
Keep it on your sideboard at home.
Don't travel without it.
A quick lunch prepared in a minute.
Take no imitation. Just say "HORLICK'S."
In No Combine or Trust