"SHAKE, WE ARE COMRADES NOW"

North and South to Join in Unveiling of Statue to Confederates.

BLUE AND GRAY UNITE

Solemn Services to Be Held in Arlington Cemetery June 4.

The last link in the chain of brotherly love that unites the North and the South will be forged at Arlington National Cemetery on June 4, when the beautiful monument erected to the Confederate dead will be unveiled in the presence and with the help of the men who fought in the ranks of the blue.

When the wearers of the blue stood on the world's greatest battlefield—Gettysburg—last year and welcomed the wearers of the gray to that historic spot, sectionalism was dealth a staggering blow; and when the wearers of the gray stand in the greatest national cemetery in the world—Arlington—the blue and the gray will at last be blended into one color.

The exercises incident to the unveiling of the monument, which has been erected through the efforts of the Arlington Confederate Memorial Association, will be participated in by President Wilson, Gen. Bennett Young, commander of the United Confederate Veterans; Gen. G. W. Gardner, commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic; Col. Hilary A. Herbert, former Secretary of the Navy and chairman of the executive committee of the Arlington Confederate Memorial Association; Mrs. Daisy McLaurin Stevens, president of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and Col. Robert E. Lee, grandson of Gen. Lee.

Thousands to Attend.

The ceremonies will be witnessed by thousands of visitors from all parts of the South, representing the Confederate Veterans' Association, the Sons of Confederate Veterans and the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Among the organizations that are expected to attend in a body are the Confederate Veterans' Camps of Alexandria and Baltimore and the "Old Guard" of Baltimore. Members of the Senate and House have been invited to be present and 60 acceptances have been received.

Mrs. Drury Conway Ludlow, chairman of the invitation committee, has received a letter from Gen. Eli Torrance, former commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, to whom an invitation was sent, regretting his inability to be present owing to previous engagements. His letter concludes:

"However, whether present or absent, I will be in happy accord with you and those associated with you in the consummation of your efforts to give suitable visible expression of your purpose to honor in perpetuity the soldierly qualities, character and sacrifices of the Confederate soldier. If I am denied the pleasure of participating in the solemn, tender and inspiring ceremonies, will you not grant me the privilege, as a soldier of the Union and a friend of the Confederate, of placing a flower upon the graves of the dead?

Visit to the Graves.

"More than a year ago, in company with Gen. Herbert, I visited Arlington and for the first time stood among the graves of the Confederate dead. On our way back to the city I said that I hoped the time might come when I could place a flower upon each grave and if some one will see that my wish is granted it will be a comfort to me."

The committees, which have worked so hard to make the unveiling ceremonies a success are:

Executive—Col. Hilary A. Herbert, chairman; Mrs. Marion Butler, vice chairman; Wallace Streater, treasurer; Mrs. Drury Conway Ludlow, recording secretary; Mrs. William Oscar Roome, corresponding secretary; Hon. Seth Shepard, Capt. John M. Hickey, Abner H. Ferguson, Mrs. Magnus S. Thompson, Mrs. Rust Smith, Mrs. James E. Mulcare, Mrs. Archibald Young, Mrs. B. Claughton West; Miss Mary R. Wilcox, Mrs. Jennie L. Munroe, Mrs. Leonard C. Hoffman, Mrs. Marcus J. Wright, Mrs. Lindley L. Lomax, Mrs. William Anthony Wayne, Miss Fannie W. Weeks.

Advisory board—Rev. Dr. Randolph H. McKim, Hon. Charles J. Faulkner, Martinsburg, W. Va.; Hon. Seth Shepard, Dr. Thomas Nelson Page, Ambassador to Italy; Hon. J. J. Darlington, Gen. Marcus J. Wright, Mr. J. T. Callahan, Dr. Thomas M. Owen, Montgomery, Ala.

Program—Mrs. Marion Butler, chairman; Hon. J. J. Darlington, Mrs. Magnus Thompson, Hon. Charles J. Faulkner, Mrs. Marcus Wright, Miss Mary Wilcox, Mrs. Wayne.

Transportation—Wallace Streater, chairman; Mr. Ferguson.

Press—Claude N. Bennett, chairman; Mrs. Wallace Streater, Mrs. Young, Gen. Francis M. Cockrell.

Stands—Capt. J. W. Hickey, chairman; Wallace Streater, Miss Weeks, A. C. Weeks.

Badges—Mrs. J. E. Mulcare, chairman; Mrs. West, Mrs. Munroe.

Invitations—Mrs. D. C. Ludlow, chairman; Mrs. Lilian Pike Roome, Judge Seth Shepard.

Welcome—Mr. Callahan, chairman.

Decorations—Mrs. L. G. Hoffman, chairman.

Plan Social Affairs.

A number of social affairs are being planned for the entertainment of the distinguished visitors. The Arlington Confederate Monument Association, through the courtesy of the Secretary of State and the Director General of the Pan-American Union will give a reception at the Pan-American Building on the evening of the 4th. The Marine Band will furnish the music, refreshments will be served and everything possible done for the pleasure of the guests.

Col. Herbert will give a buffet luncheon on the fourth, before the unveiling exercises, to Sir Moses Ezekial, the sculptor who designed the monument; the members of the executive committee, the president general of the Daughters of the Confederacy, Mrs. Daisy McLaurin Stevens, and the members of the monument board and ex-president generals of the Daughters.

The Southern Society of Washington probably will give a reception and dance on the evening of the fifth at the Raleigh Hotel in honor of Mrs. Stevens and other officers of the Daughters. A special feature of this occasion will be dancing by the younger contingent who will attend the unveiling. The other local organizations of Southerners are preparing to show the visitors a royal time.

TOY MAGNATE SLAIN.

Concord, N. H., May 23.—Howard W. Peaslee, fifty, a former selectman and proprietor of the Henniker Toy and Novelty Company, of Henniker, N. H., was found slain in his store in that town today. His head had been blown nearly off by a shotgun.

CITY HONORS SLAIN MARINE.

Niagara Falls, N. Y., May 23.—All business halted this afternoon for the funeral of Andrew M. Saunders, an American marine accidentally killed by a comrade at Vera Cruz. The services were attended by Justice Lamar and F. W. Lehmann. American delegates to the mediation conference.

IDOL OF FOREIGNERS IN MEXICO

SIR LIONEL CARDEN

The British Ambassador in Mexico, who has accomplished more in protecting foreigners, including Americans, residing in that troublous country than any other man. It is to Carden that Americans remaining in Mexico City will look for protection in the event of open war between the United States and Mexico. Carden, who is a multimillionaire and has extensive holdings in Mexico, is credited with exercising more influence over Gen. Huerta than any other man. Carden also is admired by the constitutionalists.

UNCLE ELI'S FABLES.

All Passed by the National Board of Censors.

By M. QUAD.

The Jackals and the Fox.

As two Jackals and a Fox were traveling in company they came upon a dead chicken lying on the ground, and at once there was a quarrel between them as to which should have the prize. They finally settled it by dividing the chicken between them, leaving the Fox entirely out of the affair. An owl who had observed the proceedings queried of the Fox:

"But where do you come into this thing, Mr. Reynard?"

"Oh, I take my share in natural philosophy," replied the Fox. "Firstly, that chicken was killed and placed here for an object. Secondly, the body was poisoned, and thirdly, there go those jackals tumbling about and making their last kicks."

MORAL.

"And I may say further," observed Reynard, as he scratched his ear with his paw, "that when you are offered something for nothing it's a good idea to let somebody else sample it first."

The Woodman and the Bear.

A Woodman who was passing through the forest came upon a Bear who was rolling over and over on the ground and uttering the most dismal complaints. Bruin had one eye closed, and was covered from head to heels with lumps and knobs and knots.

"What cheer!" gayly cried the Woodman, as he drew nearer.

"Bees!" moaned the Bear.

"But nature gave you a coat of fur to protect you from the stings of bees."

"So she did," answered the Bear, "but she also made me fool enough to want honey just the same when I was shedding my coat, and every sting would life me a foot high!"

MORAL:

None of us are ever satisfied with a good thing.

The Frog, the Fish, and the Duck.

Once upon a time a certain pond was inhabited by a Frog, a Fish, and a Duck, and they got along so well together that they vowed eternal friendship and agreed to always dwell together. That was in springtime. As the heat of summer came on the pond kept growing smaller and smaller, and one day the Frog sharply remarked:

"See here, you Fish, you are taking up altogether too much room!"

"It's you who are playing the hog!" promptly replied the Fish.

"Come, now, but you both have bristles on your backs!" put in the Duck. "But for your selfish spirits you would get out and give me room."

Thereupon the Frog and the Fish both turned upon the Duck and berated her until her quacking summoned the owner of the proud, who made inquiry as to the trouble.

"The Duck's a hog!" shouted the Frog.

"The Frog's a liar!" shouted the Duck.

"Bounce them both out and give me the puddle!" added the Fish.

"My friends," replied the owner, after due reflection, "since there is not enough water for all, and since I alone have rights to the pond, I will use what is left to water my cabbage!"

MORAL

Friendships last until one is called upon to sacrifice. Tramps who fight for the softest bed in the farmer's barn deserve to sleep in fence corners.

The Thief and the Judge.

A Thief having been arraigned before a Judge on charge of sheep stealing sought to excuse his crime by saying:

"Your Honor, I visited the place in hopes to get a chicken, but in the darkness of the night I got hold of a Lamb instead."

"But when you found that it was a Lamb?"

"I cast around to exchange it for a Calf, but in vain!"

"But yet you took the Lamb home and killed and ate it."

"But I did not like the taste of it. And you should take into consideration that it was a small Lamb and a lean one at that."

"The plaintiff has sworn that it was a year old."

"It might have been, your Honor."

"And that it had a fleece of wool."

"I do not dispute that."

"And that it had a sheepskin."

"It had, your Honor, but I claim that the charge is defective. A Lamb is not a sheep."

"You are correct there."

"A lamb is not mutton."

"No."

"Then I ask for my discharge from custody."

"You are too late for that, sir. While you have been dodging between a Sheep and a Lamb the warright has been amended to try you, not for stealing the meat of a Lamb, but for the wool of one."

MORAL

You never know how wise the law is until you set out to beat it.

VETERAN RANKS THINNING FAST

Each Year Sees More Graves for Nation to Decorate at Arlington.

PROVES HONOR OF WAR

Total of 304,000 Northern Dead in Civil War Tells Only Partial Story of Sacrifice.

By MIRA M. METCALF.

Before another issue of The Sunday Herald the battered remnants of an army, grander than ever Cæsar mustered under the banner of imperial Rome, will have marched with faltering step and saddened heart to lay its yearly tribute of tears and flowers on the graves of an ever-increasing number—the dead heroes of the civil war.

To the world of today, this great tragedy of half a century ago is but tradition and not a living memory, but the passing years can never efface that record from the very souls of those who went through that fiery furnace in the great struggle for the nation's life with its frightful toll of precious young lives sacrificed to the Moloch of one of the world's greatest wars. Costly indeed was the price with which the dawning peace was bought: Fourteen thousand men killed and wounded at Shiloh; 15,000 went down at Chickahominy; 13,000 at Antietam, and 13,000 more at Fredericksburg; 17,600 killed or crippled at Chancellorsville; 32,000 lives sacrificed on the field of Gettysburg; 16,000 at Chickamauga; 18,000 at Spottsylvania, while 17,000 fell in the Battle of the Wilderness.

One for Every Nine.

In those four years of blood and carnage, 92,000 men perished by the bullet, 186,000 by disease, and 25,000 died from other causes—a total of 304,000 dead—one man for every nine who wore the Blue.

From the lips of thoughtless youth we sometimes hear the flippant charge that the "old soldiers are still fighting the old battles of the civil war," little realizing what they mean to the scarred survivors of those epoch-making days.

Who that "marched with Sherman to the sea" can ever forget?

Who that came back from the slippery slopes of Gettysburg can ever forget the bloody tragedy which for three long days turned its peaceful quiet into a seething hell of shot and shell?

Who that witnessed the destruction by the Confederate army itself, of its last hope and stronghold, the city of Richmond, in that memorable April of '65, will ever forget the indescribable scene of horror, with the roar of an immense conflagration sounding in their ears, while the explosion of the gunboats shook the doomed city to its very foundation? Thirty city blocks swept out of existence by the spreading flames, 1,000 homes destroyed, while hundreds of hospital and almshouse inmates were said to have been blown into eternity.

Such Is War.

Such is war! God forbid that our land shall ever know another, but let us forevermore remain one people, loyal to one flag, and united in one earnest effort to make this nation the grandest ever risen on the tides of time.

Memories like these are ineffaceable, and who has a better right to live again—"fight," if you will—the battles of that fast-receding period, than the proud heroes of that day? But the honored ranks of that once powerful army are rapidly thinning. Day by day in ever-increasing numbers, slowly winds the funeral cortege through the streets of Washington to that vast, silent encampment on the wooded heights of Arlington, that consecrated spot whose silence is only intensified by the dropping of an acorn or the whirr of a wild bird's wing.

Not many are the years before other hands must deck our soldiers' graves with the flowers of spring, but when the last soldier of that great war shall have followed comrade and commander to that land which knows no bugle call to arms, may these lowly graves be still the shrine whereon an unforgetting people shall lay their tribute of bloom and blossom, and be forever guarded by that emblem of the world's best hopes, and the heritage of a people yet to be—that splendid, costly flag for whose

Every stripe of crimson hue,
And every star on field of blue,
Yet thousand of our brave and true
Have laid them down and died.

MEMBER OF CABINET DEFEATED BY UNIONISTS

Charles Masterman Loses Seat in Commons for Espousing Insurance Act.

VICTORY FOR HOME RULE FOES

Special Cable to The Washington Herald.

London, May 23.—The government received a staggering blow tonight in the defeat of Charles Masterman, in the Ipswich by-election. This is the second defeat for Masterman, who is a member of the cabinet, and the chief exponent of the Lloyd George's insurance act.

When appointed chancellor of the Duchy of Cornwall Masterman had to seek re-election at Bethnal Green, but his previous large majority was changed to a small minority.

The Ipswich election was to fill the vacancy created by the death of Rev. Sylvester Horne, who held the seat with a liberal majority of 344. This has now been turned into a Unionists' majority of 532.

Masterman's defeat is not only a heavy setback for the government but is a severe personal blow for Masterman, and it is reported he may have to resign his seat in the cabinet. He was formerly parliamentary secretary of the treasury, and is a close friend of Lloyd-George, who, on the eve of the election, adopted the unusual course for a cabinet officer of going on the stump at Ipswich. The Unionists replied by getting Sir Edward Carson to speak on the same night.

The Unionist candidate, Ganzoni, made his fight on the insurance act and home rule.

Ipswich is the sixteenth seat won by the Unionists since the general election in December, 1910, and while the coalition majority in the House of Commons has been reduced to ninety-four, the Unionists now have a majority of twenty-seven over the Liberals.

A BOY'S BIG GAME.

By M. QUAD.

I had the ill-luck to get a thorn in my foot while hunting in the lion district of the Transvaal, and was laid up at the house of a burgher named Kloopenfeldt for a full week. The burgher had but one child, and he was a boy fourteen years old, and named Carl. The Boer farmer had cut loose from civilization and started in to make a new home, with the nearest neighbor twenty miles away. The country about him was full of lions, hyenas, jackals, and other wild game, and from the front door of the rude stone house one could occasionally catch a glimpse of an elephant, a rhinoceros, or a giraffe. Indeed, on the day of my accident we had killed an elephant within a mile of the house.

I thought myself something of a hunter for big game, but I soon discovered that the boy, young as he was, knew a thing or two in that line. For the last six months, armed only with an old-fashioned rifle, which loaded with powder and ball and used the percussion cap, he had supplied the household with fresh meat, and had also made several kills of big animals. Owing to his lack of a decent firearm he was reluctant to attack the lion or the rhinoceros, but he was full of other plans for laying them low.

I am going to tell you what he did on two occasions, and the particulars will give you a pretty good idea of the people who have been at war with the greatest nation of Europe. The farmer had about 100 head of cattle, which were turned out during the day on the rich grass and at night were herded in a strong pen. These cattle were exposed to one enemy by day and another by night. If a wandering rhinoceros came near the herd by day he would select an animal and charge him. Once in a while one would be overtaken and killed, but in most circumstances, being more agile than the rhinoceros, they made good their escape. The boy Carl had watched these performances for some time, and on the second day of my arrival he was to put a plan into execution. There was a big white ox among the cattle who had been chased several times, and he always ran for the pen when charged. He did not run in a straight line, but zig-zagged, while the rhinoceros in pursuit never deviated from a straight course. At a particular spot the boy dug a pit. It was long and wide and deep, and it took him a week to complete it. Half a mile to the east of this pit was a thicket from which the rhinoceros had always charged. Just after noon on the second day the boy caught the white ox and, tieing a rope around his horns for a bridle, he mounted him and rode away to the thicket. He was going to "draw" for a rhinoceros. The Boer father and mother sat with me on the doorstep to watch.

"If a rhinoceros charges the boy he may be overtaken and killed," I said to them.

"I have no fear for Carl," replied the father.

"He is a boy who could take care of himself," added the mother.

For half an hour the lad rode the ox along the edge of the thicket, and then a rhinoceros suddenly broke cover with a fierce snort. He was after the ox like a wild locomotive, and for the first two minutes my heart was in my mouth. Then the ox got his speed up and held his own, while the boy kept laughing and shouting. By means of the ropes young Carl held his "steed" straight for the pit, but just before reaching it he swerved to the left and passed it in safety. Not so with the "rhino," however. The big beast runs in a straight line with his head down. Instead of following the swerve of the ox he kept straight on, and in five seconds he had landed at the bottom of the pit. It was a funny sight to see his heels go up in the air, and there was an awful thud as he reached the bottom of the pit. I limped down with the Boer and his wife, and there was the old fellow lying on his side with a broken leg. The boy came up laughing, but neither his father nor mother had a word of praise for him. They took it as a matter of course. When I remarked that it was a brave deed, and that Carl deserved all praise for his adventure, the father stolidly replied:

"Humph! Why praise a Boer boy for bravery? It is his business to be brave. If he wasn't brave he wouldn't be no son of mine!"

The old gun was brought out and the bullets were fired into the rhinoceros until he was dead, and he was then covered in. I tried to pat the boy on the back and magnify his deed, but I couldn't make him believe that he was a hero.

Each night, as soon as the sun went down, there was a great howling on all sides from hyenas and jackals, and an hour or two later the lions would begin to roar. On the second night of my stay I wounded one by firing from a kitchen window, and on the third, I killed one who was prowling within thirty feet of the back door. The Boer was glad enough to have them disposed of, but yet he had an eye to business. A dead lion was worth only his skin, while a live one could be sold for $150 cash to the men supplying zoological gardens and menageries. I was asked not to do any more shooting, and on the afternoon of the fourth day the boy Carl set about preparing a trap. The cattle pen was twelve feet high, constructed of stones, logs, and thorn bushes. At one spot it was pulled down until about five feet high. On the inside was constructed a stout pen of stakes, having a length of ten feet and a breadth of five or six. The idea was that if a lion leaped the wall he would land in this pen. It was open at the top, however, and I pointed out to the boy that the lion would be no sooner in than out again.

"But you shall see how I will keep him in," he replied, and it was true that I soon did see and was amazed over it.

He constructed a sort of net of stakes and old telegraph wire, and this net was to be drawn over the top of the pen after the lion was caged. To draw it one must be inside the cattle pen. I protested to the boy that if the lion overleaped the cage or bounded out too quickly there was danger that a young Boer would be carried off for a midnight meal, but he only smiled at me. I entered a protest to his father and mother, but all the reply I got was:

"You can't catch a lion without some risks. Carl knows what he is about and will not be eaten."

Just at nightfall the boy took up his position in the pen among the cattle. An hour or so later we heard five different lions roaring at once. By and by I cause sight of two skulking around, and but for the remonstrances of the Boer I should have fired upon them. He wouldn't hear of it, and we had a big male lion full under our eye when the animal approached the opening and leaped the wall. The frightened cattle bellowed and rushed about in their terror, and it was fully ten minutes before we heard from Carl. Then he came out of the pen by the big gate and calmly informed us that the lion had been safely trapped. Between the terrified cattle, the caged lion, and the lions and the hyenas wandering about on the outside, we had Bedlam on a small scale for the rest of the night. At daybreak we went out to gaze upon the captive king of beasts. The boy had not only drawn the net over the top of the cage but had placed half a dozen big stones on it to hold it down. The lion was meanwhile bounding back and forth and trying the strength of the stakes, and the position was one to try the stoutest nerves. The captive plunged and roared as we looked in on him, but he was secure. A native was sent off to mail a letter at the nearest town, and in the course of a week, as I afterwards learned, the lion was turned over to the buyer, and Carl and his people were $150 in pocket. I tried again before I left to make the boy understand that he had exhibited the greatest bravery in doing what he did, but he modestly replied:

"But I had to be there to draw the net or the lion would have escaped."

And the father quietly added as he puffed away at his big pipe:

"He had to be, of course. You can't catch lions if you are in bed."

LIFE AS YOU FIND IT.

"It's curious about things, isn't it?" said the man who had something on his mind and wanted to talk.

"Yes," replied the man addressed, but without interest.

"It's curious how a fellow gets into a box and then out again."

"Yes."

"You know the Widow Spicer, of course?"

"Oh, yes."

"I heard last month that she had come into fifty thousand dollars. Sat right down and proposed marriage by letter and rushed the letter off."

"Well!"

"Didn't hear from her in answer. Here's the letter. Forgot to stamp it, and it went to the Dead Letter Office. Just got it back. Suppose it had reached the widow and she had accepted me?"

"What do you mean?"

"Why, a week ago I heard that she didn't have ten cents to her name. Curious, aint it?"

"Yes, but I can beat it. I married the Widow Spicer five days ago."

"Gee whiz!"

"And instead of having fifty thousand dollars she had seventy-five thousand."

"Say—say—!" exclaimed the other, as he threw up his hands; but he could get no farther. It was too curious.

CHEERS GREET AUTHOR OF GREEK PAGEANT

Sidney M. Hirsch Honored at Final Performance of "The Fire Regained."

PRODUCTION MAY BE REPEATED

Sidney M. Hirsch, author of the Greek pageant-drama "The Fire Regained," received a signal tribute last night at the conclusion of the final performance at the open air amphitheater at Sixteenth and V streets northwest, when participants and audience crowded about the altar in the center of the arena and witnessed the presentation of flowers and cheered the author.

The entire production was gone through with a smoothness and attention to detail that evinced the greatest care and attention on the part of all participants. Hundreds of the players were so thoroughly interested in the work, that they appealed to Mr. Hirsch to repeat the production again next week at popular prices.

Previous to last night's performance, Isaac Gans, chairman of the executive committee for the pageant, addressed the participants at the rear of the temple, expressing the committees' thanks for the fine work they had done. Mr. Gans had a word of congratulation for Mr. Hirsch, Percy S. Foster, and all of the principals in the production.

FALL FROM ROOF FATAL.

New York, May 23.—Maurice Geary, thirty-three, a laborer, was killed early today by falling five stories from the roof, to which he had gone to spend the night on account of the heat.

BALLOONIST LOST IN RIVER.

Alton, Ill., May 23.—Robert Cowan, eighteen, an amateur aeronaut, was drowned today in the Mississippi River, when the balloon in which he was riding collapsed and fell into the river.

FREE, "NARCISSUS" PATTERN French Gray Silver-plated Teaspoon. Extra heavy floral handle, with burnished bowl.

MONDAY ONLY, with every can Barnard's Captive Violet Talcum you get one of these attractive French Gray Silver Spoons free. This talcum has the odor of the flowers themselves.

25c Barnard's Captive Violet Talcum and 25c Spoon, Both for 26c

PEOPLE'S DRUG STORES

Seventh and K—TWO STORES—Seventh and E

M. G. GIBBS, Prop.

Tomorrow We Give to the Public Another One of Those Wonderful One-Day Bargain Events!

1-CENT SALE

MONDAY MAY 25 ONE DAY ONLY

MORE OF THOSE SENSATIONAL VALUES

Tomorrow we again have the unique ONE-CENT SALE, fairly bristling with extraordinary economies in seasonable merchandise. Read every item in this list of great bargains and be on hand tomorrow to get your share.

Here's the proposition in a nutshell: Pay one cent more than the list price of any advertised article and get two. Full price for the first—one cent for the second. No matter what the first article costs—the second costs but one cent.

25c Lyon's Tooth Powder, 2 for 26c

25c 1-lb. Talcum Powder, 2 for 26c. Cerylopsis, Arbutus and Violet Odors; in shaker-top boxes, 2 for 26c

Phone and Mail Orders Filled for Goods Advertised in This Wonderful Sale.

Toilet Needs

15c Walnutta Hair Stain, 2 for 16c
25c Japalme Almond Oil Cold Cream ....2 for 26c
50c Dermis Viva, "whitens the skin at once,".2 bots. for 51c
35c Zim Perspiration Cream, 2 for 36c
35c Liquid Cucumber Cream, 2 for 36c
50c Stillman's Cream.2 for 51c
25c Witch Hazel Vanishing Cream....2 for 26c
50c Pompeian Massage Cream, 2 for 51c
35c Cleopatra Massage Cream, the new massage cream that does not get dry and hard. 2 large sealed jars..36c
25c Violet Toilet Ammonia, 2 for 26c
25c Cucumber Cold Cream, for the skin....2 for 26c
5c Orangewood Manicure Sticks....2 for 6c
20c Lustrite Hand Velvet, 2 for 21c
25c tubes Superlative Cold Cream....2 for 26c
25c Wyeth's Velvol Cold Cream. 2 for 26c
Peroxide Cream. The dainty, greaseless, mild skin bleach. In airtight, sanitary 25c jars....2 for 26c
10c Styptic Pencils, for cuts, after shaving....2 for 11c
15c Ervin's Arbutus Rice Powder, flesh or white, 2 for 16c
15c Glycerine Soap, rose or violet, ½-lb bar..2 for 16c
15c Peroxide Soap..2 for 16c
10c Fuller's Earth...2 for 11c
10c Eye Shades....2 for 11c
50c Pondre Medicine, choicest product of France. 2 for 51c
25c Swansdown Face Powder, 2 for 26c
15c Sonodent Violet Talcum, 2 for 16c

Palm Olive Toilet Articles

50c Palm Olive Shampoo, 2 for 51c
50c Palm Olive Cream, 2 for 51c
10c Palm Olive Soap, 2 for 11c

Drug Specials

25c boxes Strong, Fresh, Seidlits Powders....2 for 26c
50c ½ pint Essence of Pepsin, 2 for 51c
10c Orangeine Headache Powders....2 for 11c
25c 1-lb packages Phosphate Soda....2 for 26c
25c Lithia Tablets, 40 in a bottle....2 for 26c
25c Glycerine Suppositories, 1 dozen in a bottle.2 for 26c
25c N. B. Bichloride Tablets, 2 for 26c
25c Blaud's Iron Pills, 2 for 26c
35c Cascara Tablets, 100 tablets, 5-grain....2 for 36c
25c Calomel and Soda Tablets, 100 in a bottle....2 for 26c
10c lb. Powdered Sulphur, 2 for 11c
15c Belladonna Plasters, 2 for 16c
35c Kidney Plasters.2 for 36c
25c Dobell's Solution, pint size....2 for 26c
25c Soda Mint, pint size, 2 for 26c
10c Cream Tartar and Sulphur Lozenges....2 for 11c
15c lb. Pure Bicarbonate Soda, 2 lbs for 16c

Patent Medicines

35c Carter's Pills....2 for 36c
75c Wampole's Sage and Sulphur Hair Tonic, 2 for...76c
85c Graham's Glycerine Tonic, 2 for....86c
60c Walnutta Hair Stain, 2 for....61c
10c Hanrien Oil, 2 for....11c
85c Graham's Emulsion, 2 for....86c
98c G. H. Syrup of Hypophosphites, 2 for....99c
35c Mentholatum, 2 for....36c
25c Pierce's Pills, 2 for....26c

Everyday Needs

15c Wash Cloths....2 for 16c
15c Glass Nasal Douches, 2 for 16c
5c Crepe Toilet Paper.2 for 6c
10c Red Cross Toilet Paper, 2 for 11c
15c Beats All Toilet Paper, 1,500 sheets....2 rolls, 16c
25c Petroleum Jelly, 1-lb cans, 2 for 26c
15c Sea Foam Shoe Cream, for white shoes....2 for 16c
10c Absorbent Cotton, 2 for 11c
10c Straw Hat Cleaner, 2 for 11c

5c Packages Best Imported Moth Balls 2 for 6c

Dr. Charles' Toilet Preparations

Included in This Wonderful Sale

29c Dr. Charles' Face Powder....2 for 30c
50c Dr. Charles' Flesh Food....2 for 51c
75c Dr. Charles' Revive Hair Tonic....2 for 76c
50c Dr. Charles' Creme Oxonola, the greaseless vanishing massage cream....2 for 51c

House-Cleaning Specials

75c Rubber Gloves, 2 pairs for 76c.
10c Cleaning Pads, for taking out spots...2 for 11c
15c Chloride Lime, 2 lbs. for 16c.
15c Peterman's Discovery, 2 for 16c
5c ARGO BORAX SOAP...2 FOR 6c
10c Dutch Cleanser, 2 for 11c
35c M. D. (Municipal Disinfectant)—the safe and strong household disinfectant....2 for 36c
10c Household Ammonia....2 for 11c
50c O. K. Solution Chlorides, full quart size....2 for 51c
20c bottle Spirits of Turpentine, pint size....2 for 21c
35c Formaldehyde, pints....2 for 36c
50c Gardner's Neuway Carpet Cleaner....2 for 51c

Rubber Goods

75c White Rubber Fountain Syringe, with 5 feet tubing, 2 for 76c
35c Syringe Tubing, rapid flow, red rubber; extra value....2 for 36c
5c Black Nipples....2 for 6c
10c Rubber Pacifiers..2 for 11c
60c Rubber Combs, imported, hand finished....2 for 70c

$1.00 Fountain Syringe, 2-qt. size, and $1.00 White Water Bottle, 2-qt. size, Both for $1.01
15c Crutch Tips....2 for 16c
60c Pepco Atomizers, complete and guaranteed perfect, 2 for 61c

10c Munyon's Witch Hazel Soap....2 for 11c
20c Schaefer's Medicated Skin Soap....2 for 21c
10c Genuine Cosmo Buttermilk Soap....2 for 11c
10c Oatmeal Soap...2 for 11c
10c Physicians, Surgeons and Dentists' Soap....2 for 11c
25c Derma Tone Skin Soap, the wonderful medicated soap for the baby, 2 for 26c

25c 1-lb. bottle Peroxide Hydrogen...2 for 26c

25c High-grade Shaving Brush....2 for 26c
75c Rogue Hair Shaving Brushes....2 for 76c
25c Amber Handle Toothbrushes, prophylactic style, each in a box, 2 for 26c

Extra Special

75c Manicure Scissors, 2 for 76c
25c Peroxide Tooth Paste, 2 for 26c
25c Euthymol Tooth Paste, 2 for 26c
85c Glycerated Thymol, 2 for 86c
25c Professional Tooth Paste....2 for 26c
50c Seven Sisters' Hair Tonic....2 for 51c
35c Sugar Milk, 2 one-lb. boxes, 36c

35c Genuine Turkish Bath Towels, extra large and absorbent. This sale only, 2 Towels for 99c.

Blood Purifier

$1.00 bottles Nuera Sarsaparilla, with iodide of potash, the great blood medicine....2 for $1.01

Bath Sprays

$1.50 Red Rubber Bath Sprays, 5 feet best red rubber tubing; large sprinkler nozzle, 2 for $1.51.

Abdominal Belts and Elastic Stockings.

$3.98 Silk Abdominal Belts, 2 for $3.99
$1.98 Summer Obesity Belts, 2 for $1.99
$3.98 Thread Elastic Stockings....2 for $3.99
$5.98 Silk Garter Stockings, 2 for $6.00

INSECT KILLERS

15c Insectine....2 cans for 16c
15c Peterman's Roach Food..2 for 16c
15c Dead Stuck....2 for 16c
15c Red Signal Bug Dust....2 for 16c
10c Insect Guns....2 for 11c

Bugs P. D. Q. is the surest, safest bedbug killer that you ever used, 25c bottles. 2 for 26c

Grape Juice

40c bottle Pure Unfermented Grape Juice, 25-oz. size, 2 for 41c
10c Requa Charcoal Tablets, 2 for 11c

LAME BACKS

BUCHU BUTTONS

These little wonder kidney tablets lift the burden of backache. 50c boxes. 2 for 51c

50c Beef, Iron and Wine....2 for 51c
25c Compound Cathartic Pills, 100's..2 for 26c