EVERYBODY GOES TO

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We Advertise Facts

We have trained ourselves never to resort to exaggeration in writing our advertisements, but to tell in simple words the plain truth about what we have to offer. No one ever come to our store to be disappointed after reading one of our "ads." You always get all your expect here and some times more.

FIGURES PROVE FACTS
MEN'S SUITS AT

$5 and $9.50

We give you your unrestricted choice of any Suit on our racks, value up to $25.00.

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GOVERNOR HATFIELD TO ATTEND CENTRAL WEST VIRGINIA FAIR

Other State Officials to Take Part and There Will Be Special Observances.

A notable feature of the Central West Virginia Fair, to be held August 31, September 1, 2 and 3 on the beautiful and extensive exposition grounds here, will be the observance of special days, for which elaborate preparations are being made.

Tuesday, August 31, will be observed as Children's day. Special amusements for the younger folk will be provided and a big parade of children at 2 o'clock in the afternoon will be a feature. A beautiful Shetland pony will be given away to some fortunate boy or girl. Sherman C. Denham, president, will gladly furnish particulars concerning this interesting offer.

Farmers' Day.

The second day of the fair, Wednesday, September 1, will be observed as Farmers' day. The program on this day will be in charge of Howard E. Williams, of Charleston, state commissioner of agriculture, and W. D. Zinn, agricultural agent of Harrison county. This will be one of the biggest days of the fair and there will be numerous special attractions of peculiar interest to farmers.

Thursday, September 2, will be observed as Governor's day, as Governor Henry D. Hatfield will come here from the capital city and take part in an elaborate program that will be carried out. He will be accompanied by his entire official staff and by all the principal state officials. The third day of the fair is always known as the "big day," but this year all previous "big days" of this enterprising exposition will be far eclipsed.

Many Departments.

The fair this year will abound with new features. Its scope has been considerably enlarged, there now being separate big department each for cattle, horses, swine, sheep, poultry and floral and machinery hall exhibits. Experts will be in charge of all these departments and the premium offerings exceed by several thousand dollars the offerings of previous fairs.

The expert ability and wide experience of the men who are to be in charge of the various departments speak in themselves for the high standard of excellence that is to be maintained.

Great Stake Racing.

The racing events will also constitute one of the leading features of the fair. There will be thirteen exciting track events under the auspices of the celebrated Lake Erie Trotting Circuit for stakes of $1,000 each and purses of $500 each, and in addition winners will share in a special drivers' purse of $1,000. The most noted horses in the country will be seen in action and new speed records are promised. There will be auto races and motorcycle events.

Lack of space forbids an enumeration of the many special attractions that will be seen at the fair this year. It suffices to say, however, that they will be of the very highest class, comprehensive, interesting and educational. A number of them under the direct management of the fair will be free. Special attention has been given to provide attractions of peculiar interest to women and children, and there will be a great array of midway features.

On All Trains.

Excursions for the big meet will be run on all branches of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad reaching Clarksburg and there will be extra and ample trolley car service direct to the grounds.

Extensive preparations have been made for the fair by Sherman C. Denham, president, and his large and able corps of assistants and all indications point to a record-breaking attendance. All attendance records were smashed at the magnificent meeting held a year ago but the interest that is being taken in this year's meeting, owing to the special features and exceedingly liberal cash offerings, assures a still greater record.

Experts have estimated that there are 200,000,000 tons of soda in a recently discovered deposit of that useful mineral in British East Africa.

The latest British Admiralty list included 13,226 lighthouses, 290 light vessels and 1,586 for signals throughout the world for the guidance of seagoing craft.

THE WEARY WAY

Daily Becoming Less Wearisome to Many in Clarksburg.

With a back that aches all day,
With rest disturbed at night,
Annoying urinary disorders,
'Tis a weary way, indeed.

Doan's Kidney Pills are especially for kidney trouble.

Are endorsed by Clarksburg citizens.

Mrs. Ada Rankin, 209 Church street, Clarksburg, says: "I used to be bothered with lameness across my back and my kidneys were out of order. I didn't rest well and felt tired in the morning. Doan's Kidney Pills, procured at Wells-Haymaker's Drug Store, gave me relief from all the ailments. I have used Doan's Kidney Pills once in awhile since as a kidney tonic."

Price 50c at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Rankin had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.—Advertisement.

LEMONS
1c
EACH

Economy Market House
Third and Pike Sts.
Latstetter Bldg.
Bell 'Phone 88.

GREAT RACING

At the Fairmont Fair August 24 to 27, Inclusive, is Assured by the Entries.

FAIRMONT, W. VA., Aug. 9.—Some of the greatest horse racing ever seen in the state is expected at the Fairmont fair, August 24 to 27 on the fastest track in West Virginia. This fair is on the Lake Erie circuit and all the high steppers of that organization are coming.

One of the features will be a special drivers' prize of $1,000 offered jointly by Clarksburg and Fairmont. The money is divided $500, $300 and $200 and goes to the driver of the horse winning the most money. There will be four stake races here of $1,000 each and nine other races in each of which the purse is $500. Never in the history of the state has there been such a large and fine list of fast horses as are entered in the races here.

The fair here is noted for its up-to-dateness. There are many fair features shown here not seen at any other fair in the state. John S. Scott, the secretary, and the other officials of the association are live wires. They are doing some tall hustling right now in planning a record-breaking fair.

There will be huge exhibits of everything that grows on the farm, of Marion county's products and a dazzling midway and many big special features.

A fuel for internal combustion engines made in South Africa by a chemical process from paraffin is said to be superior to gasoline, as it leaves no carbon deposit.

Water-meter installation is planned by the Honolulu municipality waterwork; a resolution appropriating $8,500 therefore is before the city board.

THREE ARRESTED

Italians Charged with Beating Woman at Her Home on Water Street.

Three Italians, who gave their names as Dominick Yall, Sandy Goro and John Seedy, were arrested by city police Sunday night on charges of disorderly conduct and fighting. It is charged that the three men were beating a woman, whose name is unknown, at her home on Water street.

All three men posted cash bonds of $10 each and were released. Their trials were set for 7 o'clock this evening before Mayor G. H. Gordon in police court.

Cries of the woman, who is said to have been beaten, caused neighbors to telephone police headquarters, and Officers Sims and Jorns went to the scene. They arrested the three men and brought them to headquarters where the bonds were arranged.

SPECIAL PRICES
WOMEN'S PUMPS

This season's new styles and made by the best manufacturers.

Widths A to E.

$5.00 Edwin C. Burt Pump, gray buck quarter, patent colt vamp, Louis heel, $3.90.

$5.00 Selby Pump, black and white quarter, patent colt vamp, Louis heel, $2.65.

$5.00 La France Pump, gray cloth quarter and covered Louis heel, $2.65.

NEW FALL BOOTS ARRIVING DAILY
SEE OUR WINDOWS.

Highland Bros. & Gore
128 Third St. Exclusive Shoes

COMPLETE PLANS FOR PYTHIAN MEET

Gathering of the Grand Lodge at Charles Town to Be a Big Affair.

CHARLES TOWN, Aug. 9—The meeting of the grand lodge of the West Virginia Knights of Pythias at Charles Town August 22 to 26 is expected to be one of the best meetings in the history of the order.

The grand lodge will be opened with a public meeting in the opera house on Wednesday morning, at 9 a. m., and after the address of welcome and responses, the grand lodge sessions proper will begin and will continue until Thursday evening, and possibly Friday.

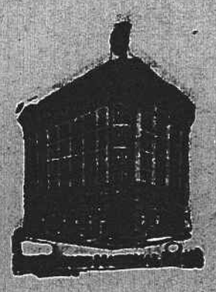
The local committee is making every preparation for the comforts of the guests, and ample accommodations will be at the command of the committee.

On Wednesday night there will be an open air reception to all Knights of Pythias and other guests, and the play of "Damon and Pythias" will be run on the screen at the opera house.

The committee is making arrangements to elaborately decorate the town, and the streets will take on a gala appearance.

Shak Kuk temple No. 178, Dramatic Order Knights of Khorasson, of Terra Alta, commonly known as the Dokies, will initiate a large class on Wednesday night, and will have a parade of those who will travel over the hot sands.

All Knights of Pythias and their friends are cordially invited to be present, and they will be given a hearty welcome by the people of historic Charles Town.



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And Growth

are the best evidence of reliable banking service. An account with us is an assurance of a Strong Depository for your funds and prompt attention to your banking requirements. Checking Accounts are solicited.

4% Interest Paid On Savings Accounts

Empire National Bank
Main and Fourth Sts., Clarksburg, W. Va.

The Great Game

By Joe Busche

FRIDAY evening was "fussing time" at Gales cottage where, with some dozen other maidens, dwelt the lady of Jack's dreams, and on that one evening of each week these maidens were able, under the watchful eye of the cottage preceptress, to entertain such young gentlemen as met the approval of that lady, or even to take short, walks about the campus at seemly hours.

"Passed up a good game today just to be with you for the stingy little hour that stern-eyed old dragon allows us," he was saying softly one pleasant May evening, as with Miss Velma Davis he slowly promenaded the walks about the spacious grounds of the college.

The glance of Miss Velma's brown eyes was ample reward to Jack for what to him had evidently been a sacrifice of magnitude, but her words, accompanied by a little gurgle of delight, were teasingly provocative.

"No doubt the poor umpire was relieved to note the absence of Captain Sturgeon. By the way, would you care to meet the lady umpire?"

"I should say not!" returned Jack, with some heat. "I wonder that you don't try to have your name changed—I am going to change it after you graduate—but before, I mean. I shouldn't think these college authorities would allow a girl that umpires ball games to attend here. They're surely particular enough otherwise. The idea that you and I, who have known each other for so long, are not allowed to visit, except with a chaperon, like that old warrior, pretending to read while she listens when I try to tell you how nice—"

"Now, Jack," remonstrated the girl, although the displeasure in her tone was not as severe as her words, "I shall have to go in at once if you talk that way. You know the rules quite well, and besides, Miss Mayne is allowed to ask us what our friends talk about to us."

Jack stifled the very masculine remark that rose in his throat. "The old tyrant! Just because the president gives her full control over you girls! Sorry, though, there's nothing to prevent our talking about the matter of name changing. That idea appeals to me powerfully. Suppose we don't wait until you graduate. Then your name would not be the same as that of the man-girl from here that does the umpiring stunts."

The girl laughed and ignored the personal part of his plea. "Jack, you are not fair. This other Miss Davis is no older than I, just as pretty, and just as foolishly fond of good times with our crowd and just as ladylike, too," she said defiantly. "You and a few of the others know that the money she receives for umpiring ball games goes to pay her way here, and also to help a younger sister to secure a musical education."

"Even at that I would prefer that sisters of mine had no college education, if the money had to be earned in such a manner," said Jack stubbornly.

"Tell me, have you ever heard any one say that this friend of mine did not conduct herself as a lady and maintain perfect discipline on the ball field; better order than most of the men umpires? Did you ever hear any one question the honesty or fairness of her decisions?"

"No," admitted the young man, slowly. "But it's the idea of the thing. Don't think of her as ladylike as you are, dear. Who would ever think of a girl like you out in the center of a baseball diamond with a bunch of crazy Indians. Yes, that's what we all are, when a game gets close. And then the bleachers with a generous sprinkling of half-intoxicated toughs. I can't even imagine it," he concluded savagely.

"I have heard that you are known as 'Balter' Sturgeon, because, you harass the poor umpires so," said the girl, softly. "How would you treat the other Miss Davis if she were umpiring one of your games?"

"Just as I would a man," he grinned. "I wouldn't actually swear at her, call her names, or strike her—I don't any umpire—but I should question just as emphatically any decision that looked doubtful, and in the manner that has won me that name you find so amusing. Yes, I'll promise Miss Davis an interesting two hours if she ever drifts into our state and umpires for my Coyotes. But about that name changing, Velma, dear?"

The rest of the conversation was distinctly private, and when Jack said good-by a little later at the door of the cottage, while the dragon watched from the hammock, he had entirely forgotten the matter of the other Miss Davis and her ability as an umpire.

Time went on, the vacation season came, and Jack no longer enjoyed the visits to the college town. Miss Velma had told him that he might come to visit her at her home before the term opened again, but that for some time she would be very busy, too busy even to visit with him.

The Spencerville Coyotes were known as the most skillful, hard-hitting, fast-running, and incidentally the scrappiest of all the amateur teams of that state. Fans gave the credit for much of the Coyptes' success to Captain Jack Sturgeon, whose snappy and aggressive play at second base and equally snappy and more belligerent methods with the gentlemen hired to umpire the games of that section were the gossip of the towns in which the Spencerville team performed.

There were some few, and of course they were not Spencerville fans, who argued that the young man was just a trifle too fond of ragging at the umpire—that such things were out of place in an amateur game.

Be that as it may, Jack was a wholesouled, clean-hearted fellow, and if he had a weakness in the world it was in believing that he lacked only an opportunity to lead to victory some famous team of battling, defeat-defying diamond heroes. All such leaders had been umpire challengers, therefore it was necessary for him to live up to the character.

"Now, we would have had no story had not one of the umpires, to whose decisions Jack had taken exceptions, become unduly excited and thereupon made himself a mark for the Spencerville fans, whose chief delight, next to the badgering of a visiting pitcher, was, in baseball slang, "getting the umpire's angora." It has been observed that this is a characteristic of hometown fans, even in the highest baseball circles.

This umpire one day visited a game in a town some hundred miles away. Quite by accident he became acquainted with a young lady who had also attended college and lived at Gales cottage. He came home very thoughtful, and later wrote the manager of the Horseshoes, the Coyotes' strongest rivals.

A few days later came a challenge from the Horseshoes, and with the letter was a draft for five hundred dollars, as an incidental side bet. The conditions named the Horseshoe grounds, and stated that the home team would provide the umpire, subject to removal if too sharply criticised by Captain Sturgeon at any time during the game.

To the Coyotes it was plain that the Horseshoes had unearthed some phenomenon to replace their regular pitcher, "Reliable" Jones. The Coyotes were confident that there was no one, outside the leagues that could hold down their own invincible hitgetters, and with a season's victories behind them would have taken a chance at one of the "biggfellows." The challenge was enthusiastically accepted, and considerably more than five hundred was posted by members of the two teams and the loyal fans of the rival towns.

When the day of the game came Spencerville became the "deserted village." The inhabitants moved to the home of the Horseshoes. The practice was over and the teams were ready for the fray.

"Where's that umpire of yours?" Jack asked the Horseshoes' captain.

"Coming now," grunted the other.

Over the packed stands and bleachers a hush had fallen, and all were watching the slender, girlish figure which slowly advanced to the home plate. She was clad in a close-fitting sweater, visored cap, and beneath her short skirt there showed serviceable, spiked shoes. There was something very decided and businesslike about the young lady, and the crowd wondered. Then suddenly the hush was broken by a shrill boyish voice from high in the stand.

"The lady empire! The lady empire! Where's the Balter?"

From Jack's lips there came a growl and some rather emphatic words.

"Don't think you are going to get us by a deal like this," he snapped at the other captain. "I'll see that you have reason to remove your umpire, all right. Remember that provision of the contract, don't you?"

There was anger, disgust and vexation in the very voice of Sturgeon big shoulders as he turned to greet the lady official.

"Miss Davis, our umpire," said Powers, formally.

Miss Davis acknowledged the introduction and raised her cap slightly, and for the first time Jack saw her face plainly. What his face and attitude had expressed before was nothing to what the watchers saw then, and far up in the bleachers one man smiled a saturnine smile and figuratively hugged himself, as he softly ejaculated in the language of the day, "She's his goat-getter."

Miss Davis indeed! Under the visored cap Jack saw the face of his college sweetheart in all its dainty, piquant beauty. The brown eyes met his bravely, but in their depths was an expression of doubt and fright and something very like sorrow.

Sturgeon struggled for words. Bitter, challenging words tried to force their way to his lips. Surely this was not his Velma, the gentle girl, whose quiet, almost nun-like ways were the delight of his forceful, belligerent nature?

He would ignore her then and forever more. They would be strangers. With a courtly bow he raised his hat, and as Miss Davis met the cold gaze of his black eyes her friendly smile vanished, and in a manner as cold and distant as his own, she discussed the necessary ground rules, and then with the partisan crowds of the two towns each doing its best to outshout the other, the game was on.

Five innings of the game rolled by with no scores. Not only was the work of the two teams faultless; that of the girl umpire was beyond question. Fleet of foot and quick of eye, no play passed unseen, and she seemed to skim from her station behind the pitcher to bases where close plays came up.

Captain Sturgeon was not, however, in the habit of waiting for questionable decisions. It was a part of his policy to consider everything questionable that did not favor his team. His favorite beginning for a demonstration of his opinion of the umpire was to throw his cap high in the air and then madly trample it. In the last half of the third there had been a very close play at first, where he was convinced, with a run the Balter's three-bagger had tied the score.

"Did you ever see such—?" No one knows what unseemly words were stifled in his throat as his eyes came to the level of the diamond and he saw the dainty figure in the black sweater.

"Did you ever see such—poor running?" he ended weakly, and the runner glared. He was the fastest man on bases in the Coyote contingent.

Then that portion of the stands populated by the Horseshoe partisans rocked as they took up in full chorus the cry of the shrill-voiced small boy, whose shout rose above the tumult.

"The lady empire has got the Balter's goat. Got his goat."

The Spencerville crowd were silent. They could not just understand why the presence of the lady umpire had so completely subdued their idol. However, they were not prepared to offend the dignity of the little lady, whose work, even to their prejudiced eyes, seemed very efficient. They confined themselves to loyal rooting for the players, and this seemed to be quite enough, for in the eighth the Coyotes scored twice.

Then, in the first of the ninth, Jack emerged from a cloud of dust and the confusion of a collision with a sliding Horseshoeite, and heard the lady umpire saying calmly, "Safe."

The other player had twisted his ankle, and as they waited for the substitute, Captain Jack stepped close.

"Not even content with making us the talk of the country, are you?" he asked sullenly. "How much are the Horseshoes paying you for the close ones like that?"

He could have killed himself for the bitter, cruel, and senseless words a second after. It was not the real Jack that spoke, but a tortured, unhappy boy, whom the rooting of the stands had driven half out of his senses, not so much on his own account as on hers. Of course, she was nothing to him any longer, but—then, too, through his mind was running the question: Had she known of the deal put up by the Horseshoes when she consented to umpire the game?

Two glaring errors on the part of the Coyotes' second baseman, and the Horseshoes had tied the score. The visiting team came to bat determined to win then and there, for it was a tradition that the Coyotes seldom won an extra inning game.

Sturgeon was fourth batter. One man was on the bases, two had been struck out. Setting his teeth the Coyote captain vented all his savage, seething anger against himself, the lady umpire, and the whole world, in one swing of the big bat.

The bat and ball connected, and the swiftly pitched sphere traveled back on a line and with the speed of a bullet. The pitcher ducked, making no effort to stop the ball, and then Jack, watching as he dashed for first, saw the brave little figure behind the pitcher suddenly crumple and lie still in a heap in the center of the diamond. With a groan Sturgeon swung aside, and in a flash had reached and gathered the form of the lady umpire in his arms.

Heedless of the pig crowd that instantly began to swarm to the diamond, the young fellow held the girl close, kissing the white face and begging for just one word or forgiveness. He had no thought but that she would die, or was already dead. The crushed cap visor showed where the ball had struck, and only Sturgeon knew how hard that ball had been hit.

He never knew how his "menagerie" held back the frenzied, sensation-seeking crowd and forced a way for the doctor, but some time later the sun began to shine again, and the sights and sounds of this world again penetrated his dazed brain. She would live, the doctor said. That was all that mattered. She might umpire ball games; even referee prizefights, if she wished. Just so she lived and forgave him.

The game was won by the Coyotes, but neither the captain nor umpire took further part. Sitting beside her in the hospital, Jack heard the pitiful little story of the sickness and misfortune that made it necessary for the children of the Davis home to make their own way through college. She had tried to keep the secret from him until the close of the season, when she intended to cease umpiring forever. Not until she came on the ground had she known with whom the Horseshoes were really playing.

Mrs. Jack Sturgeon often watches her husband play ball, and marvels quietly at the hears the "fans" wax during at the wild, almost insane manner in which the Coyote captain voices any complaints he may have to make to the umpire.