

CHARLES B. SAX & CO.

SOUTH BEND
INTERURBAN DAY
EVERY THURSDAY

It will be well worth your time and trouble to attend these "Interurban Day" Sales. Every item listed below is a real value, specially priced for Thursday. Reduced prices like these mean real wartime economy. The values are big—read every item—it pays.

\$35 and \$37.50 Plush Coats \$25.00

Beautiful "Salts" Plush Coats, with large plush and fur collars, in new belted styles. Regular \$35.00 and \$37.50 values. Thursday only at \$25.00

Cloth Coats Special \$15.00

One lot of Cloth Coats in newest styles, fabrics and colors. Coats that were taken from higher priced lots. Thursday special at \$15.00

Wash Waists—special \$1.00

New Wash Waists in white and colored stripes. "V" neck with large collar lace trimmed. Special at \$1.

Children's Sleepers Only 69c

Children's Outing Flannel Sleepers, ages 2 to 6 years. Thursday special 69c

\$1.50 Children's Sets \$1.00

Children's Combination Sets, scarf and cap, in open blue, rose, gray and white. Regular \$1.50 value. Thursday, set \$1.00

Values to \$3.45 at Only 98c

Children's Velvet Hats. Values up to \$3.45. Thursday only at 98c

American Flags Only 89c

Fast color Flags, size 3x5 feet. Special Thursday at 89c

\$1.00 Leather Bags 59c

Black Leather Hand Bags. \$1.00 values. Thursday at 59c

50c Windsor Ties 35c

Silk Windsor Ties for women, boys and girls. Regular 50c value. Thursday only 35c

\$1.25 Pillow Cases \$1.00

45-inch Embroidered Pillow Cases, boxed for Christmas giving. \$1.25 value, choice \$1.00

Big Soap Special 5c

Kirk's Oatmeal, Cold Cream, Buttermilk, Witch Hazel and Easy Lather Soap. Special Thursday, bar, only 5c

\$1.00 and \$1.25 Dress Goods 79c

36-inch Scotch Plaids, also Storm Serge, Newdane Cloth and Batiste, in variety of colors. Worth \$1.00 and \$1.25. Thursday only, yard 79c

Fancy Turkish Towels 49c-69c

Extra large Turkish Towels, in colored plaids, stripes and colored borders. Special at 49c and 69c

Special—for the Teeth 17c

Dr. Graves' Tooth Powder and "Rybifoam" Liquid Dentifrice. Regular 25c value. Thursday only 17c

29c Percales yard 23c

Good quality Percale, in light colors. Worth 29c. Thursday only, yard 23c

\$1.50 Berry Bowls \$1.19

8-inch American Cut Glass Berry Bowls, in 3 patterns. Thursday only, choice \$1.19

Aluminum Kettles at \$1.50

3-quart Covered Aluminum Kettles, with aluminum bail. Thursday only \$1.50

S. B. SHOE PARLORS,
216 S. Michigan St.
Up stairs.
Climb a Flight and Save \$\$\$\$

Seamless Gold Wedding Rings
14kt, 18kt, 22kt.
FRANK MAYR & SONS,
Jewelers.

PILES! PILES! PILES!
WILLIAMS' PILE OINTMENT.
For Blind Bleeding and Itching Piles. For sale by all druggists, mail 50c and \$1.00. WILLIAMS MFG. CO., Props., Cleveland, Ohio. For sale by Central Drug Co.

Advertisers make profits from volume—not prices.

FIRST IN THE NEWS-TIMES

Girl in Gray

By Ella R. Pearce

Into the ivory and old gold salon of Jony Freres came a delectable figure in gray. Pearl gray pussy-willow taffeta it was, fashioned into a charming dress on the latest Paris lines, draped in embroidered crepe and girdled in orchid velvet.

The figure advanced and retreated with the automatic motion of the professional mannequin, and Miss Edith Hanover, with a murmur of "Beautiful! My favorite colors," dove into her muff, brought out a small book and began to write rapidly.

The door opened and two visitors appeared with the head of the establishment in attendance. Miss Hanover and the smart young man who stood near her chair, looked across the salon, rather surprised by the advent of shoppers, for it was not more than an hour past the opening time.

Then Edith Hanover returned to her writing, with a look in her eyes she was glad to conceal and a rising flush she found difficult to control. "I have it all now, thank you, Marta," she said formally.

The mannequin moved away, guided by a signal from the other side of the salon. Miss Hanover slipped her book into her muff again, and the young man beside her walked leisurely over to look out the broad window high above the street.

Then it was that one of the newcomers took the smart young man's place at Edith's side.

"Greetings, Edith, how are you?" She murmured a polite response, and took the opportunity to swiftly make an inventory of the change two years had wrought in Donald Crede. He was stouter and browner;

dressed after a fashion which could scarcely be called the latest in New York, and yet an attractive figure. Edith had never been so conscious of the magnetism of his personality. "You're looking well, Don," she said, at which seemingly casual remark he threw back his shoulders and smiled broadly.

"You mean you approve. Fine! And I never felt so fit in my life. I've been—but before I go on, Edith—is that your husband over there?"

It was Edith's turn to smile and the blush escaped at the same time. "I'm not married, Don. Wouldn't you have heard of it?"

"Don't know. I've been buried in Brazil forests most of the time. Rubber interests. Going back this week."

"Going back!" Miss Hanover bit her lip and looked disturbed.

"Yes, it's South America for me for a number of years, I guess."

Her glance, crossing his shoulder, took in the pretty, ultra smart young woman who was engrossed in a study of new fashions.

"Is that your wife over there, Don?"

"Wife? I should say not. She's Cousin Archibald's new wife; and she dragged me into this." His glance met hers and held it steadily.

"I'm very glad now I came, Edith. Suddenly, as they looked, an unexpected confusion fell upon them. It was as though each had been violently shaken out of a fancied security by some emotional shock.

Miss Hanover brought her small book to light, speaking nervously. "See—I'm a fashion writer for one of the magazines. Taking notes when you came in. The man at the window is one of our advertising men. I like this work, and I'm doing very well, Don."

Donald Crede was gazing reflectively across the ivory and old gold salon.

"See that gray dress? It reminded me of you, Edith, before I saw you here. You wore one like it that night—the last night—remember? When you told me I was an idle good-for-nothing, and you wouldn't have anything to do with me."

"I adore that dress. I'd buy it if I could afford it. But even successful business women don't indulge in Paris creations." Edith was talking in thin tones, desperately vivacious, edging past him toward the door. But he deliberately blocked her way.

"Listen. I've seen a girl in gray down there—sometimes at night," he confided. "A little gray ghost with silver slippers. It bothered me at first, but I felt afterward I should miss it if it never came again." He swung around, smiling brightly as before.

"Will you come and meet Mrs. Archibald Crede, Edith?"

"Oh, no." Her eyes stared reproachfully out of a paling face. "Thank you, Don. But I'm going. You should not have spoken of ghosts. You've scared me away."

He went with her to the door.

"May I drop in to see you before I go back?" he said. "Same address, Edith?"

She nodded stiffly and hurried into the hall, her agitation so great that she had rung for the ascending elevator and was speeding upward before she realized her mistake.

That was a hard day for Edith Hanover. She feverishly plunged into work; but her thoughts were ever relling like startled birds.

"I wish I hadn't met him!" she told herself passionately. "I don't want to see him again. And I'll be out every evening until his ship sails."

But, when she reached home at the end of the day, Edith threw herself on the couch, too heartsick and weary to even consider the approaching dinner hour.

Following a tap on the door, a package was thrust into the room; and when the gas was lighted, a sealed letter was found secured to the box wrappings. The familiar writing on the envelope drew Edith to an immediate reading of the letter.

"My dear Edith: I know now what the little gray ghost with silver slippers was trying to tell me down in Brazil. That it was no use trying to forget you, and that you would be glad to see me again, now I'm an honest workman and proud of it."

"Will you wear these flowers for me tonight? And, Edith, you'd better begin to pack your trunk, for our ship leaves at dawn next Friday. Our ship—understand? My girl, I'm too happy to be mistaken!"

"Faithfully yours,
"Don."

With cheeks warmed to deep crimson, Miss Edith Hanover crushed the letter in her trembling hands.

"Don—you shan't dispose of me, of my future, in this high-handed fashion!" Her thoughts ran tempestuously then tears gathered in her bright eyes.

The musical chiming of a clock warned her it was time to begin dressing. Donald Crede would soon arrive, and Edith knew she was going to be there to meet him.

Feverishly she tossed over the gowns in her wardrobe. She was looking for a gray dress, gray crepe with light silver trimmings. It was not a Paris creation and it was not new; but it was very pretty and becoming, and looked well with Donald Crede's orchids.

Edith stared at her mirrored image defiantly. "At least, you're better than a ghost, girl in gray," she decided. "But as for going to Brazil—"

Then the bell rang. And three minutes later Edith, with the last glimmer of defiance melted from her eyes, was in Donald Crede's arms.

PLYMOUTH.

Oct. 5.
Mrs. L. C. Miller, of Walkerton, was a Plymouth visitor, Monday.

Louis Molter, of Whiting, spent the week end with his wife at the home of her mother in the city.

Wm. E. Hess spent Monday in South Bend.

Miss Alice Langdon returned to her school work at Michigan City, Sunday evening.

Hubert Ogden, of Purdue, spent Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. Ogden.

Mrs. J. E. Bergman went to Culver, Sunday, to visit her son, Ed Bergman, who is quite ill.

Mrs. C. H. Mattox spent the week end with her husband at LaPorte.

Miss Jesse Logan, librarian at North Manchester, spent Sunday with parents in this city, returning to her work Monday.

Mrs. Helen McLaughlin, of Gary, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Phay Woodward, of this city.

Lloyd Keyser, of the Great Lakes Naval Station, and Ford Keyser, of the Illinois University, spent Sunday with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Schuyler Keyser, of east of the city.

Miss Cora Heestand returned to college at North Manchester, Monday, after being confined at home for some time with influenza.

Mrs. M. White and daughter Gladys, visited friends at Hibbard, Monday.

Lloyd Hill returned to his home in Chicago, after spending the week end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hill.

Mrs. Cathrine Humphreys spent the week end with her mother, Mrs. Chas. Humphrey.

Mrs. Marion Cramer and her father are visiting in South Bend.

Chas. Kinsel visited at home over the week end, returning to his employment in South Bend, Sunday evening.



Home Again

Good News from Washington

Part of "BULL" DURHAM Tobacco Released to Civilians at Home to "Roll Their Own"

—With the little muslin sack of "BULL" DURHAM in the pockets of every one of our fighting men on land and sea—

—With good old "Bull" in the regular Army rations—

—And with the future demands of the War Department abundantly cared for, part of "BULL" DURHAM Tobacco is offered again to the men at home who "roll their own".

And to these men I want to say, that in giving up so freely all your "Bull", when your Country asked for it for its fighting men, you did a *human* "bit". However small that little muslin sack may seem, you may have the satisfaction of knowing that *your* sack of "Bull" was *meat and drink* to some boy waiting or fighting at the front, and that *your* supply of "Bull" helped to make the distribution to our forces full and complete, and *make it quickly*. Now that Washington assures us that such distribution is a fact, you will, I know, welcome the "Makings" home again.

And with greater satisfaction and more pleasure than ever, you will, I know, with your own hands, roll a cigarette again for yourself—a cigarette machines can't imitate—the *mildest*, the *most fragrant*, the *most economical* cigarette in the world.

Am I wrong in thinking that you will be as proud as I am of your little muslin sack of "Bull"?

Renaue Hill President
THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
NEW YORK

The "Makings" of a Nation



Chas. Humphrey.
Mrs. Marion Cramer and her father are visiting in South Bend.
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INFLUENZA CAMP AT LAWRENCE, MASS.
This photo shows a scene at the open-air influenza camp at Lawrence, Mass. The open-air treatment for the influenza patients was decided upon as the best way of curbing the epidemic. Note the armed guard wearing an influenza mask.

Gum Shoes for Porch Climbers—But Legitimate Business Should Advertise!

Advertising is the commonest, most natural thing in the world. Everybody advertises—but some do it BETTER than others, and rise HIGHER in the scale. If you happen to have a thing that you want to sell—you'll never sell it by keeping MUM about it. SAY something!

That's a form of advertising. If the first fellow you say it to doesn't seem interested, tell somebody else—and if that doesn't sell it and you're really bent upon selling it, insert your story in the NEWSPAPER and then everybody will know!

The fish horn is an advertising medium—so is the cow bell. When you want the COWS, you listen for the AD that is strapped to the neck of the BELL COW, and head for where the sound comes.

When you wish to know where the right kind of SHOPPING IS GOING ON, and where to turn your DOLLARS to the best account—you go to the ADS in the NEWSPAPER.

The ways of mankind are reciprocal. We are obliged to lean upon each other. We serve, and are served in return. Every fellow has a stock-in-trade that must be pushed—and in one form or another every human MUST advertise, but more especially must the BUSINESS MAN.

There is no honest business that advertising will not help—not one—and by far the best means of advertising thus far devised for BUSINESS is the DAILY NEWSPAPER.

If it's worth your while to be in business at all, you can make it vastly MORE worth your while by getting into the newspapers and telling people about it! The MOLE is a timid creature and operates underground. Don't be a nonadvertiser and emulate the mole. Gum shoes for porch climbers—but legitimate operators should MAKE a NOISE!