

# THE CLOBE'S

## Final Clearance Sale

**Of Ladies' Suits, Coats, Wool and Silk Dresses**

**Also Ladies and Misses' Millinery**

**Commencing Thursday, December 1st, and Continuing Until SOLD OUT**

We are determined not to carry over one single Garment or Hat and therefore have concluded to give you

### 50 PER CENT

Discount on any Ladies' Suit, Coat, Dress or Hat. In other words we will sell you these goods at

## ONE-HALF of the ORIGINAL PRICE

**ALL ALTERATIONS FREE**

## LAST CALL ON SHERLOCK TO WIN THE CASH PRIZE

Read Today's Story Carefully as Many Things Are  
Explained....Much Excitement Over  
Doings Of Man Of Mystery.

If not captured today here is the program for the Lyric tonight: From the time I leave wherever I may be to go to the Lyric, everybody is barred from participation in the prize until ten minutes after I appear upon the stage, the time set for my appearance being just about 8:30. After leaving the stage I will make my get-away in an automobile and will get out upon one of the principal streets within three blocks of the Lyric, and will then walk about, exactly as you saw me on the stage,

until captured. Tonight you may leave off the phrase completely if you wish. Just walk up to me and say, "You are Sherlock Holmes," and to the first person doing this I will hand an order upon the Daily Herald for \$25.00, which will be paid any time Saturday morning. Now that statement is not hard to understand. If you read it carefully and do not jump through it and then go to your neighbor and ask him to explain it. However, I will explain it again from the stage tonight, so there cannot

possibly be any misunderstanding. I was talking to Mr. Copeland of the Copeland Jewelry Co. the other day about Sherlock Holmes, Jr. Said Mr. Copeland, "Confound it, I believe you are the man," and the pretty brunette in the store agreed with him. Both were a little bothered about the pin. "Are you the man?" asked Mr. Copeland. I stoutly denied it and left them both still thinking about it. At the time the pin was sticking on the outside of my vest, in front, but near the bottom, between the first and second buttons. Well, anyway, Mr. Copeland, if you didn't get the twenty-five, you have one of the prettiest jewelry houses in the country, and that is enough to satisfy any man.

#### About the Pin.

Yesterday I wore the pin in several different places on my person, but always in sight. When I made a purchase in A. E. Jackson's store yesterday I had the pin in my tie, and stuck both hands into my pants pockets and purposely threw my coat back so that he might have a clear view. He failed to notice it, if indeed he had ever seen the duplicate. When in the Herald office yesterday afternoon the circulation manager saw the pin in my vest, but as he was barred, merely laughed and of course, I presume, said nothing about it.

I have found Mr. Bailey of the Bailey Furniture Co. an awfully pleasant gentleman, and the other morning while in there we had a long talk about Sherlock. I gave all the information I could, and while there Mr. Bailey introduced me to a gentleman prominently connected with the Palestine Lumber Co., whose name I have at present forgotten, but I found in him a fraternity brother and regret I could not accept his cordial invitation, but when he reads this I presume he will understand the reason. At the time I speak of, the pin was between the first and second buttons at the bottom of my vest. Mr. Bailey tells me that he has a large and complete line of room fixtures, lace curtains, floor coverings, such as matings, carpets and rugs, and at going prices. Well I'd believe anything he said.

Am in receipt of a cordial invitation to attend a party tonight, but a previous engagement in an effort to give \$25.00 to somebody will prevent. Why not bring the whole matter to the Lyric?

unless approached in the proper manner. Friend of mine, when you walk up to me and say, "Are you Sherlock Holmes?" what am I expected to do? Say yes? Not in a thousand years! Deny it, first, last and all the time. Nothing else to be done. And now, another thing. Did I ever say that I was or that I would wear that pin in my tie until yesterday? I did not. I said I would wear a pin, a duplicate of which was on display, and that I would wear it where it could be seen. And this I have done, to the letter, in many instances placing it squarely in my tie, as was the case yesterday afternoon when I talked to the clerk

at the Lindell Hotel. If he saw it he said nothing. But just as I left the hotel I removed it from my tie, put another pin in its place and put that pin again in the front of my vest and walked into Smith's smoke house and asked the clerk for Mr. Smith. He told me he would be in later. The light was brighter there by a good deal than in the hotel. My reason for switching pins.

Well, when I return to Palestine I expect to find the Palestine School of Business occupying a five-story building, and with enough scholars to populate a small-sized village. Professor Jameson is a gentleman who occupies

the right place, and with his long experience and qualifications, his strict enforcement of the conduct and morals of his pupils and his high ideals generally, he cannot help but make his school one of the largest, as well as most thorough, in the entire country. Oh yes, I have visited the school, and consequently can speak from close observation.

By jove, but Mr. Bratton is a live one. I have always said, show me your drug stores and I will tell you what kind of town you have, and I don't believe I am wrong. Every de-

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