

Hillary Bell's Letter.

Shows to Which Lent Makes No Difference—The Hideous Lot of the Average Chorus Girl Graphically Described.

Special Correspondence.

New York, March 4.—Lent is a bad season for the theater. Not that our managers or actors are particularly pious, for most of them have no religion, whatever. Nor, indeed, are our audiences of churchy humor; but in New York even dissenters are the Episcopalians and it is not considered good form to take any interest in play-actors during the penitential term. However, we have a great number of folk who are not only ungodly but hopelessly unfashionable; and by their heterodoxy—not to say vulgarity—they give profitable support to the play. Sad and sorry to relate even during a period when the ungodly are making their

Sothern and Mr. Faversham, who hitherto had been rivaled only by each other in the applause of sentimental girlhood. This encouraged, Hackett became a greater man than his father, the finest Faust in dramatic history. Daniel Frohman, his manager, made money, hand over fist, out of him, and all would have been well, except for "Richard Carvel." By some process of reasoning which it would take too long to relate, Mr. Hackett believed that he had a prior right to the play. It was given to John Drew (who, by the way, made a fiasco of it), and Hackett not only quit Frohman's management but proclaimed war to the knife against the Theatre Trust. Since that declaration of independence, our handsome young actor has prospered exceedingly. He produced "The Crisis" on his own account

and in the end Miss Dam-Dorr had to get her teeth extracted, thus sacrificing her grinders to the drama. However, though hollow cheeked, she still is a capable actress and her performance earned applause on Monday night.

THE UNFORTUNATE "ASSISTANT" CRITIC.

Frank Fyles, late dramatic critic of The Sun, declares to your correspondent that he was not especially friendly to the Theatre Trust or opposed to its enemies. He seems by the statement of this gentleman that it was his wicked partner, or the assistant critic, who created all the rumpus which brought that paper into discredit with lovers of fair play. This is a satisfactory explanation. All of us have had trouble with our assistants. On one occasion William Winter tore his hair and assured this chronicler that life no longer was worth living. "For," he cried, "I say in the Tribune on Monday a play is a bad play, and on Wednesday my assistant says in the Tribune that it is a good play." Last week, announcing her appearance as a star, this writer declared that Marie Cahill was one of the homeliest of women—which she is—but next morning his assistant complimented her as the handsomest of her sex—which she isn't—by what, politely speaking, may be termed a D-D-D-right. In these circumstances, Franklin Fyles' reputation is restored, for our assistants frequently are as divine. We have to stand up for them and become responsible for their vagaries. On one occasion, not long ago, a critic being attacked for his subordinate's sayings by an actor, remarked, "Am I responsible for my nigger. What do you mean to do about it?" "I mean," cried the actor, "to punch your eye-glasses." Allow me to remove my eye-glasses," said the critic, "and we shall proceed to discuss the matter." After which he pounded the player so unmercifully that an understudy took his part for the remainder of the week. Fyles said that he gave up the Sun, not under duress, but because he had orders for plays which would require his entire time. In advance royalties he has been paid \$5,000 this year, which will about equal his salary as dramatic critic.

CRITICS ON THEATER PAYROLLS.

In this town we receive from \$75 to \$150 a week for sitting in the front row of the plays, according to our reputation, skill and wit. A great many people want our places, yet William Winter has filled his office on the Tribune for nearly half a century. Fyles was on the Sun for seven and twenty years, and your correspondent has held the chair of music and drama on the Press for 12 years. It is one of the enviable positions in metropolitan journalism, and when a man makes his mark in it, nothing can dislodge him. Contrary to

general opinion, the critics earn nothing but their salaries. A venal critic in New York could not hold his place for a season. The last one of that kind was discovered and suspended by one of our papers when the list of Henry E. Abbey's debts and assets was published, the latter list including an item of \$1,000 lent to our neighbor's music critic. At an earlier period Mrs. Langtry, incensed at the scolding she received in the newspapers, exhibited a stub that she had paid considerable sums to the critic of one of our principal journals. He was discharged immediately. In the old days Augustin Daly used to influence certain of our critics by paying them to write glowing pamphlets; and the Frohmans have ordered dramas from dramatic writers which never were produced. In modern times, however, the critic receives a high enough salary to enable him to resist all temptations, and while his judgment may be doubted on many occasions, his probity remains beyond suspicion. There is not a managing editor in New York who would fail to declare a vacancy in the dramatic department if venality were brought home to his critic. We are abused by managers, actors and public, but although our intellectuals are reviled there is no imputation on our honesty.

TO UPLIFT THE DRAMA.

"The present state of the drama is horrible," said George Clark last week at a dinner given in Philadelphia by some millionaires. "Take the most pretentious plays, the 'classics,' such as Belasco's play, 'Du Barry,' and Mrs. Campbell's problem plays. They are all 'it.' With a few exceptions a man cannot take a woman to see one of the more famous actresses nowadays. Whereupon, moved by our actor's eloquence, the rich men immediately subscribed \$300,000 and promised \$1,700,000 more for the regeneration of the stage from the debasing influence of Mrs. Carter and Mrs. Campbell. 'The idea,' said Mr. Clark, subsequently, 'is to establish a school to teach and encourage the playrights and also to maintain a theater for the production of English plays. Charity is to be frowned upon and purity of theme to be insisted upon. One of the purposes of the proposed institution is to stem the drift of the drama toward immorality. At the same time an effort will be made to perpetuate the purity of the English language.'

"The academy will be modeled partly on the lines of the Comedie-Francaise, but with a much wider scope. One of the most important things will be its effect in elevating the stage, a thing which has been tried with indifferent success by individuals and which is vital. Many persons get their educations from the theaters and all playgoers are

influenced by the play they witness."

This is a scheme upon which our enthusiasts have been rhapsodizing for many a year, their main object being to catch Andrew Carnegie. With this purpose they started the Theatre of Arts and Letters, and clamored lustily for Ibsen, who, in accordance with their entreaties, now is being performed by Mary Shaw in the unfortunate Mrs. Coghren's playhouse. Philadelphia, however, that slow and sleepy town, has gotten ahead of the metropolis in this instance, and George Clarke has accomplished more by his after dinner speech than we have done by a decade of effort. The \$2,000,000 promise will afford an income of \$100,000 a year or about \$2,500 a week for the expenses of a National theater. Who will manage such an enterprise? George Clarke is impossible. Heinrich Conried is engaged by the Grand Opera, Daniel Belasco is too high priced, for more than \$10,000 a week must be paid for his services, the Frohmans would convert the National theater into trust uses. So far the scheme is nebulous. The money seems certain, but money is not everything. Charles Frohman, Conried, Grand, Belasco, Daly, Palmer and Wallack began life without a cent. The future of this matter is enigmatical. How about the company? A national theater must have actors of repute. The comedienne should be Joseph Jefferson, who can earn \$2,500 a week; the character actor should be Richard Mansfield, who can earn \$1,200 a week; the emotional heroine should be Leslie Carter, who earns \$1,500 a week; the comedienne should be Julia Marlowe, who can earn \$1,900 a week. It would appear that the \$3,000 a week income of the Comedie Francaise will not go far toward meeting the expenses of this pretentious venture.

THE UNHAPPY CHORUS GIRL.

Not long ago one of the choristers in "The Silver Slipper" at the Broadway Maitland during the performance. She was carried off the scene and sent home. Next night she did not appear at the theater, so the next, nor the next. A week passed without word from her, but before engaging a girl to fill the vacant place the assistant stage manager, who remembered the pinched face of the lass, thought it better to inquire into her condition. She was a young maid from Milwaukee, known at the theater as "Hope Temple," for chorus girls generally assume fancy names. The stage manager found the girl lying almost unconscious in the hall bed room, a cheap lodging house. She was dying. Her entire resources were exhausted when she fell ill, with fever, and she had invested in half a dozen bread rolls which, with water, formed her only nutriment. A fund amounting to \$100 immediately was subscribed by the theater employees, a doctor was sent for and under medical care Hope Temple

is being slowly fed back to life. When her strength returns she will be sent back to Milwaukee, completely cured of her infatuation for the stage. The cause of this unhappy creature is new illustration of the fact that all that glitters is not gold in the theater.

Unnumbered are the sorrows of chorus girls. Popular superstition accredits to these lovely creatures nothing but fortune. New York correspondents, and indeed yellow journalists in New York, unite in the argument that the chorus girls' lot, unlike that of W. S. Gilbert's policeman, is happy one. We are assured that this beautiful fascination possesses an article in Wall Street who invests her earnings with such prosperity that she becomes independently rich, that she lives in an expensive flat and drives her own carriage up Fifth avenue, that she can lose \$10,000 worth of jewels with complete impunity, that life with her is one grand sweet song of champagne suppers and jollity. What are the facts? Free the chorus girl from this atmosphere of romance and how does she stand? In reality she often is poorly dressed and hard pushed to make ends meet. She dyes her hair, paints her eyes and cheeks and wears flashy clothes if she is a bad girl; if she is a good girl she goes to the theater pale, pinched and cavernous eyed. Scoundrels always are lying in wait for chorus girls. The stage doors of theaters devoted to musical productions are surrounded every night at 12 o'clock by club men, college boys and gamblers hunting for their prey. An honest girl, repulsed these scoundrels is subjected to mockery not only from the selectors but from her dissolute companions in the company. She is insulted at the street corner while awaiting in snow and rain the coming of a car, while her livelier companions drive in handsome equipages to Delmonico's for supper. She must dress and live on \$15 a week while other members of the chorus wear Paris gowns and diamonds and, on an equal salary, spend \$300 a week. Furthermore, she has no protection in the theater. Frequently the author, the composer, the stage manager, the tenor, the leading juvenile and the musical conductor all beseege her. In one theater of this town not long ago any constant patron of the box office had the privilege of admittance behind the scenes. You know what that means. If you don't, it may bluntly be said that the manager of a comic opera house recently sought out a young club man who was a liberal supporter of the attraction, "Sally Brown," and said to him, "You are a pretty good friend of the house. Come in behind tonight with me and you can pick out any girl you like. Good girl? D—n it, there ain't no good girls in this business. If she won't go with you, I'll have her." On one side are Delmonico's suppers, a luxurious apartment, a carriage, diamonds and fine gowns, on the other a dismissal

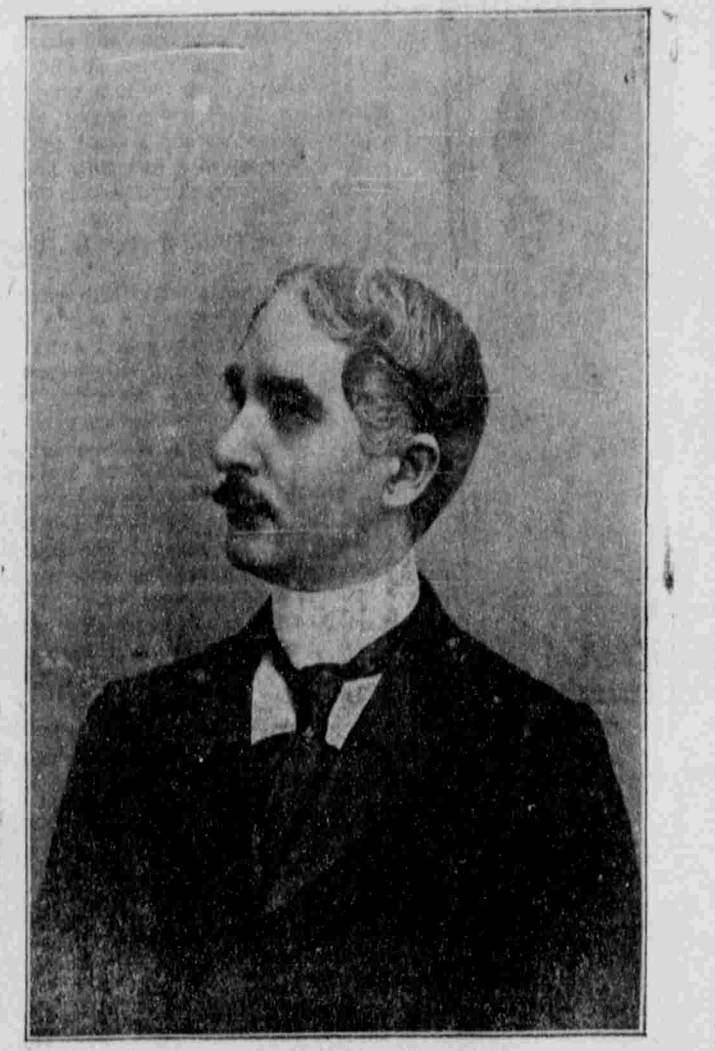
from the company and starvation. How ever excellent the principles of a chorus girl may be she seldom resists the pressure put on her but generally goes to the devil, ending sometimes in the gate of Hades. There is little chance for a home-own girl to secure a marriage. There is less chance for a chorus girl to keep her good name. How many of them could not make terms with the world? But prompt assistance should have been a girl's right now be it in luxury and, fortune favoring her, might have developed into a big drama.

4 FREE PRIZES

To the users of HUSLER'S FLOUR. What can you say in favor of the best flour? We will send you two sacks of Husler's High Patent Flour. Second Prize—One sack of Husler's High Patent Flour. Third Prize—One small sack of Husler's High Patent Flour. Fourth Prize—One small sack of Husler's High Patent Flour. Address: INTER-MOUNTAIN MILLING CO., CITY.

Chubb Brand 25c
Arrow Brand 2 for 25c
TABHURST
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CULLEN HOTEL
S. C. EWING, Prop.
Salt Lake City Street Cars from all Trains Pass the Door.



HILLARY BELL.

This is a portrait of the famous dramatic critic, Hillary Bell, whose letters to the Saturday News are so eagerly read by the wide constituency of that paper. Mr. Bell is a man of varied attainments and interests: as a writer on theatrical topics he has been known for over 20 years for his accurate critical judgment, his absolute fairness and his scholarly style; as an artist his life-size portrait of Ada Rehan as Katherine in "The Taming of the Shrew," which hangs in the place of honor in the Shakespeare Memorial at Stratford-on-Avon, has made his portrait work familiar to all pilgrims to the birthplace of the immortal bard, and his work as an officer of the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Insurance company has earned for him a recognized position in the world of insurance and finance.

orisons, burlesque is popular and ballet girls remain beloved. Truth to say many of our unregenerate citizens have looked forward hopefully to Lent as a period when at last they could secure tickets for "The Darling of the Gods." It was a vain expectation. The depressing sign "All seats sold" is put out now as faithfully as it was a month ago, and it has been since the first night. Blanche Bates is the only actress in town who never has seen an empty chair in the auditorium. The capacity of the house, which is 1,000, has been tested every evening and matinee since the premiere. Out of that play alone David Belasco is taking, in net profits, \$3,000 a week. Leslie Carter in "Madame Du Barry" is yielding profits of \$5,000, for on tour she seldom plays to less than \$2,000 a performance. Our author's third company, headed by David Warfield, in "The Auctioneer," is paying its manager about \$2,000 a week. Altogether Belasco's income at present is \$10,000 a week. He is the most prosperous figure in the drama during these times, surpassing even Clyde Fitch. Of course, Belasco, being a producer, is in some sense a speculator, and he stands to lose a fortune on every new play. "Du Barry" cost \$85,000, and before the curtain was raised on "The Darling of the Gods" its author had spent \$125,000. "That's nothing," said Belasco to your correspondent the other day at Atlantic City. "In my next production I mean to spend \$300,000." He was in bed at the time, a sick man, in a poor little old fashioned, squeaky hotel, attired in a frayed dressing gown, his beard unshaven, his great mass of iron gray hair tumbling over his face—like the last of a race, he was as clumsy with his feet as he was vivacious in his face, voice and gestures, proved impossible at rehearsals in the dance. Thereupon, Mr. Daly considered his galaxy of walking ladies in make-up noise which startled Miss Rehan in stepping this measure. Dorothy Dorr was called out of the ranks. She resembled Miss Rehan in height and something in countenance. "Can you dance?" asked the manager. "Certainly," said Miss Dorr. "I can dance much better than I can do anything else." "Then you will slip in unobtrusively and take Miss Rehan's place in the pavanne and nobody will know the difference." The wig maker and the costume were summoned and directed to make Dorothy a replica of Ada. When the first night came Miss Rehan disappeared among the dancers and Miss Dorr took her place, leading the pavanne with John Drew. The spectators rubbed their eyes. They knew Miss Rehan to be a clever actress, but here she was winning new honors as a dancer. All would have passed off happily but for those warpiants, the critics, who discovered the substitution and acclaimed Miss Dorr next morning. Thereafter her lot was not a happy one at Daly's for Ada was the most jealous of actresses, but her reputation being established, Dorothy was engaged by a rival manager. About this time H. J. W. Dam, a writer on the New York Times, fell in love with and married her, and Mrs. Dorr-Dam retired temporarily from the stage. Eventually she returned to it as the heroine in "Hearts Afire." In that drama it was compulsory that she should be smitten on the face by the villain every evening and at the regular matinee. It was a scratch company which made enthusiasm alone for the lack of technique, and Arnold Daly, the misanthropic of the story, smote the lovely Dorr-Dam with more vehemence than discretion, our actress suffering in silence to benefit art and elevate the stage. It is an axiom that constant dropping wears away, and that constant thumping on the cheek will wear out molars and bl—cupids. "Hearts Afire" produced jaws afire,

and "starred in that play with great profit. At present he has money saved and an intolerable ambition. The spirit of his warfare against the Syndicate won the applause of the Vanderbilts, who, it is said, are now backing him with their millions. Anyway, young Hackett is making things warm for the Octopus, for he has carried off some of its best actors, and he secured "The Bishop's Move," a new play by Mrs. Craigie, which won success in London.

ADA REHAN'S SUBSTITUTE.

The piece was produced on Monday night at the Manhattan. It is an engaging love story. The bishop's move is a stroke of diplomacy whereby he saves his nephew from a brilliant and fascinating duchess, and marries the young man successfully to a simple maid of whom he is genuinely enamored. The bishop is W. H. Thompson, one of our best actors, a player who has had long experience on the stage and whose art is remarkable in finesse and technique. The scenes of the play lie chiefly between him and the duchess, performed by Dorothy Dorr. This young actress is a graduate of Daly's. She came into preference in a curious fashion. Daly was a firm believer in singing and dancing. In "The Foresters" he induced his leading woman to make a noise which passed muster for music, but although he engaged the most ingenious ballet masters, none of them could teach Miss Rehan to dance. He revived one of the classics in which the pavanne was absolutely essential, but Ada Rehan, who was as clumsy with her feet as she was vivacious in her face, voice and gestures, proved impossible at rehearsals in the dance. Thereupon, Mr. Daly considered his galaxy of walking ladies in make-up noise which startled Miss Rehan in stepping this measure. Dorothy Dorr was called out of the ranks. She resembled Miss Rehan in height and something in countenance. "Can you dance?" asked the manager. "Certainly," said Miss Dorr. "I can dance much better than I can do anything else." "Then you will slip in unobtrusively and take Miss Rehan's place in the pavanne and nobody will know the difference." The wig maker and the costume were summoned and directed to make Dorothy a replica of Ada. When the first night came Miss Rehan disappeared among the dancers and Miss Dorr took her place, leading the pavanne with John Drew. The spectators rubbed their eyes. They knew Miss Rehan to be a clever actress, but here she was winning new honors as a dancer. All would have passed off happily but for those warpiants, the critics, who discovered the substitution and acclaimed Miss Dorr next morning. Thereafter her lot was not a happy one at Daly's for Ada was the most jealous of actresses, but her reputation being established, Dorothy was engaged by a rival manager. About this time H. J. W. Dam, a writer on the New York Times, fell in love with and married her, and Mrs. Dorr-Dam retired temporarily from the stage. Eventually she returned to it as the heroine in "Hearts Afire." In that drama it was compulsory that she should be smitten on the face by the villain every evening and at the regular matinee. It was a scratch company which made enthusiasm alone for the lack of technique, and Arnold Daly, the misanthropic of the story, smote the lovely Dorr-Dam with more vehemence than discretion, our actress suffering in silence to benefit art and elevate the stage. It is an axiom that constant dropping wears away, and that constant thumping on the cheek will wear out molars and bl—cupids. "Hearts Afire" produced jaws afire,

MR. HACKETT, TRUST KILLER.

Here comes that valiant young trust killer, James K. Hackett, with his first venture as an independent manager. Naturally the most amiable and docile of men, Mr. Hackett had no sooner married Mary Manning than he assumed an unexpected warlike humor. Mary is an English Jewess. Her right name was Mary Friend, and she proved a good friend to her husband. Mr. Hackett had no sooner left the altar than his bride began to cast about for means to make him a star. Her efforts were rewarded by his early appearance in the leading role in "The Bride of Jennico," a ridiculous romantic drama, but of great joy to the matinee maidens, who fawned over his beauty. Mary did not mind that. She knew that if the girls admired her husband they would establish his fame. Unless women approve actors and plays in New York there is no hope for them. Hackett, being a handsome, shapely chap, though no great actor, became the reigning beauty of the day, superseding Mr.

ALTERATIONS ARE STILL IN PROGRESS, BUT THE GREAT BARGAIN VALUES GO ON UNMOLESTED.

WHITE GOODS SPECIALS.

42 inch White India Linens. 12½ cts.

Fine sheer grade and extra wide, worth 17½¢ per yard

White mercerized waists in oxfords, madras, chevrons, basket weaves, etc., all highly popular and worth 30¢ to 40¢ special per yard

Fancy white madras and oxford-rich new satin De Paris. A dozen different patterns to choose from, at, per yard.. 50 cts.

Big Values in LACES AND LACE COLLARS.

TORCHON LACES.

New shipment just received in all the newest and daintiest patterns of insertion and edges to match from two to four inches wide, special per yard—50c

\$1.35 Lace Jacket Collars, 85c.

\$2.00 Lace Jacket Collars, \$1.25

These come in ecru and cream Venise lace, in the long jacket lengths with deep collars, all exquisite patterns.

MONDAY MORNING SPECIAL DRESS GOODS OFFER

From 8 a.m. till 12 noon.

2,400 yards of 35 inch all wool French Voile and fine hosiery in every desirable new spring shade. Regular selling price 65¢ to 75¢ per yard. Monday only, per yard 50c

OTHER INTERESTING DRESS GOODS AND SILK VALUES FOR THE ENTIRE WEEK.

SILKS.

Special Attractions in WHITE WOOL NOVELTIES.

Now all the Rage for Waists, Full Gowns, etc.

35 inch all wool Henrietta, 50c

35 inch pure wool Albatross, 50c

28 inch French Voile, 50c

40 inch Mohair Brillantipe, 65c

46 inch Panama cloth, 85c

A SKIRT LENGTH SPECIAL.

For this week we offer full skirt lengths of the following desirable spring skirt materials, 10 inch, all wool crash mixtures, 50 inch all wool Venetians, 50 inch Hard twisted Vigoreux mixtures, all in the newest spring colorings. These goods all sell regularly from \$1.00 to \$1.25 per yard, this week only, a full skirt pattern for... \$2.95

Muslin Undergarment Specials.

A few more of those ladies' gowns in two styles, one embroidery trimmed, and the other one with a yoke of hemstitched tucks, only one of each of these garments to a customer, for Monday only... 50c

Ladies' fine gown, with lace or embroidery trimmed yoke, high or V neck, 69c

Ladies' full length robe, bishop style, finished with a fine lawn ruffle around the neck and sleeves and drawn with baby ribbon. For Monday only... 75c

Ladies' drawers in different styles. One with a tuck down the center, the other finished with a tuck down the center, for... 39c

Ladies' fine muslin and cambric drawers in several styles, trimmed with fine lace or embroidery, for... 50c

Ladies' full length robe with a fine muslin top, a deep flounce trimmed with lace, for... 98c

Ladies' corsets in the new straight front effects, come in black and drab, special for Monday only... 45c

Ladies' full length robe in a few large sizes, to be closed out. Regular price, \$2.00, to sell for... \$1.50

NEW SPRING FASHIONS ARRIVING.

EVERY day sees the arrival of the latest, authentic, artistic effects in fashions, trimmings, fancy neckwear, dress goods, silks and waists.

In the Ready-to-wear department the newest creations of many noted designers and the production of recognized leading manufacturers have contributed to our early showing; making it in every way worthy of the entire confidence of our many patrons.

Our Popular Low Prices on All New Goods.

Modish Spring Suits, 10 Extraordinary Values \$25.00

Shown at

At this price we will show the strongest line of beautiful suits seen in Salt Lake City, in values as well as collection of ideas. Come expecting the finest suits ever offered at this price.

STYLE 1.

Norfolk jacket suit of all wool navy and black cheviot seven gore flare side plait, unlined, jacket trimmed with self straps, fancy buttons and stitched Peau de Soie collar and facing.

STYLE 2.

Collarless blouse suit in navy and black double shoulder cape effect, stole tabs, skirt seign gorge, trimmed at bottom with two flounces, revers, capes, cuffs and flounces trimmed with taffeta and silk braid.

STYLE 3.

Monte Carlo jacket suit of broadcloth, box pleated Monte Carlo jacket with stole tabs, neck, front and sleeves trimmed with black and white silk braid, seven gore, slit seam skirt, peraline drop, hip trimmed with stitched black broadcloth and fancy buttons. Serviceable and stylish run-about suit.

STYLE 4.

Women's walking suit, in the new oxford and grey cheviot mixtures, Eton blouse jacket, full pouch sleeve, postillion cuff, killed, flaring, unlined skirt, suit neatly trimmed with stitched black broadcloth and fancy buttons. Serviceable and stylish run-about suit.

STYLE 5.

Double cape blouse suit, blue and black Venetian, skirt with stitched side pleats and killed flare, box plait back, Hercules braid trim, jacket trimmed with applique effect of best quality taupe, black and white silk, and edged with silk Hercules braid to match skirt.

STYLE 6.

Women's dress suit of granite etamine in black brown, castor and royal, jacket blouse with Peplum and made with vest shape front effect of black and white silk embroidery, stole collar and cuffs edged with black and white silk braid and fancy silk embroidered straps.

STYLE 7.

Navy and black Eton cape blouse suit of cheviot, collarless, stitched panel effect; skirt, jacket and pouch sleeves and front trimmed with novelty mixed braid, silk taffeta piping and frog ornaments.

STYLE 8.

Novelty walking suits of knickerbocker and lake mix, hose, spurs, in green and brown mixtures, hip coat, unlined skirt, side painted



FOR MONDAY ONLY

2500 Yards Westend Challies go on Sale Monday morning at 8 o'clock Sharp at 5-12 cents per yard.

For Monday only we put on sale in our domestic section 2,500 yards of fine cotton challies made of extra grade Sea Island cotton in over 75 distinct patterns and colorings, all new 1933 printings and most desirable for house gowns, wrappers, kimono, wraping robes, etc. A sale that will create even greater attention than our now famous gingham offer of a week ago.

REMEMBER THIS SALE IS FOR MONDAY ONLY

Over 75 Distinct New 1933 Printings

5¢c. No Reserve. No Limit. Sensational offer

Three Specials in BED LINEN

Hemmed pillow cases, made of excellent cotton, superior to Peppercell. Size 45x26, special, each 12½c

Hemmed Bed sheets, made of same quality cotton as above, torn and ironed, all ready to be spread, 100x66, 72x90, full double bed size, special each 50c

Celebrated Bates extra heavy Marcellus pattern crocheted bedspread, full double bed size, pearl hemmed finished. Regular value \$1.65, special, only \$1.25

NEW SUMMER WASH FABRIC DISPLAY

7½c per yard for a good quality gingham in narrow and wide stripes, light and dark colorings.

12½c per yard for fine Zephyr gingham, everything desirable in color, pattern and style, checks, plaids, etc., etc.

16½c per yard for good weight Galatea cloth, full line of plain colors, stripes and figures, very good for boys' waists, shirts, skirts, etc.

25c per yard for full 32 inch Anderson Scotch zephyra, complete and extensive assortment, including everything in stripes, checks, etc. Light and dark grounds.

35c per yard for rich, sheer, imported French figured muslins, exquisite new printings in all newest colorings.

40c per yard for newest shirting and waisting madras, the weight is especially adapted for immediate and early spring wear. Twenty five choice patterns to select from.

65c per yard for swell heavy, mercerized cotton waists in light and dark Scotch plaids, Persian striped, and polka dot patterns.

Opening of the COAT SEASON with a Vim.

A manufacturer had a short line of most stylish coats in tan and castor, covert and kersey. We found them extra values and bought them almost at our own price, which was very low and we put them on sale this week for ALL.

ONLY \$3.95

ALL SIZES, ROMAINE SILK LINED FLY FRONT TIGHT BACK.

NEW SPRING SUIT SPECIAL

A new double breasted, fly front walking suit of good quality grey and castor cheviot. Pretty pulled skirt, seven gore flare effect, suit trimmed with rows of tailor stitching. Our special price... \$10.00

Ladies' Ribbed Underwear.

LaRue's fine jersey ribbed flannel union suits, new Victoria cut, come in natural and coral, 6½c values for... 4½c

Ladies' fine silk ribbed or Merino covers, neck and long sleeve. Sold regularly \$5.00, special... 4½c

Ladies' fine silk ribbed corset covers, sleeveless, short sleeves. 50c and 75c grades for... 4½c