The Scranton Tribune

Published Daily Except Sunday, by the Tribune Publishing Company, at Fifty Cents a Month.

New York Office: 150 Nassau St. S. S. VREELAND, Sole Agent for Foreign Advertising.

ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT SCRANTON, PA., AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

SCRANTON, JULY 4, 1899.

The advance in the prices of coal will probably cause no uneasiness while the present warm weather continues.

The Day We Celebrate.

Not since the close of the four years struggle in 1865, which resulted in the breaking of the shackles of three million slaves and forever banished human bondage from freedom's shores has there been an occasion when the American freeman had more cause for rejoicing than upon this glorious Fourth which makes a new era in the unceasing march of progress fostered by the genius of liberty. We celebrate the birth of independence today with new glories and new responsibilities that have made us recognized among the great powers of the world. Through the victories won by the gallant American soldier and sailor under the tropical sun a year ago the Stars and Stripes have gained a new prestige, and our warriors have been regarded with admiration and respect in localities where they have hitherto been looked upon with contempt. The deeds at Manila and Santiago have demonstrated the prowess of the American soldier and shown to the world at large that the scheme of government begun in '76 will live and flourish like the green bay tree until the end of time.

In celebrating the anniversary of deeds of valor of a century ago and a year ago, let us forget the dark side of the picture that is presented by the traitors who seek to hamper the government by manifested sympathy for a horde of blood thirsty savages who desire to rule or ruin their own country, contrary to the wishes of a large proportion of the peaceful inhabitants of the far off islands of the Orient. Let us pass leniently upon the restless agitators who would paralyze business at any time when prosperity's smile is beginning to overspread the industries of the land and as we gaze upon the brilliant hues of Old Glory floating in the first breeze of the morn, let us rejoice that a kind Providence has willed that we should wrestle with the problems of life in the greatest and most glorious country on earth!

General Miles is receiving a frost from the press controlled by beef interests on his present tour, but there is warmth in the ovations tendered him by the people.

That Meeting in the Armory.

The invitation of the Building Trades Council to the public to attend the meeting to be held at the Armory on Thursday evening under its auspices is one which should be generally accepted. The public is directly and very greatly interested in knowing all that it can learn about a strike which has already inflicted upon it, in one way or another, a loss running away up into the hundreds of thousands of dollars. Much of this loss is irrecoverable. It is as completely gone as if some one had taken the amount of it in money and thrown it into the ocean. It is a loss not confined to the men who are on strike and their families or to the builders and their families. It is a loss which has affected allied trades of all kinds, depressed the value of real estate, inconvenienced those wishing to build or make repairs, depleted the volume of exchanges in the general stores and at a time of dawning prosperity introduced a factor of disturbance which has in some way exacted tribute from every inhabitant of the Lackawanna valley.

If every man who has felt the heavy hand of this untoward occurrence laid oppressively upon his business hopes or upon his pocket-book should go on Thursday evening to hear the reasons of the strikers for striking, the Armory, vast as it is, would not hold a tenth part of the outpouring nor could any speaker master voice enough to carry his words to the crowd's outer limits. Yet it is important that all should go who can go. They should go not as partisans but as men in search of information. In spite of the publicity given to this strike through the newspaper press, there exists a general lack of comprehension of its exact merits or demerits and an almost equal lack of interest in its outcome, considered apart from the fact that everybody wants it to end in some way as soon as possible. The community which sustains the real burden of the strike in other words does not appear to know why it is bearing such a burden and it is time it found out.

The same advice would apply in case the builders should decide to put their side of the case before the public for judgment. The matter, however, is not one for heated oratory but for cool and concise presentation of facts.

Roosevelt and his Rough Riders seem to be able to get an audience at will without the aid of advance agents or posters.

The settlers near Price, Utah, are alarmed over the actions of the Indians in that vicinity who are indulging in the sun dance. This unusual exercise is said to be nothing more nor less than the famous ghost dance under a new name. When the noble red man of the agency begins to show a disposition to indulge in terpsichorean evolutions of any kind experience has demonstrated that the white settler will do well to pack his baggage and move out unless there are plenty of United States regulars within easy call.

In ordinary conversation it is said the average man uses a vocabulary of about 500 words. Put when the New York Sun opens up the Hodgson-Schley controversy, the entire reserve lingo is scarcely sufficient to cover the ground.

Freedom of Speech.

The question of freedom of speech among representatives of our leading universities is a continually recurring one, the latest institution to pass a resolution concerning the matter being the governing board or congregation of the University of Chicago. Certain professors of that school having become prominent in the espousal of unpopular doctrines, with reactionary effects upon the university, a declaration was made upholding fully the principle of free speech but calling the public's attention to the injustice of holding the university responsible for the individual opinions of employes and suggesting to the professors that before giving indulgence to their desire for oratorical prominence they first give thought to the best interests of the university.

The attitude herein assumed is thoroughly sound. Civilization rightly draws well-defined distinctions between freedom and discretion. A man is free to become an intolerable bore by persistent championship of personal hobbies, in season and out of season; but the man who would insist upon exercising this freedom to the annoyance and disgust of those around him would exhibit, to put it mildly, a sad lack of discretion. He would not be a creditable specimen to uplift before the public as a representative of university opinion and manners. In other words, he would be unfit to be continued on a university faculty. University training is supposed to broaden the recipient's intelligence and cultivate in him those finer possibilities of mind and soul whose development differentiates the man of culture from the uncultured or ignorant man. It therefore is unfortunate when lack of discretion is exhibited conspicuously by men engaged as professors and exemplars in university instruction.

In the discussion of political policies involving widely differing conceptions of national duty and responsibility—as, for instance, the policy of "expansion," so-called, which was the immediate theme of the professorial oratory that agitated the congregation of the Chicago institution—good judgment should restrain well-balanced professors from entering into the political arena as shouting belligerents, not because the arena is not open to them but because such a departure from dignity tends inevitably to cheapen their influence and thus to defeat their well-meant aims. Professors opposed to the policy of the government in reference to colonial entanglements should have full liberty to express their opinions and outline their arguments but discretion should prescribe the unimpassioned and judicial tone, together with great care to be truthful in statements of alleged fact and that benign patience with ignorance which is the instructor's chief index of merit. The angry and egotistical tone employed by so many professors in addressing the public represents an abuse of the professorial function which can hardly be expected not to weaken the university which permits its adoption by men for whom it in some measure stands sponsor.

There should be no "muzzling" of professors as dogs are muzzled; but the judicious man in any vocation in life who essays to lead or instruct public opinion should to courage and zeal add the no less valuable quality of discretion. What he says should be well weighed.

The fact that bicyclist Murphy has decided not to attempt to repeat his ride of a mile a minute is a hopeful indication that there are some experiences which will make an impression even upon the most foolish of the foolhardy.

The New York Sun and General Miles.

The New York Sun, temporarily abandoning the Hodgson-Schley controversy, in which we are free to confess that it has made out a strong case, is now seeking to prove by publication of the confidential correspondence during the war between Secretary Alger and General Miles — correspondence which could hardly have been given out for publication by the latter—that Miles is a "spoiled child" kind of soldier who, instead of being retained in nominal command of the American army, should be soundly spanked, given a nursing bottle and put to bed. The Sun is a paper of exceptional ability and it is putting its best energies forth in this campaign against Miles; but it does not seem to realize that every word it says in the line of criticism of Miles is in fact a censure upon William McKinley for continuing an incompetent man in so high a position.

Let us be explicit on this point. The "commanding general" of the army should be the best soldier in the army. General Miles now holds that position, having come into it through a career of brilliant and varied service. While under the law the president has not the legal right—although he should have it—to dismiss the commanding general at his own discretion, General Miles has testified under oath that a request from the president for his resignation would be promptly followed by its tender, regardless of his legal right to demand a statement of reasons. So that the retention of Miles by McKinley makes the equivalent of a presidential indorsement; and in this view of the matter it is unkind in the Sun to call Miles names.

There is considerable doubt as to whether Secretary Alger is entirely satisfied with the Pingree protectorate.

If these reported quarrels between the Filipino leaders cannot result in anything more serious than the death of Aguinaldo's cousins, they should not be depended upon to settle the difficulty.

There is no question that Congressman-elect Brigham Roberts envied the sultan of Sulu after reading the report of Prof. Schurman.

TOLD BY THE STARS.

Daily Horoscope Drawn by Ajacchus, The Tribune Astrologer.

Astrolabe Cast: 1.48 a. m., for Tuesday, July 4, 1899.

A child born on this day will be apt to have sky rockets and pin wheels in his head.

Some people who boast of Revolutionary ancestry afford glaring examples of how it is possible for good stock to run down.

The walking delegate is in danger of killing the goose that lays the golden egg.

Serving one's friends is generally pleasant but not profitable employment.

There will be lots of noise today that will not mean anything.

It is often easier for an actress to paint than to draw.

A smart man can often be a bore.

Good Advice to the Man with the Hoe.

From the Philadelphia Press.

Professor Edwin Markham, a Californian and a poet, has expressed a wide-spread discontent and voiced a wide-spread error by writing of "The Man With the Hoe." It is Millet's picture of the peasant of which the poem speaks:—

Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face
And on his back the burden of the world.
Who made him dead to rapture and despair,
A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?
Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?
Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?
Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?
Is this the Thing the Lord God made and gave
To have dominion over sea and land;
To trace the stars and search the heavens for power;
To feel the passion of eternity?
Is this the Dream He dreamed who shaped the suns?

Professor Markham, to answer all these questions, asks another:—

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
Is this the handiwork you give to God,
This monstrous thing distorted and soul-quenched?

There is an easier and more scientific answer to these conundrums, and one truer. The "masters, lords and rulers in all lands" have nothing to do with it. Nobody "slanted back that brow." It began that way, only worse, as the monkey's, and it has been getting straighter ever since. This particular man has not quite kept up with the procession, but he still has his chance, if he chooses to use it, and if he will use his hoe, instead of leaning on it, look up instead of "gazing on the ground," and work instead of idling, he will get there all the same. The climb has been a hard one. There has been no light blown out within this brain. It has not been lit there yet; but, behind the hill that Millet painted as a background, is the school-house France has built there to kindle "the light within this brain," and the son of the "Man with the Hoe" is today M. Loubet, president of France.

—o—

This is the path
—the Lord God made and gave
To have dominion over sea and land.
Neither doubt nor discontent, neither dismay nor despair, but hard work, plenty of it and the full daily use of all the talent a man has. Of course, if a man chooses to be
—dead to rapture and despair
A thing that grieves not and that never hopes
Stolid and stunned—
he can stay so and will, but that is his fault. The ascidian wriggled his nervous system into the beginnings of a backbone, and the next stage paddled until it got legs, and the lemur took to reaching with its fore-paws for fruit and standing on its hind ones—instead of being "dead to rapture and despair"—and the monkey got a bit straighter and Homo Pithecus got a thigh bone that he could stand on and primitive man began swinging his club for all it was worth, instead of letting the "weight of the centuries" keep him leaning on it, and so we have all gone on, filling out our foreheads, keeping a stiff upper lip, instead of one "loosened and let down," stepping briskly and altogether to the music of the ages, a triumphal quickstep which has carried the race to victory over one Hill of Difficulty after another.

—o—

If the "Man with a Hoe" wants to share this fun he must brace up like his ascidian ancestor, and if the "Man with a Poem" wants to help this ascent and advance he will not worry about the "lords and rulers in all lands," but tell his one particular "Man with a Hoe" to get a move on him and take his place in the old procession.

THE CRIME OF 1899.

From the Globe-Democrat.

A dispatch from Johnstown, Pa., tells that the Cambria Steel company has posted notices of "a general advance of wages of 10 per cent." It adds that "about 8,500 men are affected by the advance." A few days ago an announcement was made that "an advance, amounting on the average to about $1 a day, had been declared in the wages of 45,000 iron and steel workers." Nearly every day for months past there have been notices like these in the daily papers of the country. The Democratic and Populist papers are afraid to omit these notices of wage advances. They know, however, that they are death to their parties. They make no comment upon them.

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A "famine in the iron market" is also announced. This means that though the iron and steel workers of the country are busier than they ever were before they cannot meet the demand. The output of pig iron and of the various iron and steel fabrics has touched the highest figures ever reached in this or any other country. The report that there is a "famine" in the market, that the demand far outruns the supply, shows that a further large increase in production will have to be made if the orders which are rushing in are to be filled. In a general way this is the case with all the important industries. Nobody ever saw before in the United States such an activity in the principal branches of trade. Nobody ever before saw so many wage advances in the same time as take place every week these days.

—:o:—

Not only are the ordinary wage workers benefited by the change which has come through the advent of the Republican party to power, but farmers are also aided. The prices of all farm products are much above the line at which they stood a year ago. They were higher then than they were in 1896. Every person who works with his hands or his head throughout the United States is helped by the Republican prosperity wich has come to the country. Men buy more commidities because they get more wages. They get more wages now than they did at the latter part of last year. Some of them are likely to get still more before next year ends. More than 3,000,000 wage workers of the United States have had their income largely increased since the days of 1896, when the Bryanite reign of industrial terror was under way. Between $2,000,000 and $3,000,000 more wages is disbursed to the workers of the country every day at present than was given at the time that the repudiation party was making its canvass three years ago. The country hears nothing of the "crime of 1873" these days. It is the crime of 1899—the immense advance in the wages of the vast majority of American workers in all the industries and the general high tide in the wave of Republican prosperity that is sweeping over the country—which is disturbing the Democratic party today.

DEWEY'S GREETING.

From the Washington Star.

When Admiral Dewey lands, what is to be expressed to him as the country's sentiments of appreciation? How, and by whom, and in what terms, shall he be told of the honor in which he is held by his countrymen?

Let us suppose a man of the sentiments of Mr. Hoar and Mr. Atkinson selected to be spokesman and improving the occasion to speak for the anti-expansionists. "Admiral Dewey," he would say, "regarded in the light solely of a fight, your performance at Manila was very clever. But how vulgar it is to fight! How improper for a republic to fight! Your going to Manila was most unfortunate! But more unfortunate still was your remaining after sinking the Spanish fleet! If you had only sailed away at once after doing that! Why, in great Ceasar's name, did you stay? We are preparing, as far as possible, to undo it all. We shall ask the people next year to recede from the position they have been spurred by your action to take, and to let the Philippine Islands slide. You must not take account personally of our position. We understand that you acted only as a sailor under orders. We do not hold you personally responsible for the terrible plight into which your official achievements have plunged the country."

Even the anti-expansionists profess to be proud of Admiral Dewey. And yet the brief address outlined does no injustice to their real attitude toward him and his superb services. Is he likely to be very proud of them?

THE DIGNITY OF THE LAW.

From the Columbian.

A celebrated judge was once trying a case where the accused could only understand Irish, and an interpreter was accordingly sworn. The prisoner said something to the interpreter and the latter replied.

"What does he say?" demanded the judge.

"Nothing, my lord."

"How dare you say that, when we all heard him? Come sir, what was it?"

"My lord," said the interpreter, beginning to tremble, "it had nothing to do with the case."

"If you don't answer I'll commit you, sir. Now, what did he say?"

"Well, my lord, you'll excuse me, but he said, 'Who's that ould woman with the red bed curtain round her sitting up there?'"

At this everybody present roared.

"And what did you say?" said the judge, looking a little uncomfortable.

"I said, 'Whist, ye sphalpeen—that's the ould boy that's going to hang yez.'"

WILL LEARN SOMETHING.

From the Times-Herald.

Rudyard Kipling, through his publishers, has sued some more people for ignoring his copyright. Now that he has got to fooling with the law Mr. Kipling is likely to find out some things concerning one of the white man's burdens that he never dreamed of before.

THE MEN WHO MADE THE GUNS.

The men who tread the steel-clad deck,
Afloat on the flowing brine,
And the gallant lads at the colonel's beck
Along the firing line
Have won their stars and chevrons,
Our loyal, patriot sons,
But never a word have the people heard
Of the men who made the guns.

In the smoke and dust of the workshop's must,
Their lives are known to few;
Yet theirs the cunning and skill we trust
For the deeds the fighters do—
The master mind that fashions the bore,
The moulder down in the rounded pit;
The force and science that turn the core,
Logic and study to make them fit.

These sturdy, silent and plodding ones,
On the turn of their skill in final test,
These grimy toilers who made the guns,
The fate of a nation oft may rest.
We trust their skill and the fit of things,
These sturdy, silent, plodding ones,
When a flag at the peak the order brings—
Them and the men behind the guns.

Then here's to the salts on the water blue,
And here's to the gallant soldiers, too;
And here's to valorous deeds they've done,
With help of the men who made each gun.

—F. B. M. in New York Sun.

IKE WALTON'S PRAYER.

I crave, dear Lord,
No boundless hoard
Of gold and gear;
Nor jewels fine, nor kine,
Nor treasure-heaps of anything—
Let but a little hut be mine
Where at the hearthstone I may hear
The cricket sing;
And have the shine
Of one glad woman's eyes to make
For my poor sake,
Our simple home a place divine—
Just the wee cot—the cricket's chirr—
Love and the smiling face of her.
I pray not for
Great riches, nor
For vast estates, and castle halls—
Give me to hear the bare footfalls
Of children o'er
An oaken floor;
New—rinsed with sunshine or bespread
With but the tiny coverlet
And pillow for the baby's head;
And, pray Thou, may
The door stand open and the day
Send ever in a gentle breeze,
With fragrance from the locust trees,
And drowsy moan of doves, and blur
Of robin—chirps, and drone of bees,
With often-hushes of the stir
Of intermingling sounds, and then
The good wife and the smile of her
Filling the silences again—
The cricket's call,
And the wee cot,
Dear Lord of all,
Deny me not!
I pray not that
Men tremble at
My power of place
And lordly sway—
I only pray for simple grace
To look my neighbor in the face
Full honestly from day to day—
Yield me his horny palm to hold,
And I'll not pray
For gold;
The tanned face garlanded with mirth,
It hath the kingliest smile on earth—
The swart brow, diamoned with sweat,
Hath never need of coronet.
And so I reach,
Dear Lord, to Thee,
And do beseech
Thou givest me
The wee cot, and the cricket's chirr,
Love and the glad, sweet face of her.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

HIS HONOR ON WIFE BEATING.

An Arkansas Police Justice's Remarks Upon Sentencing Offender.

From the Memphis Commercial Appeal.

In fining a man $100 for whiping his wife Judge Fleer, of Fort Smith, discoursed as follows:

"I am opposed to wife-beating. I have no respect for any man who will beat a woman. I am not like the St. Louis Judge who saw extenuating circumstances in a wife-beating case. A man has no right to whip his wife. That is not what he married her for. No, sir; he married her to love and protect her. Doesn't she see that buttons are put on his clothes? Of course she does. Doesn't she see that his collar button doesn't roll under the dresser, and if it does, doesn't she get down on her knees and fish it out for him? Of course she does. Doesn't she cook his meals for him, and have them ready for him when he comes home, and doesn't she sit up sewing for his children or stay all night watching them when they are sick? Of course she does. And what has she done to be beaten by him? Nothing at all. Very often she makes the living and he gets mad, because she doesn't make enough to enable him to wear silk ties and patent leather pumps and fill himself to the brim every night and roll home and tumble into bed and snore off his drunk like a hog.

"I tell you what it is, I can extend no mercy to the man who gets and makes a beast of himself. I can have some sympathy for the man who steals, because he is often compelled to do it. I have a feeling for the man who asks for 'hand-me-outs' or who has to sleep in box cars, but when it comes to a wife-beater, I am lost to all sense of mercy. Say, do you know that I never had a man before me charged with wife-beating that that man did not have an ugly mug on him? Well, that's a fact. It takes some considerable nerve to sandbag a man or to hold a man up, but what nerve does it take to beat a poor, weak woman? Bah! I get hot all over when I have one of those cases before me. I feel just like taking the man by the nape of the neck and kicking him clean out of town. I run up against a good many hard propositions while sitting on the bench, but the hardest is the wife-beater. I am not going to have any mercy on that class of people. I am going to drive the sword of justice into them deep and break it off. I am going to lambast them with all my might and main. I am going to salt all the freshness out of them, and if they do not get what they deserve it will be the fault of the law and not of me.

"I will fine that fellow $100. I am glad of it. I would have been just wice as glad if I had been able to fine him twice as much. The man who beats his wife wants to get out of the jurisdiction of the Fort Smith police court, at least while I am on the bench, if he doesn't want to get into the consomme away over his head. I stand squarely on that platform, gentlemen, and there is no backwater which will run me off."

He Saw the Play.

They were giving "She Stoops to Conquer" in a small provincial town. A penniless individual, anxious to see the play, stalked past the ticket office in a careless, independent sort of way. When stopped and asked by what right he went in without paying he replied:

"By what right! I am Oliver Goldsmith, the author of the piece they are going to perform!"

"Ah, beg pardon, sir," said the check taker, making a bow.

And Goldsmith walked in to see his play.—London Answers.

The Proper Place.

Query Editor—This writer wants to know where the person with the wedding should be.

Managing Editor (a confirmed bachelor)—Just say in the penitentiary.—Jewelers' Weekly.

Then He Ran.

Mrs. Peck—"Henry, do you believe in this foolish predestination theory?"

Mr. Peck—"Yes; I can't help it. Nothing but that could ever have made me fall in love with you."—Chicago News.

REXFORD'S.

SCRANTON, July 4, 1899.

All kinds of July jewelry. You save steps by coming here first. Waist sets, buckles, cuff pins.

A lot of little diamond rings, cute little sparklers in 14k gold rings, some plain, some hand chased. To close the lot, only 11, they go at $2.90.

THE REXFORD CO.,
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STATIONERS and ENGRAVERS.
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A Twenty-Year Gold-Filled Gase With a 15-Jeweled Waltham Movement.

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The Best Watch in the Whole World for the Money.

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THE LONG GREEN

lawn around the house, or the little patch of grass in the dooryard, require constant attention to look beautiful.

Don't borrow your neighbor's lawn mower which you find isn't sharp, and then say sharp things about it which makes your wife sad, but come in here and buy a lawn mower that will cut like a razor and runs as easy as a bicycle. The labor saved will amply repay you for the small outlay.

And such things as Pruning Shears and Grass Clippers that will give satisfaction are here too.

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Yard and Office
West Lackawanna Ave.,
SCRANTON, PA.

A member of the New York Seventh Regiment on going to the State Camp at Peekskill, N. Y., took along some Ripans Tabules, believing the change of water and diet would be liable to produce some unpleasant results. The soldiers were awakened at 4.55 A. M., had five minutes to dress in, reporting to the officer in command at 5 o'clock. They were served with bread and coffee and went to drill until 7 o'clock, when a breakfast was served consisting of oatmeal, milk, beefsteak and boiled potatoes. The radical change in his way of living soon affected our friend and his experience was shared by his tent-mate, and they both thereupon had recourse to Ripans Tabules, our friend acting as physician for his companion. The effect the Tabules produced in curing the tendency to constipation and costiveness, and in brightening them up, was so marked that they continued using them regularly thereafter until the supply was exhausted, and then the other soldier telegraphed to New York for more. It was not unusual with them to take three or even four Tabules a day, and it was a regular habit to take at least one every night before going to bed. "I knew," said our friend, "that Ripans Tabules were good for those headaches of mine, and were especially valuable of a morning after having spent a night at a party where dancing was kept up very late, but the way they acted on me and my comrade in Camp was positively surprising. Ripans Tabules have now at least two warm advocates in the New York Seventh Regiment. They were our safety valve."

A new style packet containing TEN RIPANS TABULES in a paper carton (without glass) is now for sale at some drug stores—FOR FIVE CENTS. This low-priced sort is intended for the poor and the economical. One dozen of the five-cent cartons (120 tabules) can be had by mail by sending forty-eight cents to the RIPANS CHEMICAL COMPANY, No. 10 Spruce Street, New York—or a single carton (TEN TABULES) will be sent for five cents.

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At Reduced Prices!

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The new prices apply on all

Cambric, Percale Scotch and French Ginghams, Corded Ginghams and Colored Pique Waists,

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The following numbers you will find exceptional value:

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Value for
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