AMERICAN SENTINEL.

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BABYLON & LIPPY COMPANY

AFTER INVENTORY SALE

: : OF : :

Small Lots, Discontinued Numbers, Odds and Ends, Remnants of Dress Goods, Comforts, Blankets, &c. of Dependable Quality.

Short Ends & Remnants of Wool Dress Goods at ½ Price.

15c. 32 inch Dress Ginghams, 9½c. 15c quality of Dress Ginghams in pattern lengths, fast colors, equal to any carried by others, our price 9½c.

Best Percales, 9c yd.

Best Apron Ginghams, 6c yd.

Best Outings, Light and Dark, 7 ½c yard.

10c Gingham's 7½c.

Exceptional big values in 29 to 31 in. Dress Gingham. They are fast colors and of good quality cotton. Very cheap at 7 1-2c.

Hill Muslin in any quantity 8c yd.

8c Calicoes 6c yd.

Old fashioned quilting calico, the kind mother used, the kind that don't fade. Inventory Sale price 6c yd.

We offer during this sale 25 pieces of the best blue chambrays and shirtings you have ever seen at 9c yd.

25c Pillow Tops 19c.

15c Cottonades, splendid for Pants, Blouses etc., 12½c.

Only a few of our $1.25 Ladies' **Flanellette Wrappers** left that we advertised last week at 69c. Mostly large sizes.

25c After Inventory Sale of Corsets

We include in this lot many discontinued lines in all sizes. Colors white and drab.

$2.00 Men's Cord Pants $1.69.

Only a few pairs left considering the quantity we had. They are big values at prices named. If you want a pair of good pants don't put off. Price $1.69.

25c Men's and Boy's Caps 10c.

40 and 50c Ladies' and Children's Rubbers 25c pair.

The Struggle for Arthur

It dawned on Miss Violet Mills in a surge of regret that there were disadvantages connected with being 16 years old.

For example, if one were displeased with a friend one could not make up a face and say "Smarty! You think you're smart, don't you?" And no other method of procedure really seemed to fit the present case.

There was not a particle of doubt that Elsie Wangness had deliberately set out to trap Arthur. He had come to visit in the Mills home, displaying the full glory of his gray summer suit, heliotrope silk socks and tie, and with a businesslike assortment of golf clubs and tennis rackets and accompanied by Speckle, the sportiest looking Boston bullpup that ever was seen on that street. Since Arthur was tall and architecturally designed after the pattern of the young man who makes modern clothes advertisements things of beauty, it is easily seen that there was nothing for any girl in the neighborhood to do but fall desperately in love with him.

After Arthur's arrival there began a perfect surge of girls toward the Mills residence. It appeared that they all loved Violet half to death and were sitting up nights planning entertainments for her to show their devotion—entertainments to which she was requested to "bring along your brother John—and his guest."

But Elsie Wangness was the most devoted of them all, for she took to bringing over her fancy work and sitting on the porch with her dear friend Violet. Of course, she could not help it if she was there when John and Arthur happened to be there also.

Violet recalled, when she thought it over, that Elsie most generally had been sitting there on the porch when the young men were around. It was no wonder, then, that she actually began wearing Arthur's fraternity pin—no doubt she had wrested it from him by main force! Violet had observed that pin two seconds after Arthur's arrival and instantly wild hopes of wearing it herself before his departure seized upon her. Only a week of Arthur's visit had gone by before Elsie ostentatiously displayed the pin and also a maddening air of ownership of Arthur before Violet's very eyes. Any one can see, therefore, that Violet was justified in longing to say "Smarty!" and wrinkle up her nose.

The unwritten laws of girlhood frown upon one girl's flirting with a young man to whom another girl has a prior right. As Violet told herself hotly, if she didn't have first right to a visitor in her very own home, she'd like to know who did!

What was hardest to bear was Elsie's sweet commiseration. Her every glance seemed to say how sorry she was for Violet because Violet's attractions were so limited that it was impossible for her to capture a handsome young man. Violet, however, was convinced in the depths of her heart that if she had used one-sixteenth of the artful wiles of Elsie she could have beaten Elsie in the first inning.

That was what came of being reserved and modest—it wasn't true that men wanted to do the chasing themselves. Hereafter—Violet set her lips in a way that presaged ill for any helpless and unsuspecting masculine individual that fate henceforth threw in her path.

"Arthur says he just loves brown eyes," Elsie would confide to her. Violet's eyes were blue. Or "Arthur says he much prefers smooth hair like mine." Violet's hair was naturally wavy. After these little episodes Violet would retire to weep in rage and meditate revenge.

If only in some way she could get even with Elsie it would assuage the bitterness rankling within her. That she should have been such a simpleton as to let another girl get ahead of her was a dreadful reflection.

In the last week of Arthur's stay, when Elsie dropped frequent remarks that were calculated to show Violet that Elsie expected to hear from Arthur frequently Violet broke six embroidery needles. Arthur had said nothing about writing to her!

The day the visitor was to leave Arthur and John came home to luncheon and Elsie, who had the chair nearest the porch steps, bestowed her sweetest, most bewildering smile upon them. It was as though she said to Violet: "See how Arthur rejoices at my welcome!"

Then Arthur paused instead of going indoors. He smiled down at Elsie and for an awful instant Violet wondered if he was going to make love to her before Violet's anguished eyes! Then he spoke:

"Say, small girl," he said from the height of his 22 years, "don't forget that I'm going today and want my pin back that you borrowed. You see, there's a lady back east that I've given that pin to—she's going to be Mrs. Arthur some day. She just loaned me the pin to wear on this trip! Thanks!"

Fastening on the pin, which Elsie had torn from her dress feverishly, Arthur went whistling into the house.

Violet drew a long breath as she recovered from the shock. She smiled happily now, for she saw her revenge.

"Why, how surprised you seem to be to hear that Arthur's engaged!" she murmured, languidly. "I knew it—all the time!"

Good Old English Custom.

There was an old-fashioned custom on the English road, which I suspect is now obsolete, or practiced only by the vulgar. Journeys of length being made on horseback, and, of course by brief stages, it was usual always to make a halt on the Sunday in some town where the traveler might attend divine service and his horse have the benefit of the day of rest, the institution of which is as humane to our brute laborers as profitable to ourselves. A counterpart to this decent practice, and a remnant of old English hospitality, was, that the landlord of a principal inn laid aside his character of a publican on the seventh day, and invited the guests who chanced to be within his walls to take a part of his family beef and pudding. This invitation was usually complied with by all whose distinguished rank did not induce them to think compliance a derogation; and the proposal of a bottle of wine after dinner, to drink the landlord's health, was the only recompense ever offered or accepted.—Sir Walter Scott.

The Sollum Anchorage.

The Gulf of Sollum is a misnomer, as a glance at any good map will show. At Ras el Mihr the coast takes a sudden trend south for 20 miles, then turns as abruptly in an easterly direction. Near the angle the high coast drops suddenly in a cliffy point, nearly half a mile south of which is the anchorage on a weedy bottom. Twelve miles north is Bardieh, a better shelter, which would be made into a tolerable harbor by a breakwater. If the frontier line of Egypt were carried about four miles to the west Bardieh would be included in Egyptian territory. The Sollum anchorage derives its principal value from the fact that it is the nearest point on the Mediterranean to the Siwah oasis, and is thus the sea end of the most direct route through a string of oases to the Sudan. But to describe this uninviting corner of an inhospitable coast as "the finest harbor in these parts," in the words of a contemporary, is altogether misleading.

Complaints and Complaints.

Hicks—I see that the big new store is to have a doctor's office in it.

Wicks—That's nothing. Most all of them have a complaint department.

GREAT PAINTER'S EARLY DAYS

Ziem Was a Tailor's Assistant, and Worked His Way to Italy to Study.

Ziem, sitting cross-legged on a table beside a window, worked as a tailor's assistant for several years. His life was thrown into a new channel by the arrival in the courtyard of an Italian family in which there was a handsome, auburn-haired girl, who sang as a ballad singer. The father played a hurdy-gurdy, the mother made lace, and a boy performed divers gymnastic feats. The girl had a fine voice. Her father wanted a new coat and asked the elder Ziem to make it and Mme. Ziem to take in a part of the family as lodgers. She took in the boy and girl.

The latter lifted the future painter out of himself with her Venetian songs and accounts of the glorious city to which she hoped soon to return. Her name was Caterina. When she went away Ziem felt miserable. He lost spirit and could not shake off the sort of paralysis that had seized on all his faculties. At last he determined—with the help of his needle and his talent, as he thought, of portrait painter and violinist—to make his way to Venice. They answered to his hopes of going down by water to Marseilles, for he knew no geography, and thence to Rome.

It would be now curious to see the portraits of Saone and Rhone captains of barges, wine and wood rafts that he did for them in lieu of passage money. In Rome he got in with painters and tourists. The former helped him to enlarge his artistic culture, and the latter took him about as a guide. But Caterina and Venice lay on his heart, and he took the bold resolution of going on foot to the city of his dreams. He so fell in love with it the first day he went on the Lido that he did not break his heart when he heard that Caterina had not turned up, but had gone to Paris to serve as a model.

Expenditure Explained.

Question—Don't you know that the amount charged you for postage by your campaign manager would buy enough stamps to paper the side of the great pyramid? The Answer—By George! Is that what he did with them?—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

All Is Character.

"Behind every foreground of action lies the background of character on which the action rests and from which it gets its life and meaning."—Phillips Brooks.

Miss Bonnington's Boots

By James Cathcart

Perhaps at a more fashionable watering place Miss Bonnington's boots would not have created the slightest stir, but at Silver Beach the first question asked the newcomer on the piazza was, "Have you seen Miss Bonnington's boots?" and a negative reply was to admit a truly recentness of arrival.

There was nothing remarkable about the boots save that they were of Nile green waterproof material laced high upon the calf. At the resort where stockings or at the best the sort of canvas slipper to be had at the drug store for a quarter were considered sufficient, the appearance of Miss Bonnington on the sands at the bathing hour was the signal for the gathering of a crowd of the curious.

Natalie Bonnington professed an indifference to the curious gaze of the hotel patrons and the natives. She could not help being aware of the excitement she created, yet she did not discard the boots.

Ridley told himself a dozen times that he did not love Miss Bonnington because of her boots. A dozen times he had started to leave the place and thus free himself from the web of the enchantress, yet each time he saw Natalie without the boots—and stayed.

In honest truth he could not tell whether or not he loved the girl. Aside from these odd bathing boots, her attire was most demure. She affected the simplest dresses—and looked better in them than the women who wore silks and satins all out of harmony with the weather.

Her manner matched her garments, for she was demure almost to a point of affectation and never a roguish twinkle marred the calm serenity of her full, lustrous eyes. Those eyes were Natalie's greatest charm. Ridley loved to lie on the warm sands in the afternoon, sounding the placid depths of her liquid orbs. At such times he



Her manner matched her garments

was sure that he was in love, and he was—until he remembered the boots.

It was in this uncertain frame of mind that he took to dressing early for his bath, and then running up the sands, around the point well out of sight of the crowd around the boats. Not until he felt sure that she had gone back to her dressing room did he venture to return, but even with this expedient his heart continued to be torn by uncertainty.

But it was to the boots that he owed the final answer to his questioning heart. He was running along the sands on his way back to the bath houses when, on the turn of the point, he discerned a huge sun umbrella. Projecting below the edge he could see Miss Bonnington's boots digging desperately beside a mound of sand that covered the extremities of her companion. Just as he passed, scarcely making a sound in his bare feet, he heard a kiss; a loud, undeniable smack.

It was not the sort of a kiss he imagined some day bestowing upon the arched curve of those red lips when he should have at last decided to speak. He had mentally rehearsed the scene over and over again, now in a dark corner of the piazza, again under the sunshade, but always in his dreams the scene had ended in her whispered "Yes" and his lips had touched hers, tenderly, reverently, in the first kiss of love.

That Miss Bonnington should seek a secluded part of the beach on which to indulge her osculatory tendencies was intolerable. He was a man easily swayed by little things and the loudness of the smack had sickened him, while at the same time his loss told him how truly he had loved the girl. He dressed as rapidly as possible and sought his room. He was too miserable to mix with the others. He wanted to be alone where he could think it all over.

His room seemed blurred with images of the past. He could see the yellow sands and himself beside Natalie questioning the limpid clearness of her eyes. He could see the piazza in the soft moonlight and the rapt look upon her face as he quoted poetry to her; then they vanished before the image of the afternoon with the half entombed companion, the boots beneath the sunshade and that smack reverberating like the noise of thunder in the solitude of his soul.

By evening he had pulled himself together and he even dressed for the regular Wednesday night hop, but he kept carefully away from Natalie until late in the evening, when he ran across her standing pensively in a corner of the piazza, watching the reflection of the moon across the broken waters.

Her face brightened at his approach and she impulsively put out her hand to stop him.

"I have not seen you all day," she cried. "Have you been ill?"

"I was a little upset," he answered constrainedly.

"Is it trouble?" The soft eyes beamed their sympathy.

"In a way," he agreed. "I saw something this morning that rather upset me. Around the point," he added, meaningly.

"Ah, yes," she mused "You go far up the beach to bathe."

"Way beyond the crowd," he confirmed. "I like it better there."

"You must take me some morning," she said. "I have never been to the point. Is it not absurd?"

"You have not been to the point?" His lip curled in scorn. Probably she would deny the scene of the morning.

"I should like a quiet swim," she said softly. "Do you know that I have just found out why the beach is so crowded."

"Yes?" He wondered what she would tell him now.

"It is because of my boots," she said with a rippling laugh. "Do you know that people came to see my bathing boots. Of all the foolish things of which I have ever heard. It seems they were almost what you call a sensation.

He smiled in spite of himself. Her mother was a Russian and at times her odd expressions were delightfully quaint. One might almost believe that she was sincere in her declaration of the new discovery.

"The boots are a little—individual," he agreed. "I could recognize them anywhere."

Natalie did not observe the emphasis upon the last word. "They were very comfortable," she said musingly. "And the people were so disappointed when I did not wear them this morning.

"You did not wear them this morning?"

"I gave them to the maid who makes the bed. With $100 I could not give her as much pleasure. Is it not odd, their love of color?"

This, then, was the explanation of that noisy kiss. With beaming face he caught her hand.

"Natalie," he cried.

The rest of the scene passed off as he had planned it, even to the whispered "Yes" and that reverential first kiss. Miss Bonnington's boots had served their turn.

MADE WOMEN TURN AND LOOK

Sailor With His Little Son Attracted Sympathetic Attention From Crowds of Shoppers.

In a crowd of Christmas shoppers in Sixth avenue there appeared a picture that made at least twoscore of parcel-laden women turn and look, says the New York Press. It was a sailor clad in the picturesque blue of the American navy, with wide collar turned back from a sun-bronzed throat, round cap bearing the gilt letters of his ship set rather rakishly on his head, and the wide, flapping ends of his sea-going trousers just escaping the mud of the street. Nothing unusual about all this. The thing that made the feminine heads turn to look was the fact that in his arms he lugged a wee duplicate of himself. His baby son was round and ruddy of cheek. His little sailor collar was turned back from a fat and dimply throat. Even the string with the midshipman's whistle on the end was tucked under his collar, and his tiny trousers were cut exactly like his sailor daddy's. His cap bore the same ship's name. The windows rigged for Christmas seemed to fascinate the sailorman as much as the sailor baby. They didn't mind the rain, and they were utterly unconscious that folk were turning round to look at them in warm-hearted wonder. Daddy and son were not buying anything—only looking; having a bit of a Christmas outing together, fraternally, so to speak.

Two women bumped into each other as they twisted their necks to watch the sailor baby pointing at a Teddy bear. There eyes met and each smiled at the other in a way that plainly said: "Dear little chap—poor little chap—wonder where's his mother—"

How a Play Is Written.

When Eugene Walter writes a play the tools necessary to the process are one large room, one outfit of furniture and one exceptionally rapid stenographer. Mr. Walter and the stenographer enter the room. The door is locked, and work is begun by placing the furniture as it is to be placed on the stage—in other words, by setting the scene. Then the young dramatist begins to act. He is all the characters in his play. He rushes about the apartments, quarreling with himself, making love to himself, now standing here as one person and then racing to the opposite end of the apartment to be another. All the time he is speaking the words that come into his mind as natural under the circumstances, and the stenographer is taking them down at top speed. At the end of an hour or two an act is finished, an invisible curtain is rung down, and, if the amanuensis hasn't fainted, as two did in one day of labor on "Paid in Full," the stage is set for the next act.—Channing Pollock in The Footlights.

On Their Way

"There's a man on earth whom I'm hoping to meet some day," mused the girl who likes to talk. "He's the president of a railroad. I don't care so much about merely seeing him as I do about conversing with him. I should be satisfied with saying a few things to him over the telephone if I couldn't do any better!

"It isn't that I want to rage at him. I want merely to assure him that I am filled with the deepest admiration for any human being with a nerve as colossal and a contempt for his fellow man as sublime as are his!

"He runs the railroad which is the only means of getting out of my summer resort. All during the season I heard vague rumors and rumblings of discontent from the floating population at the inn, who, of course, were obliged to escape by rail. In an indolent fashion I learned that nothing ever occurred on that road in the way that it should. People rather inferred that the train crews sat up nights planning new and ingenious ways to upset the schedule and keep people waiting.

"To be sure, it was annoying to have to take a train at 11 o'clock at night, but we got to the village by dark and had our dinner. The bus left at 8 for the station a mile away, so we went in it. Three of us could kill time easily, we said. We survived the blighting depression of the village station for half an hour and then we took a walk. It began to rain.

"On going back we heard the baggageman saying that the train was forty minutes late, but that a sleeper would run down from somewhere else earlier and we could get aboard that and be picked up later by the train. In half an hour the report was that the sleeper was delayed by a sandslide on the track. We had talked all we knew and were getting to the point where we eyed each other with growing dislike.

"A woman with five small children added to the joys of the evening because if one child cried all the rest piped up, and if they all stopped I think she must have pinched them to start them up again.

"Then Harry Gilfist burst in upon his wife and me to report a lunchroom a block away. We fled to it, and started in on ham sandwiches to kill time. We ate sandwiches with deadly seriousness, and then we began on the caged apple pie and the petrified doughnuts. Harry reported that the main train was two hours late now, because of a washout.

"The rain poured down. The station agent slept on the table. The baggageman said terrible things out loud to himself and demanded to know how any man could live on four hours' sleep a day and why was a railroad anyhow? Mrs. Gilfist and I sat hunched up in a dry corner and yawned and straightened our hair irritably, 'Whadyu say?'

"Down the track two men were carrying lanterns close to the ground in a wavering way. 'Wha-they doing' Mrs. Gilfist demanded, crossly. 'They're searching for the train, my dear,' I told her soothingly. 'They think maybe they'll find it slipped down a crack where the rails join.' 'Don't be silly!' she snapped. 'I shall die if I can't go to sleep!' And the rain poured down in the miserable black silence. We could hear the agent snore.

"'There isn't any train, there never was a train and there never will be a train on this line,' Harry Gilfist chanted mournfully. 'They put up this station just as an ornament and added the ticket agent for a touch of realism. If he had a Gothic nose, now——'

"'The sleeper'll get here at 2 o'clock, they report,' said the desperate baggageman. 'I'll resign tomorrow!'

"'And we have to get up at 6!' said Mrs. Gilfist, hollowly. 'Oh, how those ham sandwiches made me feel!'

"At 10 minutes after 2 a train ambled in from somewhere, and, reeling from weariness, we dashed to the sleeper end of it. 'I wish I owned this road!' I confided to the Pullman conductor. 'I'd like to hack it up with a little hatchet and use it for kindling.' 'Huh!' he retorted. 'If I owned it I wouldn't take so much trouble with it! I'd just step on it and exterminate it!'

"After hurling umbrellas and suitcases into our section and finding without doubt that it wasn't out section at all, because there was a man in the lower berth, who was annoyed because the corner of a suitcase landed against his stomach, we finally got adjusted and snatched about two minutes of sleep, I think, in the midst of the switching and bumping and backing up.

"When I woke up in the morning at daylight I looked at the scenery a long time before I addressed Louise Gilfist in a shrill whisper. She looked out and said we weren't in Chicago, where we were supposed to be, but at the junction twenty-five miles from where we had started. There was a wreck ahead of us, the porter told us cordially, and maybe he could proceed in about five hours.

"That was when my desire to meet the president of the road came into existence—and I'm still living on hope!"

Our job-work is first class.

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