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Including Lawn, Delaine, Linen, Crepe Fancy Prints, Cotton and Silk Repp and Silk Taffeta Materials. High and low neck Collars, trimmed with Embroidery; some with Lace and Insertion, and hemstitched, asstd. style, colors, etc.

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Lace Trimmed Collars, Tucked and Embroidered Fronts, also a limited number of Serge Robes, in Navy, Saxe, Tan, etc. Extraordinary Values that Challenge their Equal from any other source.

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Check and Figured Percalé in two colors; Light Blue and White, matched with self color collars, cuffs and belt; Circular Skirts.

NO. 2 QUALITY
Made of self colored Linene with belt and shoulder buttonings, short sleeves. Colors: Blue, Pink and Tan.

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No. 1 A
Made of Cotton Crepe with floral design in Blue or Pink colors. Trimmed Collar and Cuffs. Circular Skirts.

No. 1 B
Made of self color Linene, trimmed with Check Gingham with matched Pearl buttons. All warranted fast colors and 1915 styles.

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GERMANY IN WAR TIME

The Word "Cotton" Brings a Start to All Germans. A Neutral Advises Keep Cotton Away from Germans

London, July 22.—The following is contributed to the Daily Mail by a neutral writer:

This is cherry time in Germany. The hay crop, considered a "record" one, was almost finished when I left. It has been a particularly brilliant early summer.

My life was strenuous during my recent visit. A neutral has to be very careful in Germany in these times. If he wishes to get the facts he can do so only by a process of conversational analysis and deduction. Here and there and increasingly one comes across people like railway officials who say to you, "Ich darf nicht." (I am not allowed to talk.)

I took one day's complete rest during my trip for the purpose of visiting an old college friend at the charming little mountain village of —. I was the only passenger who descended at the sleepy station, and as I walked the long white road bordered on each side for miles by the rapidly ripening cherry and scented the aroma of the hay which was being carted by brawny peasant women, it was difficult to believe that I was in the midst of a country that is fighting for dominion over almost all the chief nations of the world.

Our Own Good Germans.

My old friend knew that my views about the war do not coincide with his, and so we tactfully agreed not to discuss the subject. An invalid, one of the innumerable Germans living on my pensions, he bubbled in sketching and writing and the gentler kinds of sport. We spent the whole of the brilliant day in his little house by a tiny stream talking over old times, and next day I made my way to a flourishing and populous Bad well known to English people.

Here were plenty of signs of war. For the great resorts, Homburg, Marienbad, Kissingen, Naheim, Wiesbaden and Baden-Baden, are, according to all reports and the evidence of my own eyes in more than one instance, enjoying a kind of war prosperity, due to the fact that they are filled with badly wounded or mentally injured soldiers and their relations. The life is just the same as at ordinary times, the music morning, noon and night, the patients walking about sipping their glasses of water, the doctors scurrying about the town in motor cars. The keeper of the hotel in which I stayed, who for over a quarter of a century has fawned and fattered on British Americans and Russians, said to me as I left, "We here at — are delighted. For the first time we have got our town filled with our own good Germans, and not with the objectionable foreigners who have monopolized it hitherto."

Music as Usual.

There is no falling off in the music of Germany at this time. The piano is as much a nuisance at Dresden as at any other time. "The Merry Widow" still afflicts the provincial opera houses. The Germans never seem to get tired of hearing the same music, and though they call "Die Lustige Witwe" ("The Merry Widow") "Die Lastige Witwe" ("The Troublesome Widow") as a sort of joke, they still even in the midst of war attend it in big houses. They are not so many war plays as one would expect. "O Die Leutnants" ("Oh, These Lieutenants"), a kind of musical comedy of a semi-military nature, goes the rounds, and there are *Widder und Widdwe* (*Widder and Widdwe*) described on my last visit. "Wie Barbaren" ("We Barbarians"), is still most popular. Otherwise the German is sticking to his regular music diet. Shakespeare is, as ever, the great favorite, with here and there an alteration to suit the present war-time. The national pastime of beer-drinking does not seem to have suffered in any way during the army. The Bavarian army, indeed, has its own small, portable breweries attached to it, so that the soldiers may get their Munchner Bier (Munich beer) fresh in the trenches.

Anxiety Over Cotton.

The abundant prosperity in Britain at this time, so obvious to a passing stranger like myself, has doubtless the same causes as those that are bringing about the war prosperity of Germany. Here you have many hundreds of thousands of men drawn from civilian life, with a

consequent dearth of and great demand for labor. Exactly the same thing is happening in Germany. There appears to be nobody out of work either in London or Berlin. Walking along the Thames Embankment the other night I missed the sleeping tramps who usually loiter on the seats. In the Tiergarten a fortnight ago I did not see one idler of the out-of-work kind.

People here ask me how the Germans are managing for tea, coffee, and the like. It should not be forgotten that when they captured Antwerp they found gigantic stores of everything of that description, including spices, British biscuits, pickles, rice and many other commodities. As for sugar, Germany is, I believe, almost the first sugar-producing country in the world. Sugar, it should be remembered, is often used there to feed animals, and despite that fact the price is still normal. Other prices have risen considerably, and the German housewife is making the same outcry as the British housewife.

But your chief chance of punishing Germany is to stop cotton. I do not believe that Germany is yet short of cotton. I think a shortage is beginning in india-rubber, but I believe that the army will have enough even for a very long war. What Germany cannot get otherwise, if you stop it, is enough cotton. I found out the feeling about it in a score of ways. Ammunition-making in Germany is such a common industry that almost everyone knows something about it. One has only got to mention the word Baumwolle (cotton) to see a shadow of anxiety pass over the face of anybody connected with the ammunition industry. On the other hand, they have been getting it in immense quantities since the war began. The German habit of thinking ahead and storing up things has never been more plainly shown than in this cotton business. They have plenty, but they are using plenty.

Take my advice as a neutral friend and stop them getting any more.

Mrs. John Housekeeper Everywhere, Nfld.

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Yours faithfully,
CLEVELAND TRADING CO., Agents.

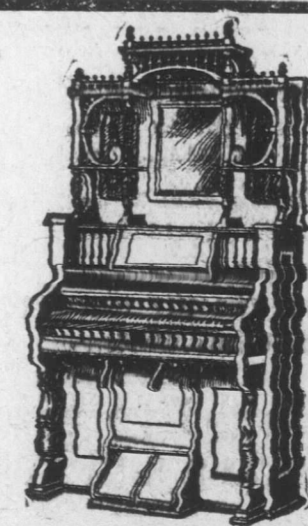
P.S. Hope you had a nice cup of Arbuckle's Breakfast Coffee this morning. Your friends in the States all use it. jy27:hw:tf

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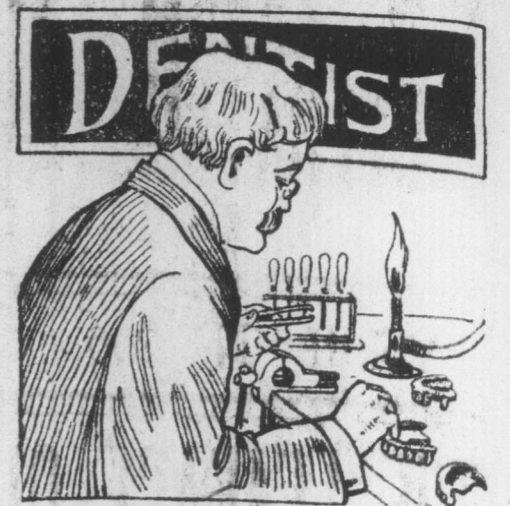
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RUSSIAN ARMY LEADERS NOTED FOR SIMPLICITY

Warsaw, July 17.—Simplicity and lack of ostentation are the leading characteristics of everything Russian in this war, and particularly of the army. The two most simple men I have met are the Grand Duke Nicholas and General Alexieff, who has been appointed to the command of the northern armies.

The theory in the Japanese army is that the brain of the army should be so far away from the actual scene of operations that he is absolutely detached from the atmosphere of war, and that between himself and the front there should be so many nervous shock-absorbers that the operators of the great chief himself should be the realm of pure reason, with no noise and excitement and hurrying aides to impair his judgment.

Lesson From Japanese
I recall a conversation I once had with Major (now Lieutenant-General) Tanaka, Field Marshal Oyama's personal aide-de-camp.

"I should have liked to be with the general staff," I remarked to him, "during the battle of Mukden. It must have been an exciting time with you." My friend laughed and answered:

"You would have had a great surprise, I imagine. There was no excitement at all. How do you suppose Field Marshal Oyama spent much of his time during the battle?"

One naturally imagined that it was spent scrutinizing maps and making plans, and I said this to Tanaka. "Not at all," he replied, "when the battle began our work was largely finished. It was but necessary to make an occasional change in the line here and there, and this took but a few minutes. Most of the time the Field Marshal and Kodame (Chief of the Central Staff) were playing croquet."

Much the same atmosphere of detachment from the activities of the campaign may be seen to-day in the Polish city where General Alexieff has his headquarters, except that no one here has time for croquet. It is safe to say that beyond his own staff, there are not fifty soldiers in the place. In fact, it is less military in appearance than any city I have seen since I have been in Russia.

Miles from Fighting

In front of his quarters are a couple of soldiers, and a small Russian flag hangs over the door. Nothing could lead one to believe that within is the man in the palm of whose hand lie the fate and movement of hundreds upon hundreds of thousands of men, and at whose word a thousand guns will waken the echoes with their metal throats. In trenches miles away, stretching through forest and alone (trenches, numberless regiments and brigades await the curt order from this building to launch themselves against the German lines.

The man himself is as quiet and unobtrusive as are his surroundings. Perhaps fifty-eight or fifty-nine years of age, with a very intellectual face and an almost shy manner, General Alexieff is currently reported to have the keenest brain in the Russian field armies. The staff consists of about 75 members. If their looks do not belie them they are about the most serious and hard-working men that one can find in a long journey.

While at Warsaw rumors are flying quick and fast as to German advances and Russian mishaps, at General Alexieff's headquarters everything is serene and calm. The general opinion of the staff is one of optimism, although for the moment the Russians are in the trough of the sea.