STREET MENDICANTS

IN NEW YORK CITY THESE GENTRY ARE CALLED "PANHANDLERS."

They Follow Their Life of Beggary Systematically, and Many Find It Very Lucrative.

THEY HAVE PLENTY OF MONEY

FOUR HOURS IN SHOPPING DISTRICT BRINGS IN FIFTEEN DOLLARS.

Charity Organization Now Planning an Institution for Keeping Beggars Under Commitment.

Correspondence of the Indianapolis Journal.

NEW YORK, Jan. 30.—Every city has its beggars, but New York is the Mecca of all, for in no other place are the profits so large or so easily acquired. On an average of four hours daily, a mendicant takes in from $8 to $15, according to his powers of persuasion and the extent of his real or assumed misfortunes. By experts in mendicancy it is estimated that thousands of dollars are given daily to the professional beggars alone, and the major portion of this amount comes from New Yorkers. Metropolitans are prodigal even in their charities, while the outsider regards every appeal with suspicion, as a part of the frauds practiced in a great city. The principal givers are those who can least afford it, working men and women, the great middle classes.

In the under world and the police circles the professional beggar is known as the "panhandler," a sobriquet gained by the custom of holding a tincup for alms. Panhandlers have a peculiar, if unorganized, union. One of them never monopolizes indefinitely a good location. Whether or not there is any exchange of money for the "good will" of a "stand," certain it is that beggars trade locations, thus keeping charity from becoming stale. The value of these stands will be understood from the fact that special officers and police on the vagrancy squad have been offered $25 a month protection money for certain good locations in New York.

The most successful and the most common panhandler is the young man, with the intelligent, American face, who drifts in from almost any point between Maine and California. Of respectable parentage, possessed of a rudimentary education, his downfall begins with cigarettes, dime novels and evil companions. Unable to hold a situation at home, he takes to the road, mixing with tramps and criminals. Before he goes beyond the petty larceny stage he makes a misstep at the end of a stolen ride or participates in a fight on a freight train, and loses one or both limbs. He enters the hospital a potential criminal. He leaves it a "panhandler."

He begs or steals a ride to the metropolis, making immediately for one of the furnished room houses which exist solely on the profits of panhandlers. Here he meets others of his ilk who instruct him in the best locations and grafts to be worked. He pays $2.50 or $3 a week for his room, taking his meals wherever the hour may find him. The accommodations are apt to be barren for the price, but he must pay for association with men of his class and frequently the landlady must pay fines for running a disorderly house, which come higher than lace curtains and woven wire springs.

KNOWS HIS VICTIMS.

During the regular shopping hours the panhandler suns himself in the great retail district, but at 6 o'clock he changes his location. He knows that the Jewish working girls are kindhearted and of socialistic tendencies. Dressed in overalls, a rough coat and derby hat, and without a collar, he "lays for" them in the heart of some factory district. If he plays well the role of disabled working man he secures, between 6 and 7 o'clock, not less than $1.50, while on pay days the amount runs to $4.

Every possible scheme is employed to exaggerate deformities and excite pity. Where the amputation has been made below the knee and the man could walk easily with crutches, he straps on a long shoe, fortified with sole leather and laced in the back. Squatting on this gives him a horrible appearance and a height of four feet or less. Thrusting the arm through the lower cross bar of his crutch also lowers a man to a distressing position. Blind men augment their deformity by constantly rolling the eyes which in time become bloodshot.

The old-time methods of cruelty, such as bandaging an arm to one side and showing an empty sleeve, or using soap and acids to cause horrible sores on the face, hand or arm, have disappeared. The art of mendicancy is advancing. Nor is the life as trying as the credulous might think. The professional seldom works during inclement weather, and though he may crouch on the damp ground for hours, he uses an antidote in the form of liberal potations of rum.

Once a panhandler, always a panhandler, seems to be the rule. Among the notorious beggars of the metropolis are an old Jew and his wife, who have been placed in charitable institutions time and again by friends. He is blind and the wife feigns the same affliction. On the night of the late President McKinley's funeral they were arrested, and a few days later jointly put up $21 to go free on a legal technicality.

At night the panhandler returns to his lodging house to squander the accumulation of coppers, nickles and dimes. One of the most notorious lodging houses for this class of men is located on Eldridge street. The lounging room is reached through a dark, evil-smelling passage way, connecting the front and rear houses. The room is well lighted and in winter warmed by a red-hot stove. The panhandlers gather around the rough table for card playing, and a young girl or boy is kept busy "rushing the can" to the nearest saloon. In the corner of the room are tossed the artificial legs, the strapped boots, the crutches and even eye shades used to touch the hearts and incidentally the purses of a thoughtless, hurrying public during the day.

THE "LONE WOLF" VARIETY.

Occasionally the police run across panhandlers known as "lone wolves"—that is, they do not mix with others of their class. A notable case is that of a man named Dean, who, years ago, lost both of his legs while working on the New Haven road. The company cared for him until his recovery and paid him liberally for his affliction. On leaving the hospital Dean promptly divorced his wife and started down the Conneticut valley, working his population for a pair of artificial legs. Eventually he reached New York, still minus the legs, but with plenty of cash, and scored a record as a most persistent beggar. Later he appeared as applicant in two more divorce suits. The police no longer keep track of the number of artificial legs for which he has collected funds, but they do know that his mother owns a fine Connecticut farm, probably paid for by a credulous public, and in New York she runs a good-sized rooming house for her son.

The old Irish women who huddle in doorways or on curbings at night can generally be classed with misers. They have seen their sixty winters, and properly belong in the almshouse, but they prefer to herd, four or five in a two-room flat, kept by one of their number. "Sugar Bowl" is a somewhat noted character of this kind, and has five or six old women in her box-like apartment every night. They pay 10 or 15 cents for the privilege of sleeping on her floors, and their diet consists of tea, stale bread or crackers and whisky, each jealously guarding her commissary department. When these old hags die money is unearthed in some strange hiding place or a bank book comes to light. Immediately the legacy is claimed and spent by dissolute younger relatives.

In the vernacular of the police, the writers of begging letters are about the slickest article in the metropolis. This is an art in itself. Sometimes the writer assumes the name of the person addressed as an excuse for the epistle. Often he claims to have worked for the prospective beneficiary, or if the latter is a church worker, the beggar has once been in his Bible class. The topics discussed in the letter are carefully selected. One woman wrote to a matron on the occasion of a christening, and, mingled with congratulations on the heir's birth and prospects, was a tale of woe that could not fail to touch a happy mother as she thought of little children born not only without the golden spoon, but also without a spoon at all.

ARTISTS IN THEIR LINE.

Mary Ann Myers made a record in New York for this line of work. A mere peasant, she could write a letter illiterate, but so rich in real feeling that the very heartstrings of the recipient would be wrung. The Charity Organization Society has a collection of nearly six hundred letters written by this woman, who eventually fell into the clutches of the law.

A clever Jewess posed as a working woman out of employment and foiled the police for months. When a complaint was finally filed against her, the fine of $10 and costs was promptly paid by a friend and the officer who arrested her was given a tongue-lashing such as man seldom received. A few days later, during a run on a downtown bank, Miss Jennie lined up with other depositors. Her bank book showed a credit of $383.

A peculiar case reported to the charity organization is that of a young girl who poses as a working woman out of a position. She approaches women clerks leaving the stores on Sixth avenue, and appeals for help, setting forth desperate conditions at and her horror of appealing for aid to any save members of her own sex. A philanthropic woman followed her one day to the establishment of New York's most fashionable confectioner, where she complacently ordered ice cream soda and finally purchased some high-priced bon bons. After she left the store, the self-appointed detective learned that she was a regular customer, the attendants wondering how a girl so shabbily dressed could indulge in such expensive luxuries.

"GOOD STANDS" NOW VACANT.

Against such professional mendicancy as this the Charity Organization Society is directing its efforts. Its special officer, James Forbes, co-operates with the police department, particularly with the vagrancy squad. He first attempted to place these unfortunates—for the average panhandler is, to an extent, unfitted for earning his living—in state or charitable institutions, and during the past summer few arrests were made. But with the approach of the holiday season the panhandlers drifted back to their old stands and became as persistent as they were numerous, so that one day early in December Mr. Forbes had nineteen committed for six months. Then followed a general exodus of panhandlers from Manhattan, and many a "good stand" is now vacant for the first time in years.

A movement is now on to establish an institution which shall strike a mean between the penal institution and the dependent institution like the almshouse. It will probably take the form of a farm to which the panhandlers will be committed—not invited. The commitment will practically amount to the indeterminate sentence. An effort will be made to treat the inmates of the institution as individuals, giving out work within their limitations, such as chair-caining for the blind. When men, unfitted for heavy work, show themselves worthy of trust, positions will be secured for them as railroad flagmen, gatemen and switchmen or watchmen. But reformation must first come under a discipline humane yet strict. On the farm every man will be given a chance to work out his own salvation in decent surroundings and pure air, with decent food. But if he refuses to avail himself of these opportunities he cannot drift back to the city without once more running against his arch enemy, the special officer and a trip to the island.

WINTHROP ALLEN.

(Copyright, 1902.)

PLEA FOR THE PARENT.

He Has No Chance to Call His Soul or His Time His Own.

Atlantic Monthly.

In these days of strenuous parentage, it may not be amiss to suggest mildly that there may be, in the constitution of a family, such a thing as too much parent. Time was when being a parent was incidental to other business in life. Our grandfathers brought up children, a dozen at a time, with a careless familiarity that takes away the modern breath. Each of the dozen was disciplined and duly chastened. They were whipped when they told lies, and occasionally when they did not. They learned to read at four; were put to work at five, as a matter of course; and developed, in due time, the stuff that men are made of. There was never any particular fuss about it. The larger the family the more whippings it took. But there were always enough to go around, and no one the worse for it. The advertisement, "Boy missing. Run away from home," was not an uncommon feature of the weekly newspaper. But of the remnant who had the courage to stay at home and grow up it may be said that they made admirable citizens. They had the rare privilege of passing their childhood and youth in the presence of men and women who had other and more important business in life than that of being parent to offspring. They grew up with a chastened sense of their own unimportance in the scheme of being, and a philosophic expectation of taking the hard knocks of life as they came.

We have changed all that. We have listened to the voice of Froebel, "Let us play with our children;" and to the educational moralist, "A father should be his boy's best friend;" and to our most famous and most unpractical poet, "The child is father to the man;" and the whole business of child-raising is turned other end to. We no longer raise them by the dozen. One or two at a time is as much as we dare venture, and very cautiously at that. We study the development and take notes on the bumps, phrenological; the other kind the modern child is never allowed to have. We agonize over our relation to his moral growth, and drop tentative, trembling seeds into the ground of his being, and exchange specimens if anything comes of it. The result, as a whole, is not, it must be admitted, altogether unpleasing. There is something about the well-born, well-bred, wholesome child of to-day that makes glad the eye and the heart. But the poor parent! We protest that he has never had a chance in life. Ten to one his own parents belonged to the old school, and disciplined him within an inch of his life. And now his children belong to the new. He is ground between the upper and the nether stone. Only in scattered, precious moments does he dare call himself his own. Late in the evening, perhaps, when the all-important child has been adequately played with and encouraged and developed and put to bed on his hygienic pillow, there comes a moment when the exhausted parent may sit down before the fire and draw a comfortable, grown-up breath, and gather strength and wisdom for the morrow.

As we watch him, we are reminded of the pleasant old gentleman who, across the reception plate, is accosted by the genial young girl: "After all, sir, there's nothing so delicious as the wing of a chicken, is there?" And the old gentleman: "I don't know, my dear. When I was young the old people always ate the wings, and now I am old the young people eat them. I have never tasted the wing of a chicken."

ABOUT NATURE STUDIES.

Even City Residents May Know Something About Birds.

Washington Star.

A great many persons think that to know and love the study of nature one must be thoroughly versed in the scheme of classification as fixed by man. But is all this necessary? Who gets the greater pleasure out of life in the woods and fields—the man who in his study can analyze and classify a specimen, or the one who at a glance recognizes some dear friend of nature? One sees in the specimen a part of a system which has been mapped out by man and is merely arbitrary; the other, although he may have no name for the specimen, has a gush of memories fill his brain and he knows, almost instinctively, where it lives and something of its life.

To admire a glorious sunset it is not necessary to be a scientist and be able to understand the laws of light and know how the sun's rays are caught up and broken on soft, fleecy bits of vapor until they glow a thousand shades. It is simply necessary that you love nature as made manifest from day to day, and that you cultivate this same subtle pleasure and appreciation. This love of the beautful in nature is susceptible of cultivation just as the love of art, music and literature.

Get that pleasure which is without alloy from close communication with nature and let the wine of the golden sunshine fill your veins. With the fine climate which people in almost every part of the United States enjoy and the facilities for rapid transportation to parks, there is no reason why city people should not know and love nature better.

The common red-headed woodpecker is probably one of our best known birds. His brilliant coat of contrasting red, white and black makes him a very conspicuous bird, and one not readily mistaken after once being seen. What a noise is made by a band of these jolly redheads when the first fruits begin to ripen. Their quarrelsome notes now will bring back to my memory an old gnarled orchard, knee deep in grass, and in the hollow below, two large mulberry trees almost covered with great luscious, mauve berries. It was always a race between the redheads and the boys as to which could eat the most of this early fruit. Even as a boy I could not understand why they quarreled and fought, for the trees afforded more than boys and birds could possibly eat.

Beginning with the mulberries, the redheads take all fruit in season. If you hear them in one particular portion of the orchard, you may depend upon it that the finest and ripest fruit is there. But this bird certainly ought to be welcome to the fruit he eats, for he is an indefatigable worker in dead and dying timber, ridding it of many noxious insects. Often at evening's approach, and when small beetles begin to fly upward against the light of the setting sun, the read head climbs to the top of some dead tree or telegraph pole and takes the beetles in true fly-catcher fashion.

When the farmer swears vengeance on the squirrel and the blackbirds for damaging his corn, it is not infrequently due to the woodpeckers. A red head will hang on the end of an ear of corn and tear away the husk to get the soft, sweet, young grain. After the corn has hardened and the orchards are stripped of their fruit, he turns his attention to acorns and beechnuts, and will often lay up a store for winter use. Then when the first hard frost falls he gets blue-back pokeberries in the overgrown fence corners. He also feeds on the hard, aromatic hackberries and wild grapes.

Like the rest of the woodpecker family, the red-head is an ardent lover, but, having no voice with which to relieve his feelings, he turns drummer and rattles merry tattoos to his lady love. He is very fond of good rattling music, too, and hunts about until he finds a fine, hard, dry limb which will respond to his laboring bill as he beats his passion into music. All through the spring and early summer the drumming continues, but as the nesting season advances and the cares and duties of married life become greater the redhead drums less and less. By August he has almost ceased his peculiar music, and if he should attempt it, it is a weak and light tattoo, which cannot compare with the sharp, quick drumming of early spring.

This habit of losing song or its equivalent is common among all birds just at the close of the nesting period. In late summer and fall even the gray of early dawn cannot coax a single song. In May and June the first gleam which pushes the night back from the eastern hills starts the sylvan chorus. What a chorus! From wood and field and thicket it rises in varied tones, all full of the joyousness of living. A fitting matin to welcome the god of day and nature. As the sun climbs higher most of the songsters cease their music and hurry about their everyday affairs.

Notice what a splendid climber the redhead is. He goes up and up, around and around yonder high dead tree with absolute ease. He never makes a slip, a claw never fails to take a good hold. Catch one of these birds and feel his development; then you will not wonder at his easy motions when climbing. He, like every other child of nature, is molded perfectly to fill his place in life; he is built from head to toes, and even to tail, for climbing. Watch him as he hunts for insects in the dead wood. He taps gently at their door to know if they are at home, and as they do not answer his knock he puts his head close to the wood to listen if there is any movement within. Yes, his sharp ear catches the sound of tiny insect feet scurrying through passages in the dead wood. He soon locates the exact spot, throws himself well back against his stiff tail, and his head becomes a hazy red blur as it flies back and forth driving chips from the wood with his stout bill. The power and precision of these strokes must be very great, for he makes the chips fly from the hard timber.

The nest of this woodpecker is like that of the rest of the family, a beautiful rounded hole in some dead tree. The eggs are pure white and rather elliptical in shape. When the young leave the nest they are very differently colored from the parent birds. The head is dusky gray, and a great many feathers on back and wings are tinged with this same color. The white on the wing is not so pure and clear as it is in the adult birds.

THE GROWING OF FLOWERS.

Over 6,000 Establishments, Using 42,647 Acres.

Washington Star.

The agricultural division of the census has completed its tabulation of the statistics of establishments in the United States making the cultivation of flowers and ornamental plants their principal occupation.

There are in the United States 6,159 such establishments, cultivating and using in their business 42,647 acres, of which 34,692 were improved land. The value of the land and buildings used by these establishments was $50,619,866. The value of the buildings alone was $22,654,756. The value of the implements and machinery for these establishments was $1,367,087. The live stock owned by them had a value of $396,548. The value of all the products, including the flowers grown in their greenhouses and fields and the various farm crops on the lands controlled by them, was $18,387,420. Of these only a small number reported crops other than flowers, and of that amount $83,359 represented hay, grain and other products fed to the live stock belonging to the establishments. The amount expended by these 6,159 establishments for fertilizer was $318,298. The amount expended for labor was $4,125,799.

The number of establishments raising flowers for sale, including those that raise them incidental to their agricultural operations, is much larger than here given. In a few days the division will have completed the tabulation of all products of this kind.

Of the 6,159 establishments making the growing of flowers and ornamental plants their principal business, 3,237 or more than one-half were located in the north Atlantic division of States. The land and buildings of these establishments had a value of $27,465,925, and the products raised by them a value of $9,676,112.

The various establishments of the north central States numbered 1,971. They had an investment in land and buildings of $13,224,694, and had products of a value of $5,717,858.

The number of establishments in the Western States was 339. The value of their land and buildings was $2,373,755 and the value of their products $1,010,653.

The various establishments of the South Atlantic division numbered 318, with investments in land and buildings of $6,027,053, and products of a value of $1,327,141.

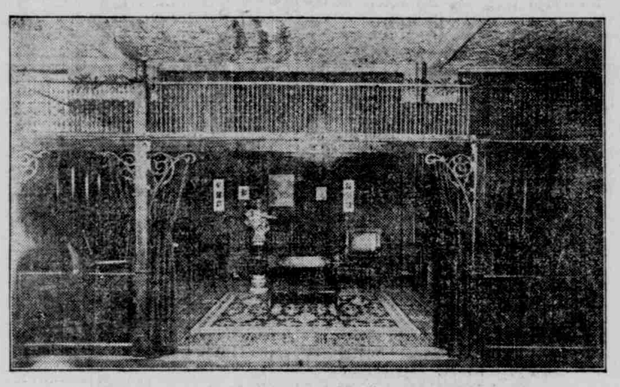
The various establishments of the South Central division numbered 274, with land and buildings valued at $1,523,439, and products of a value of $855,650.

Newspaper correspondents desiring detailed figures for any State can secure the same by applying to the chief statistician for agriculture at the Union building.

THE STARR PIANO COMPANY'S FORMAL OPENING.

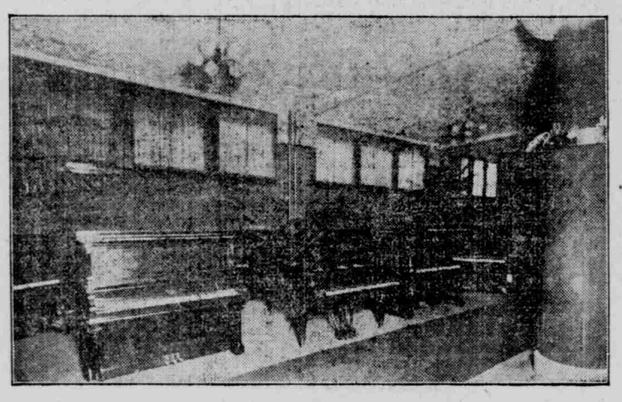
A Function That Was Enjoyed by Thousands of Prominent People of Indianapolis and Vicinity.

In response to invitations sent out by the Starr Piano Company announcing the formal opening of their new piano warerooms, Nos. 138 and 140 North Pennsylvania street, many thousands of people wended their way through the spacious rooms and listened to the music provided for their entertainment by the orchestra from English's Theater, and admired the splendid quarters that the Starr Piano Company has provided for the display of its product and the comfort and convenience of those who wish to make its store a resting place or a place for meeting appointments; in fact, this firm seems to have made it a special point to provide a homelike place for its patrons, for nowhere in this place of business is there anything that would indicate that pecuniary benefits is the sole object. There is a warmth and air of welcome about the whole place that makes one feel that something besides the dollar is behind it all. For the benefit of those who have not seen this modern business room the following views of several sections will give an idea of the good taste displayed in the arrangement of the various rooms. On entering, the first object of interest is a cozy room.



RECEPTION ROOM.

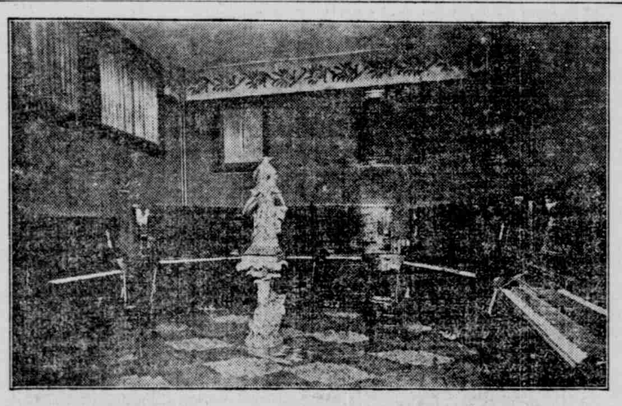
This is furnished in black oak, with writing desk, telephone desk, with service of both phones. Easy chairs, a rich wilton rug covers the floor, and appropriate pictures adorn the wall. Everything in this little nook displays refinement and makes one feel at ease. Adjoining this room are the offices. Then comes the section set apart for the display of Knabe pianos, for the sale of which the Starr Piano Company is sole Indiana representative.



KNABE SECTION.

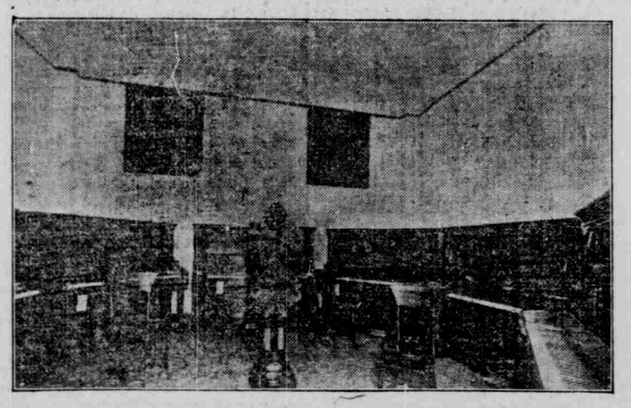
As will be seen from the cut, a liberal space has been allotted to the instruments of this renowned make, for which there is a steady and increasing demand among discriminating buyers.

Opposite the Knabe section there are three parlors separated from the main room by sliding doors, above which are massive balconies, draped with green velour and decorated with ferns, palms, busts of famous musicians and other appropriate decorations. The first of these rooms is for the display of special styles of Starr pianos. This room is finished in red and yellow, the floor being covered with a wilton rug of corresponding colors. In the center will be noticed an artistic pedestal surmounted by a figure of beautiful design.



STARR PIANO PARLOR.

The second room is for the display of Richmond pianos, and is finished in blue, with wilton rug to match covering the floor. In this room will also be noticed an artistic pedestal and bust.

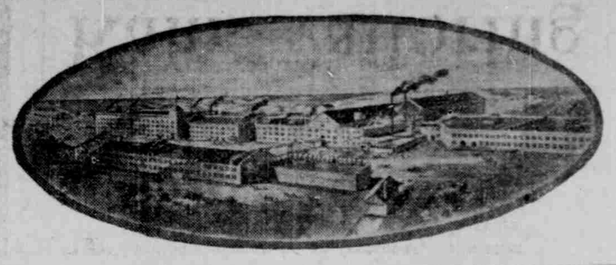


RICHMOND PARLOR.

The third room, opening into the lobby of the Claypool building, as well as the main room, is devoted to the Cecilian piano player. This room is furnished in yellow, with wilton rug to match, and yellow silk curtains. This, like the other parlors, contains, among other decorations, a handsome pedestal, with bust of characteristic design.

The main room, into which all the rooms shown here open, we are unable to reproduce; therefore, it must be passed with a brief description. It is 32 feet wide by 120 feet deep, with six large pillars through the center. On the right as you enter will be noticed an office containing three desks, surrounded by brass railing. This office is for the floor salesmen. On the left will be found the general offices and manager's office. The main room is decorated in turkey red and yellow, with a fancy stucco work ceiling, finished in ivory and gold. All windows and doors except those in the front are covered with yellow silk curtains, tastily shirred on brass rods. Around the piers down the center of the room are heavy bands of pounded brass containing eight incandescent lamps, and between each pier, suspended from the ceiling, are clusters of incandescent globes of six lights each. A more brilliant light effect could not be imagined than that produced by this light arrangement, together with the rich color scheme of walls and piers. In fact, nothing approaching it is to be found in Indianapolis, if, indeed, anywhere in this country.

These magnificent warerooms are but another proof of the aggressiveness of the Starr Piano Company, whose plant is located in Richmond, Ind., a plant conceded to be one of the most complete in the world devoted to the manufacture of pianos. This factory was founded in 1870, and has, from a modest beginning, employing less than fifty workmen, grown in little more than thirty years to an institution employing over five hundred men, with lumber yards and buildings covering thirty-three acres, and an annual output of over six thousand finished pianos. We reproduce here a photograph of this model factory, from which an idea of its magnitude can be had.



The people of Indiana are proud of the progress of this stanch old Indiana concern, that has done so much, by means of an artistic product and honorable dealing, to bring the State of Indiana to the notice of the musical world. That the high standing of the Starr piano and the Starr Piano Company is deserved cannot be doubted after a few moments' conversation with the manager of their interests in Indianapolis, from whom it is learned that their methods of selling pianos are radically different from those in vogue in former times. This was made apparent in many ways. This is shown by the printed instructions issued by this company to its salesman. Of the many unique rules one is particularly impressed with these:

"All pianos marked in plain figures." "Positively no commission allowed." "Salesmen must not speak disrespectfully of competing houses, their goods or their salesmen. Infraction of this rule is equivalent to dismissal." In another paragraph salesmen are notified that the "customer's interests must be guarded equally with those of the company."

Surely a house that stands for these high-toned principles must command the respect and confidence of all who come in contact with it. Continuing along these lines one is impressed with the frankness which marks all claims regarding the products of the Starr Piano Company, showing that the air of mystery which has been the delight of the piano man is not a part of the Starr Piano Company's policy. It is shown that the business of the Indianapolis salesrooms of this company brings a substantial increase from year to year, and that 1901 shows a larger percentage of increase than any previous year since these warerooms were established. The Starr Piano Company is to be congratulated on the success of its pianos, and Indianapolis should feel highly complimented by the opening of such beautiful quarters devoted to the interest of music. That increasing success will continue with this distinguished house there can be no doubt.

Half the Well Dressed Men of Indianapolis are our Patrons

We Want the Other Half

☞Our reduction sale of the past eight days has been large. We desire to make its success greater, not only to reduce stock, but to keep our large and increasing force of tailors employed.

☞We are now bringing from New York 20 skilled coat and trousers makers. Dull times in New York enables us to get them.

☞We can only retain them for the busy season by giving them work now. We make such prices as will keep our old force as well as these newcomers busy.

THIS SPECIAL LOW PRICE SALE

Is Not Merely to Keep Old Customers But to Make New Trade

☞ We do not confine our offer to "fancy" goods, but we open wide the doors to our most staple fabrics. In fact, nothing is reserved. For this reason we are selling Suits of Black and Blue Black Unfinished Diagonal Worsteds at $18 that in season commanded Thirty Dollars. : : : : :

☞Suits of fancy mixed, Black and Blue Black Cheviots at. . . . $15.00
In Season sold at Twenty-five Dollars.

Trousers.—From fine English and Belgian Worsteds at only SIX DOLLARS. These from the finest Ten Dollar Trouserings.

FIVE DOLLARS for Trousers made from fine Worsteds and Cassimeres, worth $8 and $9 the pattern.

$4.00 A Great Drive $4.00

At this price we shall make Trousers from $5.00, $6.00 and $7.00 Trouserings. : : : : :

☞Save 50 per cent. on an Overcoat. We offer Overcoats in fine Lamb's-wools, Beavers, Meltons, Kerseys, Montagnacs and other choice makes at FIFTEEN TO THIRTY DOLLARS. This means a reduction of 50 per cent. from regular prices. : : : : :

Kahn Tailoring Company

Makers of the kind of Clothes Gentlemen Wear.