THE CHASE ART SCHOOL AS A PLACE TO VISIT

The Artist's Informal Lectures An Interesting Part of the Programme.

STORIES ABOUT MODELS

New York Letter, in Chicago Post.

A visit to the Chase Art School is one of the things to do in New York. Just have a friend among the art students, and the rest is easy.

These art schools, be it whispered, are even dirtier than the average newspaper office—picturesquely dirty, of course. Embryonic painters have a way of simplifying matters by wiping their brushes on the wall; and here and there great splotches of varied color give an effect of impressionist studies of a remarkable sort. Mural decorations, also in the shape of bodyless, heads, there are in abundance. "They seem to be well executed," remarked a visitor facetiously.

The Chase lecture every Monday morning is an important feature of the week's programme. The large room is always filled. The girls—gray-haired, some of them—sit about on high stools, low stools, chairs, tables, anything. The men stand in the rear. All listen eagerly. There never was a more flattering audience, hanging on every word as though it were indeed the breath of life.

Mr. Chase is a pungent talker—suggestive, frank, fearless, using the knife sometimes in heroic treatment of a bad case. The lectures are informal talks. Questions from the students are sent in, and the master answers them offhand, but carefully, freely, fully, from his full knowledge and rich experience. He is short of stature, of erect, trim figure, gray hair and beard, the latter trimmed pretty close and coming down to a point. He is full of gesticulation, and has mannerisms that are funny, but they seem to emphasize rather than weaken his words.

At the beginning of the lecture the other day the girl just in front of him had an open book and was using her pencil rapidly.

Mr. Chase paused in his remarks, and looked full at her. "Please don't do that," he said.

"Why, Mr. Chase," said the girl, "I am only making notes of what you are saying."

"Aw, pardon," was the reply. "I thought you were sketching me. I was going to say that I can give you a photograph much better than you can do—or I will give you a sitting after the lecture. I want to look my best, you know."

ART IN A NUTSHELL.

Here are some of the questions put by the students, and answered by Mr. Chase:

Q. Mr. Chase, I am a sinner in art. What can I do to be saved?

A. Have faith. Believe in yourself and your art.

Q. What should be the highest aim in art?

A. No aim, but the desire to please yourself. It is impossible to understand just what one's dearest and nearest friend wants us to do. Work to satisfy your whole being.

Q. What sort of picture is the highest in art?

A. I would say the picture that is creative and humane. A picture that is the artist's own interpretations of something he himself has seen. It used to be thought that the historic picture was the highest expression of art in painting. Not so now. There are those historical paintings at the Metropolitan Museum—ugh! That one of Columbus asking for the privilege of discovering America—terrible thing. And that awful one on the wall opposite. Ugh! They take up so much space, too—frightful! I would rather paint a picture of a little boy talking to a dog sitting on its haunches than one of those immense absurdities. No, the great picture is one that is a creative work of noble meaning, touched with human interest.

Q. Is it true that the Rubens at the Metropolitan Art Gallery, just at the entrance, was transferred to that canvas from the original?

A. I have understood something to that effect. But let me tell you about that Rubens—there is a precious little of Rubens left in that picture. Ugh! Rubens would be made ill by the sight of it.

Q. What is impressionism?

A. Well, impressionism used to mean pea greens and purples and impossible yellows. But Monet and several other painters of power rescued the school from the absurd. Few are the followers that can follow them. A friend and I were looking at a picture of the impressionist sort the other day, and I remarked to him: "Frankly, that looks to me like something to put in a dark room and strike matches on." My friend went me one better: "It looks to me as if the matches had already been struck."

STORIES ABOUT MODELS.

The models of the Chase Art School are not the least interesting feature of that institution. They are a varied assortment, and are clothed, underclothed or partly clothed, just as is desired. They regard themselves as an important part of the artistic profession, and they are. They earn from 50 cents to $1 an hour, and sometimes pose all day, with an intermission of ten minutes every half hour.

Models usually have little to say to the students, but somehow bits of personal history will now and then come to light. Some time ago there was a young woman posing Tribbywise in the life class, and it was noticed that at every interval of rest as soon as she stepped down from the platform and drew her mantle about her, she would become absorbed in a book. A little curiosity was aroused as to what the girl could be reading, and at last one persistent investigator discovered that it was Tom Paine's "Age of Reason." And then it began to be said that the model, young, talented and ambitious, was making her living by posing until she could pursue her literary work.

But the star model in interest was the Irishman who, with half a chance, discoursed of the Vanderbilts and Wilsons, whom—oh, yes—he knew well. Apparently they were nothing less than old friends, and it developed that at one time he was butler at the Wilson residence.

"Yes, I answered the front doorbell at the Wilson's," he said, with the manner of one who bore his greatness with modesty, "and it was not a bad place, let me tell you, when Cornelius Vanderbilt and all the young swells came sparkin' roun' Grace Wilson. Fifty cents it was every time I put on an overcoat or pulled off a rubber shoe. And the Wilsons are good people. Grace Wilson was a sweet young lady, and I like Ormy, too. Yes, I liked 'em all—old people and young people were kind and good."

An amusing thing about this Wilson butler was that he posed first as a priest, and fitted the character so ill that it was speedily abandoned. He was then tried as coachman, seated on the back of one chair and driving another as a horse, and he was capital. Posing as a butler, there is no telling what heights he might have reached.

Rev. Fiddle D. D.—I fear you've been tried by adversity, my friend.

McNabb—Dat wasn't his name, but he gave me six months.

COMMENT ON ABRAHAM LINCOLN IN VILLARD'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

The Late Financier, in His Earlier Days, Unable to Appreciate War President's Greatness

An autobiography of the late Henry Villard, soon to appear in book form, contains much comment on President Lincoln, some of which is reproduced in the February number of the Atlantic Monthly. Villard, afterwards a financier, began his career as a newspaper man when he came to this country in 1853. He reported the joint debate of Lincoln and Douglas for the Staats Zeitung, beginning with the second of a series of seven meetings, Aug. 27, 1858. There was nothing in Lincoln's favor so far as appearance went. Villard says: "He had a lean, lank, gawky figure, an odd featured, wrinkled, inexpressive and altogether uncomely face. He used singularly awkward, almost absurd, up and down and sidewise movements of his body to give emphasis to his arguments. His voice was naturally good, but he frequently raised it to an unnatural pitch, yet the unprejudiced mind felt at once that while there was on one side a skillful dialectician and debater arguing a wrong and weak cause, there was on the other a thoroughly earnest and truthful man, inspired by sound convictions in consonance with the true spirit of American institutions." After Lincoln closed his speech of an hour and a half, two young farmers rushed onto the platform, seized him and carried him off on their shoulders; and Villard says: "It was really a ludicrous sight to see the grotesque figure holding frantically to the heads of his supporters, with his legs dangling from their shoulders, and his pantaloons pulled up so as to expose his underwear almost to his knees." Villard was introduced to Lincoln at Freeport, saw him frequently during the senatorial canvass, and did not like him. Some of the things he says, though familiar enough years ago will seem strange to this generation which knows only an idealized Lincoln: "I must say frankly that, although I found him most approachable, good-natured, and full of wit and humor, I could not take a real personal liking to the man, owing to an inborn weakness for which he was even then notorious and so remained during his great public career. He was inordinately fond of jokes, anecdotes and stories. He loved to hear them, and still more to tell them himself out of the inexhaustible supply provided by his good memory and his fertile fancy. There would have been no harm in this but for the fact that, the coarser the joke, the lower the anecdote and the more risky the story, the more he enjoyed them, especially when they were of his own invention. He possessed, moreover, a singular ingenuity in bringing about occasions in conversation for indulgences of the kind."

LINCOLN'S AMBITION.

During the canvass Villard was alone with Lincoln one evening at a flag station on the railway, about twenty miles west of Springfield. The former was waiting for a train and the latter was driven to the place in a buggy and left. A thunderstorm came on, and as there was no railway building they took refuge in a freight car and sat on the floor. Lincoln was led to speak of his political ambition, and evidently Villard has told what he said, taking too seriously his self-depreciation: "It was then and there he told me that when he was clerking in a country store his highest political ambition was to be a member of the State Legislature. 'Since then, of course,' he said laughingly, 'I have grown some, but my friends got me into this business (meaning the canvass), I did not consider myself qualified for the United States Senate, and it took me a long time to persuade myself that I was. Now, to be sure,' he continued, with another of his peculiar laughs, 'I am convinced that I am good enough for it; but, in spite of it all, I am saying to myself every day: "It's too big a thing for you; you will never get it." Mary (his wife) insists, however, that I am going to be senator and President of the United States, too.' These last words he followed with a roar of laughter, with his arms around his knees, and shaking all over with mirth at his wife's ambition. 'Just think,' he exclaimed, 'of such a sucker as me as President!' " The conversation turned on religion and Lincoln asked about German opinion on the subject. Villard said the most of the educated people were not church-goers, and yet not openly professed infidels, saying he himself did not believe in the Christian doctrines in regard to the existence of God, the divinity of Christ and immortality. Lincoln was somewhat reserved, but so far as he spoke on the theme left the impression that he took the same views—as his intimate friends, Herndon and Lamon, have said.

AFTER THE ELECTION.

After Lincoln's election to the presidency Villard was made Associated Press reporter at Springfield, and saw him every day. He made use of the Governor's room in the Statehouse for receptions and met all sorts and conditions of men frankly and easily, answered proper questions fairly, and entered with zest into discussion, maintaining reticence, however, on certain points, such as his policy toward the seceding States. He showed tact and insight in dealing with all comers, and he had a sure defense against the importunate in telling a story; for no one cared to think of anything else, when he gave the conversation a turn toward anecdote. A newspaper writer, in commenting on the Atlantic article, says very justly: "Evidently the impression which he made on Villard in those days was also a disagreeable one, and no doubt the account of it which that gentleman has left on record is faithfully made. It is not pleasant reading, but it may be wholesome reading, as the character of Lincoln has become altogether too much a matter of myth in our day. Lincoln was not the typical gentleman or the conventional statesman; but he was a man of genius, already great and destined to be greater, and Villard, as he concedes, was not qualified to divine either the genius or the greatness. He saw the roughness of the outside man, but not the richness of the nature within, and all his early notions of the outward seeming of power and rank were violated." Here is his picture in light and shade.

"None of his hearers enjoyed the wit—and wit was an unfailing ingredient—of his stories half as much as he did himself. It was a joy indeed to see the effect upon him. A high-pitched laughter lighted up his otherwise melancholy countenance with thorough merriment. His body shook all over with gleeful emotion, and when he felt particularly good over his performance he followed his habit of drawing his knees, with his arms around them, up to his very face, as I had seen him do in 1858. I am sorry to state that he often allowed himself altogether too much license in the concoction of the stories. He seemed to be bent upon making his hit by fair means or foul. In other words, he never hesitated to tell a coarse or even outright nasty story, if it served his purpose. All his personal friends could bear testimony on this point. It was a notorious fact that this fondness for low talk clung to him even in the White House. More than once I heard him 'with malice aforethought' get off purposely some repulsive fiction in order to rid himself of an uncomfortable caller. Again and again I felt disgust and humiliation that such a person should have been called upon to direct the destinties of a great nation in the direst period of its history. Yet his achievements during the next few years proved him to be one of the great leaders of mankind in adversity, in whom low leanings only set off more strikingly his better qualities. At the time of which I speak I could not have persuaded myself that the man might possibly possess true greatness of mind and nobility of heart. I do not wish to convey the idea, however, that he was mainly given to trivialities and vulgarities in his conversation; for, in spite of his frequent outbreaks of low humor, his was really a very sober and serious nature, and even inclined to gloominess to such an extent that all his biographers have attributed a strongly melancholic disposition to him."

THE JOURNEY TO WASHINGTON.

Villard was a member of the presidential party on the trip from Springfield to Washington, and thus describes it:

"The start on the memorable journey was made shortly after 8 o'clock on the morning of Monday, Feb. 11. It was a clear, crisp winter day. Only about one hundred people, mostly personal friends, were assembled at the station to shake hands for the last time with their distinguished townsman. It was not strange that he yielded to the sad feelings which must have moved him at the thought of what lay behind and what was before him, and gave them utterance in a pathetic formal farewell to the gathering crowd, as follows:

"'My Friends—No one not in my position can appreciate the sadness I feel at this parting. To this people I owe all that I am. Here I have lived more than a quarter of a century; here my children were born, and here one of them lies buried. I know not how soon I shall see you again. A duty devolves upon me which is, perhaps greater than that which has devolved upon any other man since the days of Washington. He never would have succeeded except for the aid of divine Providence, upon which he at all times relied. I feel that I cannot succeed without the same divine aid which sustained him, and in the same Almighty Being I place my reliance for support; and I hope you, my friends, will all pray that I may receive that divine assistance, without which I cannot succeed, but with which success is certain. Again I bid you all an affectionate farewell.'

"The party had a special train, composed at first only of an ordinary passenger car—there were no parlor or drawing room or sleeping cars in those days—a baggage-car and engine. The first day's journey took us from the capital of Illinois to that of Indiana. Until we reached the boundary of the latter State, the demonstrations along the route were insignificant, except at Decatur, where a great crowd, headed by Richard J. Oglesby, then a hotel keeper, but subsequently a general in the war, Governor and United States senator, greeted the future chief magistrate, who delivered another farewell speech. At the boundary, the train was boarded by a large delegation of leading Indianapolis, including Schuyler Colfax, Henry S. Lane, Caleb B. Smith and Thomas H. Nelson. At Lafayette, a great crowd awaited our coming, and the president-elect had to appear and speak to them. At Indianapolis, where the first day's journey ended, he was formally welcomed by Governor Oliver P. Morton, and replied to him at length. His speech was remarkable for the first public intimation that he should consider it his duty as President to retake the properties of the United States, including the forts unlawfully seized by the rebellious States, and otherwise re-establish the authority of the Federal government." It is plain that Villard had not the judgment or insight at that time to discover the elements of greatness in the President. Whether he realized and acknowledged the greatness later, subsequent chapters of his autobiography may show.

WHAT OUR COLORED CITIZENS ARE DOING

The Children's Missionary Society will meet next Friday afternoon at 536 Douglass street with the Flora Grant Missionary Society to make arrangements for their entertainment in the near future.

The Rev. Henry L. Herod, pastor of the Second Christian Church, will address the Y. M. C. A. this afternoon. The oratorical contest that is to be conducted by the association will occur Feb. 25. The China social at Odd Fellow's Hall to-morrow evening gives promise of success.

The E. B. Delaney Missionary Society met last week with Mrs. L. V. Smith, 417 Agnes street, and installed the following officers: President, Mrs. L. V. Smith; vice president, Mrs. Ada Howard; secretary, Miss Dovie Ross; assistant secretary, Miss Cora Martin; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Sarah Lee; critic, Mrs. G. L. Lane; journalist, Mrs. Hattie Knox.

Bishop A. Grant has recovered from his recent indisposition enough to attend to his ecclesiastical appointments. He left last week for Mobile, Ala., where he will be in attendance at the conference of the bishops of the A. M. E. Church. He will be absent about ten days.

The Rev. James M. Townsend returned to the city yesterday from a week's stay in St. Louis, where he has been assisting the Rev. D. P. Roberts in a revival meeting. He will occupy the pulpit at Bethel A. M. E. Church to-day.

The case of George Dawson against the street car company for injuries received at Fairview in August, 1902, during a riot of the bungalow gang has at last been settled. Mr. Dawson received a judgment for $500, which was approved by the Supreme Court of this State. His attorney, Isadore Blair, in this case, won the first suit of a colored attorney in this State before the Supreme Court. The street car company paid the judgment to the representatives of Mr. Dawson.

The Castle Hall Association of the Knights of Pythias, which has for its object the erection of a large castle hall and business block, has elected the following directors: Dr. S. A. Furness, Prof. John T. Smith, J. H. Porter, Remus Moore, W. J. I. Reed, W. H. Porter and Robert White.

The A. W. W. Saving Club is a new organization among the colored people to inculcate the habit of frugality and good citizenship. They hold their weekly meetings at 1719 Linden street.

The Sumner League will celebrate the memory of Abraham Lincoln on next Friday evening with a banquet that will do honor to the occasion. The banquet will be given at the Ladies' Exchange and will be served by the Smith Brothers. Plates will be laid for fifty persons and these will represent some of the most prominent colored people in this city. The programme for this occasion is: "Abraham Lincoln," Rev. James M. Townsend; "Our Duty to Our Friends," Dr. Joseph H. Ward; "Our Present and Our Future," Dr. Sumner A. Furniss; "The Stability of the Sumner League," James N. Shelton; "The Republican Party," James H. Lott, president of the league. Mr. Wesley Bridges will act as toastmaster for the occasion.

The death of Mrs. Sarah McGooden at the Alpha Home removes another centenarian. She was over 104 years old, was born in Kentucky and pointed with pride during her lifetime to having on one occasion grasped the hands of Abraham Lincoln and Frederick Douglass. She was married three times and was the mother of eleven children, all of whom she survived. Her funeral obsequies were held from the Second Baptist Church, of which she had been a member for over fifty years.

Mrs. Elizabeth Lindsay Davis was the guest, last week, of Flanner Guild while in attendance at the executive session of the Federation of Women. Many social honors were bestowed upon her and her stay in the city was a pleasant and memorable one. Quite a large audience attended her address at Bethel A. M. E. Church last Thursday evening. A reception was tendered her at the Guild yesterday afternoon from 2 until 6, where a great many ladies accepted the opportunity of forming her acquaintance. Mrs. Davis was included in all the social honors given the ladies of the federation. She also addressed the executive session on the status and work of the negro clubs, holding the proxy of Mrs. Silone Yates, of Lincoln University, who is the national president of the colored clubs and who was unable to attend the meeting. Quite a large number of dinners and social functions were served in the honor of Mrs. Davis.

The trustee board of Alpha Home will meet Wednesday evening at the home of Mrs. J. H. Butler, 641 East Pratt street.

The third of the series of the complimentary dances to the ladies by Fred Anderson's orchestra will be given at Odd Fellow's Hall next Wednesday evening.

The Mercy Help Society is a new benevolent organization organized last week. Its object is to assist the poor and needy of the race. The officers are: President, L. C. Fletcher; secretary, E. P. Blakemore; treasurer, J. C. Glenn.

Theodore Kakaza, a native of Elizabeth, West Africa, was in the city last Sunday and addressed the Flanner Guild. While here he was a guest of his friend, Prof. John Evans, both of whom attended Wilberforce University. Mr. Kakaza was en route to Nashville, Tenn., to study medicine at Meharry Medical College. He is a protege of the missionary society of the A. M. E. Church.

Hazel Minor, 2618 North Senate avenue, won a prize in the contest instituted by the D. Sommer's Furniture Company that was participated in by over 6,000 pupils in the public schools.

THE ANTIPODES.

People Have Hazy Ideas on the Subject, but Here Are Facts.

New York Sun.

A newspaper made the mistake, the other day, of referring to China as our antipodes. China is certainly on the other side of the world from us, but it is in the northern hemisphere as we are, and the antipodes of the whole northern hemisphere is in the southern hemisphere. Everybody is supposed to know that his antipodes is the person who lives at a point of the globe which is diameterically opposite the point where he lives, so that their feet are directed toward each other; or the place on the other side of the world that is diamcierically opposite the place where he lives. The antipodes of Peking is in Argentina, near the Atlantic coast south of Buenos Ayres. Argentina is the antipodes of a large part of China.

If we were to bore a hole at any point on our continent straight through the center of the earth to the other side of the globe, it would come out in the Indian or the Antartic ocean. There are no land masses opposite us excepting tiny islands. The antipodes of New York city is far out in the Indian ocean to the southwest of western Australia. The antipodes of Denver is nearly in the center of the Indian ocean, between Australia and Africa; of our Aleutian chain, the northern edge of the Antartic far south of Africa. If Panama might have sent news of the birth of the republic straight through the earth it would have come out near the coast of Sumatra.

The antipodes of the western end of the straits of Magellan is Lake Baikal, across which ferryboats carry the trains of the Siberian railroad. A Chinese would come out among the Andes, between Chile and Argentina, and a similar drop from Batavia, the capital of Java, would land the tourist not far from Bogota, the capital of Colombia.

If Australia could be dropped straight through the earth it would be a continent in the Atlantic ocean, and would be much more conveniently situated for our trade than it is now. It would have the Bermudas for a near neighbor on its southwest coast, and as western Australia is poor in agricultural development Bermuda might have a market close at hand for its onions and potatoes. The Australian desert, however, would be a desert no longer, for Australia would be in the pathway of the westerly winds and rains. The Azores would lie off the southeast coast, between Melbourne and Sydney, and the Cape Verde islands would lie off the east coast of northern Queensland.

If Africa might be dropped to its antipodes every square inch of it would be in the Pacific ocean. If we were to draw on the Sahara a map of its antipodes we should sprinkle over its sands many of the groups and atolls of Polynesia. Our little island of Tutulla, in Samoa, would touch the northwest corner of Lake Chad. The famous town of Timbuktu would be surrounded by the Fiji islands, and Honolulu would be printed close to the dry plain where, in its wet days, Dr. Livingstone discovered Lake Ngami, the first of the lakes of inner Africa to be revealed.

The antipodes of our Philippine islands is the very heart of Brazil, among the southern tributaries of the Amazon. A sufficient number of these illustrations has been given here to impress the fact that it is not very difficult to speak inaccurately of the antipodes of one or another part of the world.

Refused to Serve.

Atlanta Journal.

A Frenchman went to a brother member of his lodge and said to him:

"What does a polar bear do?"

The brother answered:

"What does a polar bear do? Why, he sits on the ice."

"Sits on zee ice?"

"Yes," said the brother; "there is nothing else to sit on."

"Vell, vat he do, too?"

"What does he also do? Why, he eats fish."

"Eat fish—sits on zee ice and eats fish. Then I not accept."

"You don't accept? What do you mean?"

"Oh, non, non. I does not accept. I was pointed to act as polar bear to zee funeral."

THE NEW YORK STORE

Established 1853. Sole Agents Butterick Patterns, La Vida Corsets, Sorosis Shoes

INDIANA'S GREATEST STORE *PROMPT MAIL ORDER SERVICE*

Second Week Mill End Sale---Annual Shirt Sale

An alliance of extraordinary values—an alliance of wanted merchandise for dress and home awaits you on Monday. Is it any wonder that this immense store is crowded from morning until night when such seasonable bargains are being offered. Many hundreds of new items come forward for the second week of Mill Ends. Every department of the sixty has a dozen or more—only those of greatest importance mentioned here. Every line is a saving.

Second Week of Mill Ends in

Women's Coat and Suit Department

Another week of the good values that have day by day packed this immense department with throngs of eager buyers. Values only possible in a sale the magnitude of this. Suppose you come Monday for these.

Women's Tailor-made Suits in $10 and $15 values in the Mill End Sale Monday, **$2.50&$5**

Women's long Cravenette Coats reduced for the Mill End Sale from $5 and $10 while they last, each **$1.00**

About 200 women's Lounging and Bath Robes in eiderdown and French flannel effects, were $5 to $6; choice in this sale **$2.95**

Children's short Coats, ages 6 to 16 years; choice in the Mill End Sale Monday..... **$1.00 and $1.95**

Women's black and mercerized Waists that were $1.75, Monday in the Mill End Sale **98c**

Over 500 new style Walking Skirts, worth $5 to $7.50, a special Monday at, each **$2.95**

Just 25 women's short Jackets in covert and kersey cloths, the balance of the $7.50, $10 and $12.50, Monday in the Mill End Sale, each **$2.50**

—Second Floor.

Mill Ends of Wash Goods

Bargains like these are worthy of notice—marked savings in every item.

2,000 yards shirting Prints, good quality white grounds with neat figures and stripes, this sale, a yard **3c**

Printed fleece back Pongee Suitings, figures and stripes, in all colors, 10c quality, this sale, a yard **5c**

Holly Batistes and dotted Swiss Muslins, Mill Ends of a 15c quality, this sale, a yard **5c**

10,000 yards dress Ginghams in light or dark fancy stripes and plain colors, this sale, a yard **5c**

10,000 yards Everitt Classic Ginghams, stripes, checks and plain colors and plenty of light and dark plain blues and shepherd checks, this sale, a yard **6¼c**

Yard wide Shirting Percales, white grounds with dainty little figures and stripes, 12½c quality, this sale, a yard **7½c**

Madras Ginghams in stripes, checks and plain colors, warranted to wash; just received 5,600 yards of the 12½c quality for Monday, this sale a yard **9c**

Mill Ends of mercerized Vestings in lengths of 1 to 2½ yards for misses' and children's waists or vests for men and women, 59c to $1 values, this sale, a yard **11c**

—West Aisle.

Mill Ends of Dress Goods

Many new arrivals mentioned for Monday selling.

Two-toned Costume Checks and Plaids in bright colors, 20c quality, this sale, a yard..... **9c**

Two-toned Costume Checks, 36 inches wide, a 50c quality, this sale, a yard..... **19c**

Storm Serges, 42 inches wide, in two shades of blue and red, 39c quality, this sale, a yard..... **19c**

All-wool Voiles, yard wide, in sixteen spring colors, 50c quality, this sale, a yard..... **29c**

1,000 yards English two-toned Brocades, in green and black, blue and black, different designs, $1.25 value, this sale, a yard..... **29c**

38-inch Wool Suiting Plaids, 59c value, this sale, a yard..... **39c**

—West Aisle.

Mill Ends of Black Goods

42-inch Storm Serges, 39c quality, this sale a yard **19c**

38-inch pure Mohair Brilliantines in a 39c quality, this sale a yard **25c**

All-wool Cheviots, this sale a yard **39c**

50-inch Mohair Sicilian and 44-inch Mohair Brilliantine 65c quality, this sale a yard **45c**

Priestley's all-wool Voile and Etamine, $1 quality, this sale a yard **75c**

—Rear West Aisle.

Mill Ends of Linings

36-inch black Taffeta in a 10c quality, this sale a yard **3c**

Mill Ends of yard-wide mercerized black Sateen, 25c quality, this sale, a yard **11c**

36-inch fast black mercerized Sateen, a little rough on the selvedge, but this imperfection does not hurt the goods for use; 35c quality, in this sale, a yard **17c**

Mill Ends of Percalines, Nearsilks and Spun Glass, all colors, 20c and 25c qualities, this sale, a yard. **7½c**

36-inch fast black Taffeta, soft finish, our standard 20c quality, this sale, a yard **12½c**

—West Aisle.

"Men" Our Annual Shirt Sale

Begins Monday--It's an Important Event

Laundered and Unlaundered Shirts, muslin and cambric Night Shirts at bare cost of materials.

You remember our former sale, the great values, the big assortment. This one far surpasses all others because of the low prices in face of increased prices in cottons. Now is the time to lay in your supply as hundreds of others will do Monday morning. Send your wife, mother or sister if you can't come.

Increased Selling Space, More Salesmen Will Help Quick Buying

Men's Unlaundered White Shirts, good quality muslin with the three ply bosom all sizes in this sale each..... **19c**

Men's Unlaundered White Shirts, made of heavy muslin with an all-linen four-ply bosom, firmly reinforced front and back, closed front and open back style, every size and sleeve lengths, they are here in this sale at— **39c**

Men's White Shirts unlaundered, made of Utica and Wamsutta muslin with an all-linen bosom; there are three styles in this lot, long bosom open and closed, and short bosom that are just as good as any custom made and worth fully 75c. Special in this great sale, each— **49c**

Special Night Shirt

Over 500 dozen made according to our own ideas, which means good quality ample lengths and widths; at about half prices.

100 dozen men's muslin Night Shirts in neat patterns printed cambric, made to sell at 98c, choice this sale, sale..... **29c**

From a factory that makes a specialty of $1.00 Night Shirts come a lot of 342 dozen Night Shirts made of good wearing muslin cut 54 inches long, and silk stitched on collar, pocket and cuffs.

Many of you men who prefer collars on Night Shirts will find this item a special value to you, choice in this sale, each..... **49c**

Our special Night Shirt for large men is an added feature of this sale, made extra wide, extra long and extra strong, all plain white or fast color, braid trimmed, as good as any custom-made shirt at double the price, in this sale, each **98c**

300 dozen men's muslin and cambric Night Shirts, suplice neck style, cut very big and full, usually sold at 75c, and can't be duplicated to sell now for less than that. Owing to quantity purchased we are able to sell them during this sale at, each **49c**

Colored Laundered Shirts

One lot of men's Colored Laundered Shirts, latest styles of the season, a special purchase of $1.00 and $1.50 qualities, Monday, this sale, each **69c**

79 dozen Men's Colored Laundered Shirts, dark stripes, 98c qualities in this sale..... **29c**

500 Dozen Collars

500 dozen latest and staple shape Collars, four-ply linen, all sizes, in this sale, each..... **6c**

—East Aisle.

Manufacturer's Surplus Stock Bed Room Furniture

Biggest Monday Furniture Values

While in Grand Rapids last month our furniture buyer succeeded in purchasing at a great discount all the surplus stock of Dressers and Chiffoniers from one of the largest and best known manufacturers of strictly high grade furniture in the country. Every piece in the lot is new and absolutely perfect and the biggest bargain ever offered, as these items show.

One lot of Dressers, in genuine mahogany and bird's-eye maple, with large French bevel-plate mirror. The drawers are varnished inside, in fact, the general construction is as fine as furniture should be, regular price $30, choice of the mahogany or maple, each **$18.00**

Another lot the same style, with the exception that they are bird's-eye maple only, and are made with large oval mirror, choice while they last..... **$20.00**

Small lot of bird's-eye maple Dressers, usually sold at $60.00, and you will agree with us when you see them, that they are beautiful, and a bargain at $60.00; they are in Princess style and have large French pattern plate mirror, size 32x40, in the Mill End Sale Monday... **$35.00**

Fine Chiffoniers, like cut, in quartered oak, golden finish, mahogany and bird,s-eye maple, same high grade as the Dresser. Regular price $30.00; in this sale, each . **$16.00**

The same style in oak or maple, but with oval mirror, choice in this sale..... **$17.00**

In this special purchase there are two only, fine bird's-eye maple Beds, which match the Dressers and Chiffoniers perfectly; regular $25 value, this sale..... **$15.00**

The above items represent but a part of the many values that will be found here, and since there is only one or two patterns of a kind, you can see the importance of coming early to this sale.

—Fourth Floor.

Mill Ends Colored Taffeta Silks

Fifty pieces very fine Mousseline finished colored Taffetas, 19 inches wide, in a splendid line of the new spring shades; beautiful, bright luster, pure silk and splendid quality for suits, skirts, petticoats, dress linings, etc.; on the center silk counter Monday, in the Mill End Sale, a yard..... **58c**

Royal Armure Silks, soft luster, a quality that will not slip or pull, an ideal dress silk for hard, serviceable wear, Monday, a yard... **58c**

—West Center Aisle.

Undermuslins—Four Mill End Specials

Ten dozen muslin Gowns with yoke back, tucked front, ruffle neck and sleeves, Monday each. **29c**

Fine cambric Corset Covers with neat embroidery, and ribbon-trimmed neck and sleeves, this sale, each **25c**

Indian linen Corset Covers with tucked back and front, this sale, each **50c**

Three styles muslin Drawers in all sizes, open or closed styles, this sale, a pair **25c**

—Second Floor.

Royal Steel Ware Reduced

You don't often get a chance to buy first quality Royal Steel Ware at the price of seconds—that's the chance you get Monday in the several odd lots that we want to close out. Come Monday and take advantage of the reductions.

50 Dish Pans, 59c size, in this sale, each **39c**

2-quart Milk Pans, 15c kind, this sale, each **9c**

3-quart Milk Pans, 19c kind, this sale, each **11c**

4-quart Milk Pans, 23c kind, this sale, each **14c**

Biscuit Pans, size 8x11, regular 29c quality, this sale **15c**

Biscuit Pans, size 9x13, sold usually at 25c, this sale..... **17c**

Rice Boilers, worth 50c to 85c, this sale, Monday, 29c, 45c and **75c**

Tea and Coffee Pots reduced.

27c size, this sale **17c**

39c size this sale **25c**

45c size, this sale **30c**

Coffee Strainers, worth 10c and 12c, this sale, each **5c**

Chamber Pails, good sizes.

98c size, now **75c**

75c size, now **59c**

Quart Cups, 29c kind **19c**

Covered Pails, fine quality.

35c size, now **25c**

50c size, now **35c**

Underwear and Hosiery Monday At Half and Less

Women's Stuttgarter Medicated Natural Wool Undervest and Drawers, also a few Union Suits, an end of the season lot of $2 and $3 values, this sale, a garment..... **$1.00**

Women's Silk Vests, low neck, no sleeves, Swiss-ribbed, in plain white and colors, a few blacks, 50c and 75c values, this sale, each **35c**

Nine dozen Women's Silk-plaited Hose, in a variety of light and dark colored shades, 75c and $1 values, while they last, a pair **39c**

Odd dozen pairs of 50c Cotton and Lisle Hose, in gray striped Richlieu-ribbed lisle, some black, some with half white feet, 16½ dozen in this sale, a pair **25c**

Final clearing of Children's "No Mend Hose," claimed to outwear any 25c quality made. Have spliced linen reinforced parts, choice this sale, a pair **12½c**

—East Aisle.

Monday in Groceries

Fine qualities from Indiana's best grocery department.

H. and E. fine granulated Sugar, in cloth bags, a pound **5c**

National Biscuit Company's select Crackers, in 10c packages, while they last **5c**

Extra Fancy California Jumbo Peaches, our 18c ones, a pound **12½c**

Gail Borden's Eagle Condensed Milk, two large cans **25c**

Monarch extra fine Small Peas, 20c cans two for **25c**

Extra Lump Gloss Starch, in 6-pound wooden boxes, a box... **33c**

—Fifth Floor.

Mill Ends of Linens

100 dozen hemmed cotton Towels, limit of 6 to a customer, each.... **2c**

7c fine bleached cotton Crash, this sale, a yard..... **5c**

Brown linen Crash and check Glass Cloth, 900 yards in all, a yard..... **7c**

Bleached linen Crash—3 to 8-yard lengths, 500 yards left, at, a yard..... **9c**

Six large 5-8 Napkins, actual size 20 inches square, for..... **39c**

Six heavy German Napkins, 20 inches square, for..... **50c**

Six 3-4 German Napkins, heavy quality, for..... **65c**

20c quality unbleached Turkish Towels, each..... **14c**

Bleached and Turkish Red Damask, 35c quality, a yard.... **23c**

85c quality heavy 72-inch Cream Damask, a yard..... **65c**

India Linen and 40-inch Lawn in Mill ends of 2 to 15 yards, 15c quality, this sale, a yard..... **10c**

1 to 5-yard pieces of India Linen, 25c quality, this sale, a yard.... **15c**

—Basement.

Pettis Dry Goods Co.

A Hopeful Convalescence.

Little Jimmy lives in the country. During this severe winter the hens have naturally struck work, and the family has been obliged to depend on packed eggs, much to Jimmy's disgust. During the spell of milder weather a week or two ago a few fresh eggs were brought in. Jimmy looked at the pearly beauties with longing eyes, but was told they must be saved for his invalid sister.

Not many hours later Jimmy was taken suddenly and violently ill. He groaned and wept, but was unable to locate the seat of his distress. His mother diagnosed the malady as one which demanded quiet and seclusion, and put him to bed. She had barely left the room when the interesting invalid put his head out of the door and announced, in a die-away voice:

"I think I could eat a boiled egg if I had one."

A Nursery Language Lesson.

Little Ethel—Brother, if you do that again I'll slap your countenance.

Little Edgar—Aw—"countenance;" what's my countenance?

Little Ethel—Why—it's your personal appearance.