Once Around the Clock with Harry Thaw in the Routine of Jail And Court Life as His Trial for the White Murder Is in Progress

SEVEN JURORS ACCEPTED TO DATE IN THAW CASE

No. 1.—DEMING B. SMITH, retired manufacturer of umbrellas; lives at No. 253 West One Hundred and Eleventh street. Served as a juror before, but never in a capital case. Is fifty years old and married.

No. 2.—GEORGE PFAFF, hardware, No. 122 Centre street. Is married, forty-five years old, and has served in criminal cases before.

No. 3.—GEORGE H. FECKE, manager, of No. 601 West One Hundred and Thirty-fifth stret. Is forty years old, married, has served on juries before, but never in a capital case.

No. 4.—ARTHUR S. CAMPBELL, superintendent, lives at No. 823 West End avenue, and is married. Is about forty-five years old and has been a juror before.

No. 5.—HENRY C. HARNEY, manager, lives at Brook avenue and One Hundred and Thirty-second street. Is sixty years old and married. Served as juror in Pekarz murder case, in which the defense was insanity. Pekarz was convicted, but death sentence was commuted to life imprisonment.

No. 6.—HAROLD R. FAIRE, job printer, lives at No. 21 Manhattan avenue. Is thirty years old and unmarried.

No. 7.—MALCOLM F. FRASER, salesman, lives at No. 142 West One Hundred and Twenty-eighth street. He is forty years old.

gether as usual to-day and some time before Mrs. William Thaw and her daughter, Mrs. George Carnegie, arrived.

The four women had luncheon in an ante-room off the jury-room at noon. Mrs. Thaw and her daughter ate at a table near a window while Evelyn Nesbit Thaw and May McKenzie had places at another on the other side of the room. There was no conversation before, during or after the meal between the mother and wife of Thaw.

SERVED ON ONE MURDER JURY.

There was much speculation around the court to-day when it became generally known that Harry C. Harney, juror No. 5, had served on the jury which convicted a man of murder two years ago, when the defense had been insanity. It was freely predicted that one side or the other would challenge him, but this is doubtful.

At any rate, there was no secret as to Mr. Harney's former record as a juror. He stated it while under examination as a talesman yesterday when both sides accepted him. Thaw's counsel to-day expressed satisfaction with the juror.

"We went on the assumption that a man who has voted to put a man to death on one occasion will never vote for the execution of a second man," said Dan O'Reilly. "We wanted him on the jury.

"Mr. Harney's jury said the man was sane, but it was proven before Gov. Higgins that he was insane, and the Governor saved him. We believe that Mr. Harney will never convict another man."

The homicide trial at which Mr. Harney was juror was that of Edward Pekarz. The verdict was one of murder in the first degree, and Pekarz was sentenced to die in the electric chair. The convicted man was put in the death house at Sing Sing June 29, 1905.

THAW LIKES JUROR PFAFF.

There was another rumor to-day that Foreman Deming C. Smith had also served in a similar case where the defense was insanity and the verdict "guilty."

Thaw was cheerful and gossipy when he got up to-day and prepared himself for the ordeal in the court-room. He talked with the keepers about the weather and general topics, occasionally lasping into a discussion of his own case.

"I like that juryman, Pfaff," declared the young man. "He looks like a level-headed fellow who could see things in the right light. I am very glad he was chosen."

To avoid the long recess at noon Justice Fitzgerald to-day ordered that luncheon be served to the jurors in the Criminal Courts building, instead of their being taken to the Broadway Central.

Evelyn Thaw and her little purple-coated shadow, May McKenzie, the former show girl, were the first of the Thaws to reach the court-house to-day. They came in a cab together. The McKenzie girl was just as she had been all along—trimly clad in boisterous colors, with young rooster feathers in her toque standing out stiff and spiny behind her head, like the plumes of Yankee Doodle's hat in the old nursery pictures.

But something perhaps a sleepless night had worked to sorry effect with the wife of the prisoner at the bar. She wore, as yesterday, a long blue coat and little schoolgirl linen collar, but her big white veil had given way to one filmy dark blue. Behind this her little face loomed, indistinct, worn and pitiful. Her eyes were ringed deep with black hollows. Her cheeks, waxy white, took on the unhealthy death-like color of a magnolia flower through the disfiguring blue veil. Her mouth—the prettiest thing this poor little, unwilling futile star in a great tragedy has of drooped slowly at the corners.

As the two women slipped noiselessly in at the side door, the court officer thrust a folded paper into May McKenzie's hand. It was a subpoena, summoning her as a witness for the prosecution. It developed that the same little by-play had taken place every morning, and it will keep on taking place until Mr. Jerome decides whether or not he will put the little Weber-Field dancer on the stand and force her to testify against her dearest friend's husband.

May McKenzie slid into her chair. Evelyn Nesbit sank into the place next to her, dropped her yellow-gloved hands with a lifeless gesture upon the arms of her chair and settled back wearily, like an invalid. Her big eyes stared at nothing.

In five minutes came the others—Mrs. William Thaw, the mother, recovered from her indisposition of yesterday; her older daughter, Mrs. George L. Carnegie, both of them in black, and the two sons, Josiah Thaw and Edward Thaw.

The breach between the two camps into which Thaw's people are divided must be widening. EEvelyn Nesbit Thaw, raising her eyes timidly, barely nodded to the others, and they barely answered, or at least some of them barely answered. Mrs. Carnegie made no sign of recognition, and Edward Thaw's acknowledgment of the younger woman's presence was as stiff and wooden a bow as a toy soldier's salute. Mrs. Thaw sat in the centre chair of the five, between the wife and the sisters.

Countess Again Absent.

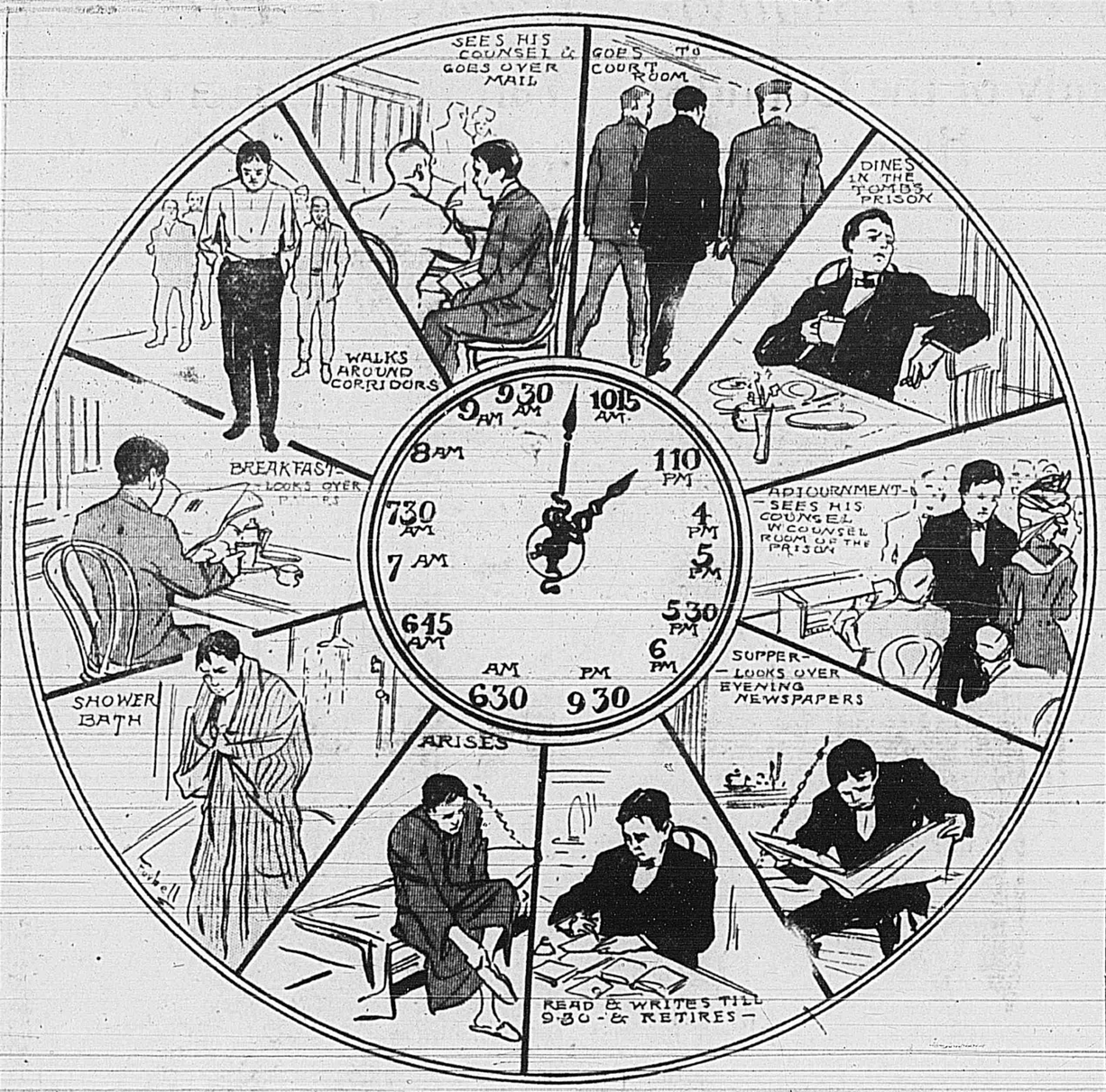
The Countess of Yarmouth was not there, but young Howard Nesbit, posing as the boy Nemesis of Harry Thaw, was again snuggled down in his chair back in the body of the chamber. Next to him was Hartnet, who was Stanford White's secretary.

The first prisoners to arrive were the jurors, for these five are as surely prisoners for the time being as if they had been caught at some crime instead of being good citizens who sacrifice private affairs in order to do their duty by their State.

The young Pittsburger was buttoned in a big ulster. As he parsed his mother he slipped a folded note into her hand. She read it with no change in her sternly set, mournful face.

Thaw slid nimbly out of his ulster when he reached his seat at the end of his counsel's table. He wore the same blue suit, with the mottled tie. There was the flush in his cheeks which always fades out after he has been in the court a little while, leaving his skin a muddy, mongrel yellow and accentuating the type of the Tartar which is suggested in his make-up by the high cheek bones and the slanted eyes.

Thaw began at once to take a bystander's healthy interest in the sideplays of the trial. For a while he watched the reporters chasing their nimble pencils across their paper, with a friendly half-smile on his face. Then he fell to searching the rows of waiting talesmen with his shifting glance.



One Juror Is Net Result of the Morning Session.

The first citizen who came forward to be examined for jury service was Walter M. Jackson, a real estate dealer. So far fifty-one out of the special panel of 200 have been called.

"I have prejudices which might affect my judgment if I served here," said Mr. Jackson, candidly. "I got my impressions from hearsay and from the newspapers, but it is firmly fixed in my mind, and I fear I would take it into the jury box with me. I am not sure that I could be absolutely fair."

Mr. Jerome thereupon challenged for cause.

Astley C. Jennings, retired manager of a paint company, said he lived at No. 242 Lenox avenue.

"I have not read a great deal about this case," said Jennings, an elderly, sharp-featured man with keen black eyes. "I have formed and expressed an opinion, but I have rarely discussed the matter with any one. I could free myself of all prejudices if accepted."

John B. Gleason twice objected to the way Jerome framed his questions, but Justice Fitzgerald overruled him. Mr. Jennings told Mr. Hartridge he had sat as a juror in two or three criminal trials.

All of a sudden Mr. Jennings developed one of those ailments so common among members of special jury panels and inmates of old soldiers' homes. Since it is known the jurors are to be locked up, a great deal of sickness has developed among talesmen, or else the Jury Commissioners filled their lists with invalids.

Mr. Jennings whispered to the Judge. The Judge whispered to the lawyers. The lawyers whispered to each other. Mr. Jennings was then whispered out of court.

Charles M. Levy, the next talesman, had served on a Grand Jury recently and for that reason was promptly let go.

Charles A. Fuller, of No. 456 West One Hundred and Forty-fifth street, a real estate agent, said he was well acquainted with the case from what he had read of it.

"I have a strong opinion and that opinion would influence my verdict." They sent him away.

Charles D. Halsey of No. 49 East Seventy-second street, a tall, well-built man who looked like an Englishman, had an opinion based upon newspaper reading.

"It is a decided opinion that I've formed," said Mr. Halsey.

Justice Fitzgerald questioned him, and finally said:

"I sustain the challenge made against you by Mr. Jerome. "We must have fair jurors."

Horace H. Smith, who looked as if he might have spent all his life indoors, took the stand. He is tall and pale, with heavy side whiskers and a subdued manner. He is a merchant, living at No. 71 West Ninety-second street. He said he had an opinion which would be apt to weigh against the evidence. That was enough for everybody. Mr. Smith was excused.

Then Came Two Ill Ones.

Brace Hopkins left the stand almost as quickly as he accided it. He had a physical disability and a physician's certificate to back it up.

Andrew B. Grafins was likewise ailing. He departed so promptly that he caught up with Mr. Hopkins on the way out.

James M. Ketcham, a travelling salesman of No. 249 Seventh avenue, a self-assured man about thirty-six years old, well-dressed and well-groomed, made a favorable impression by his alert hearing and prompt answers. Here at last was a talesman who didn't have anything the matter with him.

"I can put my opinion aside and give this defendant a fair trial," said Mr. Ketcham, "but it would take evidence to change my opinion."

The defense challenged. Mr. Ketcham explained that he had misunderstood a question of Mr. Hartridge. Justice Fitzgerald untangled the muddle.

"What this gentleman means is that he would be fair and that he could be uninfluenced by his present state of mind," said Justice Fitzgerald.

"I could give the prisoner the presumption of innocence until he was proved guilty, added Mr. Ketcham, in further explanation. "I am opposed to the use of electricity in killing criminals. I would prefer some other mode of execution than the chair, but I would not allow that to influence me."

Causes Stir in Court.

When the talesman spoke of the chair, Harry Thaw's fingers interlaced with almost a convulsive movement. His aged mother winced perceptibly. Evelyn Thaw raised her drooping head and stared at Ketcham's clean-cut profile. Mr. Hartridge withdrew his challenge.

"Mr. Ketcham," asked Mr. Hartridge, "did you know Stanford White?"

"I am pleased to say I did not know Stanford White," answered Ketcham, slowly and deliberately.

"What's that?" said Mr. Hartridge.

"I say I am pleased that I did not know Mr. White," repeated Ketcham.

A little sensation swept the chamber. The Thaw women straightened in their chairs. A murmur ran through the crowded room. Harry Thaw peered at Ketcham from under his over-jetting brows as if he would read the man's soul. Ketcham said he had had business dealings with White's firm, but this would not influence his judgment. Thereupon the defense signified its desire to accept him as a juror.

Mr. Jerome took Ketcham in hand again.

"Where did you gather the emphatic opinion which you have conscientiously expressed regarding the late Mr. White?" asked the District-Attorney.

"From reading the papers—all the papers," said Mr. Ketcham, "but notwithstanding that opinion I could, I am sure render a fair verdict. I would try in every way to be absolutely fair, but since you bring them up, I must confess now that I have time to think it over, that the dealings I have had with Mr. White's firm and other considerations might influence me. Outside of that, I know I could drop the opinion I got from the newspapers."

Mr. Ketcham Steps Down.

The cross-firing lasted for fifteen minutes, and then Mr. Jerome challenged for bias.

"The gentleman's answers are consistent in view of his explanation, but I will have to sustain the State's challenge," said Justice Fitzgerald.

Augustus H. Sands, of No. 333 West End avenue, a sensible-looking, well-dressed merchant with a broad brow and a heavy mustache, had a summons for Grand Jury service in his pocket, but Justice Fitzgerald held he could not let him go on that account. However, because of a prejudice against capital punishment, which would probably influence his judgment, Mr. Sands was excused.

Walter C. Mordecai, a young, dark man, said he had a pronounced opinion which he could not drop in advance of hearing testimony. Both sides agreed to his release.

Charles H. Nesbitt, manager of a wholesale shoe house, is bald, hearty and stout, married and lives at No. 211 West One Hundred and Forty-second street. His answers appeared to satisfy Mr. Jerome. He had an opinion but could drop it, and knew of no reason except business ones why he should not serve as a juror.

For the defense, Mr. Gleason cross-examined Nesbitt. Thaw nodded his approbation of the talesman. He was accepted by Thaw's lawyers and it looked for a minute as if a sixth juror was about to be chosen. But Mr. Jerome dismissed peremptorily.

Albert A. Brockway was excused without coming to the stand. Word was brought to the Judge that Mr. Brockway's father had died to-day.

Harold R. Faire, a young man, unmarried and engaged in the printing business, was the thirteenth man called to-day. He said he lived at No. 21 Manhattan avenue. Both sides promptly accepted him.

The selection of Faire made up half the jury. The eyes of the Thaw women never left his face as he was sworn. He is thirty years old, and is the youngest man in the box, as well as the only unmarried one. He has a big, clear gray eye and a well-formed, sympathetic mouth.

He had, like nearly all the others, formed an opinion, but said: "I know I can drop my opinion and be fair in this case."

Faire's slender figure will be nearest of all to Thaw during the trial. His seat is not over eight feet from the prisoner. The newest juror is a job printer at No. 85 Wall street.

Thaw Women Show Their Deep Interest in the Jury Hunt.

The six Thaw jurors chosen had their luncheon to-day in the Criminal Courts Building so there was no delay in resuming the hunt fo rmore jurors after recess.

When the women of the Thaw party after luncheon in a side room returned to the court Mrs. Carnegie, Thaw's sister, sat next to Evelyn Nesbit Thaw, his wife, but not once did the two young women exchange a word. May McKenzie's sharp, pert glance moved over the room, but the other three, with faces front, listened intently to the wearing, wearisome routine of examining talesmen.

The elder Mrs. Thaw looked better than she did on the first day. Some of the strained lines were gone from her motherly, sweet face. The first embarrassment of her appearance in so conspicuous and trying a role before an audience of curious eyes had apparently worn away. Her strong lower lip had ceased to quiver involuntarily and her gaze was steady and self-contained.

Emil W. Cohn, a jeweller, at No. 321 Fifth avenue, said he feared his family and business obligations would so influence him that he could not, as a juror, give proper attention to the evidence. A member of his family had just undergone an operation of a serious nature. Both sides consented to his release.

Three Friends of White.

Henry C. Kreiger, an automobile dealer, was excused because he had been on friendly terms with Stanford White.

Francis C. Green, manager, of No. 42 Broadway, gave the same reason. He had also known Stanford White and had a knowledge of certain facts pertaining to the case. He was let go.

Abraham H. Feuchtwanger, a broker, at No. 51 Exchange place, by a strange coincidence, also had a personal acquaintance with Stanford White, which he thought might prejudice him. He followed the other two out of the court.

Charles Raphael was challenged for cause by the State, because he admitted to a stubborn prejudice.

Charles M. Anderson, a real estate dealer, of No. 75 West Twenty-fifth street, who looked as if he had just left a sick bed, explained that he had been very ill and was excused.

Martin T. Ford, an insurance man of No. 128 Broadway, living at One Hundred and Thirty-sixth street and Lenox avenue, a clean-cut young man, was next called.

"I believe I could lay aside my prejudices," said Mr. Ford, "but I am not sure. It is my best belief that I could do so; still, as I say, I will not be absolutely certain, and I do not wish to assume the responsibility. Besides, my business interests demand my attention."

After a long examination Mr. Ford was challenged for cause by the prosecution.

Leslie A. Ware, a manufacturing baker, of No. 2268 Seventh avenue, a dark, sallow man, said he had an opinion which he could not lay aside on entering the jury box. The statement was sufficient to let him out.

Was Nan Patterson Juror.

Paris M. Fletcher, of No. 138 Manhattan avenue, dealer in electrical supplies, said he had an opinion but felt sure he could free his mind of it if chosen as a juror. The defense wanted to challenge for cause, but Justice Fitzgerald overruled this. Then Mr. Hartridge took an exception to the ruling and challenged peremptorily. It developed that Mr. Fletcher was a juror in Nan Patterson's second trial and voted "guilty." He was also summoned as a juror in the Terranova case and challenged after the State had accepted him.

Leonard S. Lake, a wholesale oyster dealer, was excused because he had a fixed opinion.

Walter J. Peck, a coffee importer, of No. 173 Madison avenue, a handsomely-dressed man, about forty years old and good-looking, said he thought he could act fairly, although he had strong prejudices, but was excused.

Archibald Lefferty, of No. 7 Wall street, was excused because he was a personal friend of Mr. Jerome and also of White. He belonged to clubs of which White was a member. He was excused by consent.

Robert E. Mackey, a young man of a studious appearance, was let go because he had just moved to Newark.

William H. G. Van Dusen, a bookkeeper at No. 100 William street, had an unalterable prejudice which saved him.

George E. Van Worst, a hay dealer, living at No. 370 West One Hundred and Fourth street, married, portly and dignified, said:

"I have formed an opinion and have expressed it, but I could free my mind of all bias."

Excused from Service.

He was excused because of doubt in his mind as to whether he could entirely disabuse his mind of all prejudices.

Samuel E. Cohen, a crockery dealer, at No. 174 East Seventy-sixth street, had private reasons for not serving. Both sides considered the reasons good ones.

John R. Hinchman, an architect, who knew Stanford White well, got off on the plea that his judgment would be affected because of this.

Solomon N. Levy, a tobacco dealer at No. 145 West Seventieth street, was another talesman who had been examined for service in the Terranova trial. He had a prejudice, born of reading the newspapers.

This talesman answered all questions satisfactorily and the State accepted him. Mr. Gleason challenged peremptorily. Each side has challenged peremptorily eight times.

Henry A. Dewey, a chemical dealer, of No. 97 Cedar street, had scruples against capital punishment.

Yawned His Way Out.

Gustave A. Schmitzler, a deaf man, who yawned often, and couldn't hear Mr. Jerome at all, was on the stand only half a minute or so.

Thomas E. Dempsey, a life insurance agent, of No. 603 East One Hundred and Thirty-fourth street, a heavily-built, intelligent-looking man, said he no reason why he should not serve.

Mr. Dempsey aggited the defense and Mr. Gleason accepted him. Mr. Jerome, exercising unusual care, went deeply into the cross-examination of the talesman upon the subject of what he took to be a reasonable doubt.

The State challenged Mr. Dempsey because of his opinion upon the reasonable doubt proposition and Justice Fitzgerald, after painstakingly probing the talesman's mind, sustained the challenge.

Milton W. Carey was excused because his wife had just given birth to a son, as he proved by a physician's certificate.

Lathrop Thatcher, salesman, of No. 507 West One Hundred and Forty-second street, a full-faced man, wearing glass and who might by a great stretch of imagination be said to look like President Roosevelt, declared he had an opinion which evidence would not remove.

Henry W. Donald, a real estate dealer, said he was a close friend of Stanford White, and both sides agreed to let him go.

Luther W. Jacobs, of No. 211 West Eighty-fifth street, teller in a savings bank, said he had read a lot about the case in newspapers. It would take strong evidence to shake his present belief. He was excused.

Benjamin F. Staunland, a mechanical engineer, said he had done much business with Stanford White's firm. He was not examined further.

Seventh Juror Found.

Malcolm F. Fraser, an underwear salesman, came next. He is a round faced, pleasant looking man, soberly dressed and apparently about forty years old. He was accepted. The seventh juror to be chosen is employed at Thirty-fifth street and Broadway. He is married and lives at No. 142 West One Hundred and Twenty-eighth street.

John Calvin, a glass dealer at No. 29 Washington Square South, was excused because he had frequent business dealings with White's firm.

John Tobias, a cloak dealer at No. 109 Fifth avenue, had scruples against capital punishment.

Will Church, a writer at No. 39 Nassau street, was excused because of his profession, which is that of a writer.

William E. Scales, secretary at No. 320 Broadway, had a medical excuse.

Compound Interest

comes to life when the body feels the delicious glow of health, vigor and energy.

That Certain Sense

for vigor in the brain and easy poise of the nerves comes when the improper foods are cut out and predigested

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takes their place.

If it has taken you years to run down don't expect one mouthful of this great food to bring you back, for it is not a stimulant, but a

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Life has a very pleasant aspect when viewed through the spectacles of health. We are equal to almost any task; mountains are as molehills, and difficulties made but to be overcome when vigorous health is ours.

Just as certain as fate, if we overload the stomach with poorly cooked, pasty, starchy or greasy foods we will suffer and lose health, for the machinery of the body is dependent for its strength and perfect action upon the food we eat.

A woman living in Maidstone, England, says:

"For months I suffered severely with pains in my chest and arms as well as round the back of my waist, and always felt tired and lackadaisical, so that the slightest exertion was an effort. My appetite kept growing smaller and smaller. I consulted two doctors, but no improvement was noticeable while under their respective treatments. I became despondent and began to think my case was hopeless, when a friend recommended Grape-Nuts, having derived great benefit from this truly wonderful food himself. As a last chance I invested in a package, and after only a couple of weeks' trial it had marvellous effects upon my health. The pains disappeared entirely, and in their place strength and an excellent appetite returned. I felt strong and fit for anything, that nasty sensation of lifelessness having quite departed.

"I have put on flesh rapidly.

"I have now used Grape-Nuts for many weeks, and mean to continue to do so in the future for the reason that I and the remainder of the household like it so much. We eat it with milk and a little jam, generally apricot, which is a valuable addition." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

FRANCE HOPES FOR KAISER'S DEFEAT.

PARIS, Jan. 25.—France is manifesting intense interest in the German elections. The newspapers are filled with columns of despatches giving prognostications. The editorial comment here openly expresses the hope for an anti-Government majority, as likely to curb the ambitions of Emperor William, which are always interpreted as being a menace to the peace of France.

ENDURES ECZEMA FOR FIVE YEARS

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WORDS CAN NOT EXPRESS GRATITUDE TO CUTICURA

"Words are inadequate to express my gratitude for Cuticura Remedies. I had been troubled with eczema for five years on my ear and it began to extend on my cheek. I had been doctoring with the best physicians, but found no relief whatever. When informing them that I could not bear the itching I was told by one of our best doctors, "not to scratch." As the medicines and salves did me no good I thought I would get the "Magic Three," Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment, and Cuticura Pills, costing me one-half of one visit to my physician. After using as directed, with plenty of hot water, I can truthfully state that I found instant relief. When I had used three boxes of Cuticura Ointment and two cakes of Cuticura Soap I found my skin as soft and fine as a baby's. My circle of friends is very large, and I am persuading them to use Cuticura Soap and give up the kinds they were using. I find no trouble as my case has proven to them that if Cuticura Ointment is good, Cuticura Soap must be likewise.

"I hesitate to send you the enclosed picture as it has been lying around in my desk for two years and is very soiled. At the time it was taken my ears were scaly and you will find some remnants of Cuticura Ointment on it, and, to me, it is very precious, as I can now say when looking at it that Cuticura is a blessing, and that is why I have kept it even though it was soiled. Miss Netta Ayers, 131 Franklin Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., Sept. 1 and 15, 1906."

Complete External and Internal Treatment for Every Humor of Infants, Children, and Adults consists of Cuticura Soap (25c.) to Cleanse the Skin, Cuticura Ointment (50c.) to Heal the Skin, and Cuticura Resolvent (50c.), (in the form of Chocolate Coated Pills, 25c. per vial of 60) to Purify the Blood. Sold throughout the world. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston, Mass.

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OTHERS ARE RAISING THEIR PRICES—BUT NOT LOFT.

You have probably noticed that some of our enterprising imitators (some of whom have been in business almost as many months as we have years) have raised the price of their plain candies 5c. a pound. As opposed to this, please note that we have not raised the price of any of our candies, not any fraction of a cent, but our prices are just the same as they were before the prices of ingredients were raised. Now the reason for this is simply because Loft buys sugar, extracts, nuts, fruits, etc., in quantities so large that where the imitators of the Loft policy purchase pounds we purchase tons, thereby obtaining the lowest rates that only very large purchasers enjoy. Furthermore, we get the benefit of spot cash discount. The quality of our candies would justify us in raising our prices, but we are NOT GOING TO DO IT. We are content with the 15,000 sales we are making each day, and will still continue to give our customers the benefit of the SAME OLD QUALITY at the SAME OLD PRICES.

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CREAMED ALMONDS ..... POUND 10c | ASSORTED FRUIT AND NUT CHOCOLATES ..... POUND 15c

SPECIAL FOR THIS SATURDAY

CHOCOLATE COVERED SMYRNA FIGS ..... POUND 10c | ASSORTED FRUIT AND NUT CHOCOLATES ..... POUND 15c

SPECIAL FOR THIS FRIDAY AND SATURDAY

BUTTER PEANUT BRITTLE ..... POUND 10c | HIGH GRADE BONBONS & CHOCOLATES, or an Assortment of All Chocolates ..... POUND 24c

CREAMED WALNUTS ..... POUND 19c | ITALIAN CREAM CHOCOLATES ..... POUND 30c

We will deliver 1 to 10 lbs. at the following rates: Manhattan Island, 10c. Brooklyn, Jersey City, Hoboken or The Bronx, 15c. No goods sent C. O. D.

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MEMORIAL NOTICES.

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