Shots Fired at Dope Suspects Stir Broadway

Three Automobiles Crash in Excitement as U. S. Agents Pursue Alleged Vendor of Cocaine

Four Men Are Arrested

Chase Begins When Detectives Search Alleged "Runners" at Pistol Point

Automobile traffic at Lincoln Square, Sixty-fourth Street and Broadway, was thrown into confusion last night by the pursuit of an alleged cocaine vender by internal revenue agents, in the course of which half a dozen shots were fired by the pursuers. As a result of their efforts to avoid running over either the fugitive or his pursuers, the drivers of three cars drove their vehicles together in a triangular collision.

No one was hurt and four men were arrested. The prisoners said that they were Frederick White, of 346 West Forty-sixth Street; Michael Byrnes, of 206 East Fifty-ninth Street; James McKeon, of 301 West Fifty-first Street, and Albert A. Wilson, of 133 West Sixty-first Street. The arrests were made by Internal Revenue Agents McCarver, Manning, Kayser, Mellin and Daly. Their prisoners were locked up at Headquarters, charged with violation of the Harrison drug act.

According to the Internal Revenue agents, they had been following White for several days, believing he was selling cocaine and heroin in the streets. They followed him last night to Lincoln Square, reaching there about 9:30. McKeon and Wilson were seen talking with White. Later, the Federal detectives said, the three separated, though all remained in the little park.

Suspecting that McKeon and Wilson were "runners" for White and were helping him to dispose of his stock in trade on a commission basis, the revenue agents watched the trio closely. The revenue agents accosted Byrnes, who had evinced interest in the activities of White and his companions, and found, they said, that he was a drug addict.

The detectives say they gave him a marked $1 bill and told him to buy a "small deck" from White. Byrnes, they said, returned shortly with a small package of white powder which, he said, was heroin. Deciding that the evidence was sufficient, the revenue agents pounced on their men.

Mellin and Kayser grabbed Wilson and McKeon, shoving them into the first automobile that came along and searching them at the point of revolvers. Manning seized White by the coat collar and started to march him to the commandeered automobile. White had other plans, however. He wriggled out of his coat, leaped the iron fence surrounding the park and sprinted down Broadway, dodging and twisting among the automobiles that thronged the street.

Led by Manning and McCarver, the detectives set out in pursuit of him, blowing whistles and flourishing their revolvers. Like the fugitive, they were heedless of the press of traffic and automobile drivers, honking despairingly, swerved abruptly or ground to a sudden stop, regardless of the vehicles behind them.

An almost inextricable traffic jam resulted, across which the chase led. Pursued and pursuers clambered recklessly over hoods and tonneaus and wriggled and squeezed their way down Broadway to Sixty-third Street. There White turned east. As he swung around the corner McCarver fired five shots in quick succession, none of which hit any living thing or had any apparent effect on the fugitive.

The revenue agents were close behind him when he reached the Central Park wall and as he halted there peering into the dark depths beyond, one of them fired another shot. At that White flung up his arms in token of surrender. He was led back to the automobile where his alleged accomplices were held and was taken to headquarters.

According to the revenue agents White had $90 on him, including the marked bill they had given to Byrnes and had also a quantity of powders believed to be heroin and cocaine.

Workhouse Sentences to Curb Broadway Mashers

Doom of Nocturnal Loiterers Sounded by Courts and Police After 21 Are Arrested

The doom of the Broadway masher has been sealed by court and police edicts, and the Masher Sonad, a group of husky detectives, is under instructions to make life interesting for the parasites who stand on Broadway corners at night and make it hazardous for a woman to travel that thoroughfare without an escort.

Twenty-four alleged mashers were arraigned before Magistrate McGeehan in the West Side court yesterday. The magistrate told the prisoners just what they might expect, if they ever appeared in that court again. The magistrate said it would be the workhouse and a stiff sentence to boot.

The police say the part of Broadway extending from Forty-second Street to Fiftieth Street is infested nightly by hundreds of men who devote their time solely to insulting unprotected women who pass by.

The prisoners addressed by the magistrate were taken in raids Tuesday night. The arrests were made in the Forty-sixth Street section of Broadway and at Forty-second Street and Seventh Avenue. Scores of mashers fled to the quiet zones when it was reported that thirty detectives were ridding the street of loiterers.

Bartender Wins Battle With Four Boy Bandits

Four youths, the youngest Joseph Lento, fifteen, of 81 Mott Street, Manhattan, entered the saloon of Christopher Taylor, at 275 Myrtle Avenue, Brooklyn, Tuesday night and called for drinks, presenting guns by way of emphasis. As Taylor placed the drinks on the bar one of the boys brandished a revolver and shouted in a loud tone:

"Come across with the dough or we'll fill you full of lead."

Then things happened quickly. Taylor reached across the bar and landed a stiff blow on the youth's jaw. The latter dropped his gun on the counter and Taylor seized it. Then a customer, Richard Nugent, of 135 Cumberland Street, Brooklyn, entered. He sized up the situation immediately and struck another of the youths a blow behind the ear.

The blow felled the young bandit. His gun fell to the floor and Nugent grabbed it. Three of the youths, including the one knocked down by Nugent, fled. Lento was crouching in a corner with a gun in his hand, but too frightened to do anything. Patrolman Blute, of the Adams Street station, arrived at this time and Lento was arrested. He will be arraigned in the Children's Court this morning, charged with juvenile delinquency.

Protesting Tenants 'Shot' By Landlord's Camera Men

Pictures Taken of All Who Enter and Leave Apartments; Petty Tyranny Is Charged by the Rentpayers; the Iceman and Milkman Are Barred

Mrs. Ida Heaton has all the advantages of an apartment on Broadway with the sylvan simplicity of a farm so far as domestic conveniences are concerned.

True, it is an alarm clock that wakes her instead of a rooster, but this is because she has no dumbwaiter buzzer such as heralds the dawn to most city dwellers. When the alarm clock strikes Mrs. Heaton takes her stand on the curb outside her residence and waits for the milkman. If she wants ice or potatoes or a barrel of flour she must carry it upstairs herself.

All this because Mrs. Heaton has aroused the wrath of Emanuel and Henry Clayman, owners of the apartment house at 250 West Eighty-fifth Street, by leading the tenant soviet in a demand for repairs in the building. Mrs. Heaton had a little session with the landlords in the West Side court last week. Since then, she told Magistrate John E. McGeehan yesterday, her dumbwaiter has been out of commission, and her milkman and grocer have been forbidden entrance to the house.

Moreover, she said, attempts are made by the landlords to take flashlight pictures of all her visitors. The same landlords own the next building, some of whose windows command a view of the landing and front door of the Heaton apartment. A man with a camera waits in the building across the airshaft and a man with a flashlight apparatus stands near the Heaton door waiting for subjects, Mrs. Heaton says.

Similar attempts to photograph other tenants have been made. Mrs. Frederick Hoepfner, who lives in the apartment below Mrs. Heaton, confirmed the charges. She pointed to a window on the stairway from which the lower pane of glass was absent.

"He knocked that glass out last week," she said. "We discovered that he was having us watched by a man with a camera in the next house, and my husband nailed the window shut. We don't know what he wanta the pictures for. When he found the window nailed down he had the entire lower pane taken away.

"The other day I was up on my roof hanging out clothes, and when I came down I saw a man standing under my gas jet. I didn't recognize him, and thought he must be repairing the gas jet.

"I came on downstairs and when I got directly in front of that window a man yelled 'Shoot!' The man under the gas jet let off a flashlight. I threw myself back on the stairs, and I don't believe they got my picture, but I'm not sure."

Mrs. Hoepfner said that the tenants were not fighting for lower rents so much as for getting the building put in better condition. There is no carpet on the stairs in the hall. Several tenants have obtained judgments against the landlords for their failure to supply heat and hot water last winter. Last week Mrs. Heaton brought the landlords into court on a charge of unlawful entry into her home. Since then, the tenants say, the Claymans have threatened to "get rid of the whole bunch," and are pursuing a course of petty persecutions with this purpose in view.

Magistrate McGeehan issued a summons, returnable on August 10, against the Clayman brothers. Mrs. Heaton is a school teacher. Rents in the house have been raised from $75 to $110 since the Claymans bought the house a year ago.

Wife Tries Suicide As Children Starve; Her Mother Insane

Husband TooWeak toWork, She Drinks Iodine to End Life ofTragedy:Found by Police Roaming in Bronx

A woman moved among the shadows on City Island Road, near Pelham Road, the Bronx, last night. She staggered as she walked and coughed and moaned continually. One who met and avoided her told a policeman, and the woman was taken to Fordham Hospital. She had taken iodine and was near death.

She said she was Emma Richman, twenty-nine years old, of 772 Forest Avenue, the Bronx. She had taken the poison, she said, because her children were starving, her mother was mad and her husband was so broken by misfortune that he no longer could work.

She was on her way to Pelham Bay to drown herself, she said. The police went to her home.

Armin Richman, her husband, was huddled in a chair. In another was his mother-in-law, muttering of her insane fancies. Three fragile children slept uneasily in a single bed. Richman looked up with dull eyes. The news of his wife's act failed to arouse him. He had known she would do it. Three times she had tried and failed.

In a listless monotone he related the misfortunes of the family. By rigid economy he had saved enough to bring Emma and her mother from Hungary eleven years ago. Then there had been more saving toward the wedding, both he and Emma working in a factory in Brooklyn.

There was a foreman in that factory, a ruthless tyrant who was the slave of his desire. He desired Emma. His influence over the immigrant girl was almost supernatural, Richman said. He obtained her, and then cast her aside. Richman married her. Again the foreman came into his life and Emma, as before, was powerless to resist him, confessing her fear and her weakness to her husband.

Richman met the foreman one day as he entered the factory. It was in his mind merely to warn the man, but at the sight of his eyes the foreman lunged at him with a knife, which Richman twisted from his grasp and buried in his gross body. The stroke killed the foreman and Richman was arrested. He was tried on a charge of murder and acquitted May 3. He came out of prison to find his family in dire want, his mother-in-law a lunatic and his wife a nervous wreck.

He could not sleep. Therefore he could not work. Neither his thoughts nor his fingers would obey him. They were always plucking at something. A doctor gave him some pills to make him sleep. His wife found the box and swallowed them all. Her life was saved at a hospital and he got no more pills and no more sleep. But she remembered the label on the box and got more. The hospital saved her again. That was all, except that he could not sleep. His visitors left him, seated beneath a flaring gas jet.

War Record Saves Culprit

3d Division Veteran Confesses Robbery; Sentence Suspended

His splendid war record with the Third Division in France yesterday saved Louis Considine, nineteen years old, of 1188 Nostrand Avenue, Brooklyn, from going to jail for a considerable period.

Considine, appearing in the Brooklyn County Court, confessed to robbery at the home of Rose Diamond, 645 Linden Avenue. He was permitted to plead guilty to a reduced charge and sentence was suspended by the court.

The court also acted leniently in the case of Christian Huber, twenty-two years old, of 868 Schenectady Avenue, Brooklyn, who was arrested with Considine for the same offense. Huber was sentenced to the City Reformatory.

A week ago, when the indictment was filed, the charge against the two men was burglary for a second offense. It was charged they had forced an entrance into the Diamond home and stole $200 worth of diamonds and clothing.

Court Warns Ex-Fiance To Stop Annoying Girl

Salesman Refused to Marry Her After License Was Issued; Then Changed His Mind

Hyman Wolf, twenty-four years old, a salesman of 305 Clifton Place, Brooklyn, was told by Magistrate Robert Ten Eyck in Yorkville court yesterday to keep away from pretty Miss Anna Oliver, twenty years old, a shirtwaist maker, of 330 East Sixty-fifth Street, unless he wanted to spend some time in the workhouse.

The magistrate's warning was due to the fact that Wolf changed his mind too often about marrying Miss Oliver. According to counsel for the girl, Wolf and Miss Oliver were engaged to be married June 27. They obtained a license the day previous, but shortly before the marriage was to have been performed Wolf sent word to Miss Oliver that everything was off.

Miss Oliver became hysterical and was taken by relatives to the mountains. The next morning Wolf appeared at her home and said he had again changed his mind, that he wanted to marry the young woman after all. But Miss Oliver refused. Wolf continued to annoy her, according to her counsel, following her to work and to the mountains and everywhere else where she chanced to go. Miss Oliver remained firm in her refusal. Counsel for Wolf atold the mgistrate that the couple could be induced to forgive each other and marry. Magistrate Ten Eyck refused to interfere and sharply enjoined Wolf from further molesting the girl.

"If he doesn't keep away from her I'll send him to the island," he said.

Bedtime Stories

The Willful Young Rabbit

By Thornton W. Burgess

Who scorns advice will find some day
For trouble he has paved the way.
—Peter Rabbit.

Not all of those six children of Peter Rabbit were alike. Goodness, no! Did you ever in your life see six children just alike? Of course not. They looked very much alike, though some grew a little faster than others, but each was different from the others. One was very, very timid. Another was much too bold. One had all of Peter's curiosity. One was full of mischief and another was very quiet. And one was willful.

A willful person is one who insists on doing as he pleases—having his own way. He will not listen to advice or, if he listens, does not heed it. He thinks he knows best and no one can tell him anything. Such a person is bound to get into trouble and to make trouble for others.

It was just this way with that willful young Rabbit. He was disobedient. He did whatever he wanted to do and shouldn't do at all. He worried little Mrs. Peter more than all the others together. Punishment seemed to do him no good at all. He wanted his own way, and he would have it. Time and again he was warned that if he persisted he would come to a bad end, but this had no effect at all. He just kept right along on doing as he pleased and thinking that he knew all there was to know.

Now, one of the rules of the Old Briar-patch was that none of those Bunnies was to go outside unless Peter or Mrs. Peter was along. The willful young Rabbit thought this a foolish rule, and every chance he got he would slip to the nearest patch of sweet clover. Because as yet he never had seen a single thing to fear he had decided in his own mind that there was nothing to be afraid of. So he got in the habit of wandering further and further from the dear Old Briar-patch on these secret trips.

Just at dusk one evening while the rest of the family were in another part of the Old Briar-patch this willful young Rabbit stole out to the nearest patch of sweet clover. At first he didn't intend to go beyond that. But as he sat nibbling clover leaves he remembered that he had heard Peter tell of a certain big patch of sweet clover away out on the Green Meadows. Right away he wanted to visit that patch of clover. He was sure it must be sweeter clover than that he was eating.

He sat up and looked about hastily. He wasn't looking for danger. He didn't believe in danger. He was looking to be sure that neither Peter nor Mrs. Peter was watching him.

That willful young Rabbit took to his heels and scampered lipperty-lipperty-lip straight out on the Green Meadows.

"All this talk about danger is just to scare us and keep us at home," muttered this willful young Rabbit. "It is all foolishness. If there should be any danger I guess I can trust to my legs to get me away from it. I'm not afraid. How is a fellow ever to learn anything about the Great World if he never goes out in it? I'm going to find that big patch of sweet clover. That's what I'm going to do. I'm sick of being kept in that Old Briar-patch."

With another hasty look, not in front of him, but behind him, that willful young Rabbit took to his heels and scampered lipperty-lipperty-lip straight out on the Green Meadows. He hadn't the least idea how far it was to that big patch of sweet clover. He didn't even know just where it was. But he hadn't a doubt that he could find it. So he hurried on. He didn't even stop every few jumps to sit up and look and listen for danger, as a wise Rabbit will always do. But then he wasn't a wise Rabbit. He was just a foolish, willful young Rabbit.

(Copyright, 1920, by T. W. Burgess)

The next story: "Boomer the Nighthawk Becomes Interested."

Rival Refuses Wife as Gift; Man Sues Him

Husband Declares $100,000 Action Was Brought on Expiration of Ultimatum Given Last Month

Couple Eloped, He Says

Tells of Many Conferences and Promises to Reform; Battle for Love Revealed

TRENTON, N. J., Aug. 4.—Charles B. Chisolm, of 87 Beaumont Place, Newark, says in papers filed to-day in a suit to recover $100,000 for the alleged alienation of his wife's affection, that the action is merely the fulfillment of the terms of an ultimatum he offered last month to the defendant, William C. Parker, of Morristown.

He told Parker then, he said, that if he wanted to marry Mrs. Chisolm he should do so at once, and if he had no intention of marrying her he should sever all relations with her. Unless Parker did one of these two things, Chisolm said he told him, a suit to recover $100,000 for alienation of Mrs. Chisolm's affcetion would be instituted.

The conference last month was the last of many which the two men and the woman had had concerning the difficult situation since it first arose about two years ago. Mrs. Chisolm had been sent to the White Mountains by her husband for a vacation, but had returned after only two days.

"Take her or leave her—either one or the other—or face a suit for alienation," Chisolm declares he told Parker.

"I can't take her," he quotes Parker as replying. "I've go tto educate my sons."

"The education of your sons!" was the exclamation Chisolm says this statement wrung from him. "Do you put the education of your sons before a woman like that?"

The ultimatum was to expire in ten days, Chisolm says, but the very day after the conference Mrs. Chisolm packed her bag and eloped with Parker, according to information he received by telephone from Mrs. Parker. Chisolm says that he and Mrs. Parker still were discussing the situation over the telephone when Mrs. Chisolm walked into her home. The elopers had thought better of their decision, he says, and called the venture off.

Chisolm says that after that Parker offered to give bond in any reasonable sum, which should be forfeited if he saw Mrs. Chisolm again. Chisolm informed him, he says, that matters had gone too far to be settled in that fashion, and that he now must face an action in court.

The attachment between Parker and Mrs. Chisolm is alleged to have been formed in the summer of 1918, when both families had cottages for the season at Culver's Lake, N. J. As soon as Chisolm heard about it, he says, he and his wife and Parker talked things over cooly and decided unanimously that the affair must go no further.

There were many of these conferences in the months that followed, he says, to some of which Mrs. Parker, who is separated from her husband, was a party. Chisolm declares that Parker was prolific in promises, but never seemed to be able to resist the fascination Mrs. Chisolm had for him.

Weather Report

Sun rises... 4.55 a.m. Sun sets... 7.08 p.m.
Moon rises... 9.34 p.m. Moon sets... 10.41 a.m.

Note.—The above figures are standard time and not New York State time.

Local Forecast—Partly cloudy to-day and to-morrow; not much change in temperature; gentle variable winds, mostly east and southeast.

Local Official Record—The following official record shows temperatures during the last twenty-four hours in comparison with the corresponding date of last year:

	1920.	1919.		1920.	1919.
3 a.m....	65	67	3 p.m....	77	77
6 a.m....	65	64	6 p.m....	76	76
9 a.m....	68	69	9 p.m....	71	72
12 noon...	72	78	10 p.m....	68	70

Highest, 80 degrees (at 4.30 p. m.); lowest, 64 degrees (at 5.15 a. m.); average, 72 degrees; average same date last year, 72 degrees; average same date for thirty-three years, 74 degrees.

Humidity

8 a.m.... 76 | 1 p.m.... 73 | 8 p.m.... 59

Barometer Readings

8 a.m.... 30.22 | 1 p.m.... 30.20 | 8 p.m.... 30.18

General Weather Conditions

WASHINGTON, Aug. 4.—Air pressure is high throughout the Eastern states and the great central valley and normal in other regions. No disturbance of importance appears within the field of observation.

There have been showers, however, in the south Atlantic states, the extreme upper Mississippi Valley and the central Rocky Mountain region.

Temperatures are above the normal over the Northwestern states and the Pacific states and normal in other parts of the country.

The outlook is for unsettled weather and local showers in the south Atlantic and east Gulf states and the upper lake region and for generally fair weather elsewhere east of the Mississippi River, during Thursday and Friday.

No important temperature changes are indicated.

District Forecasts.—Southern New England, eastern New York, New Jersey, Delaware, eastern Pennsylvania, Maryland—Partly cloudy to-day and to-morrow. Not much change in temperature.

JOHN WANAMAKER

Broadway at Ninth, New York *Telephone Stuyvesant 4700* *Store Hours 9 to 5*

The Wheelbarrow, the Anvil and the Hammer

and sometimes the furnace have had much to do in shaping the lives of some of us to be of use in the world.

Hardly any young fellow enjoys the processes—while undergoing them—by which we find out the measure of ourselves and get on the safe roads marked out by the wisdom and costly experiences of others who have struggled on before us.

There are some leaves that do not give their sweetest perfume until crushed by our hands.

Many beautiful things, like the porcelains, come to us through fires.

(Signed) John Wanamaker

August 5, 1920.

Terra Cotta Garden Pottery from Italy

NOW *AU QUATRIEME*

Italian oil jars of terra cotta are the perfect jardinieres for box or orange trees for the garden of formal pretensions or for the terrace of classic simplicity.

The smaller jars fitted to overflowing with flowers are very beautiful.

The dignity of the age-old designs is retained in these modern jars.

A large jar of the terra cotta, $15—a tub in whose dignified lines lies its beauty, $10—a larger one is $30.

A large green glazed jar suggests the Greek or Roman amphora, $75.

A large, wide mouthed tub on a pedestal, which is decorated with an elaborate Florentine design, is $60; a slightly smaller, more tapering tub as elaborately designed is $50.

Fourth floor, Old Building.

Women's

Suits of Silk Shantung, $25

SILK Shantung—not the cottony Shantung usually seen at this price. 75 suits, our own selection, eight styles, the strictly tailored kind, all belted, with little variations in collar and pocket; sizes 34 to 44.

The skirts are plain two-piece, with pockets corresponding to the pockets of the coats.

Second floor, Old Building.

Mid-season Wraps

Sizes 34 to 44

An unusual purchase at very moderate prices

CAPE WRAPS of black tricotine, $50; very fine quality; long stole collar of quilted black satin reaching bottom of wrap; lined throughout with black satin.

Black and white checked wraps are fashioned of a wool basket weave which is very stunning.

AN EVENING WRAP of satin, embroidered in a bold design and with generous shawl collar, is $90. The evening cape of tricolette, similarly fashioned, is $60. Both are in Copenhagen blue. A luxurious gray tricolette shawl-collared cape, edged with silk duvetyn, is $110.

Second floor, Old Building.

2,934 pairs of our finer Shoes for women, $8.75 pair

A price so low, it should sell them all today

They are all this season's shoes—pumps and oxfords, very well made, sizes 2½ to 8, in AAA to D widths—not in every style, of course, but several choices in every size.

There are hundreds of pairs suitable for wear out-of-doors well into Fall, and hundreds of pairs light and graceful enough for indoor wear all through the winter. The largest individual groups are—

Black calfskin oxfords with Cuban or military heels....Tan calfskin oxfords and four-eyelet ties with welted soles and Cuban heels. Patent leather and dull black calfskin pumps with low Louis XV. heels....Black suede pumps with Louis XV. heels....Brown kidskin pumps with Louis XV. heels....Black kidskin oxfords.

The Shoe Store will be a profitable place to visit today

First floor, Old Building.

Special Purchase of Philippine Lingerie

2,500 pieces at $2.75 each—very much less than we have been selling the same grades for.

NIGHTGOWNS, embroidered or trimmed with drawn-work in Calado designs; sleeveless or kimono sleeve model; necklines are round, square or V shaped.

CHEMISES of the envelope type with round or bodice top, daintily embroidered or trimmed with drawn-work. Shoulder straps of the material.

CORSET COVERS with the round neckline; similarly embroidered.

All of white nainsook.

Main and Third Floor, Old Building.

Remnants of Summer Cottons

Remnants of goods call for remnants of prices. So, 25c to $1.25 yard for these.

Printed voiles, organdies, linens, ratines, dimities, silk and cotton mixtures, novelty voiles, swisses.

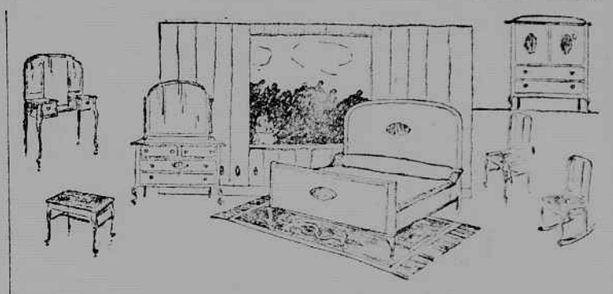
Main floor, Old Building.

Closing Out Ruffled Curtains

196 pairs in nine styles—plain white or with borders of rose or blue—4 to 35 pairs of each style—$1.70 to $3.25 pair.

These prices are half what we have had to sell these grades of curtains for all season.

Fourth Gallery, New Bldg.



The helpfulness of its economies in the kind of Furniture wanted by people who are making happy homes lifts the August Furniture Sale above all others.

Why do people in homes near and remote mark the month of August in a ring of red to remind them of the Wanamaker Furniture Sale?

BECAUSE in August at Wanamaker's is assembled a stock of furniture representing the best American producers in all grades at the lowest prices for which such furniture may be bought, at or near that time, anywhere.

Have YOU ever realized that?

We have done this for years. And the people's purchases in August have grown year by year. Each August more and more real home-makers come and find here just the furniture they want, and pocket the good savings they make. This year the Sale opened with a very large increase of business over last August.

What follows? Why, a keener desire on the part of furniture manufacturers to avail themselves of this quick, broadening channel of distribution. We get better terms. Our suggestions for improvement in designs and workmanship are adopted. We can serve the people

--with better furniture --and greater economies

This we are doing today.

You will not see so large and varied a stock of absolutely good furniture anywhere else in New York—nor such substantial savings.

500 of our Burlington Arcade Suits at the lowest price of the season—$32.50

Today

Stock-taking helped us to round up the broken lines, and in these broken lines fathers and sons will find something well worth while.

Sizes, in some instances, are broken; but there are regulars, longs and shorts in the lot. We're sorry, but there are no stouts.

Every man who knows Wanamaker clothing knows how well we choose fabrics and patterns; and these suits will fulfill every expectation on that score.

Burlington Arcade floor, New Building.

Many men have been on the lookout for

A Sale of Fine SILK SHIRTS

That offers something unusual

True; lines are broken. Otherwise, how could you expect to get heavy broadcloth silks, and the very fine radium silks with satin stripes, at this price?....Even so, there is a fine lot here—fine in quality, and in patterns that are seldom seen in the cheaper grades. Ready today at.....

$7.85

(Tax 49c).

The second lot is still lower in price, and not so heavy in quality. These consist of baby broadcloths, heavy Shantung silks, and white silk jersey—and the patterns are the better kinds. The sale price of this lot is just about equal to the cost of good cotton shirts.....

$5.85

(Tax 29c)

Today, Burlington Arcade floor, New Building.