No cold water baths outdoors for us, now the sun is low.

Coats of rain-proofed cloths are too easy to find around our stores—cloths all wool to start with, proofed by the real Cravenette process, and cut and made just as carefully as any other of our Fall overcoats.

$18 to $35.

ROGERS, PEET & COMPANY.

Three Broadway Stores.

258 at Warren st. | 842 at 13th st. | 1260 at 32nd st.

COP SAYS BISHOP HAD A GUN.

SNAPPED IT TWICE IN COP'S FACE AND SPENT NIGHT IN CELL.

Wind Up of the Hottest Incident of a Factional Fight Among Syrians—The Bishop's Friends Declare That He Is a Man of Peace and Convent Bred.

Bishop Raphael Hawaweenie of the Syrian Greek Church, who got mixed up in a pistol battle in Brooklyn late on Monday night and was locked up in a cell, was held in $1,000 bail in the Butler street police court yesterday morning for felonious assault. Policeman Nallin declared that the Bishop had snapped a pearl handled revolver at him and had actually fired it at others. The Bishop denied this, and seemed to be terribly hurt that he should be taken for a man behind a gun. His followers, who crowded the court, said the Bishop had spent most of his life behind a convent's walls and didn't know how to use a gun.

The pistol fight, which aroused the neighborhood about Court and Pacific streets, Brooklyn's Little Syria, is the hottest incident yet in the factional war among the Syrians. The Bishop is the head of the church in this country. He wears a long silky beard and a large cross, and his episcopal mien is essentially peaceful. From his pulpit, his followers declare, he has said he would walk among his enemies unarmed, as Christ did among his enemies. It is all very difficult, therefore, for the Syrian friends of the Bishop to understand how the Bishop ever could have been caught with a gun, much less trying to do murder with it.

The Bishop has been ten years in this country, having been sent over to build up the church here. Before that he was in a Syrian convent. He is not under the Czar, but he has a certificate from the latter of which he is very proud. His friends say that knowing this his enemies during the recent war have been referring to him "the Russian." Everything went smoothly with the Bishop until he started to pitch into the Syrian newspaper *El Houda*, which ever since has been carrying on a campaign against him.

Many clashes between the Syrian factions have occurred in both boroughs, but never before has the Bishop been mixed up in them. A month ago a number of Syrians opposed to the Bishop complained in a long letter to Commissioner McAdoo that the Bishop had collected some of his followers in Brooklyn and that a table in the meeting place had been stacked with arms for his defense, at the bidding of the Bishop. Inspector Cross found that the charge was baseless. He learned from parishioners of the Bishop's daily admonition to his followers to turn the other cheek, and decided that the Bishop was peaceful.

According to the Bishop, he has been warned repeatedly that he would be assassinated, but he has gone about unarmed. When he heard on Monday night that one of his friends, Nicolo Ambrousamva, had been assaulted while returning from Manhattan by two unknown men and was at his home, 114 Pacific street, with a badly bruised head, the Bishop hastened thither to pray over him.

The Bishop left the house near midnight attended by friends. Shortly afterward, Policeman Nallin says, he heard shots rattle. They came from all directions. There were groups on both sides of Pacific street and they all seemed to be mixing it up, with now and then the flash of a gun to add to the excitement. Nallin says he saw two men break away. He gave chase. One of them was the Bishop, who was hot-footing it toward home. Nallin grabbed the episcopal coat tails. It was then, Nallin avers, that the Bishop turned around and shoved a pearl handled pistol in his face. He snapped it twice, but it didn't go off.

The police found that one man had been shot in the thigh. Although he said he was a friend of the Bishop, they charged the Bishop and five others with shooting him. In vain did many of the Bishop's flock beseech the police to spare the head of their church from being subjected to such an indignity as being locked up in a cell. The police refused even to allow him to be bailed. In court yesterday the case was put down for a hearing on Sept. 28.

Friends of the Bishop who gathered at his house at 320 Pacific street yesterday afternoon seemed almost prostrated over the affair. The Bishop refused to be seen.

"The Bishop," said his sister-in-law, "has spent most of his life in a convent. He does not know how to hold a revolver or a sword, and if he did carry a pistol he would have to go back to the convent. He is convinced that last night's attack was a plot to assassinate him, but he tells us to remember what Christ did, and when in the midst of enemies he will not let us do anything for him. He saw the men gathering and some of them passed him and insulted him, but he kept right on until they suddenly began shooting. Then he ran.

"In Turkey, where we have lived, they do not put a Bishop in a cell; even the Mohammedans, who do not like us, would not do it. They give him a special room or hold him in a convent. But the police here put our Bishop in a cell and refused to let us get him out. Do you think they would lock up your Bishops that way?"

According to the Bishop's friends those who are attacking him belong chiefly to the Maronites, as the Catholic Syrians are called. The Maronites, the Bishop's friends said, were envious of his success in building up his church in Brooklyn and in getting a cemetery. It was said yesterday that there would be a complete vindication of the Bishop at the hearing and an airing of the troubles of the colony.

The Bishop with his lawyer and a dozen of his friends went to Police Headquarters yesterday afternoon to ask protection of Commissioner McAdoo. As the Commissioner was out of town they saw Deputy Commissiner McAvoy, who told the Bishop that he would do all he could for him.

FLINT'S FINE FURNITURE

FOUNDED 1840 "FLINT QUALITY"

Suites and Individual Pieces for Dining and Breakfast Room

¶ "Flint Quality" Furniture is no more expensive than indifferently built, poorly designed imitations.

¶ Sixty-five years of Furniture building for a discerning clientele has been a stimulus toward the maintenance of the high standards upon which this business was founded in New York in 1840.

¶ The present Autumn Offering of Flint built suites and individual pieces for the Dining or Breakfast Room will please the most fastidious of our Patrons.

GEO. C. FLINT CO.

WEST 23rd STREET

PRIZE BELL BOY VANISHED.

Proprietor of the Montclair Short $100 in Change—Guests' Belongings Saved.

Up to noon on Monday, Willie, the bell boy, was the pride of the Montclair, an apartment hotel at 541 Lexington avenue, but now there is a price on his head. Yesterday D. George White, the manager of the hotel, called at THE SUN office to tell how this trusted employee had betrayed his confidence and vanished with $100 of his money.

Willie, whose full name is William A. Valleise, came to the hotel about three weeks ago from Ward's Island, where he had been errand boy for one of the chief physicians. He had an impressive line of references and from his looks and general demeanor Mr. White judged that he had drawn a prize. He was so neat and so affable, and then he had such winning ways. He was good looking, too, in spite of the half dozen or more quite red pimples on his chin. In fact he made so good an impression on Mr. White that he soon began to send him to the bank every day to make deposits and to get checks cashed.

On Monday morning Willie went to the bank as usual. Besides making the deposit he was instructed to get a check cashed for $100 in change. He obeyed the instructions to the letter. The only thing Mr. White kicks about is that he failed to return with the cash.

"After he disappeared," said the manager, "I began to hear things about him. The housekeeper told me she had caught him going through the bureau in a guest's room. Then the other employees said Willie had boasted of being a sport and claimed membership in the Kelly gang. I next discovered that he had lied to me about his family and where they lived. And, worst of all, I found out that he smoked cigarettes."

Mr. White reported the disappearance of Willie to the police of the East Fifty-first street station and at Headquarters, and a general alarm has been sent out for him. Mr. White offers a reward of $25 to anyone who will catch the boy and lock him up.

OBSTETRICIANS MEET.

Eminent Practitioners Talk Over the Difficulties of Their Work.

Sixty Fellows of the American Association of Obstetricians and Gynecologists and about 200 other physicians attended the first day's session of the annual meeting at the Hotel Astor yesterday. The association is international and is limited to 100 members. The papers were all on particularly unusual phases of the diseases and operation under discussion. It was commented upon by those who were interested in noting how far specialization has been carried that a number of the most eminent practitioners in this country and Europe declined to participate in the discussions now and then, saying:

"I fear I so lack experience in that particular matter that my views would be of no value."

The address of welcome was delivered by Dr. G. B. Fowler of this city, who contrasted the state of the medical profession to-day with that of the early '70s. Dr. C. A. L. Reed of Cincinnati in reply said that the men developed in the '70s were the great men of the profession. They had not been coddled to sleep by having study made easy for them.

Papers were read by Dr. O. H. Elbrecht of St. Louis, Dr. Robert T. Morris of New York, Dr. Walter B. Chase of Brooklyn, Dr. W. B. Dorsett of St. Louis, Dr. J. F. W. Whitbeck of Rochester, Dr. Francis Reber of St. Louis, Dr. Joseph Price of Philadelphia, Dr. H. E. Hayd of Buffalo, Dr. William J. Gillette of Toledo, Dr. X. O. Werder of Pittsburg and Dr. E. J. Ill of Newark.

Among the speakers at the banquet of the association to-night will be Major L. L. Seaman, who has just returned from observing surgical methods in the Japanese army in the field, President David Lewis of the State Board of Health, and Dr. L. S. McMurtry of Louisville, president of the American Medical Association.

STRUCK FROM BEHIND.

Postmaster Ripberger of L. I. City Badly Hurt—He Wins at Primaries.

The police of Long Island City are searching for the man or men who assaulted Postmaster George Ripberger on Monday night while he was on his way home from a political meeting in Astoria. The postmaster was knocked unconscious from a blow on the head. When he revived he made his way to the office of Dr. Fitch, where he stayed until yesterday morning. He was taken home in a carriage.

Mr. Ripberger has not been able to give any definite information about the assault on him. Yesterday morning when he seemed conscious for a minute or so, he said to his wife, who was bending over him, asking him if he knew her: "Struck from behind, and I'm hurt." The words were barely distinguishable and they are the only ones which the postmaster had uttered connectedly up to that time."

Drs. B. G. Strong, New and Platt were in consultation yesterday with Prof. Burnside of Manhattan, and unless a big improvement is shown by this morning an operation will be performed to relieve the pressure on the postmaster's brain. It is thought that a piece of bone was driven against the brain.

If Mr. Ripberger was the victim of a strong arm man, there was no attempt to rob him, as the money and jewelry on his person were untouched. While he has been the Republican leader in the First ward of Queens, Ripberger has led several lively fights against efforts to displace him. At yesterday's primaries Thomas H. Burden made the fight to down Ripberger, but the latter won, getting the delegates from nineteen districts out of thirty-two in his ward.

ROW WITH SISTER'S BOARDER

ACTOR GOES TO COURT WITH AND WITHOUT DAMAGED FACE.

Keane Backed Up Young Girl Who Barred Her Uncle Out, Then Hales Uncle to Court on an Assault Charge—Mason Still Has to Get Value for $5 Fine.

Robert E. Keane of 114 West Seventy-third street appeared in the West Side court yesterday morning to accuse Samuel H. Mason, who lives at the Hotel Mount Morris, Third avenue and 130th street, of assault. Mason is a contractor and is also interested in mining ventures. Keane is an actor employed by Frederick Proctor.

The face Keane presented for Magistrate Moss's inspection would have wrung tears from a stone image. A trip hammer wouldn't have disfigured him much more than Mason's fist had, apparently.

The cause of the row wasn't very clear. Mason has a sister, a Mrs. Brown, who keeps the boarding house where Keane lives. She is now ill, and her brother says he has been ordered to stay away from the house by Mrs. Brown's daughter Lillie, who is a beautiful girl about 20 years old. Mason persisted in trying to enter the house on Monday evening and Keane backed up Lillie in keeping him out. In the resulting quarrel Keane said he was murderously assaulted by Mason.

Mason told the Magistrate that he went to see his sister about a mining deal that would have netted her $50,000. He considered that he had a perfect right to enter her house. Magistrate Moss took one look at Keane's face, however, and held Mason for trial in $500 bail.

In the meantime Mason's brother, Joseph, had been an interested witness. He had his doubts about Keane's picturesquely damaged face. Joseph has a square jaw and notions of his own, so after the party left court he got a physician and went to Mrs. Brown's house, determined that his brother should not be punished merely on appearances.

Keane refused to submit to an examination, and an argument ensued. Gregory Allen, a brother actor, backed up Keane, and finally it was agreed that Keane's own doctor should assist in the examination. Mason, however, could not contain himself during the wait for the physician and smote Allen, whereupon the latter caused his arrest.

There was one outcome of the row. Keane washed his face and later appeared in court minus his decorations of the morning. The only visible sign of an assault that remained was a tiny black mark under his eye. He was careful to stay in the rear of the court room. Magistrate Moss fined Mason $5. He paid his fine and walked out of court with his teeth clenched very tightly and an angry light in his eye.

"I'll bet I get my $5 worth," he said.

SILVER SOLD TOO CHEAP.

Merchant Wants Police to Catch Man Whom They Probably Had and Let Go.

Sterling silverware has been sold recently to jewelers along Eighth and Columbus avenues at prices so far below the usual wholesale figures as to cause a flurry in the trade, and several Maiden lane houses sent up men to investigate. The police were asked yesterday by J. J. Rolleston of 41 Maiden lane, who represents a silver company of Newburyport, Mass., to look for one of the salesmen of the concern who has failed to return his samples, which included two cases filled with knives, forks, spoons, napkin rings, egg cups and novelties.

Mr. Rolleston says that silverware samples have been sold to several jewelers. As an instance of the prices he says that four napkin rings went for $4, which was the wholesale price of one. By following up the trail, Mr. Rolleston says, he bought back at a comparatively small outlay all of the goods except one lot valued at $40.

A man now supposed to have been the salesman was taken into custody by a detective several days ago in the jewelry store of Jacob Rosenkranz, at 554 Columbus avenue, and was released for lack of evidence. The policemen went to the store in response to a telephone message from Mr. Rosenkranz.

"There is a man here with 125 ounces of silver that he offers me at 40 cents a pound," said Mr. Rosenkranz to the police. "The silver is worth at least 48 cents a ounce as junk."

When the salesman was taken to the station at 100th street he showed an order book of the Newburyport concern, in which were the signatures of several jewelers who had bought goods in the usual way at ordinary prices. He also had the company's catalogues and altogether he showed records so regular that the police let him go with apologies.

Aged Actress Gravely Ill.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., Sept. 19.—Mrs. Charles Walcott, the actress, is suffering from a paralytic stroke at her summer home north of Rhinebeck. Mrs. Walcott is about 70 years of age and her condition is serious. She was preparing to go back to the stage next week. Her husband, who is also an actor, is with her.

On account of Mrs. Walcott's illness neither she nor her husband will be able to appear in "The Embassy Ball," Augustus Thomas's new play, in which Lawrence D'Orsay is to star. It was said last night that Mrs. Walcott was rallying from the effects of the stroke as well as could be expected.

Wife of McCaddon, Circus Man, Dead.

The wife of Dr. William F. Harper of 324 St. Nicholas avenue yesterday received a telegram from London saying that her sister-in-law, Mrs. William McCaddon, the wife of the circus man who recently was stranded in France, died yesterday of heart disease. The McCaddons formerly lived in Pelham.

W. L. DOUGLAS

THE BEST $3.50 SHOES FOR MEN

W. L. Douglas makes and sells more men's $3.50 shoes than any other manufacturer in the world.

$10,000 REWARD

W. L. Douglas $3.50 shoes have by their excellent style, easy fitting and superior wearing qualities, achieved the largest sale of any $3.50 shoe in the world. They are just as good as those that cost you $5 to $7—the only difference is the price. If I could take you into my factory at Brockton, Mass., the largest in the world under one roof making men's fine shoes, and show you the infinite care with which every pair of Douglas shoes is made, you would realize why W. L. Douglas $3.50 shoes are the best shoes produced anywhere.

If I could show you the difference between the shoes made in my factory and those of other makes, you would understand why Douglas $3.50 shoes cost more to make, why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of greater intrinsic value than any other $3.50 shoe on the market to-day.

BEST FOR STYLE, COMFORT AND WEAR.

"Having worn all kinds of shoes, have decided that your $3.50 shoes are absolutely the best for style, comfort and wear that I have ever worn. It gives me great pleasure to recommend them to my friends."

J. J. HALLORAN, Plumber, 241 W. 125th St.

BOYS' SCHOOL AND DRESS SHOES, $2.00 AND $1.75.

Boys wear them because they fit better, hold their shape, and wear longer than any other makes. Just like W. L. Douglas men's $3.50 shoes, the same styles and the same leathers for $2.00 and $1.75.

Only Best Color Eyelets used; they will not wear brassy.

CAUTION.—None genuine without W. L. Douglas name and price stamped on bottom. Take no substitute. Sold in W. L. Douglas exclusive shoe stores in the principal cities, and by the best shoe dealers everywhere.

Write for Illustrated Catalog of Fall Styles. Shoes by mail or express prepaid for 25 cents extra. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

W. L. Douglas Shoe Stores in Greater New York:

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2202 Third Avenue, cor. 120th St.
2770 Third Ave., bet. 146th & 147th Sts.
356 Sixth Avenue, corner 22d Street.
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BROOKLYN.

708-710 Broadway, cor. Thornton St.
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California, Oregon, and Washington, splendid in their climatic and health-building conditions, offer the opportunity of a life-time for building up a new home.

Strictly first-class round-trip tickets are on sale daily from all points. Rate, from Chicago to San Francisco and Los Angeles, Oct. 17th to 23, $62.50. To Portland and Puget Sound, daily during September, $56.50.

One-way Colonist tickets are on sale daily, Sept. 15th to Oct. 31st, at the rate of $33.00 from Chicago, with correspondingly low rates from all points. Daily and

Personally Conducted Excursions

on which a double berth in a Pullman tourist sleeping car from Chicago costs only $8.00. All agents sell tickets via the Chicago, Union Pacific and North-Western Line.

If you want to know how to reach this land where the climate is mild and where labor is never oppressed by stress of weather, how much it costs to go and what you can do when you get there, send 4 cents for books, maps, time tables and full information.

D. W. ALDRIDGE, 461 Broadway, New York.

P. C. 122.

FLUNG DRIVER OFF BRIDGE.

Runaway at Highest Part of Williamsburg Structure Causes Man's Death.

William A. Funsch, 35 years old, of 24 Kane street, Brooklyn, a driver for the Williamsburg News Company, was instantly killed yesterday morning by being thrown from one of the highest points of the Manhattan approach to the Williamsburg bridge to the street. Funsch's runaway horse caused the accident.

Funsch started across the bridge with his wagon, bound for this borough, at about 9 o'clock. Half way across the horse took fright and bolted. Funsch wasn't flustered in the least. He whoaed a little and pulled on the reins, but the horse wouldn't stop.

The horse was well on its way to the Delancey street approach when Funsch decided that the runaway was getting the better of him. Then he stood up to get a firmer hold on the reins. Just then the right hind wheel of the wagon struck the curb and slid against the iron railing. The shock flung Funsch forward and pitched him completely over the guard rail. He fell 125 feet to the street.

Funsch fell at the corner of Cannon and Lewis streets. As his body whirled through the air a number of persons saw it and fled in all directions.

Policeman Huntington of the Bridge squad saw Funsch fall. He sent in a call for an ambulance from Gouverneur Hospital. Then he sent in a call for the police reserves. The reserves had their hands full preserving order, as Funsch's body struck near the open air market which runs along Delancey street. Scores of pushcarts were overturned in the anxiety of their owners to see what had happened. It took the police an hour to get conditions back to the normal.

The ambulance surgeon said that Funsch was instantly killed. The body was taken to the Delancey street station, where it was identified by his union card in Local 11, Newshandlers' Association. Later the body was removed to Funsch's home in Brooklyn.

The horse was not injured. A policeman rang the electric runaway alarm, and when the runaway reached the end of the bridge the emergency gate had been swung across the exit. The horse ran into it and stopped.

GEORGE BADER A SUICIDE.

For Years He Kept the Best Known Roadhouse in Brooklyn.

George Bader, proprietor of Bader's Hotel, the famous roadhouse at the Park Circle and Coney Island Boulevard, opposite Prospect Park, Brooklyn, committed suicide yesterday afternoon by inhaling gas. He was found dead in his bathroom on the second floor by one of the servants, with a rubber tube connected with the gas jet in his mouth.

Although Mr. Bader had of late been somewhat depressed in spirits by a falling off in his business and had suffered considerably from a compound fracture of his left arm, caused by a fall from his front stoop about six weeks ago, there was no suspicion that he contemplated suicide. When Mrs. Bader went downtown on a shopping tour in the morning she left her husband apparently in a more cheerful condition than he had been for several days.

Bader's roadhouse had for twenty years been the most popular resort for horsemen, automobilists and bicyclists on their way to and from Coney Island. Mr. Bader, who succeeded his father in business, was well liked by his customers, and he was familiar with all the big men of Brooklyn for the past generation. His two daughters, who have frequently appeared in children's parts in amateur theatricals, and who are noted for their beauty, are at present in the country with friends. Charles Bader and Fred Bader, his brothers, are also in the roadhouse business.

James McCreery & Co.

Ladies' Suits.

Black and blue Cheviot and grey Tweed Suits. With close or semi-fitting long Coats.

24.50

Panama Cloth Walking Skirts. Circular or gored model.

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MONEY TO LOAN in any amount from $1.00 to $1,000—upon pledge of personal property, such as diamonds and other precious stones, jewelry, watches, chains, silverware, clothing, furs, &c.

INTEREST RATES: 1% a month on sums under $250; on sums of $250 and over a rate of 10% per annum; on loans repaid within two weeks, ½%.

Loans may be repaid in installments.

LOANING OFFICES: 279 Fourth av., corner 22d st.; 186 Eldridge st., corner Rivington; 119 West 42d st.; 105 East 125th st.

Separate Women's Department.

B&B Patent Spring Collars For Well-Dressed Men 2 for 25

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Store Closes at 5:30 P. M.

The AUTOPIANO, $485

It Makes Musicians of Us All

Think of securing this beautiful instrument, together with the ability to play perfectly any music that you desire, for the price of many pianos which you couldn't play at all—and on terms that make the purchase practically as easy as though you were only paying rent for it.

The manfacturers of the Autopiano still believe that it should be sold for $600. But we would rather sell a hundred Autopianos at $485 each, than ten at $600—so we made a price that makes competition impossible; and at the same time puts it within the reach of hundreds of homes that would not like to assume the payment of six hundred dollars.

Do you realize what a wonderful difference it will make in the enjoyment your family will have this Winter, if you buy an Autopiano?

Do you know what a small amount of cash it takes to put an Autopiano in your home, and how little the monthly payments need be? You'll probably be surprised to learn—and you'll admit that you would be foolish to do without it.

COME TODAY and hear the Autopiano—and learn how easy it is to buy it.

Informal Musicale

Special demonstrations of Self-Playing Pianos, together with frequent Vocal Selections by

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All are invited. Piano Store, Fifth floor.

Men's Cravenette Raincoats

Every man owns a raincoat nowadays, as a matter of course. The question is to find the coat that looks best under all conditions—rain or shine.

Our aim is to make the raincoat look as smart and dressy as the toppiest topcoat. There is the same style and character, the same fit and shapeliness about the collar, shoulders and lapels of our raincoats, that you expect in the dressiest topcoat—only the raincoat is made longer, *and of rainproof materials.*

Exactly the same workmen produce both—that's the secret, as well as the proof.

New Raincoats, of handsome Oxford-mixed worsteds, at $15, $20, $25 and $30. In regular, stout and slim sizes.

Second floor, Fourth avenue.

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In the smart materials, in the good styles, in the fashionable effect — *that's where good taste shows.*

Good tailoring and good taste:

Of melton and tweeds, seven-gore with plaited panels, at $4 and $4.50.

Of tweed, melton and Panama cloth; seven-gore with side-plaited flounces; others with fifty-seven side-plaits; at $5 and $6.

Of cheviot and Panama cloth; thirteen-gore with plaited flounce effect; nine-gore plaited, or with sixty-three side-plaits; at $7 and $7.50.

Of cloth, Panama cloth and cheviot mixtures; four-gore, with double side-plaits, trimmed with buttons and straps; nine-gore, plaited below hips, finished with stitched straps; others with plaited panels; at $9 and $9.50.

Of voile in blue and black, with fine side-plaits or side-and-box plaits; finished with plaits or trimmed with taffeta silk. Taffeta silk-lined. $17.50, $22.50 and $25.

Second floor, Broadway.

HANDKERCHIEFS From Belfast

The most careful Irish linen mills made these—therefore their fine, superior quality.

Made them in dull seasons, by our orders—therefore their low, exceedingly low prices.

Under-Price

At 12½c each—Women's Unlaundered Hemstitched Handkerchiefs; floral and butterfly design with hand-embroidered initials.

At 12½c each — Women's Full Laundered Handkerchiefs, with narrow hems and small block initials; plain or with wreath.

At 25c each — Women's Fancy Handkerchiefs, with wreath or small plain letter; openwork or solid embroidery.

At 25c each — Men's Fine Linen Handkerchiefs, with large openwork letter, or small script letter; full laundered.

And these from France:

Also a small lot of Women's Colored French Handkerchiefs—850 in all—silk-and-linen; regular 25c handkerchiefs, at 12½c each.

Tenth street Elevator Table.

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Original editions of recent fiction—amusing, absorbing, tender or thrilling. The public has already approved of every one.

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THE ISSUES OF LIFE. By Mrs. John Van Vorst.
THE WHIP HAND. By Samuel Merwin.
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THE FUGITIVE. By Ezra S. Brudno.
THE GREAT ADVENTURER. By Robert Shackleton.
THE GORDON ELOPEMENT. By Carolyn Wells and Harry Persons Taber.
CONFESSIONS OF A CLUB WOMAN. By Agnes Surbridge.
THE SPOILS OF EMPIRE. By Francis Newton Thorpe.
THE VOICE IN THE DESERT. By Pauline Bradford Mackie.

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