

CORNERING A BRAW LADDIE

HARRY LAUDER, SCOTCH COMEDIAN, A WAE BIT SKEIGH.

Which Makes an Interview With Him Hard to Get—But Here Are His Opinions on Kilts, Soldier Boys, Respect to Celebrities and Marriage.

Harry Lauder, the Scottish comedian, is killed on the everyday programme as "The Man Who Made King Edward Laugh." For the use of the profession of letters it may be said here that King Edward certainly never tried to interview Mr. Lauder or that touching phrase would never, never, never have been written.

It was remembered in those wit of the stairway moments, when one recalls the bright things that no one said, that when in the seclusion of the Morris vaudeville emporium it was suggested that an interview with Mr. Henry McLennan Lauder might please the millions of those hearers who had joined King Edward there was a sudden black silence in the busy hum of speech; that the telephone girl gave her seventh puff a wae to the right, the office boy stopped whistling "There's No Sorrow There, Jean," and secretaries, employees and the incorporated company looked steadily out of the window into the maelstrom of Broadway.

Finally some brave lad broke the silence in a weak voice that suggested the need of cough syrup. He used a hastily improvised dialect to make his assertion carry weight.

"You'll find Mr. Lauder a braw laddie to interview."

They call him Mr. Lauder in the office of the company.

The heads all came back to their original positions at this, and the top of the firm made a memorandum on the paper pad at his side that the young man's salary should be raised 25 cents a week, with transfers to and fro.

"Yes, indeed," came the chorus, following the lead given, "he's a braw laddie to interview."

"He may be a mite unpoonctual," confessed one, as if he didn't want to make out their star as being without any human frailties whatever, "but sair kind at heart."

"And talk," came from a far corner. "He's an unco talker when he gets started. He may be a wae bit skeigh in the beginning, but you'll know how to put him at his ease." The speaker slipped a Scotch glossary into his pocket and drummed "The Campbells Are Coming" on the desk in front of him.

Other assertions given with feverish earnestness by the office staff and waiting applicants in the halls and on the stairs as to the absolute pliability of the Scotch laddie to the lassie of the hunter might have aroused suspicion in any except a believing and trustful mind. Shakespeare had a presentiment of such a situation when he remarked "Mothinks, my Lord, thou dost protest too much," but the protestations were taken at face value.

"Hoot mon, Harry has failed to keep his tryst," you moan mournfully over the telephone later when the appointed hour has ticked itself into another and that other into still another.

There is an embarrassed cough and the voice of a Morris brother says with a purring softness, as one who would soothe ruffled plumage:

"I give you my word we got him all right. We had two men up there last night, one this morning. He was perfectly gentle at last accounts and promised to answer any questions that were not of too strictly personal a nature. He don't care a bawbee for personalities. Keep on the wire and we'll find out what's the trouble."

A little later: "He says he's been annoyed. A newspaper man called him Harry."

"And is that all?"

"Well, there's that sign in the foyer of the American. It's pretty hard, you must admit, for a man to go by that twice a day and read how he is insured for \$61,500, over 12,000 pun sterling, and keep his kilts on straight, now isn't it? But you lie low, call us up every five minutes and we'll get him yet. But we're walking on eggs. Honest, I'm just scunner'd, as they say in the lan' o' scones. I wish it was possible for a chap to have genius and a little rummugumshin besides, but they don't seem to travel along together, lassie."

At the same hour the next day, in the year 1908, fog and east wind. A hoarse voice: "Listen, but don't let it get out. Something's happened to Mr. Lauder!"

"Automobile? No, but listen and don't let it get out."

"Well, what is it? He hasn't broken his contract?"

"Broken his five billion dollars a week contract, insured for 800,000 pun sterling at Lloyd's during his engagement? 'Nether guess oomin', lassie."

"Well—"



HARRY LAUDER.

"It's Andrew Carnegie." "The Laird o' Skeeboo?" "Same. Brae yeiril agin the wall. Listen and don't let it get out. Are you ready? The Laird was at the matinee."

"In his kilts?" "No, but Har—Mr. Lauder was." "In the Laird's kilts?" "No, lassie, don't get kittle. In his own."

"Well, I hope he enjoyed it, but what's that to do with interviewing Mr. Lauder?" "The same day that he—I didn't tell you this—he talked to him."

"Talked to the Laird?" "Yep, after the mat. You see now, don't you? We've been on your side all along, but you couldn't expect to talk to him the same day that he talked with the Laird o' Skeeboo."

You are at the theatre at the hour appointed. Pictures of Lauder decorate the entrance fore and aft. The bulletin announcing his insurance draws the wandering eye.

The ever present staff who make frequent excursions to the stage door and the star's dressing rooms, to see that there is no danger of a final bark, call attention to Mr. Lauder's costumes, the famous kilts.



THE REAL THING IN BONNETS.

"Ain't much like the sheath skirts," one of them ventures. "They certainly are not. They are cut to show the eccentricities of Scottish anatomy and give a decided jolt to the prevailing Empire styles; they do not attempt to obviate Nature's shortcomings, but they are certainly popular, popular as Belasco's scenery, which never fails to get a certain call. They are applauded frequently. You cannot help remembering the prize limerick of a Scottish newspaper contest:

There was a young maiden of Wilt, Who went across Scotland on stilts, They said it was shocking to show as much stock in her.

She said, "What of you and your kilts?"

And they make you remember all sorts of other things—the famous drill of the Highlanders in the mornings at the Old Castle at Edinburgh, the swagger of the soldiers off duty down Glasgow street, and even of the little cemetery for the soldiers' dogs in a corner of the lower.

"It makes me think of home," says one Scottish lassie, as she watches Lauder

with swaggering chest and flying kilt dancing about the stage after he has sung his most popular ditty: I love a lassie, a bonny Heelan' lassie; She's as pure as a lily in the dell; She's as sweet as the heather, the bonny purple heather.

Mary, me Scotch bluebell, And in character of Mrs. Thompson told how the late deceased was very, very, very kind to me. He brought his wages home and threw them in my lap. He washed his face and drank his tea, and then—he took his wages back.

"Yes, it's the real home!" the Scotch lassie sobs, "where the heather blooms." Later when the tartan lilt is tracked to his plaid lair and found to be just the most amiable sort of good fellow he speaks in a broad Scotch of his studies of the "Heelan' soldiers, the "Too-mies," brothers of the Tommy Atkins of Kipling fame.

"I've never been a soldier boy, meself, but there ain't anything about them I don't know. Haee ye ever by chance seen them swaggering out o' kirk wi' their bunnets in their hand and then makin' a circular tour on Prince's street, Edinburgh, to return to the Old Castle for the noon drill?"

"There's few sights, lassie, in the world

sheep's wool, made right on the hills, and so thick and strong that a shepherd lad could carry water in it without spilling a drop. Here's a bit of McGregor—you've heard maybe that line, 'Me foot's on me native heath an' me name's McGregor.' Well, Mr. McGregor wore this tartan when he made that famous talk, as well as when he said 'Where McGregor sits, there's the head of the table,' to the pawlike pairson who was inquiring as to the location of that much coveted position. They're all fine suits and cost a muckle o' monny."

Mr. Lauder takes off his outer coat, a thick wad, and changes the position of the cutty pipe. "Lassies, I'm thinking as I look at that straw bawket holding the kilts of the time in the beginning before I was the real guy, as you say over here. I was just beginning my career then in Hamilton, a small town about ten miles from Glasg. Mony's the time I've packed me props in me bawket and because I was too poor to hire a porter carried it meself to and fro the station."

"I used to sing then for nothing, and proud was I and paid if I saw me name in the papers and me photograph along wi' it. I'm thinkin' this bald spot on me head's due to the humnun pun' weights I used to carry then. Well, I was happy. An' I was that afeard that folks wonna see me that I used to sport the white spats and the Irish frieze coat with big white buttons up and down the front and hae my hat set rakish like on me head and strut along."

"They were fine days. And when you get to be the real guy then some way you lose the power of enjoyment an' you steal down side streets so's not to be seen and you don't read the papers and it ain't just the same, lassie. Why is it? Not just the same."

"My first professional appearance was made at the Alhambra in the town of Aberdeen. I believe the place is a wax work now, and I hear I'm in it." Lauder smiles broadly and shifts the cutty again. "Yes, I'm a wax figure in the place. I started. I leave it to you if I'm not right in sayin' I'm the real guy. I believe it was me con-tem-po-rare, Mr. Anthony Hope, who said that it was the final mark of success to be a waxwork."

The Tivoli in London is referred to and Mr. Lauder adjusts the cutty to another smile.

"Yes, that was when I was anxious—one of the many experiences." "People who speak of Harry Lauder's phenomenal success tell of the time when he used to hang around the music hall and try to get a hearing from some one of the greats. He displayed a dogged perseverance, and day after day, in spite of 'jeers and sneers and tears and tears,' as he says in one of his songs, the Scotch comedian was on hand."

Finally his opportunity came. Some one dropped out of the bill at the last moment, and tearing his hair the stage manager inquired for "the danged Scotchman who was always hanging 'round and talking so that no one could understand a word o' his vile brogue."

Lauder was rushed on the stage and the staff waited fearfully for the ten minutes of riot that would ensue.

The ten minutes passed, but Lauder did not. He stayed on and on and on. In vain he was motioned to and sworn at from the wings. The gallery was with him and the house and after three-quarters of an hour of tumultuous applause Lauder came into his own.

Mr. Lauder admits that he does not



NAILED AT LAST.

attempt to Americanize any of his musical comedies and songs.

"That would be a great mistake, lassie. I'll illustrate. When I say something that me audience don't understand they look at each other and say 'What's that?' and when they get home they begin to argue and then—they they come back. That's keeping up the excitement and it's good business."

"You remember that Roosevelt said in speaking of the recent election that 'Taft was goin' to beat Bryan to a frooze. What argumint there was about that word frooze. Everybody was talking about it. I would have said in his place that he'd beat him to a frizzle, but it means the same thing, frizzle or frooze, ayther answers for the purpose."

"Speaking of Roosevelt—your customs over here strike a foreigner a bit sometimes. I was in Boston and a man said to me: 'I hear you entertained King Edward half an hour,' says he. 'I did, my mon,' I said. 'Well,' he said, 'before you go back you ought to entertain Roosevelt, he's the main guy, you know.' That's where I first heard that expression. Roosevelt was the main guy, the President of this great republic spoken of in that way! I was so surprised that when I stepped on the train there at Boston and some one else asked me where I was going next I said to America, meaning here to New York."

Mr. Lauder explains that although he's a de'il among the women folks on the

stage, and has more sweethearts there than you can count, in real life he is a family man with one son of 17, now in school in Scotland, and his wife accompanies him on his travels always.

"Lassie, you'll notice this," he says with another whiff at the cutty, "when a man is great it's because he was married young. You'll see the history of the world's famous men prove my statement. Ayther that—or he don't marry at all."

"What's the sense of my singing so much about women folks and having ladies' matinees unless I know what I'm talking about, and you can't know anything about women unless you marry one of 'em. Sweethearting is all right as a pawstime, but it's slightly deefener from the real business of life. There's no use speaking about a thing unless you've put your experience into words and your words into experience."

"I'm 38 now and I was married when I was 19, and I don't regret it. It made a mon of me at the outset. I'm for the airy marriage every time."

The call boy makes his second round and Mr. Lauder looks regretfully at the cutty pipe he puts away and says "Farewell, lassies." Then he sings softly to the accompaniment of your passing footsteps:

She's my Daisy, My bonny Daisy, She's as sweet as sugar candy, And she's very fond of Sandy, I would rather lose my spurs than lose my Daisy.



SOME LAUDER CHARACTERS.

Well, that narrow Russian sable stole she is wearing is to be built out to a broad, square collar in the back. We can match fur which has faded a little by using skins lighter in color than the original skin, and which maybe are not quite so handsome; for the darker the mink or the sable the better. Or we can combine it with blended or dyed skins matching perfectly.

"In silver fox skins, too, scarce because only about 2,000 are got in one year from both continents, the darkest skins are the most valuable. Here are two skins, for example, valued before they are made up at \$4,000. The fur it will be noticed is very soft and silky, in color a beautiful even dark brown till it reaches the tip of the tail, which is white."

"Here is another pair, which some women might prefer to the first because in the centre of the back they show a mottled darker and lighter brown; but they are valued at only \$1,200."

"The New York woman is different from almost any other I have met in this respect: If a fur is not becoming the fact that it is worth a tremendous amount of money doesn't seem to impress her. For example, a young woman came in the other day to choose a new set of furs. Her mother made it plain that she could have anything she wanted. The young woman chose a set of blue fox—a very beautiful collar and muff—solely because it was becoming."

"Not every woman can wear blue fox. A muddy complexion can't stand it at all. But this young woman looked prettier with than without the blue fur close to her face. That was the reason she selected a set costing about half as much as some other sets she might have had."

"Another customer having a choice between a \$6,000 sable coat and a \$3,000 ermine long wrap chose the latter, partly because it was more becoming and smarter for evening wear and partly because she already had a very beautiful long mink coat. The reason she selected a set costing about half as much as some other sets she might have had."

"Sesalkin is very becoming to some complexions, not at all becoming to others. Yes, indeed, sesalkin is among the fashionable furs, this is a skin which is seldom used for long stoles or shoulder pieces, though, being confined mostly to long coats, to the fancy, pointed bodice capes falling a trifle over the shoulders in kimono fashion, and blended with the

wast line back and front and with a jabot of lace down the front and to muffs, and neck bands finished with a high ruche and a bow of ribbon.

"The small capes, if they can be so called, are one of the novelties of the season which may not be popular at all next year. But what difference does that make to a New York woman? None at all. One of our patrons seeing the different models of these capes made of caracul, Persian lamb, baby lamb and sealskin said:

"Now I know what to do with that old fashioned cape of mine. For having this done she paid only \$50. Now, an old fashioned woman would have kept right on wearing that handsome cape, or else put it away carefully, waiting for it to come in fashion again."

"French seal coats, duplicates of those of real seal in design and beauty, are bought just now even by the wealthy. Made of dyed muskrat and costing a third as much as the real, the imitations can hardly be told from the genuine. A French seal coat at \$200 and a seal coat at \$200 look so much alike that the only way some persons can tell them apart is to blow the fur. The imitation is dark to the roots, while the roots of the seal are a lighter brown than the rest."

"We have customers who go into ecstasies over pointed fox and pointed lynx while appearing almost indifferent to sets of silver fox and lynx costing twice as much as which will wear far better. The term pointed means simply that white hairs are inserted artificially. The effect against the dark background is very pretty, and as the fashion is comparatively new it takes of course with New York women."

"In black fur plain lynx undoubtedly gives the best wear, and of the browns mink, beaver and brown bear are the most durable. Durability has nothing to do with popularity where New Yorkers are concerned."

"Twelve months ago we had customers who wouldn't look at anything but a flat fur. This year these same persons are enthusiastic over black bear, say, or other equally furry fur."

"New York women, ask to have

sets of imitation furs, however good, renovated or cut over. They were then hard one reason and the next season, ready for something new, give the old away, fortunately for the furriers."

To Stop Hiccoughs.

From the London Globe. Dr. Louis Kollipinski reports the arrest of persistent hiccough by depressing the tongue. A patient was attacked by hiccough which had persisted for four days before being seen by the doctor. He complained of the fullness in his throat, a condition which he thought the result of the hiccough.

He was directed to sit up, and with a large spoon handle the tongue was pressed down and back with steady force to allow inspection of the fauces. Firm pressure on the tongue with the hope of further noting the action of the palatal muscles was continued, when to the doctor's surprise and the patient's astonishment and joy the hiccough ceased. When the hiccough returned the patient himself stopped it by using the spoon handle.

Where a Miser Hid Her Coins.

From the London Globe. A death in a poor part of Budapest has just brought to light an extraordinary story of a woman's double life. She had lived apparently in poverty and semi-starvation, subsisting partly on charity, but a search of her rooms, which were in a terrible state of neglect, revealed that she was worth more than a million kronen, stuffed in house property. A number of silver cats in her room were full of coin.

The woman was well known in the better part of the city, where she owned several blocks of flats, the rent of which she collected herself.

Race Between Engine and Horse.

London Observer, September 18, 1908. It has been some time announced that the new machine for travelling without horses, being impelled entirely by steam, was matched to run twenty-four hours against any horse in the kingdom. This bet, so novel in the sporting world, will be decided on Wednesday and Thursday next. The machine is to start at 2 o'clock on Wednesday on its ground in the fields near Russell Square to demonstrate the extent of its speed and endurance. "Very large sums are depending on the issue."

TREATS HER FURS BADLY

THE NEW YORK WOMAN ALSO ALTERS THEM OFTEN.

Costly Wraps Exposed Recklessly to All Sorts of Weather and Then Cast Aside—Furriers Also Profit From the Frequent Changes in the Fashions.

New York women are reckless in taking care of their furs. They are also fastidious respecting the appearance of their furs. At least, this is the opinion of leading New York furriers, who profit from both circumstances.

When an English or a German woman buys expensive furs she generally shows a lively interest, says the furriers, in the wearing qualities of the fur and asks a lot of questions as to how to care for it. After that she is indifferent to subsequent minor changes in fur fashions. These traits are better for the furrier's pocket and it is the absence of them which make the New York woman the most satisfactory of customers to fur dealers.

With the New York woman the important questions are: Does the thing represent the top notch of style and is it becoming? In her opinion the fact that a set of furs is worth its weight in gold will not offset the fact that it is a trifle out of style. As for taking care of her furs the New York woman hasn't time for anything so humdrum. She puts them off and wears them when and where and how she pleases, with the result that European fur manufacturers are encouraged to send yearly to this market nearly as many new styles in furs as there are new styles in hats, gowns and jewelry, and that New York retailers do a rushing business in making over old furs as well as in selling new.

Compare this season's styles in furs with last season's. The short jacket has disappeared, its place taken by the longer coat. The narrow stole has given way to a wider sailor collar affair, to a surplice out, to a sleeveless cape, pointed back and front, and to a single straight band worn close up against the ears. Muffs, larger and flatter than ever, come in fancy shapes matching the shoulder fur. Street and opera coats conform to the craze for Empire short waisted effects.

When it was suggested to a dealer that the fur manufacturers knew their business now better than formerly he smiled. At a further suggestion that the New York women were much more extravagant than formerly in buying furs he remarked reminiscently: "Back in the '60s and '70s women had little or no temptation to be extravagant. Sable, mink and sealskin were practically all the furs they had from which to choose, and from year to year there was very little change in the styles. "Fashions changed less frequently in those days in all kinds of garments. Another thing, women of those days weren't on the go all the time and therefore did not give their furs a quarter as much wear as furs get to-day. One set of furs was then thought ample."

"Nowadays the smart New York woman must have three or four sets at least, and these she wears in turn often from morning till night, in all sorts of weather—rain, snow and the brilliant early spring sunshine. From October till May her furs are not out of commission long enough to get more than a sight of a dark closet. Often in summer valuable furs are carried off to a colder climate and worn."

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"Few New York women care to lie awake nights worrying about how to keep their furs from wearing out. Once in a while maybe a customer puts a question as to the best way to treat fur, in which case she gets all the advice she wants. We tell her when a piece of fur, even the best, gets thoroughly wet or very

damp not to put it in direct contact with a heater. Most women hang their furs to dry over or against a register or steam pipe. This makes the fur brittle and also causes it to rot.

"We also explain that the bright spring sunshine is very hard on furs. Many a time I have seen women who were sable and mink of the finest grade standing and walking in the sun careless of how much their furs were faded. All dyed furs are bound to fade, and as most of the furs worn are colored a sun bath is anything but beneficial to them. Even the costliest Russian sable in the darkest and finest varieties, called the crown sables, and which are not dyed, are sure to be injured if exposed long to strong sunlight."

"As for the moth problem, a big bear to most women, it is not always solved by resorting to cold storage. Owners of fine furs when they are wise send their furs in summer to the place where they were bought. Here, for instance, we never use cold storage. Furs are beaten and examined regularly and hung away in dark closets between times. The average brand of cold storage suspends animation only. It does not destroy insect life."

"In the old days pretty much all a dealer in furs did for a customer who owned say a first class sealskin jacket or a handsome mink cape and muff was to reinforce edges when they got worn and tell her to go right on wearing them. Yes, those men were decidedly shortsighted. And women did go on year after year wearing the same jacket, the same cape, the same muff, till the things were really shabby."

"Perhaps they thought it hardly worth while to get a new garment made after the same old pattern. Now we have changed all that. Furs conform to the changes shown in cloth, velvet, silk and satin garments. The other day a young woman came in almost crying. "How dreadful of you to send me that baby lamb coat last season!" said she. "No one is wearing a short coat now. What shall I do?"

"Let us lengthen it for you," I said. "It is easily done and will cost you \$300 extra."

"I hadn't thought of that," said she, and went off happy."

"See that lady sitting over there?"

"Yes, that's the woman who was wearing that narrow Russian sable stole she is wearing is to be built out to a broad, square collar in the back. We can match fur which has faded a little by using skins lighter in color than the original skin, and which maybe are not quite so handsome; for the darker the mink or the sable the better. Or we can combine it with blended or dyed skins matching perfectly."

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FRAZIN AND OPPENHEIM 6th Ave. and 18th St.

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Shoes for Women (Third Floor)

We have secured a few thousand sand pairs of every desirable HIGH CUT BOOTS FOR WOMEN in Tan and Black leathers, with the new wave toe. These are hand welted shoes made by a leading manufacturer to retail at \$3.50 and \$4.00. The sizes are 2 1/2 to 6; widths C, D and E. Our price while they last will be \$2.45.

Also a choice lot of Women's street and dress shoes in dull and bright leathers; extension soles well made, neat and fine fitting. Sizes as above. Values \$2.50 & \$3.00.



Lace or Button. \$1.95

Young Ladies' and Misses' Shoes (Fourth Floor)

In a great variety of styles and patterns for school and dress purposes. A fine offering tomorrow is a HIGH CUT SHOE worth \$2.50 and \$3.00 for \$1.95.

This Is the Place to Buy Boys' Shoes (Fourth Floor)

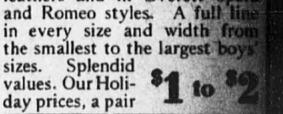
To-morrow we shall sell a choice line of Dress and School Styles. All well made AND VERY DURABLE, in the best double soles and school heels; at \$1.50.

Boys' House Slippers (Fourth Floor)

Your boy would like a pair of them for Christmas. They come in tan, black and red leathers and in Everett opera and Romeo styles. A full line in every size and width from the smallest to the largest boys' sizes. Splendid values. Our Holiday prices, a pair \$1 to \$2.

Boys' Storm Boots

Pump Calfskin with double viscolized soles. Straps and Buckles and big tongues. Worth \$3.00 a pair; at \$1.95.



They please the boy and are sensible boots.

Shoes for Men (In Basement)

A fine lot of MEN'S SAMPLE SHOES from leading makers. Every pair worth \$4.00, sizes 6, 6 1/2, 7, 7 1/2, B, C, D widths. All the best dull and bright leathers. Also a limited number of Men's \$6.00 Extra High Cut Hunting Boots, with straps and Buckles, waterproof soles. Tan & Black Calfskin. Same sizes as above; all at \$2.45.



A Pair \$2.45

They please the boy and are sensible boots.

SPECIAL NOTE:

FROM NOW UNTIL CHRISTMAS this year will offer remarkable values on shoes "after the season" prices. Besides shoes, the list will include Leggings, Gaiters, Dress and House Slippers, and Fancy Hosiery, Gloves (for men and women), Millinery, Suits, etc., etc.

FRAZIN & OPPENHEIM