PROBLEMS FOR SUN READERS

THE HONOR LIST AT BRIDGE DOWN TO BEDROCK.

Difficult Discard Forcing Problem That Defied Short Cuts—Catch in the Gasolene Tank—A Life Insurance Mystery—Quick Ending Problems in Chess.

Bridge problem No. 88 apparently had the effect foreseen by Helen Dorsey and brought the list of correct solvers down to bedrock in short order. All short cuts to the solution, rule or no rule, seemed to be shut off and one or two would-be solvers wrote to say that while seven tricks were easily in sight they were up against a stone wall when it came to the eighth.

That it is a discard forcing problem is clear from the distribution of the cards, but as each player holds the same number of cards in diamonds and spades and as Z can lead hearts only once it is impossible, apparently, to force more than three discards with the three trump leads available, and three discards are not enough to solve.

When this problem was printed two weeks ago it was stipulated that in order to get credit for correct solutions the variations in the defence possible for A and B must be thoroughly covered. This did not mean that every possible play, however absurd, should be given, but that the legitimate defences open to A and B, any of which would give Y and Z trouble to meet, should be foreseen and provided for. There are four of these variations, depending on the interchanging of certain discards in the A and B hands.

The key to the problem is for Z to start with two rounds of trumps, on the first of which Y will discard a small spade, no matter what A plays. Y's second discard and Z's lead for the third trick depend on the discards of A and B, after which the same ending is always arrived at.

If we start with an examination of A's hand it is clear that he cannot afford to discard two hearts, as that would compel B to play the jack of hearts on the third round, trumped by Z, and would leave Y with the best heart. As between spades and diamonds, it is bad policy to unguard two suits, so A is driven to select one and to let the other go entirely. This brings us down to the first step: that A must discard either two spades or two diamonds on Z's two trump leads.

Turning our attention to B's hand, the first limitation is that B cannot afford to discard the same suit that A gives up, or they will lose every trick in it and be compelled to discard again. Apart from this consideration, B is free to discard any one of three suits, whereas A is restricted to two. We thus get four principal lines of defence, each of which Y and Z must be ready to meet. These are:

1. A discarding two spades and B two hearts.
2. A discarding two spades and B two diamonds.
3. A discarding two diamonds and B two spades.
4. A discarding two diamonds and B two hearts.

Taking up each of these separately, in the first variation Y will discard another spade and Z will lead the heart, trumping the third round of the suit after discarding a diamond on the second round and then leading the top spade. This forces the decisive discard from A.

In the second variation Y's second discard will be a diamond and Z will lead the smaller of his two diamonds. Y will win this trick and return his winning spade, which B will cover and Z will win. When Z now leads his remaining trump both A and B will be compelled to discard hearts, because if they do not let go a heart on this trick they will have to on the next and Y will win three heart tricks.

In the third variation Y's second discard will be a diamond and Z will lead that suit, won by Y, who returns a spade, which brings about the same situation as in the second variation.

In the fourth variation Y's second discard will be a diamond, but Z will go right along with the third round of trumps, upon which all three players must discard hearts, after which Z will lead the heart. Y wins with either ace or queen, according to A's play, and leads his remaining diamond, which forces A to discard a spade. Then A leads the ace of hearts and B is the one that has to discard, Z keeping the suit that B lets go.

The following are the only players who got all four of these variations correctly worked out:

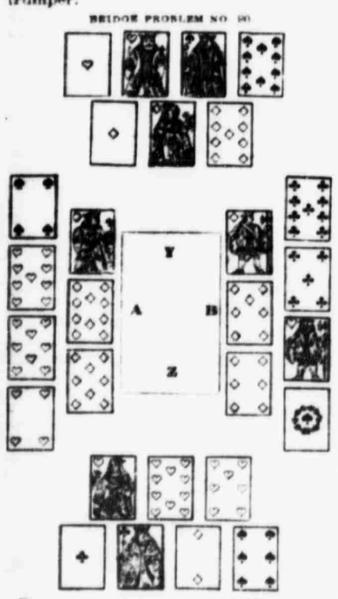
Henry Andresen, Bay State, Robert Crothers, Victor Du Pont, Jr., Milton C. Isbell, S. C. Kinsey, Oscar L. Thonet and A. I. Strasburger.

One or two of these did not lead two rounds of trumps when A discarded a spade and B a diamond but made Z lead a diamond at once, Y returning the spade and Z then leading the two trumps.

The following credits are due on No. 87: George B. Glover, Herbert Riker, Arthur L. Brown, E. W. Lambert and M. S. B.

Here is a problem which might be either a no trumper or clubs trumps, but it is probably more interesting as a no trumper:

BRIDGE PROBLEM NO. 90



There are no trumps and Z is in the lead. Y and Z want all seven of these tricks against any defence possible for A and B. How do they get them?

THAT MOTOR CAR MILEAGE.

Simple as this puzzle appeared to be, there was a little catch in it that caught almost every solver. This was the gasolene consumption. It should have been comparatively easy to see that the seconds gained or lost by the clock on the dashboard must be in inverse proportion to the number of miles the car ran with the clutch on or off.

If we add the 12 seconds to the 9 lost we get 21 seconds to be made up, and if we allow 21 miles to do it in we have 12 with the driving gear at work and 9 with it off. This gives us the necessary 12x9=108 seconds lost and 9x12=108 seconds regained, the same proportions holding true for any part of 21 miles or any multiple of 7ths, divided into 4-7ths and 3-7ths.

But the trap in the problem lay in the gasolene tank. When a man tells you that he can run his car fifteen miles on a gallon of gasolene or 100 miles on six gallons, he refers to the total distance covered and estimates that his engine will be running all the time, whether the clutch is thrown in or not.

If we take 21 miles as the basis of our calculation, the car is consuming 1.4 gallons of gasolene every 21 miles of distance covered, and if we divide this into 7ths, as we did for the time, we get 2-10ths for each.

The mistake made by the majority of those who sent in answers was in assuming that when a car went down hill the engine was stopped entirely and the consumption of gasolene ceased, which would necessitate getting out and cranking the car every few minutes.

Correct solutions from:

P. J. J., Lydia H. Gale, W. W. Dudley, J. W. Wortz, R. O. Y., O. H. Boston, J. C. Bullitt, John Beattie and George Hart.

QUICK FINISHES AT CHESS.

Several players seemed to think there might be a catch in chess problem No. 88, as the quickest way to finish the game would be for white to give black a stalemate in one move. But with a winning position the object of the chess player is never to give his opponent a draw, but it is to finish up matters in the fewest possible moves. There is a rule in chess that if you cannot polish off your adversary in a certain number of moves from certain positions the game is drawn.

In the position shown in No. 88 white can mate in five by the following line of play:

White.	*Black.*
Kt(QR3)—QB2	K—R
Kt—QKt4	K—R2
Kt(QR3)—Q5	K—R
Kt—QB6 ch	
Kt—QB7 mate	

Correct solutions from the following, who were the only ones that wound up in five moves, some taking as many as twenty:

Hugo Eckstein, Mate Ho! Kenneth S. Hogg and D. C. Shanks. A large number took ten moves, and one got it in eight, two in seven.

Every now and then the most expert chess player will find his fishhooks sticking into his own coat tails, especially if he is trying to catch some one as clever as himself. It is in foreseeing what the adversary can do to escape the traps laid for him that the expert shows his power of analysis. Take such a position as this, for example:

CHESS PROBLEM NO. 90

Black.

White.

Suppose you have the white men and it is your move. Nothing looks simpler than to capture the KBP with the Kt. Let us suppose that you intend making that move, what do you think will be black's reply?

Take it the other way round if you like and place the black men next you. Make white capture the pawn with his Kt and study out what you would do under the circumstances. The position is very curious and also very instructive, as a little examination will show.

SOME GEOMETRY.

A certain man had a piece of ground oblong in shape, being 518 feet one way and 1,320 the other. Being anxious to know if the corners were all perfect right angles he inquired of a carpenter how he should find out and was told to measure three feet one side, four feet another and see if the tie was five feet.

Upon explaining this to a friend, who was a civil engineer, the landowner was informed that such a method was very inaccurate for large areas and that the correct way was to measure each diagonal, and if they agreed in being exactly 1,418 feet he might be sure his plot was rectangular and that its area was 683,760 feet.

Thereupon the landowner asked the civil engineer if he could give him the dimensions of three rectangular plots, each of a different shape, each containing exactly 683,760 square feet, but each having a different length of sides and diagonals from the first, these sides and diagonals being in even feet, without any fraction or inches.

The civil engineer thought he could and after some trouble he did. What were the dimensions he found for these three rectangles, which were all different.

INSURANCE STATISTICS.

An officer of a large insurance company commenting on the insurance problem lately printed in this column writes to THE SUN as follows:

I think if N. D. W. and others who find the average age 35 from 20 to 50 will, if they total the years beginning at 21, find the amount to be 1,085, which, when divided by 30, will bring the average to 35.50. However, the half year is not a serious matter, as we all agree on the yearly increase of half a year, but when it is said that it will continue "so on for as many years as you please," there we must pause and consider, for if it is carried on for sixty years then the average will be 65 years, equal to a death rate of 37.42.

Now, we know that no life insurance association in a solvent condition ever had a death rate so high as that, nor the half of it, nor yet one-third of it, but usually only a quarter of it, even after 60 years of life, and to bear that out we have several that have been doing business that long and not one shows a death rate of over 10, meaning an average age of about 48 years.

I have before me the report of a life insurance company that has been doing business fifty-eight years and has a membership of 58,000, an annual increase of 1,000, the figures which we are working on and with a death rate showing an average age of 45 years. Of course lapses and surrenders will cut some figure in keeping down age average, but nothing that would bring the average from 34, as N. D. W. and others' calculating would show it to be, down to 45, which it actually is. Therefore, there must be something wrong and something of a puzzle to make right, which we are now trying to do.

It is indeed a puzzle, and when I first sent it to you I thought it could not be worked out, but now I think differently, and if you will put the question further to find out how it is that if age is to increase half a year yearly it never gets above 48 on an average in a solvent company, I'll study further and possibly among us we may be able to make out what is wrong with life insurance that makes it so expensive to those who carry it and so enriching to those who issue it, which ought not to be.

There is no death loss counted in these calculations, principally because the dead are replaced by the living. They die, though, and later can be brought out if necessary.

INSURANCE.

GIFTS TO THE AQUARIUM.

Additions to Its Fresh Water Stock Received From Various Sources.

Among recent acquisitions to its fresh water stock the Aquarium has received as gifts from the Pennsylvania Department of Fisheries through Commissioner W. E. Meehan a lot of fingerling big mouthed bass, one and two year old big mouthed and one and three year old small mouthed bass, one year old yellow perch and a lot of bullfrogs one year and three months old and now measuring about four inches in length extended, that were reared at the Crawford fish hatchery, Conneaut Lake.

Within the last five years the Pennsylvania Department of Fisheries has taken up with its other work the propagation of bullfrogs with a view to restocking the public waters of the State, and it gives away bullfrogs in their tadpole stage to farmers and others within the State who may desire to cultivate bullfrogs for market purposes.

From the Detroit Aquarium the New York Aquarium has lately received specimens of the red horse, a muscalonge three and a half feet in length, fresh water dogfish, here called mudfish; grass pike, fresh water sheepshead, also called fresh water drum, and spotted catfish.

As a gift from the Tuxedo Club the Aquarium has received recently a dozen six inch land locked salmon.

Squirrels Plentiful in Ohio.

From the Toledo Blade.

Next Saturday the fall squirrel shooting season opens and hunters ought to have unusual success.

State Game Warden Speaks is advised by his deputies that squirrels are unusually plentiful and Gov. Harmon has received a letter from a Hocking county farmer who complains that the squirrels are eating up his corn in the field and asking leave to kill them.

PERILS OF ARCTIC HUNTING

HARRY WHITNEY TELLS OF HIS POLAR REGION ADVENTURES.

Narrative of a Winter Passed Among the Eskimos—Terrors of the Long Arctic Night—Eskimo Courage and Optimism—Northern Hunter's Rewards.

So fast does the world move nowadays that unless one stops to reflect a bit there seems nothing unusual in the fact that Harry Whitney, the New Haven sportsman, should have gone hunting to the place which not many years ago marked the northernmost limit of polar exploration. For nearly a year he lived by choice almost in the shadow of that Cape Sabine where the men of the Greely expedition starved to death in 1883. Many times he passed on his expedition after game the wreck of the steamship Polaris of the Hall expedition of 1871.

The adventures Mr. Whitney had as a sportsman in this far north where men before him had met death as explorers he has set down in his book, "Hunting With the Eskimos," which the Century Company has just brought out. Though the author seems to consider himself primarily a sportsman and the love of hunting strange game was what kept him through all the Arctic night living with the Eskimos and as an Eskimo his book is interesting not as a sportsman's tale but as a record of crowded adventure and as a portrayal of Eskimo types.

Since Mr. Whitney went as far north as Etah with the Peary expedition of 1908 and returned to civilization on the Peary relief ship Jeanie after having been the first white man to greet the returning pole finder up under the shadow of the north, his book comes as a sort of epilogue to Peary's narrative of his achievement. As an amateur Arctic explorer this New Haven sportsman has at least one valuable qualification, the gift of direct and simple narrative.

In company with two other sportsmen the author went north on the Peary expedition's tender Erik, which followed the Roosevelt on its last and successful dash through the ice fields. His intention and that of his friends was merely to make the voyage to Etah on the Greenland coast, get a little incidental hunting and then to return to the world when the Erik put back and the Roosevelt continued on her way northward to Cape Sheridan.

But once at Etah, away down under the white men of Peary's crew at Annootok was dictated as much by circumstances as deliberate choice.

He straightway became an Eskimo in his mode of life as far as he could, and before he got away from the ice bound coast of Smith Sound Whitney had reason to count among his best friends the simple minded folk who pass as savages.

The beginning of the Arctic night found Whitney and the Eskimo community all settled in Annootok, which is the northernmost settlement of the Arctic highlanders. The man who had come to the country to hunt speedily discovered that necessity forced him to do little else.

The descending night found the Eskimos feverishly active in the task of laying up a store against the winter. Whitney had either to remain alone in his board and packing box shack at Annootok or to join the Eskimos in perilous expeditions over the ice foot up and down the coast. Meat was the quest, meat which would yield light and fire and sustenance during the long months of darkness.

Some of the women had outfitted the white stranger among them with a complete suit of furs, and though he donned them early in October for weeks and months thereafter he was at hand grips with the cold hour upon hour. The author said that during the course of a bear hunt in which he joined with the Eskimos and which carried the sledge party far north into Kane Basin, his thermometer, which was only designed to register fifty degrees below zero, dropped to that point and stayed there for days on end. Whitney's feet were frozen repeatedly, his face cracked and frosted and the hours he spent in his sleeping bag of heavy skins were of misery only a shade less acute than when he was exposed to the cutting blasts on the march.

Of the darkness Whitney writes this in his book:

"No words can adequately describe the awful pall of the Arctic night. It is unreal and terrible. Even the moonlight is unnatural, casting upon the snow and ice, the wind swept rocks and the people themselves a shade of ghastly, indefinable greenish yellow.

"Shifting shadows flit among moving ice masses like wraiths of departed spirits. A deathlike silence prevails, to be broken only by the startling and unexpected cracking of a glacier with a sound of mighty thunderclap or the smashing together of great ice floes with a report like heavy cannon."

The author had many occasions to witness the peculiar neurotic reaction caused by the darkness and the silence upon his Eskimo companions. Time and again one of them went "problokto," that is a sort of insane frenzy would seize an individual, cause him to strip off his clothes and run naked over the ice and snow until he was captured and overpowered by his companions. The fits came on without warning, were violent and left the victim weak and depressed for hours after.

The terror of these sudden gusts of madness sank in upon the marooned white hunter. He would be called out of his sleeping bag by cries from the igloos, rush out into the sickly moonlight to see some naked, raving figure skimming over the white snow field, shrieking to the stars.

All the world seemed fairy. The silence, the flickering of the aurora, the showers of meteors which frequently streaked the sky like fire flakes from flights of rockets, these were the conditions which fostered madness. Yet in picturing the terror of the long night Whitney takes occasion to marvel at the tremendous optimism of the little people who live in this desolate land.

"Eskimos are optimists," he says. "Pessimists have no place in the Arctic or any other far wilderness, for that matter, where to-day's dangers and difficulties are real and sufficient unto themselves. Doing his best with to-day and providing so far as circumstances will permit for the future, the Eskimo gives no other thought to to-morrow than a buoyant reliance that it will take care of itself, just as yesterday did.

"A pessimist who constantly worries about the morrow would positively hypnotize himself to death in these lands in a very short time. Pessimism has been the real cause of many casualties among Arctic explorers."

The blizzards came continually to complicate the life that the white stranger had to lead during the darkness. Some of the most vivid passages in his book are those which depict the raging of the storms which swept down from the north, carrying snow as hard as shot, destroying and obliterating everything in their passage.

For days on end Whitney did not dare to leave his shack at Annootok to go fifty yards to the nearest igloo because of the blinding fury of the tempest. He would have been lost a dozen steps beyond his own tunnel entrance. Yet so pressing is the need of food among the Eskimos that between the ragings of the storms they made venturesome excursions after meat and Whitney accompanied them on many of these hunts.

On one occasion when a party of which the author was a member was out after walrus in the middle of Smith Sound they barely escaped death on a detached ice floe. Finding themselves separated from the pack and drifting downward toward the open water, which would have meant slow starvation, the members of the hunting expedition frantically explored the boundaries of their temporary prison for a loophole of escape. Finally one of the Eskimos discovered where by utilizing small ice pans as ferries the party could escape to the solid pack. That was one of many close calls that Whitney experienced.

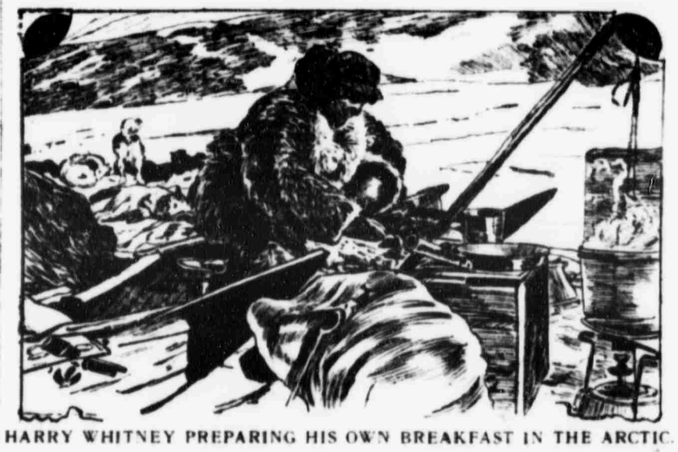
The author never ceased to marvel at the endurance of his friends the savages. Life with them is so stern a matter of nip and tuck that the Eskimos seem to have been hardened into almost superhuman strength and stamina. Their pursuit of game is never ending, and at times the life of a whole colony will depend on the success of one hunting expedition.

Whitney saw his Eskimo companions take chances with death which were nothing short of sheer madness; he found them ready to go without sleep for three days on end, eager to be on the move as long as their legs would support them. "They cannot lean on others for support," Whitney comments, "and none among them is so poor that charity comes his way. He must work if he is to live, and no man in the world works so hard as the Eskimo or enjoys so little of life's comforts and luxuries."

With the return of the sun Whitney and a party of Eskimos crossed the ice of Smith Sound over to Ellesmere Land, where the author sought the single reward of all that winter's isolation, musk ox. With a hunter's pride he devotes several chapters of his book to the narration of this successful musk ox hunt. He knocked down more of the beasts than he could bring back to Greenland with him and the trophies in heads and hides that he secured amply rewarded his months of waiting.

Whitney tells only in the baldest outline of the return of Dr. Cook to Annootok, reciting how three men, gaunt as skeletons and dirty almost beyond human semblance, came in over the ice of Smith Sound pulling their single sledge behind them. On the subject of what Dr. Cook may have told him as to his pole finding the New Haven sportsman pursues his consistent policy of silence. He simply says that the Bushwick explorer stayed a few days in Annootok and then started southward for a Danish settlement.

On August 16, within a few days of a year after Mr. Whitney had been marooned among the Eskimos, the Roosevelt bearing the Peary party returned from the north and the New Haven man took ship on her for civilization. He transferred to the Jeanie, which was met coming up at North Star Bay, and after some desultory hunting along the coast of Baffin's Land, during which time the author secured some coveted polar bear, the return to the world was completed.



HARRY WHITNEY PREPARING HIS OWN BREAKFAST IN THE ARCTIC.

Cats Drive Off Snakes.

From the Spectator.

For many years I have been running a cattle station in Queensland, where snakes are tolerably numerous. At the head station we have always kept up a standing army of from fifteen to twenty cats, and have been practically free from the presence of snakes about the buildings and yards.

That this was owing to the presence of our cats I have no doubt whatever. They were always on the lookout, and I have often seen members of our feline bodyguard growling over dead or dying snakes and have more than once witnessed savage encounters between them and their victims. On the other hand, martyrs to their duty were from time to time found dead in the morning with all the evidence of a fight and their defeat in the shape of snakebite on their bodies.

Caboose With a Record.

From the Washington Post.

"The caboose with the 'farthest north' record," said H. H. Spaulding of Pittsburg, "is now resting in dignified retirement a Shohola, Pa. It is one of the show places of that community.

"When Peary was preparing his expedition of about twelve years ago he obtained from the Erie Railroad one of those dumpy little cabooses that manage to shelter in some marvelous manner a crew of five or six men. This was put on board the Windward, his vessel, as a temporary deckhouse. The people of Shohola know more about this expedition than they do about the one on which Peary found the pole. They will tell you that the dismantled car was used as a shelter by Peary and his companions during the winter night which they spent at Etah. So the car evidently holds the record for a journey to the northern latitudes."

CONCERNING NECKTIES.

Which One May Buy at Prices High or Astonishingly Low.

A man can pay 25 cents for a necktie or 50 cents or $2 or more. He can find neckties just as expensive as he wants to pay for, and then he can get neckties a good deal cheaper than any of the prices named.

Here, for instance, was a street vender with a pushcart full of neckties hundreds of neckties of various colors, though all of one style, of that order of necktie architecture known as the butterfly, a bow pinched in small at the middle and having at the back a tiny loop of elastic by which the tie is attached to the collar button.

Five cents apiece for the greater number of these silk butterfly ties, a great array of them on cards in pasteboard boxes covering three-fourths of the bottom of the pushcart and built up at the back to enhance the display. Then if you wanted a more expensive tie this vender had them, plenty of them, ties of the same design but of better quality, covering the other fourth of the cart's available space, ties at 10 cents apiece.

But these more costly ties were just at this time anyway neglected, at this moment the people halted at the cart were gathered around its other section, looking at, inspecting and buying cheaper ties, the ones at five cents each.

Why the Juggler Interested Him.

From the London Globe.

"So you enjoyed the circus?" asked his friend.

"Yes, I was particularly interested in the juggler," he replied. "I'll bet that man could get any number of bundles from a bus to the train without dropping one of them."

ON THE HARLEM RIVER.

Boats With Unusual Stacks to Enable Them to Pass Under the Bridges.

The various new bridges built across the Harlem River within comparatively recent years are all higher above the water than the old bridges were, permitting the free passage under them of many boats that could not pass the old bridges except through opened draws.

The new bridges of course have draws, which are opened to permit the passing of sail vessels with tall spars, and of derrick and larger steam vessels with tall chimneys; but with freer passage under the bridges there is less frequent necessity for opening the draws, with correspondingly less detention to the enormously increased wheeled traffic across the bridges which has followed the city's great growth in The Bronx.

The old time lower bridges led to the use on the Harlem River of rowboats with hinged smokestacks, stacks whose upper section could be tilted back, permitting the boat to pass under a draw without waiting for it to be opened. There's now running between Harlem and the lower part of Manhattan a sizable freight boat with a stack of this kind. When this boat approaches a bridge she doesn't wait, she simply swings her stack back and passes under, to swing it up again, beyond, to the perpendicular.

Other boats plying on the Harlem River and on harbor waters have been built with their stacks of heights adjusted to the new bridge conditions, to pass under them without waiting for draws to be opened. One of the city's newest fireboats, the Cornelius R. Lawrence, which is located at the Manhattan side of the Harlem River has a stack that will permit her to pass under any bridge at any tide.

You might see here passing under the bridges a big and able towboat, towing car floats to and from a slip above the bridges, this boat with a big but dumpy stack enabling her to pass without waiting, and you may see on the Harlem River towboats with telescopic stacks, of which the upper section may be slid down into the lower on approaching a bridge, to be raised again when the bridge has been passed.

So there are still to be seen on the Harlem River some boats of various sorts with smokestacks that are unusual; but speaking generally the passage on the river is freer, as is that on the brdge roadways across it, with the bridgestat a higher level.

WITCHCRAFT AMONG MOORS.

Propitiating Household Demons—Wizard of a Lamp Shade.

From Travel and Exploration.

Belief in witchcraft is very prevalent among the Moors. An old negress, a servant of ours, Jemeea, was a reputed witch, of the craft of the Genowa. She asked for a week's holiday once, during which she was to drink the blood of a sheep, perform various incantations, and prophesy. Hamed, another servant, consulting her when in an inspired condition, the oracle declared that he had a very bad temper and must sacrifice next morning a red hackled cock. He did so.

A few days later, Jemeea being absent, her fellow servants explained that a very old negress ought to have had some of the blood, but Jemeea had drunk the lot. Then devils had choked the old woman, and Jemeea had gone to the funeral. She then became head sorceress, vice very old negress choked as aforesaid.

Jemeea could never go to the public oven to fetch our cakes, pies, &c., for there were djinns there who would buffet and maltreat her. On the eve of a certain feast she asked leave to propitiate demons who were constantly making her drop and break our crockery and fall down and hurt herself.

With all her witchcraft she was simple enough in some things. We told her once she might bring six friends to our Christmas party when we had a big Christmas tree, a magic lantern, &c. So six negresses came, saw, received trifling presents and went away much gratified.

But others of her acquaintance, disappointed, fined old Jemeea for not having invited them and she paid like a lamb.

I played wizard on her once. We had received among other novelties from England a most weird looking lamp shade of artfully colored paper, which when placed over the lamp showed the illuminated head of a huge owl, with great, glaring, red rimmed eyes.

Having carefully arranged it one evening I called Jemeea to the dining room door and pointing to the terrific apparition in the otherwise darkened room said "Jemeea, who is that man?" Shrieking, she fell on the floor and clasped my knees in abject terror, imploring my protection from a bigger djinn than she could conjure up.

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For Men Who Walk or Stand a Great Deal—See Them!
Last year we sold over 30,000 pairs of these Shoes—all we could get. This season we have only a limited number. After these are sold no more can be had to sell at this price.
Made of fine black kid, dull calfskin and gun metal calf, in all the best lasts and toe shapes; round, medium and plain broad toes; the foot rests on a felt cushion which gives continuous rest and comfort to tired and sore feet. The fit, finish, shoemaking are the best and every pair will give long service. All styles.

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down and $1.00 a week, at same low prices as if cash is paid. Domestic, Singer and other high grade machines, 20 styles, 10 makes, 10-year guarantee. Machines from $12.25 to $40.
Fine Gold Filled frame and frameless Eyeglasses and Spectacles, special at..... $1.00

Women's Suits, Fall Styles
Tailored Alterations Free for One Week
Women's $25.00 Suits, $15.00
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