

Greatest Money Saving Opportunity Ever! A CASH RAISING SALE

A Backward Season Left Us With Heavy Stocks and Makes It Imperative For Us To Raise Cash To Pay Our Bills

SALE STARTS FRIDAY, JAN. 16th, and will continue for one week only

Entire Stock of Men's, Women's & Children's Clothing AT POSITIVELY LESS THAN MANUFACTURER'S COST

Nothing Charged—These Prices For Cash Only—Come at Once!!

We are Desperate to Raise Money and Therefore These Prices—Our Loss, Your Gain

No alterations. No goods exchanged, as these prices are less than manufacturer's cost. We lose money by every sale we make, but it must be done. Bills must be paid and WE NEED THE CASH. Come Friday and Saturday, as those are the best two days of the sale.



SPECIAL FOR WOMEN

Don't delay in coming for these. They are prize winners and mean lots of money saved.

Dress Hats,	\$6.00 to \$10.00 values	1.97
Skirts,	values \$6.00 up to \$7.50	2.97
Skirts,	values \$7.50 to \$10.00, at	3.97
Dresses,	values up to \$10.00,	2.49
Dresses,	values up to \$14.00	3.97

Extra Specials

Lingerie Waists,	values up to \$2.00, at	75c
Silk Waists,	values up to \$5.00, at	2.00
Silk Petticoats,	values up to \$5.00	1.97
Trimmed Hats,	values to \$15.00	2.98

SPECIAL FOR MEN

Only limited quantities—so we warn you to come as early as possible for these.

Men's Hats,	\$1.50 to \$3.00 values, at	97c
Men's Shoes,	\$3.50 to \$4.00 values	1.97
Trousers,	\$3.50 to \$5.00 values	1.97
Sweaters,	\$4.00 to \$5.00 values	1.97
Boys' Suits,	worth up to \$5.00	1.97

Women's Suits

32 WOMEN'S SUITS, 6.19
Sold from \$15 to \$18.50

46 WOMEN'S SUITS, 7.49
Sold from \$18.50 to \$20

82 WOMEN'S SUITS, 9.97
Sold as high as \$30

These suits were all made for this season's selling. A few higher priced suits also, at practically your own price.

Women's Coats

22 WOMEN'S COATS, 3.75
Sold from \$10 to \$12.50

60 WOMEN'S COATS, 4.19
Sold from \$13.50 to \$15

49 WOMEN'S COATS, 6.19
Sold from \$16.50 to \$20

44 WOMEN'S COATS, 8.49
Sold from \$20 to \$25

\$25 TO \$35 COATS, 12.49



Men's Suits

34 MEN'S SUITS, 7.49
Worth \$15.00 to \$16.50

48 MEN'S SUITS, 9.49
Worth \$18.00 to \$20.00

63 MEN'S SUITS, 11.49
Worth \$22.50 to \$25.00

43 MEN'S SUITS, 13.49
Worth \$25.00 to \$30.00

Men's Overcoats

MEN'S OVERCOATS, 6.19
Worth \$12.50 and \$14

MEN'S OVERCOATS, 7.49
Worth \$15.00 and \$16.50

MEN'S OVERCOATS, 9.49
Worth \$18.50 and \$20.00

MEN'S OVERCOATS, 13.49
Worth \$25.00 to \$30.00

Women AND THEIR Interests

The New Hat That You Cannot Afford

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX



It's such a pretty hat, and you wear it so daintily, and it costs more than you can possibly afford, and they'll let you have it a dollar down and a dollar a week. Ought you to get it? Well, Honey, that depends on the hat—and on you.

Are you sure you are so dead in love with that hat? What is there about it that is so charming, so perfectly irresistible. The way the bow perks up in the neck. Maybe there's another over a block that has exactly the same effect, and is cheap enough so you can really afford it. Why don't you try and see?

The colors are so very becoming! Will they be as pretty as they are now when you have worn it a time or so? Will they be all faded and drabby before you've half paid for it? And when are you going to wear it—to the picture shows and Sundays—or down town to work?

Maybe you looked unusually pretty the day you tried it on, and any old hat would have looked just as sweet as that one.

Wait a day or so, Honey. Wait a day or so. The collector won't wait! Once you have taken the hat home—not once will he wait. Rain or shine, sick or well, hot or cold, rent-day or no rent-day, he'll be there after his dollar, and you'll have to have that dollar ready for him or have a scene—and no hat.

Monday comes so fast when the collector is coming with the day—haven't you ever noticed that?

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday—why you seem to skip right over the rest of the week, don't you? How about it?

shoes for Fall, and a warm coat—you wouldn't look sweet in even that love of a hat, with a purple nose and blue cheeks, would you?

Want to look pretty? Why, of course you do. Why shouldn't you—who doesn't?

A girl doesn't have to live in River side Drive to be human, does she? I'll warrant you are the prettiest little thing in the store.

I can just see you—wide, laughing eyes, bluish rose cheeks, red lips and such a slender little swaying waist—why anything would look pretty on that mass of ripples and curls. Beaux? Of course you have beaux. What are such girls as you for but to have beaux—lots of 'em—a line from the Battery to the Bronx.

If you want them and no harm done, dress as prettily as you can, be as gay as you like, be good and be sensible, too, and then you'll be really happy.

Oh! No, all the smart girls aren't sensible and all the smart girls are not good either—don't imagine I think they are. Look at them at the theatre some time, and you can tell that some are as pretty as you are and some are a little prettier. Some are good and some are bad—and some wear clothes that they can't afford, and some would be pleased to have half as many sincere friends as you have, little Miss Workaday—all kinds—the rich girls just like the poor girls—all kinds. You be the good kind, the wise kind, and the kind who isn't trembling at the sound of every step for fear of the collector. But still, it is awfully pretty. And do you long for it so bitterly? Well, then you work early and late, don't you? Have just this one thing that you really want so badly—if for nothing else than to find out how well you would have done without it—for once.

Dear little wifely you. I wish I had a milliner's shop. I'd give you the hat and be glad to do it; but maybe you'd better pay for it week by week—yourself—and then, do write and tell us how it all turned out.

ASK HIM

Ask your doctor about Ayer's Pills. Ask him if he advises you to keep this family laxative in the house. He knows the action of these pills, and can wisely advise you. Take them or not, as he directs. Ayer's Pills have been sold for over 60 years. For constipation, biliousness, sick-headache, indigestion, dyspepsia.

J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Get MUSTEROLE Today for Lumbago!

It's an amazingly quick relief. And it's so easy to use. You just rub MUSTEROLE in briskly, and presto, the pain is gone—a delicious, soothing comfort comes to take its place.

MUSTEROLE is clean, white ointment made with oil of mustard. Use it instead of mustard plaster. Will not blister.

Doctors and nurses use MUSTEROLE and recommend it to their patients.

At your druggist's, in 5c and 50c jars, and special large hospital size for \$2.50. Accept no substitute. If your druggist cannot supply you, send 25c or 50c to the MUSTEROLE Company, Cleveland, Ohio, and we will mail you a jar, postage prepaid.

Dr. J. J. Gordon, a well-known Detroit physician, says, "Musterole is invaluable in my practice and my home."—Advertisement.

Broadway Jones

From the Play of George M. Cohan

By EDWARD MARSHALL

With Photographs from Scenes in the Play

Copyright, 1913, by C. W. Dillingham Company

"With my firm, on my recommendation."

"You'd lose your reputation."

"I'll see the governor tomorrow. I can get you, probably, five thousand a year to start with."

"Five thousand a year? How could I stay here in New York on that? I pay more for this apartment! I owe ten times that much, right now!"

"I've got twenty thousand dollars of my own. I'll lend you that."

"I'd never be able to pay it back."

"That doesn't make any difference."

"Yes, it does," said Broadway stubbornly. "Even though you loaned me enough to pay up all I owe, I'd owe you, wouldn't I? What's the odds whether I'm in debt to you or to the other fellow? I'd never get even with the world that way."

"But you mustn't marry her; it isn't right."

"How do you mean?"

"Would you do anything so low, and so contemptible, as to marry a woman deliberately for her money?"

Broadway shrank a little, then rose in self-defense. "Who says I'm marrying her for her money?"

"You know you don't love her."

Broadway answered hotly. He felt that he must answer hotly. It was the only thing remaining for him.

"I don't know anything of the kind! Now, you see here; suppose you were in trouble. Wouldn't you love any one who'd come along and help you out of it?" He sighed. "Besides, it's too late now. The engagement's been announced."

Wallace was intensely stubborn. He would not have this thing. "Engagements are broken every day in the week," he argued earnestly.

Broadway made a gesture of dissent. "Now, you leave it all to me," said Wallace soothingly. "I'll have a talk with Mrs. Gerard, and I'll guarantee to prove to her that it's all an utter impossibility. You needn't enter into it at all. I'll take the whole thing on my shoulders, and—"

Broadway shook his head emphatically, although regretfully. "No; there's no use, Bob. I told you I wouldn't listen to any argument against it. My mind is quite made up, and that's all there is to it." He pulled a yellow-back out of his pocket. "See this? A hundred dollars. That's my bank roll."

Wallace went to him with friendly warning. "You'll lose every friend you ever had in all the world!"

"No; I won't; people with money

never lose their friends."

"I know one you'll lose," said Wallace gravely.

"You?"

"Yes; unless you tell me within the next 24 hours that you've reconsidered all this rot, and that you're going to fight things out the way a real man should, I'll never speak to you again!"

"Bob!" Broadway actually paled.

"That goes; is it getting me anything—this giving you advice? Will it put a dollar in or out of my pocket whether you marry that old woman or not? You're nothing to me except a friend and a pal; but I don't want to see you do something you'll regret for all the balance of your life. I'm sorry you're in trouble, and there isn't any-

thing I won't do to help you. I'll go the limit in everything I've got. But, if you don't give up all idea of that marriage, never expect the friendship of a man who has any decency or self-respect."

"That's all I've got to say. Now, I'll be going."

CHAPTER VI.

Broadway hurried to the angry and disgusted man and put his hand upon his arm. He was rather badly fussed by this uncompromising attitude.

"Wait a minute, Bob," he urged. "Don't go off like that. That was an awful thing you just said to me. I—I had a wild night. Give me a chance to think."

"All right," said Wallace, not very graciously. "Go ahead—think! It's about time you began to think."

He sank into a chair, his gloomy face regarding Broadway with small favor, his angry fingers tapping on a table top.

Broadway was very nervous. Realization was becoming vivid of the fact that he had not been wholly admirable in his general course.

"Don't you suppose I know it's a shabby thing to do?" he urged. "But, great Scott! look at the fix I'm in!"

Wallace made a gesture of negation. It was clear that he refused to grant that anything could excuse his friend's course with the widow.

"You're not sore at me, Bob, are you?" Broadway pleaded.

"I've said my say. You've heard my opinion."

"Do you think everyone will feel that way about it?"

"Of course."

Broadway was distressed beyond his feeble power of explanation. Pacing up and down, he moaned:

"If it wasn't for those debts! If it wasn't for the bills I owe!"

"You don't know the exact amount?"

"No."

"Why haven't you added them up?"

"I haven't had time. I've been—too busy."

"Doing what?"

"Now, don't give me the third degree, please! Look here! I'm so nervous that I'm trembling like a leaf."

"Where are those bills?"

"In the little room, in my desk."

"Would you mind if I looked them over?"

"No; I wish you would. You will do that, Bob?" He was as eager as an examination of them by his business-headed friend would mark each one accepted. "But, say, Bob, suppose I take your advice and call this thing

off. What am I going to say to Mrs. Gerard?"

"You won't have to say anything. I'll handle her."

"Well, what would you say to her?"

"Will you please leave that to me? Go over there and sit down. Do some more thinking. You've got many a thing coming to you, young fellow! I'm going to see how much you owe the world."

And Broadway did exactly as he ordered, looking after him almost as a child might after some one had assumed full charge of tangled, juvenile affairs.

Suddenly he realized that some outstanding bills would not be among the mass which Wallace was examining. He would try to get them in. He wished to know the worst, now that he was at it. He went over to the telephone and called up a certain famous restaurant. After he had told the manager to make out his bill for the previous evening's entertainment and let him know the total, he sat waiting, with the receiver glued tight to one ear, and, when Rankin entered, called him to him.

"You'd better look around for another job, Rankin."

The butler almost fainted. "Hasn't my service been satisfactory, sir?"

"Oh, yes; everything has been all right; but, you see, Rankin, I'm going to leave town. I—er—expect to do a lot of traveling."

He gazed at Rankin anxiously. He hoped this would be easy. The worry on his face and the cramped position necessary to listening at the telephone and watching the butler closely gave him a pitiful expression. He looked as if in pain.

When Rankin said, respectfully, that, if Mr. Jones was traveling he should like to travel with him, Jackson was annoyed.

"I'd like to have you, Rankin," he said weakly, "but, you see, I expect to cate in—er—in Japan, and I've got to have some one who understands the language."

"That was a poser. He congratulated himself. That would settle Rankin and get rid of him with no hard feelings. He was really rather fond of Rankin."

But no! "I speak Japanese very well, sir," and the extraordinary butler, with a calm which vouched for his veracity, "I was in service with two Japanese for over five years, and if you think of China, sir, or Russia—"

Fortunately for his master's difficulty maintained composure, two things happened to distract attention. He got his message on the telephone, and the ringing doorbell removed Rankin.

But the young spendthrift's calm was brief. "What's that, again?" he asked the restaurant man anxiously. "Er—what? Twenty-three hundred and twenty-three dollars?"

"What? Oh, the . . . vintage! Is that so? . . . Er . . . not at all. Twenty-three hundred is all right. It would be the same to me if you had said—er—twenty-three thousand."

Having hung up the receiver, he sagged down in his chair disconsolately.

"Twenty-three! Twenty-three!" he murmured. "And . . . the Lutter speaks Japanese! I can't win a bet! I'll never forget this day!"

[To Be Continued.]

ORIENTAL BANDING BRIGHTENS A FROCK



8096 Girl's Low Belted Dress, 8 to 14 years.

WITH OR WITHOUT SHIELD WITH LONG OR ELBOW SLEEVES.

Serge always makes a smart as well as practical frock and this one is made of that material with trimming of velvet and a little Oriental banding that gives a touch of bright color. The blouse and skirt are joined by a belt that is placed at the low waist line. When the draped belt is used, it is adjusted over the plain one. . . . over each shoulder provides prettiness and the skirt with the plait at both front and back is smart and graceful. In January, a great many mothers are buying washable materials and making up for the coming season. The frock would be quite as pretty made from pique or linen as from serge. There is a separate shield that can be worn at need but the low neck is pretty and fashionable.

For the 12 year size, the dress will require 4 1/2 yds. of material 27, 3 1/4 yds. 36, 2 3/4 yds. 44 in. wide, with 3/4 yd. 27 and 1 1/2 yds. of banding for trimming, 1 yd. of ribbon 10 in. wide for the draped belt.

The pattern of the dress 8096 is cut in sizes for girls from 8 to 14 years of age. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

Bowman's sell May Manton Patterns.

POSTPONE MEETING

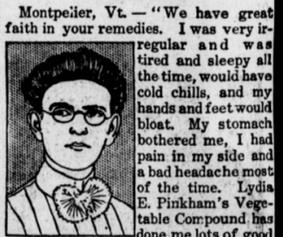
The meeting scheduled for Tuesday night will be held by the plumbers and steamfitters of this city at Maesener Hall, North street, was postponed until Tuesday evening, January 20. The purpose of the meeting is to organize a local branch of the United Association of Journeymen Plumbers, Gas and Steamfitters.

Boy Will Lie When Punished Wrongfully

When we speak of over-severity producing sullenness or despair, it usually works through an injured feeling of justice. Injustice will drive even wise men mad; and certainly the harshness of injustice rankles in the mind of the young. They have an innate sense of justice, and when that is outraged a great work is done. They may not be able to explain it, but instinctively they know it not to be right. That is why a system of favoritism does so much moral harm. Rousseau in his Confessions speaks of the effect a small injustice had upon his life when he was a boy. He was wrongly punished for something of which he was innocent. The passion it raised in him was so great that fifty years after when writing about it he felt his pulse quicken. At the time the sense of injustice almost suffocated him, and to relieve his feelings he kept screaming, "Carnifex! carnifex!" "tormentor!" "tormentor!" The sentiment of indignation left its scar on his heart; and that incident was the end of his childhood. The effect of it, he openly confesses, was that he was less ashamed of doing wrong, and only more afraid of being found out. He learned to dissemble, to rebel, to lie.—The Christian Herald.

WOMAN IN BAD CONDITION

Restored To Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



Montpelier, Vt.—"We have great faith in your remedies. I was very irregular and was tired and sleepy all the time, would have cold chills, and my hands and feet would blot. My stomach bothered me, I had pain in my side and a bad headache most of the time. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done me lots of good and I now feel fine. I am regular, my stomach is better and my pains have all left me. You can use my name if you like. I am proud of what your remedies have done for me."—Mrs. MARY GAUTHIER, 21 Ridge St., Montpelier, Vt.

An Honest Dependable Medicine

It must be admitted by every fair-minded, intelligent person, that a medicine could not live and grow in popularity for nearly forty years, and to-day hold a record for thousands upon thousands of actual cures, as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, without possessing great virtue and actual worth. Such medicines must be looked upon and termed both standard and dependable by every thinking person.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

Try Telegraph Want Ads.