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The Globe Label Means Perfection.

When the label is found on the inside of the coat collar it means that the suit or overcoat is up-to-date, up to quality and down to the right price. At the following prices we are making special effort to give sterling values to men.

Men's Suits and Top Coats.

Suits in three-button sack and double breasted styles. Choice wo steds and cassimeres in new effects, including the latest gray and blue striped patterns. Stiff setting front; vest and trousers correctly fashioned.

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Boys' blouse and Norfolk Suits, made of durable chevots and serges neatly trimmed and well made; ages 5 to 8, rare offerings at \$1.90. Boys' double breasted suits, all wool fancy cassimeres and chevots; seams sewn with silk; seats lined with Italian cloth; ages 8 to 16; extra special at \$3.00.

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SPECIAL—Boys' Knee Pants Suits sailor blouse, Norfolk and single or double breasted sayles. All handsomely tailored from stylish fabrics. Price, with two pair pants, \$5.00.

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It's important. No part of a man's apparel so completely changes his appearance. You want character, style, quality and a money-saving price. The new shade, tobacco brown, wide, flaring brim soft hat value \$2.50, at \$1.90.

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You'll congratulate yourself when you've looked over our line of shirts. They are neat and dressy; with the new stripes and small figure effects, and they fit, too. A surprising lot of stylish values at 60c.



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Suits or Overcoats Your Measure, \$15.00

GLOBE CLOTHING HOUSE,
Pike Street, Opposite Postoffice.

Another Girl In the Case

By UTHO B. SENGU

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The fireman jerked open his flannel shirt a button lower and glared resentfully at the two well dressed young men who were examining with amused interest the small drivers and cylinders of his engine.

"Not a Pegasus, evidently," remarked one.

"No, nor yet a Hebe," laughed the other.

"If you two mutts are kicking against old 18 you'd better cut it out," interposed the fireman angrily.

"We meant no disrespect," answered the older of the two courteously. "Our attention was attracted because we'd never seen one like it before."

"The old girl is no beauty," continued the fireman, softening somewhat, "but she jumped from here to Boston at a mile a minute clip one day last month."

"That's a mighty good record. We felt there must be something remarkable about her," returned one appeasingly.

"If you've got a story, and I'm sure you have, come down and give it to us," urged the other, smiling winningly.

"She was a warm baby in her day," began the mollified fireman, "but she's shed her cow knocker, and for a good many years she's been doing nothing better than poking box cars and flats around here in the yard. But she got her dander up that day and yanked us over the rails in great shape."

"Something special, I suppose," encouraged the elder man, passing his cigar case.

"Something special! Well, I should say," emphasized the fireman, "was the special—three of us—and old 18."

He rounded his lips and allowed the cigar smoke to escape in a long, vaporous cylinder.

"It was Sunday afternoon," reminiscently, "and about 3 o'clock when a young feller jumped off the trolley up there," indicating the street where the trolley cars ran to Andover, "and came slamming down into the station as red in the face as if he had buttoned a nest

of hornets in with his vest. He humped into old Buster—don't the station agent—and howled for a special.

"Buster" told him he wa'n't running specials as a side line, and there wa'n't nothing about the yard anyway but old 18, and an old shifter like that was wardy the thing for a special.

"Well, the young feller talked all kinds of languages and showed all kinds of money. He wanted to go to New Haven. He'd got a telegram, but it didn't reach him until after 2 o'clock, and he'd got to be in Boston in time to catch the 4 p. m. Shore line express from the South station. There was no connections anyway from here, and the special he must have. It seems he was a student at the Phillips academy in Andover, and a rattling good feller he was too."

The fireman, artful story teller, paused to whet the interest of his listeners and puffed his cigar enjoyably.

"I'll bet there's a girl at the other end of the line," cried the man who was looking for stories.

"Or a fortune," hazarded the other. The fireman grinned at both impartially.

"The young feller's name was Hart, and he had a mighty convincing tongue in him, and the way he slung his arguments at old Buster showed he knew the way to a man's inside heart. He roped in Engineer Dan Duffy, too, and Dan said old 18 would do the trick if he could have the road."

"Old Buster kept the key tapping, and Conductor Tom Collins picked out the 'short end' for the train. Then Buster got the word back from Boston: 'All right. Give you the road.' And in just twenty-three minutes from the time young Hart had blew in with his roll and his convincing eloquence Duffy threw the throttle wide open, and the old hooker dashed down the line as if she'd been on her trial trip. I jammed her with pine knots soaked in kerosene, and Duffy never took his eyes off the rails."

"Old 18 soon showed her mettle, and

"DARNED DOWN THE LINE AS IF SHE'D BEEN ON HER TRIAL TRIP."

"I'm afraid you two gents is going to be disappointed. There ain't no girl in this story—only the woman that every man owes his best to. A man may have half a dozen sweethearts if he's lucky, but he never can have but one mother," raising his greatest cap reverently.

"Hart's mother was dying, they thought, that day when old 18 humped herself over the rails with the boy, but she got well, and it was her that sent us the pins. So long, gents. Put the story in the paper if you like. It's worth printing, dead sure!"

The fireman grinned tantalizing; then his face sobered.

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as her engine passed as that Duffy didn't get a hand from the cab. Hart was game. We couldn't go too fast for him, and at easy stretches we must have struck a mile a minute. It was just 2:43 to a dot when we plunged into the long train house at the north station, old 18 snorting and bumping like she understood she was a special.

"All the way from Reading to Boston in just fifteen minutes and thirty seconds, and we reckon the run at just about thirteen miles. I could almost see old 18 winking her weather eye at some of them big six wheelers, and the kind of a you've-did-well-Sissy air that they seemed to have as they looked down at her was enough to make a man laugh—a man who can see them things, you know."

The fireman paused and anxiously regarded his dead cigar.

"Young Hart made his train, of course."

"Oh, yes; he had plenty of time. He jumped over to the other station on the 'L' and we let old 18 cool off a little, and then she hitched back to Reading. But I've kinder noticed a new pitch to her whistle ever since, and I reckon the old girl knows she done a big thing that day."

"Light up again," urged the seeker after stories, handing the cigar case. "That isn't all?" suggestively.

"No. About two weeks after that young Hart run over from Andover one day and give one of these ere things to old Buster, one to Tom Collins, one to Dan Duffy and one to me, and mine," triumphantly, "is as big a Jim Dandy as the others. They're all just alike."

He took a small velvet case from his pocket, handling it gingerly with his grimy fingers.

One of his companions took it and pressed the spring, disclosing a small scarfpin—a knot of gold with a tiny diamond point.

"That ere little stone's a real diamond," said the fireman proudly. "No ground glass about that. I wear it when I dress up and go some places."

"It's all right—a fine thing," admired his new friends.

"Well, goodby—them's good cigars—see you again some time, maybe," dropping the velvet case into his pocket and turning toward his cab.

"Hold on!" cried the story gatherer, catching him by the arm, "that ain't all! What about the girl in New Haven?"

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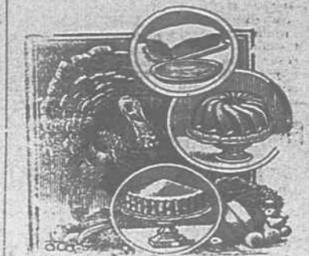
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