

# The SPEARO CLOTHING CO.

## 50 GRAND STREET.



**T**IMES have changed, ideas and customs have come and gone. The 20th century idea is to buy your clothing and pay for it in partial payments. Just because you have not got the ready cash is no reason why you should still wear your last season's clothes. It is human nature to wish for something different from what we have. We come to your aid with a line of new styles in MEN'S and YOUNG MEN'S CLOTHING which is different from what we ever had before, different in cut, different in pattern, and different in variety. We come to your aid with our popular cash and credit system. There are hundreds of people all over the city who recognize our system of selling clothing a great convenience to them, not because we sell on credit, (there are others,) but because we have the styles that appeal to young men of fashion, because no exorbitant prices are charged here, because you are not being bothered by collectors, and because we keep your transaction with us strictly confidential.

Search all the stores for the newest ideas in suits and then come to us, you'll find we have the same garments only less in price. The difference is in location—a little out of the high rent district, another difference is in the running expenses, every suit, though for young fellows, men of middle age and older ones is of a distinctive model, cut and shaped according to the latest dictates of the fashion and hand tailored by expert workmen. The quality is there, the service is there and there is enough of variety and moderate prices to bring you in for a try on. Suits from \$8.50 to \$25.00, and all prices between.

### THE SPEARO CLOTHING CO.



## THE PORT OF MISSING MEN

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON,  
Author of "The House of a Thousand Candles"

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY

He turned and ran down the steps and strode away through the long shadows of the garden. They heard the gate click after him as he passed into the Claiborne grounds, and then they glanced at each other with such a glance as may pass between two members of a peace commission sitting on the same side of the table who will not admit to each other that the latest proposition of the enemy has been in the nature of a surprise. They did not, however, suffer themselves to watch Armitage, but diplomatically refilled their glasses.

Through the green walls went Armitage. He had not been out of the baron's ground before since he was carried thence from the bungalow, and it was pleasant to be free once more and able to stir without a nurse at his heels, and he swung along with his head and shoulders erect, walking with the confident stride of a man who has no doubt whatever of his immediate aim.

At the pergola he paused to reconnoiter, finding on the bench certain vestigia that interested him deeply—a pink parasol, a contrivance of straw, lace and pink roses that seemed to be a hat and a June magazine. He jumped upon the bench where once he had sat an exile, a refugee, a person discussed in disagreeable terms by the newspapers, and studied the landscape. Then he went on up the gradual slope of the meadow until he came to the pasture wall. It was under the trees beneath which Oscar had waited for Zula that he found her.

"They told me you wouldn't dare venture out for a week," she said, advancing toward him and giving him her hand.

"That was what they told me," he said, laughing, "but I escaped from my keepers."

"You will undoubtedly take cold without your hat!"

"Yes; I shall undoubtedly have pneumonia from exposure to the Virginia sunshine. I take my chances."

"You may sit on the wall for three minutes; then you must go back. I cannot be responsible for the life of a wounded hero."

"Please!" He held up his hand. "That's what I came to talk to you about."

"About being a hero? You have taken an unfair advantage. I was going to send for the latest designs in laurel wreaths tomorrow."

She sat down beside him on the wall. The sheep were a grayish blur against the green. A little negro boy was shepherding them, and they scampered before him toward the farther end of the pasture. The faint and vanishing tinkle of a bell and the boy's whistle gave emphasis to the country quiet of the late afternoon. They spoke rapidly and impersonally of his adventures in the hills and of his illness.

"I didn't know, Miss Claiborne, that I was going to lose my mind that morning at the bungalow or I should have asked your brother to conduct you to the conservatory while I fainted. From what they told me I must have been a little light headed for a day or two. If I had been in my right mind I should not have let Captain Dick mix up in my business and run the risk of getting killed in a nasty little row. Dear old Dick! I made a mess of that whole business. I ought to have telegraphed for the Storm Springs constable in the beginning and told him that if he wasn't careful the noble house of Schomburg would totter and fall!"

"Yes, and just imagine the effect on our constable of telling him that the fate of an empire lay in his hands. It's hard enough to get a man arrested who beats his horse. But you must go back to your keepers. You haven't your hat!"

"Neither have you. You shan't outdoor me in recklessness. I inspected your hat as I came through the pergola. I liked it immensely. I came near seizing it as spoil of war—the loot of the pergola."

"There would be cause for another war. I have rarely liked any hat so

much. But the baron will be after you in a moment. I can't be responsible for you."

"The baron annoys me. He has given me a lot of worry. And that's what I have come to ask you about."

"Then I should say that you oughtn't to quarrel with a dear old man like Baron von Marhof. Besides, he's your uncle."

"No, no! I don't want him to be my uncle! I don't need any uncle!"

He glanced about with an anxiety that made her laugh.

"I understand perfectly! My father told me that the events of April in these hills were not to be mentioned. But don't worry. The sheep won't tell—and I won't."

He was silent for a moment as he thought out the words of what he wished to say to her. The sun was dipping down into the hills; the mellow air was still; the voice of a negro singing as he crossed a distant field stole sweetly upon them.

"Shirley!"

He touched her hand.

"Shirley!" And his fingers closed upon hers.

"I love you, Shirley! From those days when I saw you in Paris before the great Gettysburg battle picture I loved you. You had felt the cry of the old world, the story that is in its battlefields, its beauty and romance, just as I had felt the call of this new and more wonderful world. I understood—I knew what was in your heart. I knew what those things meant to you, but I had put them aside. I had chosen another life for myself. And the poor life that you saved, that is yours if you will take it. I have told your father and Baron von Marhof that I would not take the fortune my father left me. I would not go back there to be thanked or to get a ribbon to wear in my coat. But my name, the name I bore as a boy and disgraced in my



across the meadow they went -

father's eyes—his name that he made famous throughout the world, the name I cast aside with my youth, the name I flung away in anger—they wish me to take that."

She withdrew her hand and rose and looked away toward the western hills.

"The greatest romance in the world is here, Shirley. I have dreamed it all over—in the Canadian woods, on the Montana ranch as I watched the herd at night. My father spent his life keeping a king upon his throne, but I believe there are higher things and finer things than steady a shaking throne or being a king. And the name that has meant nothing to me except dominion and power—it can serve no purpose for me to take it now. I learned much from the poor archduke. He taught me to hate the sham and shame of the life he had fled from. My father was the last great defender of the divine right of kings, but I believe in the divine right of men. And the dome of the capitol in Washington does not mean to me force or hatred or power, but faith and hope and man's right to live and do and be whatever he can

make himself. I will not go back or take the old name unless—unless you tell me I must, Shirley!"

There was an instant in which they both faced the westerling sun. He looked down suddenly, and the deep feeling in his heart went to his lips.

"It was that way. You were just like that when I saw you first, Shirley, with the dreams in your eyes."

He caught her hand and kissed it, bending very low indeed. Suddenly, as he stood erect, her arms were about his neck and her cheek, with its warmth and color, lay against his face.

"I do not know"—and he scarcely heard the whispered words—"I do not know Frederick Augustus von Strobel, but I love John Armitage," she said.

Then back across the meadow, through the rose aisled ways of the quiet garden, they went hand in hand together and answered the baron's question.

[THE END.]

### PROCLAIMED BY GOVERNOR.

Thanksgiving Day Observance Urged by New York Executive.

Albany, N. Y., Nov. 13.—Governor Hughes issued the following Thanksgiving proclamation:

With grateful recognition of our unity as a people, of our enjoyment of peace and tranquillity, of the wealth of our material and moral resources, of increasing opportunities for industry, of educational advantages and social improvement and of our peaceful progress toward the realization of the ideals of free society, let each of us give thanks to Almighty God for our privileges, and with wholesome resolution and with reverent spirit in his name let us devote our lives to the attainment of the best of which we are capable in all good works, delighting in our fellowship and in the joyous service of brotherhood.

Now, therefore, to this end, I, Charles E. Hughes, governor of the state of New York, by virtue of the authority vested in me by the laws of the state, do hereby appoint Thursday, the 26th day of November, in the year nineteen hundred and eight, as a day of general thanksgiving.

### GOVERNOR GLENN ANGRY.

Resents Assertion Made at Roosevelt Commission Meeting.

Raleigh, N. C., Nov. 13.—Resenting the assertion of Dr. Charles W. Styles of the marine hospital service before the Roosevelt commission on country life that the blood of the children of this state was deficient in color, Governor R. B. Glenn issued this statement:

"I am not at all pleased with the character of the talks made at the meeting here, as they had more of the appearance of being an attempt to injure the state than to improve it."

"I do not believe that the coming of such commissions tends to do any good when the statements made by them are in direct conflict with true conditions."

### SUFFRAGE RIOT IN CHURCH.

Women Mob Chief Secretary For Ireland at City Temple.

London, Nov. 13.—The suffragettes for the first time carried their campaign into a place of worship.

Augustine Birrell, chief secretary for Ireland, while addressing a meeting in favor of disestablishment at the City temple was mobbed.

Nearly a score of the adherents of the suffragette movement, men and women, were ejected from the building amid uproarious scenes of struggling and violence.

Earnest appeals of Secretary Birrell and the pastor of the temple to the disturbers to respect the sacred building were without avail.

### SIX SUPERVISORS OUT.

They Resign at Request of Citizens Who Allege Graft.

Schenectady, N. Y., Nov. 13.—Six members of the county board of supervisors tendered their resignations at the request of a citizens' committee which has discovered serious irregularities.

It is claimed that members have sold supplies to the county, making out the bills in the names of other persons; that extravagant bills have been paid without question. Other members of the board are expected to resign.

The supervisors who have resigned are Edward C. Bacon, E. H. Robinson, Myron Jacobson and Aaron P. Huffmire and Charles N. Vannengerbe, county superintendent of construction.

If you are looking for boarders, try the Democrat want ads for results; 25 words 5 days for 25 cents.

# FEAST OF GOOD THINGS IN SATURDAY'S EVENING DEMOCRAT



First installment of Lady Betty Across the Water. A new and up-to-date serial.

Page of Timely Dramatic News with Illustrations and Theatrical Chatter of Interest.

Football on many fields showing some of the big plays in recent games.

The Bowser Papers, funniest of all stories will be resumed again in The Evening Democrat.

President Eliot's life story after 40 years at Harvard.

Short Stories and Miscellaneous Reading Matter by the best writers in the country.

## LADY BETTY ACROSS THE WATER

By C. N. and A. M. Williamson

Illustrated by Henderson

Relating in the Williamson's inimitable style the experience of a charming daughter of the British aristocracy on the occasion of her first visit to the United States, with her original observations on American society. The story itself is Lady Betty's love romance.

It is the prettiest climax imaginable, and the book is undoubtedly to be read for the romance it unfolds.—New York Tribune.

It is simply a captivating story, every word worth reading. The Williamson's have done no more enjoyable work than with this—Grand Rapid Herald.

Queries and answers covering many subjects of interest to all newspaper readers.

All the local, state and other news up to the latest hour of going to press.

The Democrat is For Sale at All News Stores 2c a Copy.  
42c A MONTH DELIVERED TO YOUR HOME.  
Watch for our Special Magazine Offer.