

MEN'S AND BOY'S CLOTHING AT LESS THAN COST OF CLOTH

That is Just What is Happening Here During

OUR WINTER'S END SALE

The Recent Money Stringency

came on about the time the clothing business was at its height. Many men accustomed to buying in November and December failed to do so. They curtailed expenditures until they "saw where they were at." While we do not encourage holding off buying until after the season, yet we cannot dispute the fact that these same men, by so doing, have saved just about half—provided they take advantage of the big sale now in full bloom.



This is how we are selling Men's Suits and Overcoats, all bunched in four lots

<p>LOT 1 MEN'S SUITS AND OVERCOATS AT \$16.90 Giving complete choice of Suits and Overcoats formerly marked \$30.00, \$27.50 and \$25.00.</p>	<p>LOT 2 MEN'S SUITS AND OVERCOATS AT \$11.90 Giving complete choice of Men's Suits and O'coats formerly marked \$22.50, \$20 and \$18.</p>
<p>LOT 3 MEN'S SUITS AND OVERCOATS AT \$7.90 Giving complete choice of Men's Suits and O'coats formerly marked \$15 and \$12.50.</p>	<p>LOT 4 MEN'S SUITS AND OVERCOATS AT \$4.90 Giving complete choice of all Men's Suits and Overcoats formerly marked \$10, \$8.50 and 7.50.</p>

One-third off all Boys' Suits, Overcoats and Odd Pants. One-third off on all Men's Odd Trousers. 20 per cent discount on all Fur Coats. 25 per cent discount on all heavy Work Clothes.

ARMSTRONG CLOTHING CO.

GOOD CLOTHES MERCHANTS

TALK OF NEW YORK

Gossip of People and Events Told in Interesting Manner.

Wedding Reconciles the Vanderbilts



NEW YORK.—Not the least interesting part of the recent union of Gladys Vanderbilt and Count Laszlo Szechenyi of Hungary, so far as New York society is concerned, was the belated reconciliation which was made known when Cornelius Vanderbilt consented at the eleventh hour and under much pressure to lend formal sanction to the alliance by giving away the bride. This action restores him to his rightful position as head of the Vanderbilt family, an honor that was taken from him by his father years ago when he married Miss Grace Wilson. The eldest son had stood out strongly against the mother and sister and had refused to consider the young Hungarian nobleman as a suitor for his sister's hand. It was feared that his uncompromising Americanism would mar the wedding and open the breach still wider between Cornelius Vanderbilt and his family.

It is known that neither Alfred nor Reginald favored the match, but their opposition was not so manifest and pronounced as that of the eldest son, Reginald, the third son, is accredited with having acted as the chief agent in bringing about the formal recon-

conciliation. Mrs. Vanderbilt, despite the strongly expressed aversion of her late husband to an international alliance, was her daughter's chief ally throughout the preliminary arrangements.

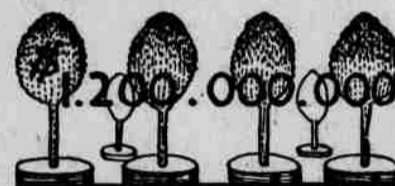
The question of the size of the countess' dot is still a matter of eager speculation. It was currently reported and believed that a settlement of \$5,000,000 had been made upon the young Hungarian nobleman. This was emphatically denied, however, by the count's brothers and by his attorney. They maintained that his own income of \$60,000 a year is all that he requires or desires, and that the marriage was the result solely of a love match.

He is said to have inspired confidence as to his powers to retain whatever he does get by his treatment of the servants with whom he has come into contact since his arrival in America. The fabulous tales that preceded his advent in America as to the size of the tips which he would scatter are not said to have enabled any of the servants in the home of Mr. Whitney to retire on a competency.

Personally, however, he rather impressed society here. He has a dashing and gallant exterior, the carriage of a guardsman and the grace that comes of an aristocratic line dating back for over 1,000 years.

He is said to be amiable and open of habit, a trifle quick tempered upon provocation, but wanting in arrogance and democratic in manner. He has one duel to his account and is reputed to be the best dressed man in Hungary.

City Parks Are Worth Over a Billion



NEW YORK CITY has one of the greatest public park systems in the world in extent, and the finest in convenience for the use of the people and natural and artificial beauties.

Records of the city department of parks give interesting figures and general information unknown by many of the residents of the city. It is estimated that the public playgrounds, the open places that are not only in bodies of many acres, but in small plots of green that are lungs for the great congested districts of the metropolis, are worth as vacant real estate \$1,200,000,000. This enormous amount in value is tied up in land for the health and pleasure of more than 4,000,000 of inhabitants of the five boroughs and friends who may visit them and strangers who come to the city.

It is shown that the original cost of these parks, which number 113, was about \$66,455,000, and they are worth

now nearly 20 times as much as at the dates of their purchase. Take for illustration Union, Madison, Tompkins and Washington squares. They cost respectively \$116,051 in 1883, \$65,952 in 1847, \$693,358 in 1834 and \$77,970 in 1827, or \$353,331 in all, and now real estate experts say that they are worth \$20,000,000.

These numerous parks vary in size as much as they vary in location, from a small fraction of an acre at the junction of streets to 1,756 acres in Pelham Bay park, the most extensive park in the city, and forming a grand and magnificent system through the Parkway that connects it with Bronx park, of 661 acres, which, in its turn, is connected on the west by Moshulu Parkway with Van Cortlandt park, of 1,132 acres.

Manhattan, with its more congested population, naturally has the most parks, which number 48, with magnificent Central park, containing 843 acres, leading, as it leads the world. Brooklyn borough, with 38 parks, comes next, with Prospect park of 516 acres at the head of the list. The Bronx has the greatest park acreage, with 17 parks; then comes Queens with seven, followed by Richmond with three.

Flowers Served from a Wheelbarrow



MRS. JOHN JACOB ASTOR gave a dance the other night at which she taught the Four Hundred that the newest way to serve flowers as favors is from the depth of an old-fashioned wheelbarrow.

So many guests were invited and so many innovations had been provided that Mrs. Astor used both her own mansion, at 340 Fifth avenue, and that of Col. Astor's mother, next door. After Sherry had served luncheon at midnight in a dining room decorated with myriads of pink roses, American Beauties and lilies, Mrs. Astor began the distribution of the most costly set of favors given to guests at any social function in New York this winter.

Out of the first box popped rose wands for the women and golden cigarette lighters for the men; from the second came forth French novelties in

precious gems with silver pencils for the males. Then came brocaded boxes and bags and brocaded match safes and more trinkets in the finer metals until each guest bore a small load.

Finally a footman, farmer-dressed, wheeled into the big drawing room the gigantic wheelbarrow, smothered in smilax so that not a particle of the wood or iron framework could be seen. From this rustic flower bed guests picked bouquets of lilies and lilies of the valley and great boutonnières of the same flowers tied with white silk ribbon as the footman wheeled the ancient vehicle from group to group.

After this there was dancing until early morning, which furnished Mrs. Astor with another opportunity for her inventive genius. As the guests were preparing to depart they were served with the second collation of the function—in reality a buffet breakfast because of the lateness of the hour.

The gowns and jewels worn by Mrs. Astor and her guests were extraordinarily brilliant even for an Astor function. Incidentally the display aroused considerable notice in the opera boxes, where the guests attended before retiring to the dance.

Rich Capitalists Turn Bootblacks



AN indication of the important part that the nickels and dimes of the public play in the everyday life of this metropolis is the leasing of the bootblack privileges in the new twin McAadoo terminal buildings, on Cortlandt street, for 12 years at a rental aggregating \$124,000. This is at the rate of \$10,333.33 1-3 a year.

To handle the apparently insignificant job of shining the shoes of the permanent and transient population of this immense building a corporation called the Hudson Terminal Bootblack Company has been formed. The names of the men who are putting up

the money have not been made public, but they are capitalists who have figured in deals involving millions.

To earn merely the rent the industrious polishers of shoes in the corridors will have to serve 103,333 persons a year. Added to this they must earn the outlay for wages, brushes, cloths, blacking and other materials and tools before the profits begin to come in.

The backers of the syndicate figure, however, that they will have no difficulty in making a big winning on their investment.

The population of the offices in the building will be 11,000 persons. How many will pass through the corridors to and from the trains is a question that experience must settle, but, basing their figures on the ferry-boat travel, the bootblack promoters figure that at least 2,000,000 shoes will pass under the hands of their polishers in the first year.

ON SECOND THOUGHT

"You seem disturbed about something," said the young man who was calling after he had made the same remark about the weather twice.

"I am," confessed the young woman with the straight eyebrows. Then she sighed. "In the last week," she went on, "I have had two bitter blows."

"Why didn't you hit back?" inquired the young man.

"They weren't that kind of blows," said the young woman. "The first one was when Mabel announced that she was going to marry that man from Tennessee. You can imagine what it will mean to me to have Mabel way off in Tennessee!"

"That sounds like the title of a popular song," mused the young man. "I expect you'll go to visit her and some southerner with an accent will get you. Lots of hope for me now."

"I don't like the south," said the young woman, coldly.

"Then—"

"I mean the climate," interrupted the young woman. "The southern men I have met are perfectly splendid and never make hateful remarks about their acquaintances. I suppose you are alluding to the delightful Mr. Crumby who was visiting here. He had the most perfect manners!"

"And that was all," broke in the



"What Was the Other Blow?"

young man who was calling. "What you could see in him I can't see."

"I don't see why you enjoy being hateful," murmured the young woman. "I'm sure—"

"So am I," interrupted the young man, sternly. "You made that perfectly plain to me a month ago when I asked a certain question. You may be able to overcome your dislike of the southern climate."

"I suppose so," agreed the young woman, reflectively. "Of course, there would be advantages—flowers and mocking birds and such things."

The young man made a savage sound in his throat. "What was the other blow?" he asked.

The young woman looked still more pensive. "Marian was over this morning," she said. "I'm just as good friends with Marian as I am with Mabel. Marian and I know all about each other's face powders and complexion creams and never flirt with each other's young men. It is such a relief to know a girl you don't have to keep your eye on. Well, she devoted the whole morning to explaining to me why she could not possibly marry a man like Harvey Lottridge of Portland, Ore. When she began to enumerate all his faults I knew everything was settled and began to study out what I should give her for a wedding present."

"I don't see what makes you think she is going to marry him," said the young man in astonishment.

"That's because you are only a man," the young woman told him. "When a girl gets to the point of cataloguing all the objections to a man it means she is next door to finding alleviating good points to balance them. Or else she wants the person to whom she is talking to do it for her. I devoted all my time when Marian wasn't talking in contradicting her and praising Harry. If she is going to be Mrs. Lottridge I might just as well have her admire me for seeing what a fine man Harvey is instead of having her tell people that she is so sorry I am growing to be such a cranky old maid."

"How you girls love each other!" said the young man in astonishment.

"We do!" insisted the young woman. "Only you men can't understand. Why, I'm heartbroken to think of Marian and Mabel going so far away. It's going to be awfully lonesome!"

The young man leaned forward. "I know how you could fix up," he said, hurriedly.

"How?" inquired the young woman, indifferently.

"I told you a month ago," said the young man. Then he sighed and shook his head. "But it's no use. You turned me down so thoroughly that I've never come to the surface again. There's no use in my bringing up the subject and I know it!"

There was a silence, during which the young man glared at the painting over the mantel and the young woman's color slowly deepened in her cheeks. Then she shot him a shy look. "I—I wouldn't be so sure of that!" she said at last.—Chicago Daily News.