

Boston Store Mill-End Sale



MILL ENDS OF
Sheeting
 8-4 and 9-4 sheetings, all lengths, 15c
MILL ENDS OF
Pillow Casing
 42-in. pillow casing, at yard, 7 1/2c

50c All Wool
French Flannels
 in mill ends, on sale at
15c yd

85c Silk Striped and Plain All Wool
Challis
 on sale at
39c & 45c yd

75c Silk
Mousseline de Soie
 Embroidered, lace striped and polka dot
39c yd

\$2.50 All Wool
Ladies' French Flannel Waists
 on sale Monday at
98c

\$7.50 and \$10.00
Ladies' Fine All Silk Waists
 Newest styles and colorings, at
\$2.98

500 Ladies' Fine
Dress Skirts
 In chevrons, covers, venetians, home-spuns and crepons, all new colorings, \$5 and \$8 values, at
\$2.50

MILL ENDS OF
Prints
 Mill remnants of best bleached prints—
3 1/2c

MILL ENDS OF
Muslin
 Mill remnants of good bleached muslin—
2 1/2c

MILL ENDS OF
Gingham
 Mill remnants best grade 35-line imported gingham, 8 1/2c

Monday Starts the Second and Last Week of the Great Mill-End Sale

The past week acts as an incentive and spurs us on to still greater efforts, grander achievements and more triumphs. We want to attract tomorrow larger crowds than we had last Monday, the first day of the sale, and to accomplish our aim we have made reductions on good, desirable merchandise that are bound to bring every reader of this advertisement here tomorrow. Read carefully every item—note the great saving possibilities and ask yourself if you can afford to ignore the offerings. All late arrivals of mill ends go in tomorrow's sale at prices that are bound to sell them out quickly. This mill end sale has been a boon to all consumers. The values we offer may never be presented to you again—its a rare opportunity and we advise you to make the most of it.

MILL ENDS OF
Long Cloth
 Fairfax long cloth, worth 15c, yard
7 3/4c

Mill-End Sale Silks
75c Silks at 25c Yard
 2,000 yards of 30-in. and 38-in. Black Japanese Wash Silks, Fancy Striped and Checked Taffetas, Black Brocade Silks, Corded Wash Silks, 24-inch Plain Chinas, Printed Toulars, Figured China, Black and Colored Taffetas and Trimming Silk. 5c values—mill end price, yard
25c

Great Cloth and Suiting Purchase
Benjamin & Caspary (in liquidation), 725 and 727 Broadway, New York, known as the manufacturers of the finest suits and skirts, sold us their stock of cloths and suitings, and tomorrow we will place them on sale
AT LESS THAN HALF THEIR REAL VALUE
 They are by far the finest lot of imported cloths ever shown, especially adapted for tailor suits, runabout skirts, jackets or capes—the stock includes heavy pebble chevrons, double warp home-spuns, German Broadcloths, French Venetians, Zibelines, Vicunas, Oxfords, Casimeres, Clay Worsted, Serges, and Golf Skirtings—they are from 1 1/2 to 2 yards wide—values up to \$4.00 a yard—on sale Monday at 49c, 69c, 98c and \$1.25 a yard
49c & 69c yd
98c & \$1.25 yd

Sale of Art Squares
 We closed out from the mill all their small lots and samples of Ingrain Art Squares. There were 400 in the lot and we place them on sale tomorrow at absolutely the lowest prices ever heard of. The granites are all extra heavy and no better wearing or grain rug is made. They come in handsome medallion and oriental designs. On sale in three lots, according to size:
\$198 for Art Squares— size 7 ft 6 in. by 9 ft
\$298 for Art Squares— size 9 feet 1 1/2 feet— and 9 feet 6 in. by 9 feet
\$398 for Art Squares— size 9x12 feet.

MILL ENDS OF
Gingham
 Mill remnants of 10c chambray gingham, yard
6 1/2c

MILL ENDS OF
Dimities
 Finest quality imp'd dimities, in mill remnants, yard
10c

50c Silks at 9c Yard
 1,500 yards of Wash Silks, checks, stripes and plain colored Silk and Satins for fancy work, 36-in. wide; Silk Serges in short lengths, worth up to 50c a yard—mill end price—per yard
9c

49c yd
69c yd
98c yd
\$1.25 yd

Extra heavy all wool Ingrain Carpet, 15c at yard
39c
 The best grade of extra super Ingrain Carpet, 39c to 50c yard, go **25c**

MILL ENDS OF
Percales
 Mill remnants 36-in. percales worth 15c, yard
8 1/2c

MILL ENDS OF
Long Cloth
 No. 300 Imperial long cloth, worth 16c—yard
7 3/4c

\$1.00 to \$2.00 Silks at 49c and 67 1/2c a Yard
 Over 3,000 yards of all kinds of plain and fancy Silks, including dress silks, waist silks, fancy striped taffetas for petticoats and linings, yard wide black and white China Silk, 27-inch black and colored Taffetas, 27-inch all silk Duchesse Satin, fancy Plisse Silk and two and three toned Corded Taffetas—also Cheney Bros' high grade toulars. In dress and waist pattern lengths—mill end price 49 & 69c yd
49c
67 1/2c
98c

49c yd
69c yd
98c yd
\$1.25 yd

500 Ladies' Fine Dress Skirts
 In chevrons, covers, venetians, home-spuns and crepons, all new colorings, \$5 and \$8 values, at
\$2.50

MILL ENDS OF
Shirting
 Mill remnants of best heavy striped shirting—worth 12 1/2c, yard
5c

MILL ENDS OF
White Goods
 40-in. lawn, 32-in. India linens and fancy checked, striped and plaid cotton goods, worth up to 25c, yard
10c

25c
9c
49c
67 1/2c
98c

49c yd
69c yd
98c yd
\$1.25 yd

500 Ladies' Fine Dress Skirts
 In chevrons, covers, venetians, home-spuns and crepons, all new colorings, \$5 and \$8 values, at
\$2.50

MILL ENDS OF
Toweling
 Mill remnants all kinds cotton toweling, worth 10c, yard, 3 1/2c and 2c and...

MILL ENDS OF
Percales
 Mill ends and short lengths of percales, yard
2 1/2c

Mill End Sale of Towels and Toweling
 We bought from one of the largest manufacturers of towels in the east, their entire season's accumulation of crash toweling and Turkish towels.
 We will sell all the Turkish toweling by the yard, in heavy and light weight, bleached and unbleached—many pieces nearly a yard wide—this is one of the biggest bargains we have ever offered—all on sale at, yard
6 1/2c
 All the cotton crash toweling, heavy and twilled toweling, we will sell in two lots—at yard, 2 1/2c, 3 1/2c
 All the towels in this purchase, all kinds and all grades, go in three lots, each
2 1/2c, 3 1/2c, 5c

Mill End Sale of Laces, Embroideries, Trimmings
 Mill end sale of all the odd pieces and short lengths of all kinds of laces, embroideries and insertions, all at fractional prices.
 A big lot of all kinds of fine torchon and valenciennes laces and insertion, in all widths, extra fine quality, worth up to 25c yard, go at
5c 1/2c, 3c, and 5c
 Fine silk braids and silk guimps, jet trimmings and iridescent trimmings—hundreds of styles, many worth 23c yard, go in lots at 1c, 2c and 5c a yard.

Mill End Sale of Handkerchiefs
 All the odds and ends and small lots of plain white and fancy bordered handkerchiefs, some slightly mussed, worth up to 15c each, go at
2 1/2c
 500 dozen genuine Irish linen handkerchiefs, hemstitched, all widths of hems, sheer, fine and medium weight linen, some slightly mussed, worth regular up to 25c, choice
6 1/2c

MILL ENDS OF
Toweling
 Mill remnants Turkish toweling with 25c, yard
6 1/2c

MILL ENDS OF
Denims
 Mill remnants drapery art denims and tickings, worth 30c, yard
12 1/2c

6c

Embroideries and insertions in neat, dainty patterns and wide showy patterns, in cambric and Swiss, all styles, worth up to 25c yard, go at
25c yard, go at
5c 1/2c, 3c, and 5c

500 dozen genuine Irish linen handkerchiefs, hemstitched, all widths of hems, sheer, fine and medium weight linen, some slightly mussed, worth regular up to 25c, choice
6 1/2c

MILL ENDS OF
Lawns
 Mill remnants fine lawn, worth 12c, yard
6 1/2c

MILL ENDS OF
Velours
 Mill remnants upholstery velours, 39c yard

6c

Embroideries and insertions in neat, dainty patterns and wide showy patterns, in cambric and Swiss, all styles, worth up to 25c yard, go at
25c yard, go at
5c 1/2c, 3c, and 5c

500 dozen genuine Irish linen handkerchiefs, hemstitched, all widths of hems, sheer, fine and medium weight linen, some slightly mussed, worth regular up to 25c, choice
6 1/2c

MILL ENDS OF
Plaids
 10c grade Scotch Plaid, per yard
2 1/2c

BOSTON STORE
W. L. BRANDEIS & SONS.
181 DOUGLAS
 Ladies 1.50 Kid Gloves 49c Pair
 Ladies fine imported Gloves—made of French kid, in black in black and colors, all sizes, worth up to \$1.50 a pair, every pair perfect, sale price
49c

FIRST STEPS IN STAGE LIFE

How a Famous Actress Came to Enter Her Career.

CLARA MORRIS TELLS HER OWN STORY

Started as a Ballet Girl and Had a Busy Time Before She Made Her First Appearance in Toronto.

(Copyright, 1901, by the S. S. McClure Co.)
 Clara Morris is writing her autobiography and doing it as she always did things, in a way that is charming. Some excerpts are decidedly interesting. In telling how she secured her first engagement at a Toronto theater Miss Morris says:
 I was approaching my 18th birthday, when it came about that a certain ancient boarding house keeper—far gone in years—required some one to assist her, some one she could trust entirely and leave in charge for a month at a time—and I, not being able to read the future, was greatly chagrined because my mother accepted the offered situation.
 Among the boarders there were two or three actors and two actresses—a mother and a daughter—Mrs. Bradshaw and Blanche. The mother played the "first old woman"; the daughter, only a year or two older than I was, played, I was told, "walking ladies," though what that meant I could not imagine.
 The daughter (Blanche) liked me, while I looked upon her with awe, and wondered why she even noticed me. She had never read a book in her life. When I was home from school I told her stories by the hour, and she would say: "You ought to be in a theater—you could act."
 And then I would be dumb for a long time, because I thought she was making fun of me. One day I was chewing some gum she gave me—I was not chewing it very nicely, either—and my mother boxed my ears, and Blanche said: "You ought to be in a theater—you could chew all the gum you liked there!"
 And just then my mother was making fun overworked, and the spring came in with furious heat, and I felt so big and yet so helpless—a great girl of 13 to be worked for by another—and the humiliation seemed more than I could bear, and I locked myself in my dreary cupboard of a room and flung myself upon my knees, and in a passion of tears tried to make a bargain with my God. I meant no irreverence; I was intensely religious. I did not see the enormity of the act; I only knew that I suffered and that God would help me, so I asked His help. But, instead of stopping there, I cried out to Him this promise: "Dear God, just pity me and show me what to do! Please, please help me to help my mother, and if you will I'll never say 'No!' to any woman who comes to me all my life long!"
 Her Part Fully Performed.
 My error in trying to barter with my Maker must have been forgiven, for my prayer was answered within a week—while there are many women scattered through the land who know that I have faithfully kept my part of that bargain and no woman who has sought my aid has ever been answered with a "No!"
 One day Blanche greeted me with the news that extra ballet girls were wanted and told me that I must go at once and get engaged.
 "But," I said, "maybe they won't take me."
 "Well," answered she, "I've coaxed your mother and my mother says she'll look out for you—so, at any rate, go and see. I'll take you tomorrow."
 And so dimly, vaguely I seemed to see a way opening out before me and again the old Academy of Music on Bank street, and I walked to the theater with Blanche, who had promised to ask Mr. Elliser (the manager) to take me on in the ballet. When we reached the sidewalk we saw the sky threatened rain and Blanche sent me back for an umbrella. I had none of my own, so I borrowed one from Mrs. Miller, our landlady, and at sight of it my companion broke into laughter. It was a dreadful affair, with a knobby, unkind handle, a slovenly and corpulent body and a circumference when open that suggested the idea that it had been built to shelter not only the landlady, but those wise ones of the boarders who had paid up before the winds rose and the rain fell. Then we proceeded to the old Academy of Music on Bank street, and entering, went upstairs, and just as we reached the top step a small dark man hurried across the hall and Blanche called quickly: "Oh, Mr. Elliser—Mr. Elliser! Wait a moment, please. I want to speak to you."
 What the Manager Saw.
 I could not know that his almost repellant sternness of face concealed a kindness of heart that approached weakness, so when he turned a frowning, impatient face towards us, hope left me utterly and for a moment I seemed to stand in a great darkness. I think I can do no better than to give Mr. Elliser's own account of that, our first meeting, as he has given it often since. He says: "I was much put out by a business matter, and was hastily crossing the corridor, when Blanche called me, and I saw she had another girl in tow; a girl whose appearance in a theater was so dull, I must have laughed, had I not been more than a little cross. Her dress was quite short—she wore a pale blue apron buttoned up the back, long braids tied at the ends with ribbons, and a brown straw hat, while she clutched desperately at the handle of the biggest umbrella I ever saw. Her eyes were distinctly blue and were plainly big with fright. Blanche gave her name and said she wanted to go on in the ballet, and I instantly answered she would not do, she was too small—I wanted women, not children, and started to return to my office. Blanche was voluble, but the girl herself never spoke a single word. I glanced toward her and stopped. The hands that clutched the umbrella trembled—she raised her eyes and looked at me. I had noticed their blueness a moment before—now they were almost black, so swiftly had the pupils dilated, and slowly the tears rose in them. All the father in me shrank under the child's bitter disappointment—the actor in me thrilled at the power of expression in the girl's face, and I hastily added: "Oh, well! You may come back in a day or two, and if any one appears meantime who is short enough to march with you, I'll take you on, and after I got to my office I remembered the girl had not spoken a single word, but had won an engagement with a pair of tear-filled eyes."
 Her First "Make-Up."
 At last night came—hot! Oh, my, how hot it was! and we were so crowded in our tiny dressing room that some of us had to stand one on one chair while we put our skirts on. The confusion was great and I was glad to get out of the room downstairs, where I went to show myself to Mr. Bradshaw or Blanche, to see if it was all right. They looked at me and after a hopeless struggle with their quivering faces they burst into shrieks of laughter. With trembling hands I clutched my tulle-trimmed and peering down at my tights I groaned: "Are they twisted, or run down, or what?"
 But it was not my tights; it was my face. I knew you had to put on powder, because the gas made you yellow—and red, because powder made you ghastly, but it had not occurred to me that skill was required in applying the same and I was a sight to make any kindly disposed angel weep! I had not even sense enough to free my eyelashes from the powder clinging to them. My face was chalk white, and low down on my cheeks were a few bright red spots. Mrs. Bradshaw said: "With your round blue eyes and your round white face you look a cheap china doll! Come here, my dear!"
 She dusted off a few thicknesses of the powder, removed the hard scarlet spots, took a great soft hare's-foot, which she rubbed over some pink rouge and then, holding it in the air, she proceeded: "Tomorrow, after you have walked to get a color, go to your glass and see where you will find it, higher on your cheek, coming close under the eye and growing faint toward the ear. I'll paint you that way tonight on chance. You see, my color is low on my cheeks. Of course, when you are making-up for a character part you go with a different rule, but when you are just trying to look pretty be guided by nature. Now—"
 I felt the soft touch of the hare's-foot on my burning cheeks, then she gave me a toothbrush, which had black on it, and bade me draw it across my lashes. I did so, and was surprised at the amount of powder it removed. She touched her little finger to some red pomade, and said: "Thrust out your under lip—no, not like a kiss—that makes creases—make a silky lip—so!"
 She touched my lip with her finger, then she drew back and laughed again, in a different way. She drew me to the glass, and said: "Look!"
 I looked and cried: "Oh—oh! Mrs. Bradshaw, that girl doesn't look a bit like me—she's ever so much nicer!"
 In that lesson on making-up was the beginning and the ending of my theatrical instruction. When I have learned since then has been by observation, study and direct inquiry, but never by instruction, either free or paid for.
 Now, while I was engaged to go on with the crowd, fate willed, after all, that I should have an independent entrance for my first appearance on the stage. The matter would be too trivial to mention were it not for the influence it had upon my future. One act of the play represented the back of a stage during a performance. The scene-shifters and gammen were standing about—everything was going wrong. The manager was giving orders wildly, and then a dancer was late. She was called frantically, and finally, when she appeared on the stage, she had been rebuffed and rebuffed, she rushed her across the stage and fairly pitched her on the imaginary stage—the greatest amusement of the audience.
 The tallest and prettiest girl in the ballet had been picked out to do this bit of work, she had been rehearsed and rehearsed, as if she were preparing for the balcony scene of Romeo and Juliet, and day after day the stage manager would groan: "Can't you run? Did you ever run? Imagine the house after that and you are running for your life!"
 At last, on that opening night, we were all gathered ready for our first entrance and dance, which followed a few moments after the incident I have described. The tall girl had a queer look on her face as she stood in her place, her cue came, but she never moved.
 I heard the rushing footsteps of the stage manager. "That's you!" he shouted. "Go on! Go on! run!"
 But? She seemed to have grown fast to the floor. We heard the angry scuffle of the actor on the stage: "Send someone on here, for heaven's sake!"
 "Are you going out?" cried the frantic prompter.
 She dropped her arms limply at her sides and whispered: "I—I—e-a-u—!"
 He turned, and as he ran his imporing eyes over the line of faces, each girl shrank back from him. He reached me; I had no fear and he saw it. "Can you go on there?" he cried. I nodded. "Then, for God's sake, go!"
 I gave a bound and a rush that carried me half across the stage before the manager caught me, and so I made my entrance on the stage, and danced and marched and sang with the rest, and all unconsciously took my first step upon the path that I was to follow through shadow and through sunshine—to follow by steep and stony places, over threatening bogs, through green and pleasant meadows, to follow steadily and faithfully for many and many a year.

LABOR AND INDUSTRY.

Philadelphia makes 90 per cent of our tin cans.
 On May 1, 20,000 machinists will demand the nine-hour day.
 Germany has \$200,000,000 invested in electrical works.
 One woman to every ten men worked for wages fifty years ago, but now the ratio is one to four.
 The bread eaters of the world require more than 2,200,000,000 bushels of wheat every twelve months.
 The demand for automobiles is so immense, it is said, that all factories are being turned out to make them.
 France consumes more wine than Germany, the United States and the United Kingdom together.
 Fighting a well established newspaper is a costly undertaking. Typographical union No. 6 has unconditionally declared off a strike against the New York Sun which was begun seventeen months ago and has cost the printers \$12,000.
 No less than 140,000 homes are held free of debt by southern negroes. These have been estimated at an aggregate value of \$140,000,000. The holdings of personality by the race are probably worth more than the really. Illiteracy has decreased among them nearly 90 per cent in twenty years.
 The Illinois factory inspector, in his annual report, says that there has been an "unusual increase in the number of children employed in the factories, and the consequent crowding out of men and women." In Chicago alone about 11,000 children were employed in places visited by him.
 The New York state factory inspector says in his report to the legislature that there has been vast improvement in treatment and dwelling house workshops, but that much remains to be done. He pointedly refers to the fact that "men who hold their heads high in the business world and presumably some also in the religious world indirectly traffic in the very lifeblood of their fellow men."
 The building trades unions in Brooklyn have started a movement to kill off rivalries between unions by an agreement to adopt the same rate of wages and to recognize each other's union cards. The First National Union of Plasterers, with a membership of 1,500, and the Italian Plaster and Ornamental Plasterers' union, with a membership of 20, have joined hands.
 President Tatum of the International Brotherhood of Bookbinders is arranging to organize the women in that industry, to include blankbook sewers, wire stretchers, folders and pasters, ruling and numbering machine operators. About 20 of the girls have signified their willingness to form a local union and the brotherhood will organize them and issue a charter. The meeting will be held about the middle of February.
 The will of the late Oswald Ottendorfer, principal owner of the New York Staats Zeitung, shows that he died with resentment in his heart against all his union employees because one union in his office won a strike. One of the unusual provisions of this will is a bequest of \$50,000 to the employees of the Staats Zeitung. Mr. Ottendorfer has, however, carefully barred from participation in the bequest all the union workmen in the employ of the newspaper. Many years ago there was a strike in the office that gave Mr. Ottendorfer a great deal of trouble. The union won and the newspaper has been a union office ever since, but there is a clause in the will limiting the beneficiaries to those employees whose salaries or wages shall have been voluntarily fixed and adjusted by the trustees of the Staats Zeitung.

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 The building trades unions in Brooklyn have started a movement to kill off rivalries between unions by an agreement to adopt the same rate of wages and to recognize each other's union cards. The First National Union of Plasterers, with a membership of 1,500, and the Italian Plaster and Ornamental Plasterers' union, with a membership of 20, have joined hands.
 President Tatum of the International Brotherhood of Bookbinders is arranging to organize the women in that industry, to include blankbook sewers, wire stretchers, folders and pasters, ruling and numbering machine operators. About 20 of the girls have signified their willingness to form a local union and the brotherhood will organize them and issue a charter. The meeting will be held about the middle of February.
 The will of the late Oswald Ottendorfer, principal owner of the New York Staats Zeitung, shows that he died with resentment in his heart against all his union employees because one union in his office won a strike. One of the unusual provisions of this will is a bequest of \$50,000 to the employees of the Staats Zeitung. Mr. Ottendorfer has, however, carefully barred from participation in the bequest all the union workmen in the employ of the newspaper. Many years ago there was a strike in the office that gave Mr. Ottendorfer a great deal of trouble. The union won and the newspaper has been a union office ever since, but there is a clause in the will limiting the beneficiaries to those employees whose salaries or wages shall have been voluntarily fixed and adjusted by the trustees of the Staats Zeitung.

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