Novelettes of New York Streets

Fourth Ave.—A Little Comedy from the Antique

Written Expressly for The Evening World

By Ethel Watts Mumford

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THE ANTIQUE WORLD

The tarnished swinging sign bore this legend above a globe, so battered that it would have gone hard with any student of geography willing to trust to conformation. Inside the little Fourth avenue shop, welling out even onto the sidewalk, was a welter of odds and ends of furniture, glass, Sheffield plate, china, brass, brocade, pictures—flotsam and jetsam of a thousand wrecked habitations.

Over this intersting mixture Mrs. Leslie Bloom presided. True the bills went out and the checks came in when there were any, bearing the name of "Therese Lenormand, late of the rue des Saints Peres, Paris," for Mrs. Bloom has discovered that the glamor of France was a great help in the sale of antiques, covering many a crack and blemish and adding glitter to much fly-specked gilding. Madame was short and stout and a widow of long standing. She had inherited the business and carried it on in a stolid, energetic fashion, replenishing her stock from the wholesale annex the "repositories" and reinforcing her colossal ignorance with an imagination as amazing as it was fertile. With every piece of bric-a-brac she could supply a history as fantastic as an Arabian tale. Her customers either accepted it as gospel or purchased for the mere charm of her narrations. She was quite capable of selling Queen Elizabeth's telephone book or Cleopatra's massage vibrator. It was all part of the antique business.

ETHEL WATTS MUMFORD

Now Mme. Bloom stood at the door, frowning heavily. Things were bad enough, with every junk store on the house advertising removal sales for miles; bad enough, too, that the swell trade was creeping uptown beyond the Twenties and Thirties. Added to this, extensive alterations had been made next door, and an enormous placard announced a new arrival in the congested district. "The Crowned Thistle" antique store had opened with an "extensive collection, lately imported, to which would be added the entire contents of several American Colonial mansions and a chateau of Quebec, at cutthroat prices." No wonder "Madame" frowned.

Mr. Ian McLean, the owner of the new premises, was anxious to obtain her lease, in order to extend his already imposing quarters. Madame had rudely refused. For twenty-five years she had occupied her dingy warren, and she had no intention of moving. Besides, the compensation offered was ridiculously small, and the price she asked would salve her feelings. Mr. McLean had let fall a hint that perhaps he might undersell—for a while—moreover, he pointed out his stock would be superior—and draw away her trade. Still Mrs. Bloom had gazed in his steel blue eyes with her beady black ones and defied him. Results were painful. Even Madame's hectic histories of the past glories of her stock-in-trade could not overcome the lure of the price tags on McLean's onken settles and crested plate, together with his quiet, matter of fact statements as to his sources of supply among the castles of "Bonnie Scotland."

McLean came to the door of his shop, ushering out a purchaser, who insisted on carrying off her purchases in her limousine. Mrs. Bloom turned pale with envy. "Carriage trade"—the high-water mark of prosperity. Her rival glanced at her and bowed as he turned away from the automobile. His face remained masklike, but his eyes glinted.

Fury bit at the heart of Mrs. Bloom, yet she could not restrain a feeling of admiration. Her heartless competitor was a business man—no denying it—a fine business man. If only her husband—— She turned from the door and picked up a pewter jug—a purchase of the late unlamented Isaac's—so hideous that not even the Munchausen tales she had woven about it could induce any one to take it away. She sighed. Truly she was handicapped. She thought of McLean's castle-bred stock, and sighed again. Such shining, clawfooted, pillared mahogany, such time worn, dented, blackened oak, such bulging, brass looped walnut as passed in and out of the "Crowned Thistle!" It came in crates covered with burlap, and emerged to padded vans, in endless procession. In the rear of his shop she could hear the rat-tat-tat of the continual repair work, under the direction of McLean himself, superintending three nephews, evidently master craftsmen. She wondered how long she could hold out. How the novelty of the new store would wear off? Would he be compelled shortly to raise his prices? She began to wish that she had not asked such a bonus over and above her lease. She might have moved her battered collections to some cheaper neighborhood. Then she chid herself for her weakness, and her anger at this attempt to oust her from her home flared up anew. She would hang on a while longer. Perhaps if she had a "selling out below cost" sign made she might be able to mark things up a trifle and recoup. Anyway, she told herself for the thousandth time, he was a fine business man.

The weary day lagged to its close. She sold one tattered sampler, and was too low in her mind and discouraged to invent a newer story than that it was the handwork of Martha Washington. The future looked black, indeed. But it is always darkest before dawn, they say. Dawn in this case literally "broke." The cart that backed up to the curb discharged its freight with a fracturing bump on the pavement, owing to a carelessly fastened chain. The crash brought Mrs. Bloom to her door on the run. She was beside the broken case even before the cursing driver. The burlap covering was torn, revealing the stenciled lettering of a well-known firm of cheap furniture makers. Furthermore, a large splinter, broken and driven inwards, had deeply scratched the surface of the mahogany revealed below—and—the wood was new. Mrs. Bloom had been too long in the business to be deceived. That juicy, fu'l veined grain was unmistakable. She stooped over and took a good eyefull of the revelation.

At that moment McLean reached the scene of the wreck.

"You've made a mistake," he said sternly to the driver. "That consignment's not for here, man."

The driver regarded him openmouthed, but the steelly eye of the Scot quelled his rising speech. The invoice, however, was in his hand, and, with a splutter of anger, he handed it over. McLean glanced at it and again at the shattered case.

"Mistake," he said laconically. "Take it back. I'll take this up with these—er—people." He set the long fingers of his long arms beneath a corner of the box, nodded to the driver to take the other end and, with the strength of a steam derrick, hoisted the consignment to its place in the wagon. Then for the first time he appeared to notice Mrs. Bloom. "It's cold," he remarked casually. "You should not stand out without your bonnet and shawl." He turned and stalked gravely back.

Mrs. Bloom was thinking hard, and strange thoughts they were, with a sub-current that murmured in sustained undertone: "What a fine business man," and also, "a Goliath, a very Goliath of a man!" She retired to her little bedroom at the back end of the dark corridor and sat down in her worn rocking chair. On the other side of the partition the rat-tat-tat and scraping sounds came low, but clear. They ceased suddenly and were followed by the muffled sound of voices—then began anew. Slowly a suspicion and a plan began to weave together in her mind. The soothing squeak of the rocker acted at once as a sedative and a stimulus. At length she rose and pulled out the toolchest from under the bed—perforce she had to familiarize herself with these tools of her trade. She selected an augur and a sharp knife. Approaching the wall she laid a sharp ear to its soiled surface and, after considerable experimenting, located with exactitude a spot where the sounds reached her most clearly. This she marked out with the point of a knife in a small square, deftly lifted the plaster in strips, and reached the wood and brick. Her task was easy. Her cubbyhole bedroom and the workshop beyond, had at one time been thrown together, and the subsequent partitioning had been of the flimsiest.

Late that night Mrs. Bloom had made a small hole that gave her ample opportunity to inspect the activities of the repair shop. Then she turned in and slept sweetly.

She was up and dressed earlier than was her wont and comfortably established at her peep hole before the McLean nephews descended from their room above. What followed filled her with amazement, admiration and determination. The various processes by which the crude new furniture was aged were revealed to her eyes. Steel wool removed the varnish, creosote dried it. Tiny screws developed all the symptoms of boring worms. A skilled hand touched up the machine carving, blatant gilt was reddened, brass was corroded.

Mrs. Bloom observed and possessed her soul in patience. Then she rose from her choir of observation and to the occasion. She closed shop early that day and at the corner drug store at Twenty-third street purchased a camera.

For a day or two she practised with reckless disregard of the cost of films, development and printing. Then, feeling sufficiently sure of the accuracy of her aim, she waited for the big game to show up.

It came. A huge box arrived and its contents was removed to the workroom—a sideboard of noble proportions, hideous detail and of sparkling newness, it was set up directly opposite her point of observation. The camera clicked all that day and the next. The phases of its development was recorded. Another week and Mrs. Bloom possessed a unique collection of prints. Then from the corner of her show window the photographed the [illegible] drew up before her neighbor's door.

Sunday came and she drew a long breath of relief. From their rooms above the shops the three nephews sallied forth to kirk. Mr. McLean appeared a few moments later, very neatly dressed and wearing an expression of stern probity. Mrs. Bloom unhooked the chain from her door, stepped out and intercepted him. He looked at her in surprise, but she did not hesitate.

"Mr. McLean," she said, "I would like to speak with you about the lease here."

"It's the Sabbath," he growled, "and not a day for business."

"That's all right," she answered, "but you'd rather have this out when there's nobody around. Now, take it from me"——

Something in her manner disturbed him.

"Be brief," he said solemnly, taking out his turnip watch and glancing at it anxiously.

Mrs. Bloom blushed. "You see," she said, and hesitated. "Come in a moment," she almost pleaded.

He regarded the door suspiciously as if it were the gateway of some trap—as, indeed, it was—but he bowed his head and followed her.

"You need this store, is it, Mr. McLean?" she began, nervously. "And I'm a widow. Now, couldn't we fix this up without trouble?"

"Woman!" he ejaculated, with amazement and anger at her audacity.

She trust the prints into his hand. "I don't say but what you ain't a fine business man," she muttered, "a fine business man as I'd be proud to do business with, and I wouldn't like to hurt such a fine business as your's neither. No, but I gotter live, ain't I? And—I'm a fine cook, and I'm no spender. I got a good eye for buyin', I have, and"—she lowered her voice almost to a whisper—"I got by me something else, the recipe what Isaac usta use for antiquing wood. It beats what you've got and takes half of the time."

Mr. McLean's cold eye travelled from one photograph to another of the thick sheaf in his hand. Not a muscle of his face moved.

"How much space have ye got here?" he asked, his excitement showing for the first time in the thickened burr of his speech.

"There's twenty foot front and seventy-five through," she responded, matter of fact. "And the alterations will be cheap, the partitions are thin."

"So I should ha' judged," he said drily.

"Well," she said, "do we make it a business?"

"I'll not be saying," he observed slowly, "that there's not something to be said for the proposection. However, I'll think it over." He rose to go, glancing once again at the bloated watch.

"No," said Mrs. Bloom with decision, "the option expires at noon today. You must excuse me, but it's a shame to spoil such a fine business as yours. I don't want to urge you to do things, but I hate to think of hurting such a business, honest I do."

He hunched his huge shoulders, looking down at her. She was not young, she was not handsome, but she was capable, farsighted, undeniably a good business woman—and she had a ten year lease on the 20x75 feet of space he coveted.

"You'll ha' to go to kirk?" he rumbled.

"It won't hurt me," she retorted coquettishly, "to go with a member of one of the lost tribes."

"Aweel," he said slowly, "you can consider yerself betrothed to me," and, turning on his heel, strode from the shop.

The widow watched him go, her heart big with pride.

"What a fine business man! What a Goliath of a man!"

She turned, snatched up the bulbous pewter mug, relic of the defunct Isaac's unbusinesslike qualities, rushed with it to the rear door and hurled it, clattering, into the back yard.

"MY TROUBLE BEGAN WITH PIMPLES"

Mass of Red Boils All Over Face. Itched and Burned. Caused Disfigurement. Cuticura Soap and Ointment Cured in Two Weeks.

514 Rockaway Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.—"My trouble began with pimples. The appearance of my face looked as if I had a mass of red boils all over my face. It itched and burned me so badly that when I scratched them it caused them to bleed. I lost much rest at night. The breaking out caused disfigurement.

"I tried all kinds of remedies but they did me no good. I washed my face with Cuticura Soap in warm water each night and then applied the Cuticura Ointment and in two weeks my face was all cured." (Signed) Solomon Weiss, June 19, 1913.

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always a safe and efficient help for children's diseases.

Dr. Greene is the proprietor of Dr. Greene's Nervura and the well-known medical lecturer and eminent specialist in all nervous and chronic diseases. He is still in active practice and after over 40 years of successful work in his profession is more sought after by the sick to-day than ever before.

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New York's Shopping Centre

O'NEILL-ADAMS Co.

Sixth Avenue, 20th to 22d Street

Monday the Profit Sharing Sale Opens With These Early Morning Specials

First to Give an Early Start to a Very Important Shopping Day

Second to Indicate the Money Saving Character of the Event

No Mail, Telephone or C. O. D. Orders can be filled on these items.

These Early Monday Morning Specials Are On Sale From 8.30 to 11 A.M. Only

Besides those advertised here there will be many other specials in the Bargain Plaza all day.

Sample Fabric Gloves

Values 50c to 75c. Monday Morning Special, pair..... 15c

Gloves for women and children; washable doe, chamoisette, leatherette; elbow length and short gloves; also a fine line of cashmere with silk or doe lining; white, black, chamois, tan, brown and gray.

Real Hand Made Cluny Laces

A wonderful lot of real hand made Cluny edges, Galloons and Motifs, 1½ to 7 in. wide. Actual values 50c to $2.25. Monday morning special, yard. 10c

Linen Cluny Laces, edges 2 to 5 inches wide. Values 29c to 50c. Per yard, at..... 10c

Net Top Laces and shadow effects, 5 to 18 inches wide. Values 35c to 75c. Yard, at.. 10c

Fruit of the Loom Muslin

Monday Morning Special, per yard..... 6¼c

Full bleached and 36 inches in width; quantity limited.

O'Neill Main Store—Second Floor.

Stripe Crepes

Regular value 25c yard, Monday Morning Special, yd... 10c

Shown in a variety of the neat styles and colorings; 36 inches wide.

Damask Table Cloths

Regular value $1.25, Monday Morning Special price. 69c

Snow white hemstitched table cloths, largest assortment of rich patterns; size 56x64 inches, also heavy, snow white, round scalloped damask table cloths; several rich patterns; size 58x58 inches.

Damask Napkins

Monday Morning Special, dozen..... 69c

Snow white, heavy damask napkins, in different designs, already hemmed. Size 18x18.

Women's Undervests

Regular values 50c and 60c. Monday Morning Special, each. 20c

White cotton vests, fine Jersey ribbed, shaped, low neck, short or no sleeves, pants and tights, knee length, regular and extra sizes, "seconds."

Hand Bags

Regular value $1.25, Monday Morning Special..... 69c

Women's genuine leather hand bags. All the best styles and colors. Leather and moire lined.

Mesh Bags

Regular value $1.50, Monday Morning Special..... 79c

German silver, unbreakable mesh, 6-inch frames, ball ornaments, long chain handle.

Sterling Silver Frames

Regular value $1.50, Monday Morning Special..... 69c

Photo frame, size 5½x4½ inch, with velvet back and ornamental stand.

Sterling Silver Frames

Regular value $1.75, Monday Morning Special..... 98c

Size 6½x5 inch, with round ball feet.

Bead Necklaces

Regular value 75c, Monday Morning Special..... 29c

In all the various styles and effects; beads of wood, cut crystal and metal effects; hundreds to choose from.

Lace Curtain Corners

Regular value to $1.75, Monday Morning Special..... 25c

Sample corners of imported Marie Antoinette, Lacet Arab and fine Etamine curtains, about 1½ yards long.

Table Oilcloth

Regular values Monday Morning Special, yd... 16c

45 inches; absolutely perfect, in white; limit 18 yards to a customer.

O'Neill Main Store—Fourth Floor.

Wild's Cork Linoleum

Regular value 55c per sq. yd., Monday Morning Special, sq. yd. 29c

Full 6 yards wide printed cork linoleums, tile, floral and geometrical patterns, in room lengths.

O'Neill Main Store—Fourth Floor.

400-Day Clocks

Extra value Monday Morning Special.. $4.95

Will run four hundred days with one winding, 16½ inches high.

Bed Comfortables

Regular value $3.00, Monday Morning Special.. $2.49

Silk top, pink and blue borders with white centres, polka dot effects.

O'Neill Main Store—Second Floor.

Prairie Grass Rugs

Regular value $3.00, Monday Morning Special.. $1.50

Wisconsin prairie grass rugs, in the most wanted colorings, fancy bordered patterns; limit 2 to a customer; size 6 feet 6 inches by 7 feet 6 inches.

O'Neill Main Store—Fourth Floor.

Seco Silk

Regular Value 69c, Monday Morning Special, yd... 29c

Plain and crepe, in a large range of colors; 40 and 45 inches.

Voile Waists

Regular values $1.00 and $1.25, Monday Morning Special, each, 59c

Made of fine quality, buttoned front, long shoulder effects, flat collars, trimmed with laces and embroidered panels.

Serge Suiting

Regular value 35c, Monday Morning Special..... 45c

Shown in garnet, brown, hunter's green, navy, blue and black; 52 inches wide.

Majesty Corsets

Regular values $1.40 and $1.50, Monday Morning Special..... 65c

Made of fine quality batiste and coutil, medium bust, extreme long hips, supporters attached, 18 to 30 inches.

$1.50 THERMOS Bottles

Profit Sharing Sale, Monday, while the lot lasts..... 95c

Strong corrugated nickel case over the filler. Pint size.

Women's Skirts

Regular value $3.98, Monday Morning Special.. $1.00

90 skirts to close out; high girdle belt, some are button trimmed; materials are serges, corduroys, brilliantines and mixtures, in all colors; not all sizes in this lot.

O'Neill Main Store—Third Floor.

Crepe Night Robes

Regular values 75c & 85c, Monday Morning Special, each. 50c

Slip-over model, lace trimmed, kimono sleeve.

Handkerchiefs

Monday Morning Special at..... 3c

Women's Handkerchiefs, embroidered corners, all white. Values 12½c.

House Dresses

Regular value $1.50, Monday Morning Special, each. 69c

In percale, gingham, and lawns high and low neck, some sailor collars, others turn down collars.

Women's and Small Women's Dresses, Suits and Coats

Values up to $12.50; Profit Sharing Sale, Monday Morning Special, each $5

Dresses in silk, cloth, corduroy and chiffon; plain or draped skirts. Trimmings are of satin, velvet, braid, net and lace. A variety of styles in light and dark colors. Not all sizes in every style, but all sizes in the lot.

Suits in plain and fancy trimmed models. Materials are corduroy, velvet, serges, diagonals, matelasse; dark colors. Not all sizes in every model, but all sizes in the lot.

Coats in light and dark colors; ¾ and full length models; regulation and kimono sleeves; some are lined throughout; several styles to choose from, in desirable materials and all sizes.

O'Neill Main Store—Third Floor—Monday, 8.30 to 11 A. M.

Umbrellas

Reg. value $3.00 and $3.50, Monday Morning Special, ea. $1.75

Men's and women's taffeta silk umbrellas, 8-rib paragon frames, handles of natural wood, and others with sterling silver caps and trimmings.

Baby Carriages

Regular value $25.00, Monday Morning Special $19.89

"Bloch" round reed Pullman, best quality reed in natural color heavy rubber tired wheels; guaranteed gear. A rare bargain.

O'Neill Main Store—Fifth Floor.

Girls' Blouses

Regular Value $1.25 Monday Morning Special..... 89c

The new Balkan, Middy and Tango styles, high grade galaten and fine Persian lawn with ruching in neck and sleeves; sizes 6 to 20 years; also skirts, gore and pleated models, in white, navy, Copenhagen, tan and blue; sizes 6 to 18 years.

Girls' Coats

Values to $10.00 Monday Morning Special.. $4.98

Three-quarter and full length coats, several smart serviceable models for school and general wear, some lined all through, others yoke lined. Some plain tailored, others trimmed with contrasting colors; sizes 6 to 14 years.

O'Neill Main Store—Third Floor.

White Enamel Bed

Regularly $8.00. Monday Morning Special, each.. $4

Just like the sketch. Has 2-inch continuous post, five ⅝-inch upright filling bars, connecting with ⅝-inch cross bars; has "T" ball castings; in a splendid smooth white enamel finish. All sizes.

O'Neill Bedfurnishing Store—Third Floor.

O. N. T. Thread

Extra value, Monday Morning Special, doz.. 40c

Clark O. N. T. cotton, black and white, all sizes; limit 2 dozen to customer.

Trimmed Hats

Regular Value $2.75, Monday Morning Special.. $1.50

Smart trimmed ready to wear Hats. Spring models.

Children's Rompers

Regular value 50c, Monday Morning Special..... 27c

Made of chambray, in tan, blue, pink, also dainty checks, bloomer and diaper style; sizes 1 to 6 years.

O'Neill Main Store—Third Floor.

Fur Muffs

Reg. val. $22.50. Monday Morning Special $10.00

Skunk, large pillow muffs.

$25.00 black fox muffs..... $12.50

O'Neill Main Store—Third Floor.

Pears Soap—2 Cakes

Regular value 10c each, Morning Special, 2 cakes..... 10c

Two cakes of this well known soap for the price of one.

Mennen's Talcum

2 cans. Monday Morning Special, 2 cans 15c

Violet or borated; this world known 25c talcum.

Scarfs and Squares

Regular value 25c, Monday Morning Special..... 19c

Lace trimmed scarfs and squares, various designs.

Silk Ribbons

Regular value 19c to 29c, Monday Morning Special, yd.. 10c

Including moire, taffeta, messaline, and satin, 4 to 6 inches.

"Queed"

Publisher's price $1.25, Monday Morning Special..... 39c

An intensely human story, original, stimulating, permeated by a delightful humor and a charming spirit.

Writing Paper

Linen cloth, Monday Morning Special..... 8c

O'Neill's sell an enormous quantity of this paper at a higher price all year round. Just the proper size.

25 Envelopes to match, may be had during this sale at..... 5c

Handkerchiefs

Values to 25c. Monday Morning Special..... 5c

Men's plain hemstitched, regular size,; also big assortment of colors.

Boys' Shoes

Regular value $1.75, Monday Morning Special, pr. $1.45

188 pairs of gun metal calf Blucher shoes, sizes 1 to 5½.

Little Boys' Shoes

Regular value $1.50, Monday Morning Special, pr. $1.00

188 pairs of little boys' box calf Blucher shoes; sizes 9 to 13½ only.

O'Neill Men's Store—Street Floor.

Glass Tumblers

Regular value 50c doz., Monday Morning Special, each... 2c

Plain thin blown tumblers.

Dinner Sets

Regular value $5.49, Monday Morning Special, set $2.98

Handsomely decorated, every piece perfect; there are 50 pieces to each set.

O'Neill Building—Basement.

Aluminum Saucepans

Regular value 60c, Monday Morning Special, each. 29c

Just 500 of these very fine "Wearever" aluminum, wear; only one to a customer.

O'Neill Building—Basement.

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