BANDIT HELD UP BY BANK HEAD AS BULLETS FLY

Dream of Cleaning Out Manhattan Savings Shattered by Shots.

CLERKS ALL OPEN FIRE

And While Jimmy Is Busy Ducking, President Bird Gets the Drop.

Simple enough was Jimmy Stratton's idea when, with overcoat collar turned up to conceal the lack of other collar about his neck, he pushed through a revolving door at the northeast corner of Broadway and Bleecker street an hour before noon yesterday and entered the Manhattan Savings Institution.

He would go to the grated window of the central enclosure, where the most money was, point a gun at the man in charge of the money and demand $5,000. The man in charge of the money upon seeing the gun and how raspy and determined Jimmy was would slide a block of banknotes through the window. Jimmy would then fire a shot or two into the air. That would scare everybody in the bank, so that none would dare to molest or pursue him.

Dropping his revolver into one side pocket of his overcoat and the $5,000 into the other as he gained the doorway, he would walk out into Broadway, become one of the crowd and disappear. Maybe he would jump a street car, maybe choose the subway, or maybe keep on walking until he came to a place where his jumping nerves could be quieted by a few snifters of redeye and he could set himself on the way to better things.

His brain monopolized by this simple programme, which could not fail, Jimmy Stratton went into the famous old bank. His right hand, in a pocket, held fast to his weapon, a blue black thirty-eight. As he crossed the twenty feet of marble floor between the door and the teller's cage he noted with approval that few customers were in the bank. A woman sat on a bench near the wall, waiting for somebody. A man was cashing a check at one of the windows of the cage.

Some distance away, around a curve of the cage, another man had handed in his passbook and money for deposit and was waiting for the entry to be made in the book. Three or four other persons were standing about. Luck had come to Jimmy Stratton; he could hardly have chosen a moment when there was less chance of interference.

A hobgoblin of ill fortune had chased him into the penitentiary out West and back and into the hospital, and so on, until all he had was his clothes, an old jackknife and that precious revolver, but he had nailed the bird at last.

Reaching the teller's cage, within which four men were at work—a cage partitioned from the big room by marble walls as high as a man's waist, surmounted by a grille of bronze and steel, Jimmy passed several barred windows until he came to the one over which hung a projecting sign, "Paying Teller." Inside the window stood the teller, with his head bent over a small box full of coins, which he was counting. Everybody else was engaged at something. Jimmy's great idea was working fine.

Demands $5,000—Quick!

"I want $5,000, and I want it quick," said Jimmy to the paying teller. The teller did not look up. He was counting money and had figures in his head.

"I want $5,000 and I want it quick," Jimmy repeated. This time the teller heard and glanced up to see who was kidding him. Not infrequently friends of paying tellers drop in who consider it humorous to gain his attention by asking for large sums, usually in the millions. He did not recognize the undersized man with the pale face who now confronted him. For an instant his sensation was one of puzzlement. Then he comprehended that the stranger's right hand rested on the marble ledge outside the window and that in that hand was a blue-black revolver the muzzle of which had been poked between the bars and was pointed at his head. For the third time Jimmy was demanding speedy delivery of $5,000.

Right there the train of Jimmy Stratton's thought ran off the track. Instead of handing over a bundle of bills without a word, as he was supposed to do, the paying teller, David Sands, who is also assistant secretary of the bank, dropped out of sight. That left Jimmy with his revolver pointing at nothing except a filing cabinet back of the teller's position and there was nothing particular to be gained by threatening a filing cabinet. Confusion that was coming to the robber's programme increased when Mr. Sands as he dropped out of sight behind the marble lower structure of the cage called out in a voice that rang through the bank, "Get your guns, boys."

The programme was going to smash and Jimmy's mind was incapable of forming another on the spot. At the call for guns he sank behind the marble on his side of the cage and fired two shots straight upward. The bullets flattened against the ceiling of the bank and fell back as bits of lead. Then Jimmy, summoning what was left of his wits, ventured to raise his right hand enough to point the gun through the grating once more. This time it was aimed at Samuel A. Swart, Jr., receiving teller, who, perhaps ten feet away from Sands at another window, had been taking a deposit from an ex-policeman.

Clerks All Pull Guns.

Swart, when Sands sounded the alarm, had whirled around and picked up his own revolver, every employee of the bank being armed habitually. Swart fired once at the floor to make sure the weapon was working, then trained it on the robber. But, after raising his head for an instant, Jimmy Stratton had ducked again, so that now all Swart could see to shoot at was the muzzle of Jimmy's thirty-eight. Meanwhile the two other men in the cage, G. Kenneth Hayward, assistant receiving teller, and Ralph W. Kiely, assistant paying teller, had got behind the barricade of the filing cabinet and also had their revolvers out ready for action if they could see a target.

Moreover, Mr. Sands, as he dropped to a crouching position out of harm's way, had not only had the presence of mind to turn the key of his cash drawer but had pulled his own revolver from his hip pocket. So in the teller's cage there were four men ready to pepper Jimmy Stratton if he showed so much as a hair above the marble ledge outside the enclosure.

Gunplay from them proved to be unnecessary, however. At the rear of the banking room Sure Shot Henry was getting into action.

The partition against which Jimmy Stratton crouched extends down the room in a straight line for perhaps forty feet, then turns at a right angle to the left and extends to the northern side wall of the bank. This makes the partition where Jimmy and the tellers were like the upright line and the extended partition at the rear of the bank like the baseline of an L. The men within the teller's enclosure could not see the robber, but the men at the rear of the room, behind the baseline of the L, could. One of these men was Henry J. Molloy, the bond clerk.

Now everything that has been related was a matter of seconds in its happening. When Paying Teller Sands shouted, "Boys, get out your guns," Molloy reached automatically for his hip pocket. They have a revolver range in the basement of the bank, and every man of the force knows how to handle shooting irons. Peering through his bond clerk's window up toward the Broadway end of the bank, Molloy had a clear view of the space outside the teller's cage. He saw outside the cage a little man crouching and firing into the air, then sticking his revolver between the bars of the cage, ready to shoot again.

Fires Past Customer.

Molloy, aiming through his window at the crouching form of Jimmy Stratton, pressed the trigger four times. He could not aim accurately at Jimmy, for between Molloy and the robber was a customer of the bank, Max Lehr of 6 Ainsley street, Brooklyn, who had been standing at the assistant paying teller's window when the movie started and who had ducked and was now seeking safety on his hands and knees, crawling away from proximity to Jimmy Stratton. However, Molloy, keeping in mind that he must not kill Mr. Lehr, fired as well as he could. Three of his bullets went the length of the bank and through a plate glass window into Broadway. They made three neat little holes in the glass, one of them also puncturing a silken War Savings Stamps banner hung against the window on the inside. One of the bullets penetrated a show window of a Kaufman hat store on the other side of Broadway. The fourth did not get out of the bank and nobody knows where it did go. Then Molloy's revolver jammed and was out of commission. He ran to the telephone to call Police Headquarters. Central did not answer. He tried another telephone, and again Central did not answer. This is a fact of contemporaneous interest but really made no difference one way or the other, for at this point Constant N. Bird, president of the bank, enters the story.

Mr. Bird had been sitting in his private office at the rear of the bank. Whether or not he heard the paying teller's "Get out your guns, boys," or whether he was stirred to action by the scund of shooting is not clear. Anyway, his hand, too, went to the hip pocket, and out from his office he strode. The jamming of Molloy's gun occurred at about that moment.

Advances on Holdup.

President Bird looked up the bank toward Broadway and saw Jimmy Stratton fingering his blue black thirty-eight. Swiftly opening the gate of the enclosure Mr. Bird walked straight toward the robber, ten, twenty, thirty, forty feet, with revolver aimed at Jimmy's heart, saying "Drop your gun and hoid up your hands." At the command Jimmy for the first time looked in Bird's direction; he had not turned his head toward the rear of the bank all the time Molloy was bombarding him. Now his great bank robbery had turned into futile pinwheels spinning in his head. His weapon dropped from limp fingers, his hands rose straight up as far as he could get them. At the same instant Mr. Bird reached him, grabbed him and escorted him to the bench against the wall, whither the unidentified woman had just fled to the street after sitting frozen through all the danger.

Meanwhile the ex-policeman whose deposit of money had been interrupted had run out into Broadway and got John Shanley, the traffic cop on post at the corner. Shanley, after a glance through the window, had plunged into the bank. To him President Bird delivered his captive.

"What the hell, Jack," said the robber. "I didn't know youse was on this post. It's a gold medal for youse, Jack, for this. Say, when they put me away send me a coupla dollars."

Shanley recognized the prisoner as James Stratton, with whom he had gone to school in Beach street when both were boys. Stratton tried to tell him he lived in Chicago. "You're a liar," said the policeman. "You live in New York and you've been a crook all your life. What made you try to rob this bank?"

Stratton said he lived at 1869 Cropsey avenue, Bath Beach, and had tried to rob the bank because he needed money.

"Only the boss comes out and tells 'em not to gimme any they'd a give to me," he explained. "I wouldn't kill anybody, and it's lucky I'm not shot meself. I was passing the bank and just thought I'd go in, that's all. I'll cop a plea and go on up and do a stretch up the river—anything they say."

Stratton said no one helped him with the plot. Some of the bank employees thought he entered with two other strangers who took seats on a bench, but the police believed he was working alone and that the fact that nobody tried to help him proves it. One of his stories was that he had been living at the Ansonia and attended a dance there on Thursday night. He said he bought the revolver in Hammond, Ind., where he worked a while ago. Recently he has driven a truck here and its disappearance with a load of merchandise is under police investigation.

He is 32 years old, has curvature of the spine, and is only five feet one inch tall. He is not married. His picture is in the rogues' gallery at headquarters. He was convicted in August, 1916, of assaulting a policeman and sentenced to Blackwell's Island for five months and twenty-three days. The police say he evidently had had a good deal to drink recently, but did not seem to be a drug addict. On the top of his head is a scalp wound which a surgeon had evidently dressed not long ago. Stratton said he didn't recall how he came by it, but vaguely remembered having been in Bellevue.

The Manhattan Institution for Savings, then the Manhattan National Bank, was the scene on October 27, 1878, of the greatest of all bank robberies. A gang, supposed to have been led by Jimmy Hope, cracked the vault and took $2,716,000 in Government bonds and other securities. Inspector Byrnes and his men ran down most of the gang. Hope served long sentences for other offences, but would never admit he had a hand in the Manhattan Bank robbery.

Two years ago when Police Commissioner Enright asked all the banks to protect themselves more securely by arming all their employees the Manhattan Institution for Savings was one that did so. In Jefferson Market Court Stratton was held in $5,000 bail for examination on Monday on a charge of attempted robbery and felonious assault.

Admits Synagogue Thefts.

Bronx detectives said yesterday they had cleared up the theft of silverware and prayer shawls from the Hebrew Zion Institute, a synagogue at 1342 Stebbins avenue, with the arrest of Joseph Schwartz, 41, of 3806 Third avenue. Counsel for Schwartz said his client already had pleaded guilty in Special Sessons to a theft of a silver pointer and some shawls from a synagogue in Hughes avenue, The Bronx, and that sentence had been deferred. Schwartz was held in $1,500 bail for the Grand Jury.

30 YEARS A RECLUSE GRIEVING FOR BRIDE

S. E. Haslett Dies in Brooklyn Home Where She Was Burned to Death.

INCOME $50,000 A YEAR

Mystery Shrouded House and Life of Once Leader in Society.

Samuel E. Haslett, Brooklyn's "Man of Mystery," died yesterday morning in his home, 138 Remsen street. He was 84 years old last Sunday. Despite his riches—his income was more than $50,000 a year—he lived a life of seclusion, a life that he chose for himself after his bride was burned to death thirty years ago. He died, incidentally, in the same house in which she passed away.

Samuel E. Haslett was the son of Dr. John Haslett, once president of the Brooklyn City Hospital and a popular and leading figure in the Brooklyn life of a past generation. The old Haslett homestead was on Columbia Heights at Clinton and Joralemon streets, and many men and women prominent in Brooklyn's history passed through its gates and enjoyed its hospitality.

In 1891 Samuel E. Haslett married Miss Elizabeth M. Thorne, whose father, Dr. Sutherland Thorne, was president of the Brooklyn Board of Education. During the same year, while the young wife was engaged in household duties in her home, 138 Remsen street, varnishing fluid which she was using exploded. She died of burns.

This changed the course of young Haslett's life. He withdrew from social life and gradually became a recluse. One by one his servants left him. His father was dead and the son boarded up the old mansion. Dust and silence settled over it. It became an object of awe and whispers to passersby. Gossip had it that the old homestead was filled with costly furniture and art treasures. It acquired the name of "House of Romance." There was a little garden on the Joralemon street side. This alone received attention. Each summer a gardener appeared and gave its flowers careful attention. It was his father's house and for that reason the recluse would never sell it. He would hold up a quarter—

"Gentlemen," he would say, "so long as I have that much money the house will never be sold."

Seven years ago the curtain that concealed the solitary life of the old man was torn away and he was ruthlessly exposed to the public view. Charges were made at that time that outsiders were seeking to obtain a power of attorney from Haslett and a will disposing of his property. The charges were not proved. Soon after, however, the Supreme Court appointed a committee of his person and property, thereby protecting his estate and attending to his personal comfort, which he himself had neglected.

So in 1918 the Packer Collegiate Institute, next door, acquired the homestead. The landmark was torn down and the grounds are now being made part of the Packer campus.

During his last few years the recluse rarely left the house at 138 Remsen street. He suffered a stroke of apoplexy last Saturday. His estate is valued at about $1,000,000. His nearest relatives are cousins.

HUMBLE POTATO NOW ALSO GOES A-SOARING

Dealers Predict Wholesale Price of $10 a Barrel.

Within two weeks potatoes will command $10 a barrel, according to a prediction made yesterday by Manhattan produce dealers. The possibility of even higher figures was admitted, although much depends upon weather conditions.

Prices of Long Island potatoes were raised 50 cents a barrel yesterday, the wholesale quotation going from $7.50 to $8. A month ago the same potatoes were sold for $5.75 to $6.25. Coincident with the increase in the price of the Long Island tubers Maine and State potatoes jumped from $6.75 and $7.25 to $7.10 and $8 a barrel.

Blight, which attacked the second crop, destroying some of the growing plants and impairing the quality of others, is said to be responsible for the existing shortage, which is expected to grow more acute as the winter progresses. There is little likelihood of reduced prices, according to dealers, until early potatoes start arriving in large quantities from Florida in the spring.

MARJORIE BLAINE ASKS SEPARATION

Demands $250 a Week Alimony From Jonas S. Scheff.

Mrs. Minnie Scheff, who as Marjorie Blaine is authoress of "The Unknown Woman" and other plays, filed suit yesterday for separation from Jonas S. Scheff. She demands $250 a week alimony, stating that her husband is president and treasurer of J. S. Scheff & Co., silk and satin textile manufacturers, and receives a large income.

In speaking of her own attainments, Mrs. Scheff mentions the fast that she has "taken courses in literature, rhetoric, psychology, journalism and philosophy at Columbia Universtiy, and extension courses at the College of the City of New York and at New York University and a course in Hebrew in the Hebrew Theological Seminary."

Mrs. Scheff lives in 73 West Eleventh street. She charges her husband with using abusive language in her presence and with having tendered an "unfair and unreasonable" offer of settlement of their differences.

RUMELY ASKS ACTION.

Complains of Delay in Trial of Case Against Him.

Dr. Edward A. Rumely, formerly owner of the *Evening Mail*, complained yesterday at the delay of the Government in bringing its case against him to trial. The *Evening Mail* was taken out of Dr. Rumely's control July 8, 1918, when it was alleged the paper had been purchased by Dr. Rumely on behalf of German interests. He is charged with trading with the enemy.

Dr. Rumely said he had been notified the case was to be tried at Washington this month, and he had leased a house there, notified witnesses, and arranged for counsel. Now he is told the place of the trial has been changed. Dr. Rumely wanted to know why he had been caused a futile delay of a year, with his earnings cut off and his property destroyed. He said he was facing ruin because of the delay and the shift of venue.

"The most I ever asked was for my day in court," Dr. Rumely said. "Now I demand immediate trial."

It was said at the offices of the United States District Attorney yesterday that Dr. Rumely's desire for an early trial would be satisfied. Monday has been set as the day for Dr. Rumely to appear before Judge A. N. Hand in the Federal Court for a pleading on the indictment against him.

AIR MAIL SERVICE NOT TO BE DROPPED

La Guardia Explains Cutting Off of Appropriation.

The action of the House of Representatives in cutting out appropriations for air mail service is not designed to kill aerial transportation of mail, but to bring about a separate air service department to handle all aerial activities of the Government, Major F. H. La Guardia, President of the Board of Aldermen, said yesterday.

Mr. La Guardia, who was during the war an Army Air Service officer and was formerly a Representative, said that the action of the House was in keeping with its recent policy to stop waste and graft in aviation appropriations.

"It means simply that the ring of War Department real estate mongers and the dry land snap job officers of the Navy Department and the politicians of the Post Office Department is bound to be broken," he said. "The House is determined not to appropriate more money for the five separate air services now in existence, each overlapping the other and each endeavoring to establish a record for waste and no accomplishment.

"As soon as the separate air service is established I know that there are complete plans all ready for the establishment of a comprehensive, useful aerial postal service all through the United States, that every machine will be utilized and every aviator engaged in useful services while putting in his time to obtain the necessary experience. Once we get started we will proceed rapidly."

SOPHIE SPORTS FINE BUS WITH $90 TIPS

Waitress in Traffic Court Says She Earns 'Em.

One of the first investments of Sophie Hodosky, 26, after her employment as a waitress in a Lenox avenue restaurant was a $4,500 automobile. Sophie had been having a fine time with the car and until yesterday neglected to follow the custom of the embryonic driver and smash traffic regulations. At Lexington avenue and 120th street, however, she spoiled her luck and made an improper turn, with the eye of a traffic cop full upon her. She was taken to court, found guilty and fined $2.

"Being a waitress seems to be a profitable sort of business," Magistrate House remarked during the examination, after the arresting officer had testified that Sophie had been touring in a "swell looking bus."

"I'm only paid $12 a week," Sophie snapped.

"Hard luck," said the Magistrate. "Is that all you make?"

"Well, the tips come to about $80 or $90," said the waitress.

"What do you mean, day or year?" demanded Magistrate House.

"Eighty a week!" screamed Sophie. "Don't you think I earn it?"

"I don't think anything about it," said the Magistrate. He waved his hand, dismissing the defendant. Sophie paused long enough on her way back to her $4,500 car to pick a $2 bill off a roll and slap it into the hands of the court clerk in payment of her fine.

FREIGHTER ASHORE OFF FIRE ISLAND

Lakeville Declared to Be Out of Danger.

The National Shipping Corporation freighter Lakeville went ashore off Jones Inlet, Fire Island, in the snowstorm last night and for a while was seriously endangered by the high winds. Soon after 7 o'clock Capt. Hassell sent out a triple "S O S" and the message, "Ashore off Jones Inlet at Fire Island. Require immediate assistance."

A revenue cutter and a couple of wrecking tugs put out from Tompkinsville, and when the wind subsided later in the evening the vessel was declared to be out of danger. Her position was so far off shore that the coast guards could not see her, although messages were picked up at the Point Lookout and Short Beach stations.

The Lakeville was bound from Portland, Me., for Norfolk, Va. It is believed that the captain had attempted to seek shelter in New York harbor during the storm. The Lakeville was built for the United States Shipping Board and is of 2,000 tons gross. She left Portland Wednesday.

The British steamship Grange Park went ashore last month within a few hundred feet of the spot on which the Lakeville struck. The section is called the "marine graveyard."

RED CROSS AID AT THIRD ALARM FIRE

Disaster Squad Will Respond With Hot Food.

The American Red Cross last night at midnight was added to the city's emergency force. When fires of such importance as to require a second or third alarm for apparatus occur a signal of eighteen taps will, with the second alarm, be sounded for the Red Cross disaster division. Two Red Cross automobiles will respond, one carrying hot soup, coffee, sandwiches and similar articles and the other wearing apparel of all sorts for possible use by the rescued and firemen.

The signal "eighteen" served for fires on Governors Island during the war, but with the signing of the armistice the call was cancelled. The disaster division of the Red Cross has headquarters at 44 East Twenty-third street. The announcement of the new arrangement was made by John Kenlon, fire chief, and Robert H. Mainzer, an honorary deputy.

BONUS AT BROWNING, KING.

1920 System for Employees Is Based on Profits.

S. E. Millington, manager of the Browning, King & Co. store, 16 Cooper Square, has announced the introduction in that store of a bonus system for 1920 which offers many innovations. The bonus will constitute a certain percentage of the store's profit for the year, and the actual sum received by each employee in addition to his salary will accordingly increase in proportion to the profit of the store as a whole. The tendency will be, it is believed, not only to encourage greater courtesy to the customers and a higher percentage of sales, but also more care in the handling of stocks with a view to cutting down waste and saving expense. Mr. Millington will receive the bonus as a personal gift from the management and will then distribute it among the employees in proportion to their salary. No bonuses will be given to employees who have been with the firm less than a year.

A committee of employees has also been appointed to consider employees' welfare and make recommendations in case of discharges.

New Grace Line.

THE SUN stated yesterday that W. R. Grace & Co. will inaugurate a fortnightly passenger service to the west coast of Africa. This is an error. The service is to be established to the west coast of South America.

JOHN WANAMAKER

Broadway at Ninth. New York — *Formerly A. T. STEWART & CO.* — *Store hours—9 to 5*

Good morning!
This is January 17!
The weather today probably will be snow.

Now the winter day lengthens and the cold strengthens

Old Boreas as yet is the only active street sweeper in this City. Most assuredly, according to the opinion of many of our excellent Doctors, our sicknesses are multiplied by the clouds of dust blown into the lungs and homes of men and women and children. No wonder that hospitals are overcrowded these days with patients.

Filthy streets affect the prosperity of the city in many ways.

By the use of vacuum cleaners and a large force of men, every morning finds this big storehouse "as clean as a new pin."

[*Signed*]

John Wanamaker

January 17, 1920.

Silk Packet Sale

This Half-Yearly adjustment of our stocks offers more than 10,000 yards (lengths) of our $2 to $18.50 silks at the rate of $1.35 to $13.50 yard. Included are plain and fancy silks, black and colors, hundreds of styles, weaves and qualities.

Main floor, Old Building.

Fur Scarfs One-half less

	Were	Now
6 natural gray fox	$22.50	$11.25
2 natural gray fox	16.50	8.25
9 dyed opossum	15.75	7.50
9 natural raccoon	16.50	8.25
2 natural raccoon	18.00	9.00
25 black and taupe coney	8.50	4.25
50 black and taupe coney	13.50	6.75
30 black and taupe coney	16.50	8.25
8 dyed skunk	32.00	16.00
3 dyed skunk	48.00	24.00
8 taupe nutria	30.00	15.00
3 taupe nutria	45.00	22.50
2 seal-dyed coney	36.50	18.25

Muffs at half

	Were	Now
5 gray fox	$23.50	$11.75
4 Japanese fox	58.00	29.00
9 dyed opossum	15.75	7.50
1 ermine	40.00	20.00
2 mole	44.00	22.00
1 mole	65.00	32.50
1 mole	115.00	57 50

Scarfs and Muffs, one-third less

	Were	Now
1 Hudson Bay sable scarf	$1,500.00	$1,000,00
1 mink cape	425.00	300.00
3 kolinsky scarfs	75.00	50.00
3 kolinsky scarfs	50.00	32.00
5 mink collars	25.00	15.00
3 kolinsky scarfs	19.50	12.50
30 dyed skunk collars	18.75	12.50
1 raccoon scarf	58.00	38.00
2 raccoon scarfs	38.00	25.00
5 Patagonian fox scarfs	12.50	8.00
4 Patagonian fox muffs	15.00	10.00
10 Hudson seal (dyed muskrat muffs	28.00	18.50

Second floor, Old Building.

New Skirts that are Particularly Smart

It would seem a difficult thing for the designers to achieve new striped plaid and checked wool and tweed skirts in this tremendous season of various and largely assorted smart materials—but it has been done and at the moderate prices of $12.50 to $37.50.

Emphatically successful are the new fabrics, the washable Viyella flounces in light sports colors—striped, the new dark stripes for immediate wear, in browns, and greens, midnight blue and Copenhagen blue, blue and beige and other combinations with large plaids and invisible over stripes and small checks.

Besides, there are hand-woven Scotch tweeds and American homespun in lovely "earthy" colors, suitable for sport wear.

In fine knife plaited and box plaited models made to show the plaids and stripes cleverly and to advantage.

New Baronet satin skirts for Southern sports wear are $18.75 in white, flesh color, rose, and jade green.

Second floor, Old Building.

THE FEBRUARY SALE OF FURNITURE

Started ahead of time---

because we are ready, because the public is ready—because, with these extra days, we can handle it more economically, give better service to our customers.

More than a million dollars of GOOD home furniture at a saving of 10 to 33 per cent.

In spite of the furniture shortage (with no relief in sight)

YOU may choose now, and have your purchase delivered at once. Or, if you prefer, we shall be glad to extend to you the courtesy of setting aside the furniture you select until after February 1st.

Every piece of furniture bears a February Sale tag, on which is written the regular price and the February price, so that you may know at once, and definitely, just how good your investment is going to be.

EVERY PIECE of home furniture (excepting only that in **Les Galeries Belmaison** and **Au Quatrieme**) is in the February Sale at a reduction in price. This is in accordance with the custom governing our February Sale.

In addition are several special purchases. One alone involves almost half a million dollars of furniture, bought for cash on a very advantageous basis, the benefits of which go to those who buy in this sale.

You will find here furniture for every room in a variety of styles and woods, the largest retail stocks available, at prices that make the sale an opportunity which has no parallel today.

Fifth and Sixth Galleries, New Building.

Last day of the PINK and WHITE Sale

Pink Silk Lingerie—new shipment

BODICES, $1.35 to $1.95—crepe de chine, washable satin; tailored and lace-trimmed model, ribbon strap or built up shoulder.

CHEMISES at $3.85 — 5 styles; kindergarten stitchery trims two pretty crepe de chine tailored styles; two are trimmed with creamy lace; the other is a washable satin tailored model.

WASHABLE SATIN BLOOMERS, $2.95, $3.85.

Crepe de Chine Nightgowns

At $6.95, a tailored model. At $7.50, a lace-trimmed model with a little sleeve. At $8.75, a lace-trimmed sleeveless model.

White Cotton Lingerie

At $1.35 to $3.85—a large and varied assortment of nightgowns, envelope chemises and petticoats. Made with great care. Lace and embroidery trimmed; tailored styles; novelties.

New Shipment of French Blouses at $10.75

Samples of Paris designs. Only one of a kind. Would ordinarily sell for from $16.50 to $20.

Lovely sheer, fine batiste, voiles and nets, made with all the clever charm that the French have at their command. Of course, entirely hand-made.

Some are embroidered, some trimmed with real filet lace; many are hemstitched. Most of the blouses are put together with pretty *entre deux* or little hand-rolled seams.

Several are finished with an attractive little touch of color.

In the Imported Shops.

Frilly Petticoats, $7.95 and $9.75

Satins and taffetas, new for the last day of the sale.

The loveliest colors ever seen—changeable radium taffeta, gold and rose, blue, light blue, a wonderful array of colors. And a lovely quality, such as one enjoys wearing. Some are finished in severely tailored ways, others have pretty little ruffles.

Much-desired Girls' Guimpes, $2.50

Just as demure and cunning as they can be. Quaint collars and clever little turn-back cuffs, edged with knife-pleated frills. One is all white; the other style has little cross barred colored cuffs and collar. Good to wear as little blouses, too. Sizes 6 to 18 years.

Petticoats for Girls

Good practical ones for "Miss 14 to 18."

Sateens, $1.50. All-over flowered percaline, $2.50.

Girls' inexpensive Bloomers

$1.35—made of either black or white sateen. Gathered elastic tops and at the knees.

Girls' corduroy Bathrobes, $5.25

Narrow wale corduroy, nicely made, neat and trim. Comes in rose or Copenhagen blue. Sizes 14 to 18.

All on the Third floor, Old Building.

$4 Corsets for $2.45

Pink. One of coutil. One of silk figured brocade. One quite heavy, the other lighter in weight.

Main Aisle, Old Building.

A Set of Old English Rockingham China

Au Quatrieme

In the collection of old china now *Au Quatrieme* is this set of English Rockingham of unusual fineness. There are thirty-two pieces still intact in this set; the large pieces, tea-pot, sugar-bowl, cream-pitcher, and two cake plates are still intact, an unusual thing in a set as old as this.

There are also nine tea-cups and saucers, six coffee cups and one matching saucer and one plate. In the characteristic glaze of this ware, colored a lovely soft blue on a cream ground and traced delicately with gold.

Price $350 the set.

Fourth floor, Old Building.

Boys' Overcoats and Suits--- Winter Sale

350 SUITS

Grade	Now
100...$20 to $28	$16.75
150...$30 to $35	21.50
100...$40 to $45	28.50

Sizes 7 to 18 years

400 OVERCOATS

Grade	Now
200...$20 to $25	$16.75
100...$28 to $32	19.75
100...$35 to $38	24.75

Sizes 3 to 9 years

Second floor, Old Building.

250 Motoring ULSTERS

reduced

$85 and $95 all the season---

WANAMAKER Motor Shop quality, regular stocks, in imported and domestic fabrics and a variety of models, sizes 36 to 44.

$55 TODAY

Burlington Arcade floor, New Building.

400 prs. Men's Gloves, $1.85

Tan capeskin—a few gray capeskin—unlined, outseam sewn, self back, a special purchase of seconds of $2.50 and $3 grades.

WOOL GLOVES, $1.15 pair—240 pairs of olive drab gloves and 300 pairs of gray mittens; of scratch wool with heavy ribbed wrist; warm and serviceable. They were $1.50 pair.

Burlington Arcade floor, New Building.

Men's $1.25 Socks, 85c a pr.

3,000 pairs of fine cashmere or cotton and wool socks; light or heavy weight; black, oxford, white, gray, khaki. All sizes in the lot but not every size in each shade.

Burlington Arcade floor, New Building.