

There's a Reason for the Wonderful Success of Our QUIT BUSINESS SALE

Because we are conducting it honestly and truthfully. This store has never deceived the people---has always done just as it advertised to do---and when we advertised that we were going to quit business and would give unusual bargains at this great sale every one knew that we meant what we said and that there would be bargains worth coming for, and the enormous crowds that has thronged this store since this sale opened proves beyond a shadow of a doubt that those who came first were pleased with the saving they made and are coming back for more every day and telling others of their good fortune.

Good News for Tuesday Shoppers

Bargains That Have Never Come Your Way Before

- 25 Boys' suits from 3 to 7 years, all good materials and well made, values \$4.00 to \$6, while they last **98c**
- 33 Boys' Suits 8 to 14 years, knee pants, good staple suits in Fancy Tweeds and Cassimeres, \$4.50 to \$8, while they last **\$1.98**
- Boys' 2 piece suits with knee pants, values to \$8.50, sizes 8 to 12 years, while they last..... **\$2.98**
- 25 dozen Boys' Knee Pants, sizes 3 to 14 years, good all wool material values to \$1, while they last, the pair..... **37c**

Great Corset Bargains

- 3000 pairs P. N. Corsets, white and drab, short or medium lengths with hose supporters, \$1 grade, while they last, pair **49c**
- 200 pairs corsets all sizes, and in white, drab, and black, not all sizes of every kind but all sizes in the lot, the pair **19c**

Big Snap in Men's Shirts

- 25 dozen Men's Fancy Dress Shirts, all sizes, 14 1-2 to 17, and that sold to \$1.25, on sale while they last..... **29c**
- 6 dozen Boys' Laundered Bosom Fancy Shirts, regular 75c and 50c values, on sale while they last at each..... **15c**

Big values in Ladies', Children's and Misses' Shoes every day. Watch for big specials for Wednesday and Thursday. Don't miss coming to this store every day. Remember, only 11 more days---then we quit.

The Big Blue Sign

THE BOSTON STORE

The Big Blue Sign

A Social Impossibility

By Donal H. Haines.

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DESBRO shifted in his seat, settled his eyeglasses more firmly upon his nose and, with his gloved hands folded on the top of his cane, turned his glance again to the field of play. On all sides of him men and women were abandoning themselves to excesses of enthusiasm, but his cold neutral tinted eyes followed the movements of the muddy figures on the gridiron without a trace of excitement, though they lost no details of the play.

"I beg your pardon"—Desbro's high pitched, nervous voice cut incisively into the throaty cheer of which the man next to him was delivering himself—"but can you tell me who is the black haired man at tackle?"

"Babbington," snapped the other shortly and turned again to his cheering, while Desbro murmured courteous thanks.

Turning a pair of fieldglasses upon the field, Desbro watched the struggling figures intently for a few moments; then, laying the binoculars aside and lighting a cigarette, he commenced to talk to himself in a low tone, oblivious of his surroundings.

"A matchless physique," he muttered, "coupled with a face which might have been Adam's—as devoid of the spark of intelligence as an ox's—the very embodiment of the game he is playing."

His intent gaze noted a sudden congestion of the padded figures below him and an eager crawling of noses from the seats of the big stand. One of the opposing players lay stretched on the turf writhing in pain, while a group of the visiting eleven's supporters leaned from their seats and pointed impotently accusing fingers at the man called Babbington, who stood looking down at the prostrate figure with his hands on his massive hips.

A cold little sneer gathered about the corners of Desbro's mouth as he watched the incident.

"What callousness," he exclaimed softly, "what savagely unconscious callousness! Is the man an anachronism or only a brute? Such simple minded unconcern for physical agony caused

by one's own hands is the mark of mere coarseness or a throwback.

"I must see more of this strange man," he told himself and walked to the gymnasium, where he sat for an hour gazing at the ceiling with a preoccupied air. When Babbington's great bulk emerged from the door leading to the baths an hour later, Desbro rose and walked to meet him.

"Mr. Babbington?" he asked. The other nodded.

"My name is Desbro," he went on rapidly, his suddenly keen eyes searching the other's face. "I come from the same part of the country that you do,



"No," he answered; "this is what I came for."

and I thought possibly you might give me news of an old friend, Morton—Harold Morton. Did you happen to know him?"

"Morton?" he said slowly. "Morton? No, don't believe I know him."

"Ah, of course," Desbro hastened to say, "I thought perhaps"—And he wove a few sentences of easy fiction before turning abruptly on his heel.

A few hours later he sat in the billiard room of his fraternity house listening curiously to the talk of the men which centered about the game of the afternoon. The comments were all lively, enthusiastic, on the team's chances, on the individual prowess of the men, and constantly recurring in the hum of

conversation was Babbington's name.

"The finest type of a player the crop of new men has produced," a fair haired man with a big voice called from one end of the smoky room.

"Right you are!" Desbro broke in suddenly. The men around the tables turned in astonishment, for to have Desbro offer comment on matters of this nature was unusual.

"Right you are, I say," he repeated, leaning back in his chair and surveying the curious faces through his glasses. "This man is the very embodiment of the spirit fostered by this beautiful game of yours—built for a human chopping block or battering ram, as the case may demand! By the exertion of those muscles for which he is no more responsible than Thompson there for his red hair he brings down on his richly undeserving head the frenzied cheers of a sport crazed crowd. He sends a man less fortunately endowed physically than himself into a few moments of unhappy oblivion and then grins at you with crass satisfaction when you cheer him—not for himself or because his name means anything, but simply for what he has done.

"This Babbington comes out of nowhere," Desbro continued, "a graceless, coarse fibered clod, with a giant's strength and the broad ideas of a goat, hungry for notoriety of the sort his great muscles can command, and you pamper his cheap cravings with unctious. You sit in the stands and shout yourselves hoarse while he is battering some poor fellow in the arena, and you will go further. You will desire the capture of this athletic lion in spite of the fact that he is a social impossibility, and you will be crowding around trying to put your fraternity pins on his coat. Bah!

"I talked with the man, looked into his great, oxlike eyes—dead, devoid of the spark of real life!"

The unfinished sentence broke abruptly, and every eye in the room followed Desbro's startled glance to the doorway, where, turning his cane in his hands and staring at the speaker with an expression wholly indescribable, stood Babbington. For a moment there was the dead silence of utter embarrassment; then one by one the men turned to the tables, while Babbington cleared his throat and spoke.

"I came to see if possibly I hadn't misunderstood you," he said, turning to Desbro. "That name you mentioned was Morton, wasn't it?"

Desbro, redder than any man had ever seen him, nodded without speaking.

"I thought possibly I hadn't understood," Babbington explained, backing awkwardly out of the door, "and I did

know a man named Morton."

A few moments later Desbro passed the door of the billiard room, wearing the raincoat and slouch hat which he invariably wore on the evening walks which were as much a part of his existence as his meals.

No man pretended to know the object of these nightly walks of Desbro's. To all inquiries he responded that "they gave him a chance to think without interruption."

At the gate Desbro paused to light a cigarette, and the flare of the match as he shielded it from the snappy October wind brought his thin features into prominence against the darkness. Babbington, standing under a tree not a dozen yards away, turned as the sulphur sputtered and saw. His great hand clinched instinctively into a fist, and he had already taken a step forward when Desbro turned and started quickly down the street.

Babbington waited a few moments, then stepped lightly on to the sidewalk and followed, quietly at first and then without caution as Desbro paid no attention to the footfalls behind him. He glanced now and then at the receding lights and then increased the length of his strides as Desbro's phrases throbbed through his mind.

"Social impossibility!" he muttered, gritting his teeth over the phrase. "I'll teach the little whelp!"

His eyes never left the little spark which marked the other's position, but every time he started to close the gap between them something checked him. His thoughts refused to run to any but a given point—a fierce desire to get his hands upon the man who had held his ignorance up to a roomful of men while he stood and listened helplessly. As he had stood under the tree in front of the house he had felt only a sense of impotency, of shame, a gulping feeling of disappointment which was not easy to understand, a sickening realization that some of Desbro's words had rung true.

Block after block the man in front walked, turning now to the right and now to the left, sometimes walking rapidly and again idling along at a snail's pace. They passed through the business streets, lonely and deserted under the harsh glare of the arc lights. Here Desbro paused to talk with a policeman with whom he seemed to be on excellent terms, and, turned suddenly cold at the sight of the patrolman, Babbington crossed the street and nearly lost his man, who wheeled abruptly into a dark side street.

Babbington was conscious that a struggle had commenced within him and that the first heat of anger was passing. He grew ashamed of his crowing calmness, fearful lest the cool-

ing influence of the walk room him of the merited retaliation which he knew his massive arms could administer.

Desbro stopped abruptly to light another cigarette, and his pursuer halted in the midst of a stride. For an instant he paused irresolute, divided between the lingering desire to close his fingers on Desbro's neck and a sudden impulse to run, to get away from everything, back to the life where other men had lived and talked like himself.

The hotter sensation triumphed, and Babbington had taken three quick, lithe steps toward his victim when, silent as the shadows from which they sprang, a little knot of men threw themselves at Desbro.

The shock of the attack not only drove from Babbington's mind every vestige of his own wrath, but bereft him for an instant of the power of motion. He heard Desbro give a low exclamation and saw by the fast flicker of the match the slight figure attempting to shield itself by leaping behind an iron pole. In another instant he found himself in the center of a press of struggling figures. He received blows and felt the impact of his hand against flesh as he returned them.

"Where are you, Desbro?" he shouted. "Sing out!"

"Here," came a choking voice from behind him, "quick!"

A club struck Babbington's arm with a numbing shock, but he kicked the man who wielded it into insensibility and the next instant was tearing another ruffian from off Desbro's prostrate form. Two of the assailants lay on the ground, mere blotches in the darkness. The others had disappeared.

Desbro rose to his feet slowly and took a step toward his rescuer.

"I say," he commenced, then stopped abruptly. "So this is the cheap 'coals of fire' method you pursue, is it?" he continued, with a sneer.

A sudden easy smile passed over Babbington's face.

"No," he answered shortly; "this is what I came for," and he struck Desbro squarely in the face, felling him instantly.

For an instant the knowledge of the strength in his great muscles frightened him, and he leaned over Desbro anxiously. Satisfied that he had struck no harder than he intended, he leaned against the iron post panting from his exertions. The two ruffians on the ground recovered their senses and scuttled off into the night. He could hear Desbro's watch ticking and kept track of the seconds for two full minutes. Then he noticed that the fallen man was bareheaded and puttered about on his hands and knees in the dead leaves and the filth of the gutter until he found Desbro's hat.

"Can you walk?" he asked snortily. The disheveled figure nodded, and in silence they made their way back through the deserted streets. In front of the fraternity house they separated without words.

Desbro gave up his nightly walks for a week and was seen but little outside his room. He explained his marred cheek and a stiffness in one leg by a fall through a broken crossing.

"Going to make another character study of the game, Desbro?"

Desbro shook his head and smiled. "I'm continuing one," he answered shortly.

It was with a more interested, less coldly critical expression that he followed the movements of the men on the white striped field beneath him. The problem confronting the varsity team—as a different one from that which Desbro had watched on the first occasion, for instead of feeble opponents who would only afford them good practice they faced an eleven of their own class.

From the first the enemy's tactics had been obvious. They realized that in Babbington there was a living opposition which barred all progress to the varsity's goal line, and toward the wearing down of his great strength they had directed their efforts. Men had been led to the side lines pale and bleeding, and the list of the visitors' substitutes was diminished, but still Babbington formed the center of every attack and was the rock about which split the enemy's onslaughts. It was not a showy exhibition, but it was a splendid piece of physical stamina, and the great crowd was appreciative. They saw that Babbington's endurance would make victory possible, and they rose in a great wall of color and cheered him furiously.

"Babbington! Babbington!"

Close to the goal posts Babbington raised his great frame from the tangle of the last attack which had shattered its force upon him and faced the shouting crowds. Slowly he raised a huge fist and shook it in the face of the multitude, which grew wonderingly silent.

"Curse you," he shouted, and the sound of his hoarse voice carried to every part of the stands, "leave my name alone!"

Desbro smiled quietly.

"In the term 'social impossibility,'" he muttered, "I was guilty of gross injustice."

When the whistle sounded the end of the half, he scrambled down from his seat, climbed the wire fence inclosing the field and walked toward Babbington, who, with hanging head, was walking slowly toward the side lines.

"Will you shake hands, Babbington?" he asked, smiling.