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10 dozen Men's Fine Shirts made of Fancy Stripe Broadcloths, two collars, guaranteed fast colors. Boxed for Christmas. A Real Gift. All sizes.

SALE \$1.00

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Lovely assortment of Ladies Silk Underwear Sets. Best Run Quality. Vests and Bloomers with Fancy Emblems. All Colors and Sizes. SPECIAL \$1.00 SET

MEN'S TIES

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SPECIAL 25c to 50c

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300 Cushions, large sizes, well filled and covered with Silk Rayon Taffetta. A lovely gift for the Home. All colors.

SALE 89c

PILLOW SLIPS

15 dozen Pillow Slips Fancy Hemstitched and Embroidered Ends, a Gift not only nice but useful. SPECIAL \$1.00 PAIR

UMBRELLAS

Special Sale of Ladies Umbrellas, best English Frames, Silk and Wool Tops, Fancy Handles and Tips to Match.

SPECIAL \$1.50 to \$2.50

SILK HOSE 69c

What's better than a lovely pair of Silk Hose, Full Fashioned, Service Weight, all the newest shades. All sizes. SALE 69c pr

GLOVES \$1.00

Best Kid Gloves for Ladies, Men and Children. Fleece lined, warm and cosy. Colors of Brown and Grey. Sizes 6 to 11.

SPECIAL \$1.00 PAIR

Mara's

Mitchell Plumbing Supplies Co.

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85 DUNDAS STREET

LONDON

CANADA

Harlem Briefs



By C.E. Lee

Under The Harlem Moon

Mose is a DOCILE soul...In the midst of the Coal Bin ofays have the rank audacity to forcibly bar him from the various night clubs...And Mose is obsequiously silent...The Harlem sin-spot owner is far from being a smart entrepreneur...Mr. and Mrs. Eddie, from Greenpoint, journey to the Coal Bin to see its inhabitants frolic under the Harlem moon...When he crashes the "Aristocrat of Harlem" and the Ubangi Club, not a dark face crosses the horizon of his vision...The tourist is openly dismayed and disappointed.

Our white brother's prejudice is, by far, more active than his craving for money...A chap whose name will go unmentioned recently invited three white friends up to visit Harlem haunts...quite naturally they heard of the much-publicized Cotton and Ubangi Clubs and expressed desire to visit them.

They first went to the Ubangi Club. They were abruptly stopped at the door and informed that "Negroes and Whites" were positively barred from the premises. The same humiliation was perpetrated at the Cotton Club, "The Aristocrat of Harlem", because was a "mixed party."

Such clubs should be padlocked and their owners run out of Harlem. The owners contend, illogically and with a flavor of prejudice, that their patrons object to Mose at the same clubs they visit. This is obviously absurd. This is saying, in effect: "I am going to Paris but move all the Frenchmen out."

While these clubs might do some meagre good in the way of publicizing and employing Negro performers, still this doesn't spring from any desire to share their money with Mose. It is purely hard and calculating business—and Mose should be hard and calculating about his freedom—especially in the Coal Bin.

HOME OF HAPPY FEET

This is the one place in New York where the twain does meet and happily too. The porter who pulls a Georgia Buggy down Sixth avenue in the day may be found pushing his boss' daughter here in the night. A rotund individual who has been struggling pitifully under the weight of an equally rotund female growls at his neighbor who, in the heat of a trick step, carelessly trods on his pet bun-ion—They exchange evil grimaces—but the dance is the thing—and they slide off avoiding altercation. A short, frowsy white girl, with left-wing leanings, rightly looks up enraptured at a dark companion. He

seems indifferent to her romantic gaze. A timid youth from the southland may be heard asking a sleek slicker where fun can be had in this town. He is immediately hustled off by his, now, boon companion. Shop girls from downtown hold forth in their Klein's basement finery.

Perspiring couples melt into each other as Chic Webb's band wails the strains of some current hit. A beaming, grinning brownskin tosses his lithe partner around with gleeful abandon. This is the Home of Lindy Hop. Shorty and Essalina, the famed Lindy Hop team, had their novitiate here. The equally proficient team of George and Betty can be seen nightly at Small's Paradise, where they are featured performers. The dance instructors seem to have been selected by a knowing and skillful hand. Charles Buchanan the manager, surveys the scene with esthetic satisfaction but with economic unhappiness—business is not so flourishing these days. But depression or no depression the boys must have their weekly fling. The charm and patience the hostesses exhibit when carrying around a lumbering partner is something to marvel at. Besides the bands, these girls are the super-saleswoman of the Savoy. I sometimes wonder if these serenely lovely girls ever frown. But I guess they remember they are in the "Home of Happy Feet."

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