

1032
1029 O Street
Lincoln, Nebraska

MAIL ORDERS RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION

FITZ GERALD DRY GOODS CO.

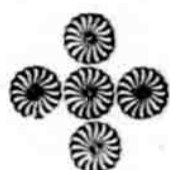
The best
The Latest
The Cheapest

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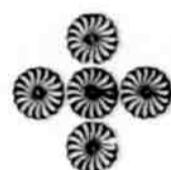
Wash Dress Goods.

25c and 15c

10c and 6c



a Yard



a Yard

25c, 15c, 10c and 6c.

There can be no doubt in the mind of any who has looked over our wash goods but that we have the largest stock in the city. It is not only the largest but the most complete in all the novelties of the season.

All the new designs and combinations of colorings in imported and domestic organdies, lace striped lawns and dimities, silk striped linens, madras cloth, Jaconette, silk striped challie, and all other wash goods.

Do not put off buying something in this department thinking the same opportunity may come again. It never will for it never can. The limit in price cutting has been reached so if you do not take advantage of these prices you will be the loser.

This has been the greatest cut in prices ever known in this city. The best to be had can be gotten here

THESE GOODS OFFERED ARE WORTH AS MUCH AGAIN AS THEY WILL BE SOLD FOR.

A Kindergarten Church.

This pretty story of how the little ones in the First Presbyterian Church at Urbana, Ill., pass the otherwise long hours of the church's morning Sunday service, is from an account written by the pastor, Rev. George L. McNutt, for the *Child Study Monthly*:

Leaving the big folks to worship God as they choose, let us go this Sunday morning where the children are worshipping God in their own way. The little folks' pastor is a young woman with that cherry smile and gracious manner that the disciples of Froebel seem to have monopolized. There are little chairs, little tables, blocks, pictures, but prettiest of all the roguish, sparkling eyes of children when they are child-like. Let us see what they do. They pray, they sing about the Father, the sunshine and the birds, they take up a collection, and their pastor tells a story sermon. Then they get up and march round and round and sing as they march, sort of a thawed-out Episcopalian processional, or they go out for a walk. Next the curtains are drawn down, the room is darkened and the magic lantern brings the whole wonderland of pictures, of nature and art before the child mind: not printed daubs, but clear, life-like, life size reproductions of great artists, and the child feels the spell of the master power. The

pictured lesson cannot be forgotten. If it is a real sunny, warm, summer day they adjourn to some neighboring lawn and hold their service there; listen to the bird anthem, better than any choir: roll on the grass, may be, as natural as the daisy that peeps out of the grass at these other children of God. And he mother is resting in the congregation, knowing her child is not only safe and happy, but is learning to know and love God in its own way in its "own ittee bittee church." At a signal the little ones file into the audience room, form about the pulpit, and the two congregations join in a song, a prayer and the benediction.

Such a kindergarten church service is held every Sunday morning in the Presbyterian Church, Urbana. It is the pride of our church, the joy of many mothers and the delight of nearly two score little ones. It keeps the family together. No one must stay at home. Best of all, it is a start, crude indeed, but a start toward intelligent child study and a natural child religion where the child grows through nature, nature symbols, nature songs up to its God. Play is recognized as part of a child's religion. There is no music so sweet, so sacred, so appropriate to the father's house as the ringing laugh of a little child. Did it ever occur to the mother that families become irreligious through child bearing? The mother who has

been active in church foolishly absents herself for months before the baby comes, and of necessity for months afterwards, especially if they are plain people doing their own work. Before the first baby is old enough to take to church, another comes and another, and the family grows lukewarm and oftentimes positively indifferent to churches and religion. The kindergarten and the nursery, taking the mother and her babes in sympathy and intelligent forethought, binds them both by loving links to the church home. It is, no doubt, contrary to the catechism and contrary to the theological popes to say that a child is naturally religious. Total depravity may characterize the man whom life has perverted. It is no part of the normal child. The heavenly Father says, in the person of the revealer, "of such is the kingdom of heaven," and He never meant that His little ones should be taken, night after night where a revivalist with riotous imagination reveals in the imagery of fear, that they may be converted and "get religion." They have "got religion" already. It is their divine inheritance and birthright. Our business is to warm it with our love, train its upturned tendrils around the trellis of its daily life until it takes so strong a hold of the living God, the God of the sun that shines today, and the stars that sing tonight, and the flowers that He clothes, and the birds

that He feeds every day, that no storm can loosen its hold.

The idea of a kindergarten church was suggested to the writer while pastor of a church in Indianapolis nine years ago, by a rumpus in church over a child, and by finding out the next day that a cheap variety theater provided a nurse and a playroom for the care of the babies while the mothers took in the show. The kindergarten church solves the question what to do with the children. In the spirit of the Master, it says, "Let the little ones come." To the worn out mother it also says, "Come, and ye shall find rest."

Bildad—I expect to leave my wife a great deal when I die.

Ichabad—You're getting in practice, I suppose, by leaving her so much now?

Parvenue—I think a man is never justified in swearing at a real lady.

Ingenue—But suppose she first swears at him?

"Mabel, I'm afraid that your papa distrusts me."

"Have no fear, Henry. If you knew what an uncompromising advocate of the gold standard papa is, you would appreciate the compliment bestowed upon you only yesterday."

"What did he say?"

"He said you were a brick—not a common clay brick, Henry, but a gold brick. What do you think of that?"