

FITZGERALD DRY GOODS CO.

1028-1029 O St.

Lincoln, Nebr.

PARASOL SALE.



Lincoln people are to have a treat. It comes in the way of a sample line of parasols, the largest line ever displayed in Lincoln at one time. In this lot may be found all styles of handles, coverings and all conceivable novelties that are in the market this season. You can never have a better line to choose from and certainly if you were to wait till the end of time you could not buy cheaper than at the price we offer them. There are no two parasols alike and every one of them may be bought at one-half the regular price. You can get a

HOLLIMER, CLOGG & CO
MAKERS

\$1.50 parasol for.....	75c
\$2.00 parasol for.....	\$1.00
\$3.00 parasol for.....	\$1.50
\$5.00 parasol for.....	\$2.50
\$7.50 parasol for.....	\$3.75
\$10.90.....	\$5.00

EMBROIDERY SALE



Every woman who ever expects to use embroideries should buy them next week during our mammoth embroidery sale, which will eclipse anything of the kind that ever happened in this city.

The goods are here to prove this statement and just a glance at the display will prove to the most skeptical that for a genuine cut price money saving opportunity this surpasses all that have passed before.

The finest of nainsook and Swiss embroideries comprise this lot which sell for 10c, 20c, 30c, 50c, 75c, and \$1.00 a yard at every store, but may be bought here during this sale at

5c, 10c, 15c, 25c and 35c.

IN THE SCHOOL ROOM.

[MARTHA PIERCE.]

A girl of seventeen was heard to remark, "I used to do and say some very foolish things when I was about fifteen." Serene consciousness of having at length arrived at years of discretion! But observation inclines one to the belief that this frame of mind is not confined to the aged and experienced alone. The eight-year-old who can be induced to let you into his secrets is fond of prefacing his remarks with a stock phrase.

"When I was little," he says with a superior air, "I thought, —" and strange thoughts and wonderful, are to be gleaned from his store, sometimes when he chooses to be reminiscent.

When a certain class was reading "We are Seven" not long ago, it wandered into a discussion of heaven as a pleasant refreshment after the fatigue incident upon inducing Samuel to read "I met a little cottage girl," instead of his own improvement upon Wordsworth. Not being so simple minded, Samuel insisted upon meeting a little college girl who "was eight years old, she said."

The class growing interested and reflective, the teacher reprehensibly permitted this sort of thing.

"When I was little, I used to think if I'd keep a goin' up a hill more and more slantin' and kept a goin' straight on, after a while I get above the clouds and there'd be heaven."

"When I was little, I used to think God let a little board down from heaven, with ropes at the four corners, and four angels drew you up to heaven."

"I used to think when I was little, that an angel came down and brought you a pair of wings."

"I used to think you went up on them

long ladders that lean against the sun sometimes."

Some effort was required to get the little dreamers back to earth, and spelling, as many childish wonderings were suggested to the active little brains.

Miss I. what is thunder? Where is the end of the rainbow? What makes the sky blue? Where is heaven? And other small and easy questions caused the teacher to introduce the first rule for syllabication forthwith.

There is occasional discouragement waiting round the corner for the painstaking teacher who labors to assist the young mind to form its conceptions. It sometimes pounces upon her in this wise.

"There are two poles, the hot and the cold." "There are six confidences." It is presumed that he meant continents.

"The difference between field corn and pop corn is, field corn won't pop because the grains ain't sharp pointed. They got to be sharp pointed to pop."

A boy told of a remarkably interesting "piece" he had at home.

"Is it poetry?" said the teacher.

"No ma'am. It's just readin'." he said seriously.

A wee boy who started to the kindergarten not long since, lost his way in the big halls and wandered up to the second floor, where he was presently gathered in by the principal.

"Where do you want to go?" she said kindly. "Whose little boy are you?"

"I'm huntin' the place to learn," he said stoutly.

Arbor Day being a special program day, and offering somewhat large space for the play of individuality brought forth the fact that genius is not entirely crushed to the earth by our machine-like system of public education as some

people insist upon this unkind characterization of our American schools.

The teacher of one school asked her class to write a short composition appropriate to the day, leaving to the class the choice of subject.

One little girl of eleven rose to the occasion thus:

The Cherry Tree.

The day being Arbor Day I will try to compose a little verse such as this:

Oh, little cherry tree
Oh how I love thee.

I like your ways
You blossom on bright spring days.

Soon there will be
little blossoms on you
Then the cherries will pop through.

Then a little girl will come
And help herself to some.

Any person who has ever tried to write verse appropriate to an occasion will appreciate this little outburst of poetic feeling at its true value.

The B. of M. having perfected its organization recently held a meeting. The average age of the members was, perhaps, eight years.

A solemn hush fell over the assembly as the president took the chair with a great scraping and jerking. When the little girl secretary modestly took her place beside him, the naughty boy sniggered, but was promptly suppressed by the president's gavel and his stony stare "The meeting will please come to order, after which the secretary will call the roll," said the president.

The "secretary" having done so in a faint voice, with an accompaniment of very red cheeks, the opening song was sung vociferously. The teacher having retreated into the background, and hav-

ing no present right to insist upon "a soft tone," they hammered it out royally.

After this the business meeting opened with a flourish.

"Mr. President, I make a motion that Ed Jones is making all kinds of funny motions in the meetin'."

"Mr. President, I second the motion." "You have heard the motion," said the president gravely. "All of you that think Ed Jones shall stop makin' faces and act right, say aye."

A jubilant aye, completed the suppression of Ed Jones.

After some argument and considerable excitement on the part of the members, and an impartial distribution of reproofs by the president, the officers for the ensuing week were elected and a few resolutions of momentous importance passed; usually however, only after a stout tussle and a division. In their unmixed joy in the process of calling for a division, they quite ignored their convictions and generously voted against their own motions in order to make possible that delightful fun of standing up and being counted.

"Now, I b'lieve," said the president mournfully, "that there's a lot of you boys 'at vote no, just for the fun of havin' a division and that ain't no right way to do."

Everything being finally settled however, and good nature prevailing, the president-elect rose up in his place.

"Mr. President," he said, "I thank you very much for electing me president for the next time, and I'll try to do the best I can."

The presiding officer was not to be outdone in politeness.

He bowed elaborately in the direction of the president-elect and said with the utmost gravity, "You are entirely welcome, Mister Tomson."

After this the meeting adjourned. There was a strong negative vote, but the president firmly ruled.

"The ayes have got it!" and we dispersed.