

# Great Half Price Sale of Clothing

The new and handsome stock of the Mayer Clothing Co., of Omaha, bought by M. Fanger, and brought to his store at Plattsmouth, is now on display and has been marked down exactly one half. This stock is not any old shelf worn stuff, but is all new and up-to-date, purchased by the Mayer Co., last fall. It embraces the very latest in styles and fabrics.

## Sale Begins Saturday, March 12

In the lot will be found over 300 suits which formerly sold for \$8.50 to \$35.00. The price on every one of these suits will be cut square in two.

There are about 40 dozen heavy woolen and cotton underwear, such as shirts, drawers and union suits and owing to the fact that winter season is almost gone we will cut the price on this stock of wear almost in two.

There are only 44 overcoats in the lot and two cravanettes and the price on them will be just one-half what they formerly sold for.

We bought also 12 solid cases of men's hats of the very latest styles, among them the celebrated John B. Stetson, Gimbel, Martin and Tiger brands, and you know what that means. These hats will be sold at a heavy reduction.

## This Sale is the Talk of The Town

Just think of it---Suits that formerly sold for \$35 can be bought at this sale for \$17.50. Don't for a moment get it into your heads that this stock is old and out of date. It is a stock purchased by one of the brightest business men in the city of Omaha and placed on sale in the most up-to-date store in that city. No such sale of high grade goods was ever attempted in Plattsmouth and this is another time when we give the patrons of our store the benefit. Glance at our show window as you're passing.

# M. FANGER'S DEPT. STORE

**Knew What Would Happen.**  
A famous corporation lawyer was telling some anecdotes of criminal law: "One case in my native Lynchburg," he said, "implicated a planter of sinister repute. The planter's chief witness was a servant named Calhoun White. The prosecution believed that Calhoun White knew much about his master's shady side. It also believed that Calhoun, in his misplaced affection, would lie in his master's behalf. "When, on the stand, Calhoun was ready for cross examination, the prosecuting counsel said to him sternly: "Now, Calhoun, I want you to understand the importance of telling the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth in this case." "Yes, sah," said Calhoun. "You know what will happen, I suppose, if you don't tell the truth?" "Yes, sah," said Calhoun promptly. "Our side 'll win de case."

**Hoist With His Own Petard.**  
The girl with the soft, appealing eyes looked up at the tall, broad shouldered young man who was hovering about her with a protecting air, having just won her from a hated rival. "Jim," she murmured, "now that we've been engaged ever since last night, and you won't ever need to be jealous again, I've brought you to select a tie for—sayway, you will, won't you? A man's taste is so correct in such things." "For Phil, you mean? Of course I will," Jim replied with a magnanimous air. "This green tie with the yellow stripes is fine and dandy. Get him that." "Are you sure it is quite your choice," the girl asked anxiously. "Usually you select such quiet ties." "That is precisely my taste," the young man said glibly. The girl exchanged a two dollar bill for the gaudy necktie and a moment later slipped it into her companion's hand. "Jim," she said, "I can't just keep it secret an instant longer. It's really for you—the first gift I've ever given you—so I wanted it to be exactly what you liked. You must wear it always when you come to see me," added the possessor of the soft, appealing eyes, with an adorable blush.—Kansas City Times.

**The Hall of Fame.**  
Wait not for luck to draw the bolt Nor chance give up her key. The door that opened for the great is open yet for thee.  
Luck is a sleepy sentinel And Chance a flicker light. Many a man hath passed them both And entered in the night.  
Have little care if neither heed Thy clamor, call or din. Take up the magic torch and key And let thine own self in!  
—Aloysius Coll.

**Be Considerate.**  
We lose trust in each other not through the faults of our neighbors, but because of our own exactions. We expect too much from others, too little from ourselves, always viewing our friends from our standpoint, forgetful of the suffering, the worry and the toll which demand attention on our right and left.

**Patriotic.**  
That Kentuckians have a very high regard for their native state is illustrated by this anecdote told by one of them: Once a Kentuckian died, so a near relative went to the local tombstone artist to arrange about an inscription on the deceased's tombstone. After due cogitation the near relative said: "Carve on it, 'He's gone to a better place.'" "I'll carve, 'He's gone to heaven,' if you want me to," remarked the tombstone artist, "but, as for that other inscription, there's no better place than Kentucky."

**Couldn't Ruin Their Eyes.**  
Sir Henry Holland, the noted English physician, had his studies interrupted by a youth who wanted advice. The young man, with considerable swagger, said he proposed locating in some town as an oculist. A city in which a large number of students were located was preferred. "There," he continued, "I would have unlimited opportunities of treating the eyes of overstudious scholars."

Dr. Holland was reluctant to have a community's eyes endangered because of his endorsement of a doubtful practitioner. He thought a few moments and then advised the ambitious oculist to locate in a small town near Liverpool, stating that a large school was located there.

**Lively Cheese.**  
A young lady entered a grocer's shop in London and asked for some good cheese. The grocer showed her an assortment which did not please her. She wanted some particularly "lively" cheese. He then showed her the remainder of his stock, amounting to some half dozen samples. No, she wanted it still more "lively." At last the grocer, losing all patience, sarcastically called to his assistant: "John, unchain No. 7 and let it walk in."

**A Writer In the Wrong Pew.**  
When James Payn was editor of the Cornhill Magazine his private office was invaded one day by an unannounced visitor who had managed to evade the porter downstairs. The caller's hair was long, and his clothes were shabby and untidy. He had a roll of paper in his hand. Payn, surmising a poet and an epic several thousand lines long, looked up. "Well, sir?" "I've brought you something about sarcoma and carcinoma." "We are overcrowded with poetry—couldn't accept another line, not if it were by Milton." "Poetry?" the caller flashed. "Do you know anything about sarcoma and carcinoma?" "Italian lovers, aren't they?" said Payn imperturbably. The caller retreated with a withering glance at the editor. Under the same roof as the Cornhill was the office of a medical and surgical journal, and it was this that the caller sought for the disposal of a treatise on those cancerous growths with the euphonious names which, with a layman's ignorance, Payn ascribed to poetry.—McClure's.

**Things to Forget.**  
If you see a tall fellow ahead of a crowd, A leader of men, marching fearless and proud, And you know of a tale whose mere telling cloud Would cause his proud head to in anguish be bowed, It's a pretty good plan to forget it.  
If you know of a skeleton hidden away In a closet and guarded and kept from the day, In the dark and whose showing, whose sudden display, Would cause grief and sorrow and life-long dismay, It's a pretty good plan to forget it.  
If you know of a thing that will darken the joy Of a man or a woman, a girl or a boy, That will wipe out a smile or the least way annoy A fellow or cause any gladness to cloy, It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

**On the Sly.**  
Professor Percival Lowell, the famous astronomer, once told an amusing story of an old woman he at one time had as housekeeper, to whom he made a sporting offer. "Janet," he said to her one day, "the very next planet I discover I will make you a present of \$5." "You are very kind, sir," she replied, "and I am sure I hope you will soon discover one." Several months went by, and no planets were discovered. "The fact of the matter is, ma'am," confided the old woman at last to Mrs. Lowell, "I do think the professor goes out at night and discovers planets on the sly."

**Snared Himself.**  
Charles Matthews, the famous English actor, once indulged in his talent for mimicry to his own misfortune. Mr. Tattersall, the well known auctioneer, was conducting a sale of blockaded stock. "The first lot, gentlemen," said Mr. Tattersall, "is a bay filly by Smolensko." "The first lot, gentlemen," echoed Mr. Matthews in the same tone of voice, "is a bay filly by Smolensko." The auctioneer looked somewhat annoyed, but proceeded. "Well, what shall we begin with?" "Well, what shall we begin with?" replied the echo. Still endeavoring to conceal his vexation, Mr. Tattersall called out, "One hundred guineas?" "One hundred guineas?" echoed Matthews. "Thank you, sir," cried Mr. Tattersall, bringing down the hammer with a bang, "the filly is yours!"

**Could He Help It?**  
A lady and a little boy entered the car, but the boy squirmed and fidgeted so much on his seat that at last one of the other passengers expostulated: "For goodness' sake, keep your child still, madam!" "I'm very sorry," said the mother, "but the truth is until I get to the hospital I shan't be able to quiet him." "Dear me! What's the matter with him?" "He swallowed a teaspoon yesterday, and ever since he's been on the stir."

**The Law and the Lady.**  
Pat Finnigan had been summoned to jury duty. Coming downstairs one morning dressed in his Sunday clothes, his wife looked at him and said: "Where are you going, Pat?" He replied, "I'm going to court." "It's me!" said the wife, and Pat stalked out. Next morning Pat came downstairs all shaved and shorn, with the same suit of clothes on, and greeted his wife, who said: "And where are you going today?" "Sure, I'm going to court." "Ye are, are ye?" Pat went out and slammed the door. The third morning Pat came in and sat down to the breakfast table with the same suit of clothes on and greeted his wife, who said: "And where are ye going this morning, Pat?" "I'm going to court." The wife laid her hands upon a rolling pin, stood before the door and said: "Ye're going to court, are ye?" "Yis," said Pat. "No, ye're not. If there's any courtin' to be done it will be done right here. Go upstairs and take off thim clothes."—Newark Star.

## Let Me Tell You Something

If you want to be properly dressed, you should have your clothes made to order. You can't get up-to-date styles in ready-mades, for they are made six months before the season opens.

### BLUE SERGE SUITS

The only place in the city where you can get a good blue serge, fancy worsted, cheviot or Scotch tweed suit to order that are actually worth from \$35 to \$40, for only

## \$20

FOR NOTHING—All suits made by me on or before March 1st, will be cleaned and pressed as long as they last for nothing.

SPECIAL—From now until March 15th, I will clean, dry clean, and press clothing for 50 cents to 1 dollar.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED

## James Socher

The Tailor.

## THE TAILOR'S SONG

Fit out at Frank's—get a suit up to date,  
Right in the fashion—of woollens first rate.  
A suit that will fit—goods sound as a bell,  
No outside shops will fit you as well,  
Keep track of Mac's good value he sells,  
Mac builds good clothes garments all neat,  
Chicago's ready made agents cannot compete.  
Examine his line and prices all through,  
Look him up for a suit, saves money for you.  
Reliable goods, all through his line,  
Order a suit for the on coming spring time,  
You find value for money here every time.