

THESE ARE ALL SNAPS

IN THE CLOAKROOM

A purchase of traveling men's sample Coats, Suits and Dresses at our own price, combined with our remaining stock, enables us to make an interesting offer for quick selling prices that will surpass all previous offers. At such great saving the assortment won't last long, therefore an early visit is advisable.

75 fine Wool Mixture Long Coats, regular \$14.50, 16.50, 17.50, 19.50 and 22.50 values, will go now at \$9.75, 8.75, 7.50 and 6.25

50 Black Kersey and Broadcloth Coats, regular \$14.50, 17.50, 19.50, 22.50, 25.00, 29.50 values will now go at \$14.75, 12.50, 9.75, 8.75, and 7.25.

Children's Cloth Coats, \$3.95 up to 9.95 values, choice at 1-2 price.

Silk Velvet Suits at \$16.75

Navy, Wine and Brown shades, high-class suits, worth \$35, on sale at \$16.75.

Fine Mixture Suits at \$10.75

Assorted shades, materials and styles, regular \$25.00 and 22.50 values, on sale at 10.75

Silk Velvet Dresses at \$10.00

Navy and Wine shades, sizes 16, 18 and 38, splendid \$22.50 values, now on sale at \$10.00

\$12.50 and 17.50 values, Serge and Panama Dresses at 4.95 and 2.95

\$3.95 values Sweater Coats, now1.98

\$1.95 values Flannel Kimonos, now98c

\$1.50 values Flannel Dressing Sacques, now67c

98c values Outing Petticoats, now49c

\$7.50 values Messaline Waists, now2.95

\$3.95 values Taffeta Silk Waists, now1.95

1.50 values Assorted Wash Waists, now75c

Fur Sets at One-Half Price

Entire remaining line in variety of grades and colors, regular 9.95 up to 59.50 values, choice now at 1-2 off.

1.50 values Children's White Astrakhan sets, to close at, set 67c.

MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS DEPARTMENT

20% off

MEN'S AND BOYS' HATS AND CAPS
MEN'S AND BOYS' SHIRTS
MEN'S AND BOYS' SWEATERS
MEN'S AND BOYS' GLOVES AND MITTENS
MEN'S AND BOYS' PANTS
MEN'S WOOL AND COTTON UNDERWEAR
MEN'S WOOL HOSIERY, TRUNKS & Suit Cases

MEN'S SHIRTS 6c—Madras and Percale Shirts, plain and pleated bosoms, stripes and figures, all sizes, 1.50 and 1.00 shirts on sale at 88c.

UNDERWEAR 5c—Men's 5c Fleece Lined Shirts and Drawers, grey, black and white mixed, at 3c

DUCK COATS—Corduroy Coats, sheepskin lined with fur collar, 6.50 coats at 4.50.

DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT

Extra Special Value in Comforts

A good large size comfort, the best workmanship, covered with a good quality of satine and filled with nice fluffy cotton, good assortment of patterns, regular \$3.00, closing out price2.25

Another large size comfort, good quality, regular 2.50, about 25 of them left, while they last at, each1.74

20 per cent Discount on all other comforters.

\$3.50 Blankets \$2.63

50 pair of Wool Knap Blankets, size 72x80, in tan, grey and plaids. A good heavy blanket. Sold regularly at 3.50, now at2.63

20 per cent Discount on all other Blankets and Comforters

Ladies' and Childs' Knit Caps

One lot of Ladies' Aviation Caps, worth up to 1.50, closing out at69c

One lot of Childs' Stocking Caps, worth up to 35c, at19c

One lot of Stocking Caps, regular 50c value, closing out at 39c

Dress Gingham

One lot of Red Seal Dress Gingham in plain and fancy patterns, sold in a regular way at 12 1-2c, closing at yd 9 1-2

Safety Pins

Independent Safety Pins in sizes 1 and 23c

Size4c

Steel Pins

The Lilac 360 count Steel Pin, special this week, 2 pkgs ...5c

10c—Ribbons—10c

250 pieces of Messaline and Taffeta Ribbon in all colors, Nos. from 12 to 100, special per yard10c

SHOES

Now is your chance to make a big saving on footwear. Big reductions in all lines. Last week of our 20 per cent discount sale on Men's and Women's Shoes.

SHOES

5c-CALICO-5c

We always aim to have a large assortment in our remnant Calico, 8 to 10-yard length, at yard 5c

FRED SCHMIDT AND BRO.

917-921 O. OPPOSITE POST OFFICE

HAIR GOODS

A full assortment of shades in a good Sanitary Human Hair Switch, a good \$2 value, special 1.49

Her Breach of Discipline

By James Hicks

The members of the Fourteenth regiment as a whole didn't pay much attention to Kitty O'Riley until she was about 14 years old, but the members of Company A had been more observant. This was because she was the daughter of Corp. O'Riley, whose wife was laundress for the company, and because Kitty had been the best looking and smartest kid in barracks since she was able to toddle around.

At four years old she won the name of "Kitty the Kid," and this had stuck. At five she knew the name of every "A" man. At six she knew the drill and all the bugle calls. At seven there were only three or four members of the company that could beat her at reading and spelling. When she was three years older her father was killed in a fight with the Indians, and every man in barracks picked the kid up and kissed her and murmured: "Poor little girl!" as he sat her down.

It was about four years later that Sergt. Brady received what was called "The great snub." He had been ten years in the service, and eight years a sergeant, and he was a sort of father to the company. He was the first to speak consoling words to Widow O'Riley and the first to hold the kid on his knee and wipe away her tears with his bandana. That was his visit of sympathy.

When he made his official visit he was in full uniform and his face wore a grave expression. It was wash day with Mrs. O'Riley, but she turned from her tubs to receive the caller.

"Mrs. O'Riley," began the sergeant as he stood stiffly before her, "I am come on a matter concerning the whole regiment in general and Company A in particular."

"Then out with it, for it's my busy day."

"You have now been a widow woman two years, Mrs. O'Riley."

"There's no doubt of that, sergeant."

"And 'tis said that one of the teamsters from town has called here at your rooms no less than three times

Meanwhile the defiant Widow O'Riley married a teamster, but continued to serve as laundress, while the Kid continued to improve in looks and smartness until at 16 she was a belle.

She had been sent to school in the town, and she had passed some time with a relative in the east who was fairly well off, and the talk and file of the Fourteenth had come to look upon her as a goddess. One evening, after the girl had attended the non-commissioned officers' ball and been sought for as a partner and admired and praised on all sides, the old fear was revived. Caste forbids a commissioned officer marrying the daughter of an enlisted man, and the orderly sergeants who held a consultation were agreed that Kitty was too handsome and too much of a lady to throw herself away.

Sergt. Brady was still with the regiment. It was decided that he should pay another official visit to Mrs. O'Riley and warn her of the unprinted rules and regulations again. It would be a sin and a disgrace to have Kitty marry outside the regiment. It would be going against precedent and establishing a dangerous principle. The sergeant donned full uniform and made his way to the laundry. It was a busy day again with the laundress, but she wiped her red hands on her apron and stuck out her elbows as before and saluted her visitor with:

"I'm listening to you, Sergt. Brady."

"It's about Kitty," he replied. "She's of a marriageable age. She's handsome and smart and a lady. She's away from us much of the time of late years, but she still belongs to the company and the regiment. Is she to marry inside or outside of it?"

"Would you have Kitty marry beneath the rank of sergeant?" asked the mother.

"I would not."

"Well, there's Abel, Baxter, Clinch, Carter and Davis to start with. They're all got wives."

"'Tis so!"

"Then there's Davenport, Enright, English, Franklin and Farmer. All of them get drunk when they can and haven't a cent laid by."

"I'm agreeing with you."

"I could go on and mention all the others, but which one would you pick out for Kitty's husband?"

"Not a blessed one of the whole lot."

"And who of the corporals?"

"I can't say."

"Then come down to the privates."

"They are a shame-faced lot to pick a husband from."

"Does the regiment expect Kitty to marry one of the officers?"

"It can't expect it!"

"Then will Mr. Sergeant Thomas J. Brady tell me if Kitty O'Riley, the handsomest girl for ten miles around this fort, and not ashamed of being born in barracks and of her mother being a laundress to this day, has got to live and die an old maid to obey the rules and regulations of the service?"

"I'll be hanged if she has!"

Three months later there came rumors that Kitty the Kid was engaged to a merchant in the town, and the regiment bowed its head in sorrow. At the end of six, a report came to the fort that she had been duly married. The regiment went into mourning. Sergt. Brady was seated in his office with humility in his face when Kitty's mother was announced. On this occasion she was paying him an official visit.

"You have heard the news?" she asked.

He bowed.

"Could Kitty have done anything else under the circumstances?"

He shook his head.

"And will the regiment take any action in the case?" asked the caller.

"It has done that already, Mrs. O'Riley. It was bound to do it. It has held a meeting, and

"Whereas, There was no one in the Fourteenth regiment good enough to become the husband of Kitty the Kid; and

"Whereas, The aforesaid Kitty was not to blame for that and did not want to live as an old maid; therefore

"Resolved, That she was entitled to bust the rules and regulations and marry where she could and wanted to; and

"Resolved, That if there is the devil to pay generally and the service goes to the dogs, the said Kitty is not to be held to blame—not by a darn sight!"

Festival of the Flag.

The tenth annual "festival of the flag" has just taken place in the great South American republic of Brazil, with much greater enthusiasm than has ever before attended that event.

"What is this festival?" asks L'Etouffe du Sud of Rio de Janeiro, and then proceeds to answer its own question: "It is a new national date, a new gala day, especially created for the cult of the flag, the symbol of nationalism, the incarnation of patriotism. Everybody is 'en fete'; the administration, the ministers, the barracks, the schools, public and private, the editions of the great papers, the palace of the president, commerce, the military and civilians, everybody great and small, the old men, the women and children, all fraternize and take part in public rejoicing in honor of the flag.

"It is perhaps a heathen observance, but it is touching. This festival is celebrated almost everywhere in Brazil and becomes a magnificent lesson in patriotism."

A Perfect Fit.

Mrs. McCorkle—'I'd like to be a seal.

Mrs. McCorkle—Why?

Mrs. McCorkle—The skin fits it so beautifully.



"And you've come here to tell me that?"

during the last week to ask for a drink of water while his wagon was waiting to be unloaded."

"And whose business is that, may I ask?"

"Mrs. O'Riley, there are rules and regulations that are printed, and there are rules and regulations that you have to carry around in your head. It's those same rules and regulations that says once a soldier always a soldier. The meaning of them, when applied to your case, is that the widow of a soldier should marry another soldier if she marries at all. A teamster from town is not a soldier in barracks."

"And you've come here to tell me that, have you, Sergt. Brady?" answered the woman as she rested her hands on her hips and stuck her elbows out in defiant attitude. "You have been in the service ten years, I believe."

"Every day of it, Mrs. O'Riley."

"And I am going on my fifteenth year, and yet you come to tell me of rules and regulations! Why, I can take you out and teach you your own drill!"

"That may be, Mrs. O'Riley, but what about the teamster? Are you going ag'in rules and regulations?"

"That's as I please. I don't hold that they apply to widows at all. If a soldier's widow can marry out of barracks and benefit herself, she's a fool not to do it."

"It may be as you say," said the soldier, after a moment's thought, "but what of the kid? Surely the rules and regulations apply to her. You wouldn't go so far as to let her marry out of the service?"

"Mr. Sergeant Thomas J. O'Brady," replied the laundress, as she drew herself up to her full height. "I'm not saying what may or may not happen years from now. I'm simply saying that you've been here long enough for a call, and that I'll be much obliged to you for getting out."

The sergeant turned and walked away, and it was the snub that called the attention of the whole regiment to the kid for awhile. For weeks and weeks it was debated in every barrack as to whether she would marry out of the service when she married, and the consensus of opinion was that it would be a smirch on the regiment if she did. When the subject had been worn threadbare it was dropped, and it was four years later when it was revived.

Foolish Letterers.

People who sit and wait for great moments miss many wonderful small moments, and they are to be pitied.

To the Man of Honor.

Base gains are the same as losses.—Hesiod.

Says the Optimist.

There is one good point about big troubles—they eat up little ones.

Lure of the Author.

One wonders why so many novels are written. Yet consider the statement just made by the managers of the play adapted from "Ben-Hur." They have paid \$250,000 in royalties to the estate of its author and expect to pay much more before the public tires of it. The book itself has had a sale of over a million copies, never in a cheap form, and has probably earned another quarter of a million for the author.

Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch.

A little book of only 20,000 words, has paid to its author as book and play about \$10 a word, and "David Harum" produced a fortune for the heirs of the man who wrote it. Aside from the glory of satisfaction, every novel list, whether man or woman, is expecting to create some day a "Ben-Hur" or "David Harum."

From the Ash Tray.

Even the ash of hubby's cigar can be utilized in what way? Why, as a polisher for gold watches, bracelets and rings, let alone chains and a multitude of other trinkets. This comes from a prominent jeweler, so it must be nearly correct. He even goes to the extent of carrying with him a small case in which he preserves all the ashes from the cigars which he smokes. He says that the grain is so fine that it leaves no mark that is discernible to the naked eye.

Mitigate Heat and Cold and Check Tendency of Earth to Excessive Dryness.

Forests contribute to the general health by breaking the force of steadily blowing winds. They mitigate the heat of summer by the vast amount of evaporation that occurs in their leaves by day. By night the corresponding condensation of moisture upon the leaves still further absorbs the heat on the evaporation of the moisture the next morning. They also promote rainfalls. Thus they check the tendency of the earth to too great dryness, which is almost as injurious to health as it is to vegetation, for epidemic diseases are sure to do their fatal work where the soil-water is below the ordinary standard.

Hence cholera often passes a wood-land district and revels in a treeless one. There are numerous facts like the following: A certain road in India leads for sixty miles through a dense forest. Further on it runs for ninety miles through a barren plain. Hundreds of persons travel the entire road daily. Now, in the first or wooded section, cases of cholera seldom occur, while within the latter it has been of frequent occurrence. One year cholera raged in Allahabad. Soldiers whose barracks were on a hill suffered the most from the epidemic; those in barracks surrounded by four rows of trees much less; but not a single case occurred among the soldiers whose barracks were in a thicket. It was the same the next year.

Incumbrance.

"No," said Mr. Cumrox; "I don't in the least disapprove of my daughter's marrying a title."

"But you seem dissatisfied."

"I am. What I object to is the fellow that goes with it."

Tradition Governs Them Among American and English Sailors and They Never Alter.

In the American and English navies, as well as in the merchant marines, are found nicknames that have been in use since before men dreamed that there was land on the other side of the western ocean. Tradition, most inflexible of all rules, governs them, and they never alter, whether the ship clears from the Golden Gate or from London Docks. Some of the nicknames are of obvious origin; others seem to gain force by their apparent lack of reason.

For instance, why should all men named Wright be called "Shiner"? Clark is invariably "Nobby"; Green is "Jimmy"; and a White is a "Knocker." "Spud" Murphy explains itself, as does "Dusty" Miller. "Lofty" and "Shorts" do not need to present cards to their mates when they sign on, and it is not worth while for the brunette sailor to resent it when a friendly chap calls him as "Nigger"—he can't whip the entire crew, one after the other.

The rigid forms of the quarterdeck do not hold during the watch below, and the captain is the "Skipper," and the first lieutenant is familiarly "Jimmy the One." On fighting ships the gunnery lieutenant is "Gunnery Jack," or more briefly "Guns"; the torpedo lieutenant, "Torpedo Jack" or "Sparks," and the navigating officer, "The Navy."

Even a landlubber would know that "Tommy Pipes" was the boatswain, "Chips" the carpenter, "Jimmy Bungs" the cooper, and "Sails" the sailmaker.—The Sunday Magazine.

Conscientious Man Thought Unusually Good Meals Would Keep Him From Thinking Straight.

"The most conscientious man I ever knew served on a jury with me several years ago," said the experienced juror. "It was a criminal case and the jurors were imprisoned in a hotel during the trial. At our first dinner the man with a conscious refused to eat the excellent meal provided.

"If I should fill my stomach with all that bifalutin grub," he said, "I should not be able to think straight. I am not used to it at home. No man is able to think normally immediately after a radical change in fare. It takes several weeks to adjust his mental attitude to his physical state. For that reason, every man who serves on a jury ought to eat exactly the kind of food he is used to at home, even if it takes half a dozen cooks to prepare it. If that is done, there would be fewer freak verdicts in this town."

"There was so much sound sense in the doctrine that the 11 other jurors had a fleeting fancy for sticking to their own accustomed simple fare, but the fleshpots of the hotel overcame their scruples and for three weeks we feasted sumptuously. Also, to sustain the conscientious man's theory, we returned what the public called a freak verdict."