Get Ready for Christmas

We have Anticipated All Your Wants and Needs and Can Supply Them at Prices that will Save you Money. The Early Holiday Buyers get the Cream of Everything. Do your shopping early.

DRESS GOODS SPECIALS

40c Mannish Suiting.....29c
85c Scotch Suitings and Zibelines...65c
$1.00 Meltons and Zibelines.....80c
$1.50 Suitings, such as Meltons, Zibelines $1.20

Special Discount on all Dress Goods This Week.

KID GLOVES

Kid Gloves make a very desirable Christmas gift. We will exchange any Gloves bought of us for different size or color. Or we will sell a Glove Bond which entitles the bearer to a pair of Gloves at any time. We carry a complete line at...**$1, $1.25 and $1.50**

MEN'S DRESS GLOVES

We carry the best that can be had for the money—that is the Adler Glove, at .....**$1, $1.25 and $1.50**

ON SALE ONE-FOURTH OFF

We have just received a sample line of one of the greatest manufacturers in Ladies' Neckwear, Belts, Bags and Combs, which will be put on sale this week at **25 Per Cent Off the Regular Price.** These are all new goods and in first class shape.

Ladies' Neckwear, worth from 10c to $1.00, for .....**7c to 66c**
Ladies' Belts, the largest line in the city, worth from 25c to $3.00—on sale for.....**18c to $2.23**
Ladies' Hand Bags, all the new styles and the best of goods—about 300 to choose from—worth 25c to $8.00—on sale from.....**18c to $6.00**
Ladies' Combs, sample line, selling from .....**7c to 85c**
Ladies' Shirt Waist Sets, Buckles, Stock Pins—a big variety to choose from, at **One-Third Off the Regular Price.**

Buy Christmas Ribbons Now

No. 40 all Silk Ribbon, all colors.....10c
4½-inch Plaid Ribbon 25c
5-inch Changeable Taffeta Ribbon...25c
4-inch Taffeta Ribbon, with silk embroidered polka dot 25c
No. 80 Warp Print Ribbons, fast colors and new effects 25c
6-inch Ombre Ribbons, new colors, this week 39c

Cloak Room

Visitors will find unexcelled values offered for this week.

Furs!

Muskrat Scarfs, blended and natural, with 6 tails, $2.50 and $2.25 values; special **$1.98**
Marten Scarfs, dark and light brown, with 6 tails, $4.25 and $3.95 value; special.....**$3.35**
Isabella Fox and Marten Scarfs, with 2 bushy tails, $6.95 value; special **$5.98**
Isabella Fox Scarfs, 60 inches long, with 2 bushy tails, $11.50 value; special **$9.95**
Brown Coney Boas, with 6 tails and cord, a good value at **$2.50**
Isabella Fox Boas, with 2 bushy tails and cords and Marten Boas with 8 tails and cords, $13.50 and $12.50 values; special **$11.00**
Muffs to match in flat and round style, in Fox, Marten and Coney, at very low prices.
Children's Sets—Coney, Chinchilla, Ermine and Angora Furs in silver gray and white, at **$3.95, $2.95, $1.50 and 98c**

SILK WAISTS

Black Peau de Soie Silk Waists, made with shirred yoke, a "Beauty" at **$4.75**
Brown and Black Peau de Soie Silk Waists, made with pleated front, a superb garment, at **$3.95**
Changeable Taffeta Silk Waists, made with several rows of tucks and pleats in front, "very attractive" at **$3.95**

CHRISTMAS SLIPPER SALE

Our Christmas Slipper Sale will commence right now and continue until CHRISTMAS EVE., DEC. 24.

We have everything in Slippers for everybody—and we have put special low prices on our Slippers that will certainly pull every Slipper buyer in this direction. Our Slipper assortment is immense and our styles are the best that's made. ....

Note These Prices

Can you even think of going anywhere else for Christmas Slippers?

Men's Chocolate Alligator Slippers..85c
Men's Velvet Embroidered Slippers, $1.00 and 75c
Men's Dongola Everett Slippers...$1.00
Men's Wine Goat Slippers.....$1.25
Men's Fine Kid Slippers, Everett and Opera style $1.50
Men's Crome Kid Opera Slippers...$1.75
Ladies' Velvet Gaiter Dongola Vamp Slippers and Kid one-strap bow, sizes 13½ to 8 .....$1.50
Ladies' Patent Kid Opera Bar Sandals $2.00
Ladies' Kid 2-strap Sandals.....$1.25
Ladies' Comfortable Felt Slippers, $1.10, $1.00, 75c 65c
Misses' and Children's Slippers, 48c and 33c

DOLLS! DOLLS! DOLLS!

Big assortment of real beauties at correct prices.

Undressed Dolls .....10c to 35c
Kid Body Dolls .....25c to $2.00
Dress Dolls .....10c to $3.50

SILK PETTICOATS

Our $4.98 value, in black and colored Taffeta Silk, special $3.95

CHILDREN'S COATS

Special Discount on our Entire Line.

Buy Your Xmas Nuts and Candies Here

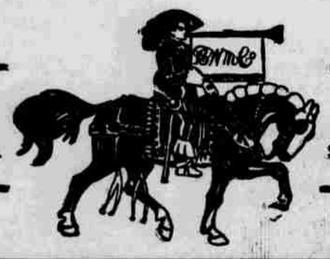
FRED SCHMIDT AND BRO.
917-921 O, OPPOSITE POST OFFICE

Our Toy Department Contains all the Latest Things in Toys

Don't Be Mislead

We can save you from $10 to $15 a suit on your clothes made to your order. We cut, fit, make and trim the best clothes in town. You are especially invited to come in our place and see our tailors at work.

Suits to Measure—$15 and $20.



Suits to Measure—$15 and $20.

BRITISH WOOLEN MILLS COMPANY
BIG TAILORS 1210 O STREET

THE NEW
Palace Dining Hall.
The Finest in the City
MEALS, 25c
Meal Tickets, $3.50
"COOK JUST LIKE MOTHER DID"

BELL PHONE 630. AUTO PHONE 1630
LEMING'S
DEALER IN
Ice Cream, Oysters, Milk, Cream
Confectionery and Baked Goods.
Prompt Attention Given to All Orders.
401 So. 11th Street, LINCOLN, NEB.

Lincoln Auction Co.
1325 O.
Will give you bargains the next thirty days in Furniture, Stoves, etc.
Wm. Walworth, Prop.

COAL WOOD AND COKE
Hutchins & Hyatt Co.

One of the best stocks Xmas presents in the city
CALL IN AND EXAMINE BEFORE BUYING.
Chas. W. Fleming, Jeweler
1311 O Street.
PHONE A1599 BELL. AUTO. 1291.

"Suppose I were to tell you you must not go to the matinee today," said Mr. Naggit. "How would you like that?"

"O!" ambiguously replied his young wife, with a steely glitter in her eye. "I wouldn't mind."

CAPITAL AUXILIARY.

Waging Warfare Against a "Rat" Newspaper With Good Success.

Capital Auxiliary, No. 11 met with Mrs. Bert Wilson this (Friday) afternoon and the usual social good time was enjoyed by the large number present. Capital Auxiliary is doing some splendid work in support of the Typographical Union. It is now engaged in helping the union in its fight against the unfair Los Angeles Times. A committee has been appointed to write to general advertisers, protesting against their use of the imes' columns, against their use of the Times' columns some good results.

USEFUL BULLETIN.

The Union Pacific's Crop Report Unusually Complete This Year.

The passenger department of the Union Pacific has just issued a valuable bulletin showing the crop yield by counties in Nebraska for the year just drawing to a close. The bulletin is full of useful information and should be in the hands of every enterprising business man and farmer. Its publication is another evidence of the enterprise and public spirit of the gentlemen who manage the great Overland Route.

"When young fellers begins a courtin'," said Farmer Haicede of New Jersey, "they jest gets crazy, an' that thar boy Jim o' mine ain't no exception."

"What's Jim bin a-doin'?" asked Farmer Soanreep.

"Hanged if he didn't go inter town yesterd'y an' spend a hull quarter fur a teethbrush!"

..COTTAGES..
I always have a number for sale on good terms, ranging in price from $750.00 to $1,500.00 and up
GEORGE W. HOLMES
129 So. 11th St. Phone 1896-367

The Big Dance Will Be On Saturday.

The inaugural committee which has charge of the arrangements for President Roosevelt's inauguration March 4 has unanimously decided to hold the inaugural ball on Saturday night, March 4. This action was preceded by a discussion of a suggestion that that function, always a feature of the inaugural ceremonies, should be held on the Monday night following so that Sunday would not necessitate the early closing of the ball and interception of the promenade concert program. It was pointed out, however, that thousands of visitors would leave immediately after the formal inauguration and that if the ball were deferred until Monday evening the attendance necessarily would be comparatively small. The inaugural parade, it is said, will be an unusually large one, both in point of civil as well as military representation.

We Have Very Few of Them.

Boone county, Illinois, has a single family in which there are now living five generations. This record has been received through the birth of a son to Mr. and Mrs. Alfred P. Dunham of Garden Prairie. Mrs. Alfred Dunham is grandmother, Mrs. Helen Dunham great grandmother, and Mrs. Phoebe Crandall great-great-grandmother. The latter is more than 100 years old.

On Tour of Pleasure; Comes Home Rich

With 100,000 Russian dollars in his pocket, Horace G. Burt, former president of the Union Pacific railway, is homeward bound from St. Petersburg and will pass through Denver about New Year's day on his way to New York, where he will assume the management of the Grand Trunk.

Mr. Burt about a year ago started on a tour of the world, ostensibly for rest, but on reaching the Russian capital, at the personal request of the czar, undertook and carried out most successfully the reorganization of the various railway lines in that country, especially the Trans-Siberian road, which was in poor shape to meet the extraordinary demands of the war which was then imminent.

Faith is believing without thinking about it what you couldn't if you did.

Anything that makes a woman look a fright is sure to be the latest fashion.

A woman has worries as naturally as a cat has kittens.

Life

We are born; we laugh; we weep;
We love; we droop; we die!
Ah! wherefore do we laugh or weep?
Why do we live or die?
Who knows that secret deep?
Alas, not I!

Why doth the violet spring
Unseen by human eye?
Why do the radiant seasons bring
Sweet thoughts that quickly fly?
Why do our fond hearts cling
To things that die?

We toil—through pain and wrong;
We fight—and fly;
We love; we lose; and then, ere long,
Stone dead we lie.
O life! is all thy song
"Endure and die?"

—Bryan Waller Procter.

HER WOMAN'S WIT

BY WM. FREDERICKSON SABIN

(Copyright, 1904, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

"I reckon I've cured you of your contrariness for good and all," cried Farmer Haines, swinging in at the kitchen door, standing an old shot gun behind the stove and scowling fiercely as he took his accustomed seat at table. His blazing eyes challenged those of a slender girl engaged in emptying the steaming contents of several pots into a line of waiting dishes.

"Why, father, what have you done?" The girl's hand went up as if she felt a clutch at her pretty throat and her eyes flashed back a look of defiance not unmixed with fear. "If you have killed him, finish your mad work and shoot me, too!" she cried, dropping a saucepan and rushing for the door. The old man turned to stop her, but, even as his arm was raised, the door flew open and a young man, ministerially garbed and very much out of breath, nervously dabbing at his chubby face with a large silk handkerchief, entered precipitately and confronted the young woman.

"Dora Haines!" he gasped, "you look all worked up. What's the matter? I thought I heard—"

"Ask father—he knows," faltered Dora, breaking from the affectionate grasp of the Reverend Giles Faxon and flying down the pathway leading to the road.

"What—what's happened?" asked the parson, seating himself and gazing with impatient curiosity at the stalwart Haines, as he proceeded to transfer his dinner from the stove to the table. "What—what's Dora so put out about? I thought I heard—"

"You heard nothing," declared the farmer, pausing to level a warning finger at the preacher, "do you understand? You heard nothing!"

"But I certainly—"

Haines in one stride was at the other's elbow. His great fist was within an inch of the reverend nose. "You shut up and let me talk," he hissed. "That Barker fellow has been snooping around here again contrary to my orders. He's after my Dora, and she—the ninny—loves him. Hear that? Loves him!"

"But Barker's a forger—I thought he had left the country."

"Will you be quiet? Dora would have run away with him if I hadn't kept my eye skinned. I warned him that the next time he came around I'd put shot into him, and I guess I've kept my word."

"Oh, I trust you haven't—"

"Never you mind. You've heard nothing and you want to let that stick in your memory or you may come to harm. If you have any idea of marrying my daughter, mind what I'm telling you."

"Was Dora going to him when I came in?"

"Go and see, for ail I care—but remember—you heard no shooting."

The Reverend Giles Faxon, in anything but a happy frame of mind, left the house. Several farm hands were coming in from the fields to dinner. His first impulse was to inquire of them as to Barker and the shooting, but he remembered Haines' warning and let them pass unquestioned.

"Perhaps he is lying wounded down there by the creek," he thought, "perhaps—oh, God—perhaps Haines killed him—and it is all my fault. I will

"If you have killed him, shoot me, too!"

go and see. Dora, if she expected him, may be there before me."

Less than half an hour had elapsed since Faxon, on his way afoot from his school to dine with Haines and his daughter, had heard high words from a clump of trees near the creek by the roadside—words, followed by the report of a gun. He had distinguished the voices but, being of a timid nature, had hastened his steps toward the farm house, not pausing to inquire into the cause or effect of the strange occurrence.

Arriving at a little bridge that spanned the creek, Faxon, leaving the road, tremblingly plunged into the underbrush, calling: "Dora! Dora! Where are you, Dora?"

There was no answer and the young clergyman floundered around for several minutes without observing any sign of a scuffle. Suddenly he heard a voice and, guided by the sound, soon came upon Dora Haines kneeling beside the prostrate form of a man. Dora appeared not to notice Faxon who, as soon as his eyes fell upon his rival's face against the girl's heart, cried out:

"How can you, Dora? He is a felon—he who forged old man Cotton's

"Live? Yes! Live to see you well rewarded!"

name—the man whose arrest is worth five hundred dollars."

Dora turned upon him with scorn in her beautiful eyes. "He is innocent!" she cried. Barker stirred and the farmer's daughter again gave him her attention, calling him by endearing names—names the Reverend Faxon had never before heard from her lips. A sigh escaped Dora's lover and suddenly he sat up, looking longingly into the girl's eyes and then letting his gaze wander to the surprised countenance of the parson. "Dora knows I'm innocent, he said, and then something like a smile brightened his handsome features—a smile of triumph. Faxon made a move as if to withdraw.

"Not yet!' cried Barker, and there was strength in his voice. "Stay!"—and Barker's hand was raised. In it he held a shining revolver. "Dora's father told me, before this little forging incident, that she loved you, so when you stooped to forge another's name and further stooped to accuse me—old Cotton's clerk—for love of her, believing that she really loved you, I let it appear that I left the country. But I was not very far away. One night I stole to Dora's window to say good-by, and learned from her lips that her heart was mine. Her father interrupted us and, believing the lie you spread concerning me, would have held me to claim the reward. Dora pleaded for my liberty and her father let me go, threatening to shoot me should I again be seen on his place. To-day I came to expose you and to take Dora away as my wife. I managed to send her a message to meet me here, but her father saw me and kept his promise. As for you—you will soon change your ministerial garb for a striped suit."

"You can prove nothing."

"That will come later; just now you have work to do—the last task you will perform as a clergyman, I think for some time—marry us!"

The Reverend Giles Faxon trembled, hesitated and stuttered. Dora hid her face on her lover's shoulder. The point of Barker's pistol rose a trifle and—Faxon did his duty.

"Will he live?" asked Faxon, for Dora and Barker were very silent following the strange ceremony and the clergyman feared—or did he hope?—that his victim might be passing beyond the power to accuse him to the world.

"Live? Yes! Live to see you well rewarded," cried Barker, springing to his feet.

"Why—why, I thought you were badly wounded," declared the Reverend Giles Faxon.

"He would have been," said Dora, nestling close in her lover's arms, "had I not thought to put blank cartridges in father's gun."

Edison and Pasteur.

Thomas A. Edison has settled down to the life of a country gentleman under the shadow of the New Jersey mountains. Americans are inclined to forget that his is one of the great names of the world.

Anent this fact, says a writer in the Brooklyn Eagle, I recall an interview with Pasteur, the immortal French bacteriologist, in which he said, with the simple and unaffected vanity of a Frenchman: "Your Edison is a great man. When the history of our generation comes to be written the two names that will stand out most prominently in science will be his and mine."

EQUAL TO THE EMERGENCY.

Actor's Ready Wit That Saved Embarrassing Situation.

Francis Wilson, the actor, was talking at the Players' club about the value of a ready wit in stage emergencies.

"I remember well," he said, "the ready wit of a dear old man in Annie Pixley's 'M'liss' company that I played with some twenty-five years ago. The old fellow was never at a loss on the boards, no matter what disconcerting accident might happen. I complimented him on his readiness one night, and he told me, with a pleased smile, of a mishap that had once befallen him in 'Pizarro.'

"He was, he said, a young man at the time, and he was playing the part of Rolla. There is in 'Pizarro,' you'll remember, one scene where Rolla stands on the stage awaiting Ataliba's army. The army, a great horde of supers, files past him, then gathers round him, and he addresses it with a spirited exhortation.

"Well, on the night in question, all the supers but one struck, for some reason or other, at the last moment, and there was nothing to be done. The one super had to do duty for the whole great army of Ataliba. Thus to my friend Rolla, awaiting the army in front of the footlights, the solitary super marched.

"But Rolla was equal to an emergency even so trying as this. He made a grand gesture, and exclaimed:

"'What, all slain but thee? Come, then, my brave associate,' etc."

DEATH TAKES GOOD MAN.

Charles Shumacher Will Long Be Remembered in Wall Street.

The death of Charles Shumacher removes from Wall street one of its most interesting figures as well as one of its most generally beloved gentlemen of the old school. Many a man prominent now in its affairs owes much to the kindly counsel and helping hand generously extended at the outset of his career by the elder Shumacher. The banking world was indebted to him for his skillful analyses of the intricate movements of foreign exchange, which guided its operations therein for over thirty years. No man in America or perhaps in Europe more thoroughly understood this puzzling branch of haute finance. In this connection a story is told of a young man new in Wall street who called upon Mr. Shumacher and said he wanted to learn all about foreign exchange.

"How much time can you give to the subject" asked Mr. Shumacher.

"Oh, about an hour," [illegible] visitor.

"The time is pretty short," [illegible] said the banker. However, he explained [illegible] of the main points of the laws of international credit to the caller.

"Do you understand foreign exchange now?" asked Mr. Shumacher.

"Oh, thoroughly, thoroughly," was the reply.

"Then you are a truly remarkable young man," said the sage. "I have studied it for fifty years, and I do not thoroughly understand it yet."—Boston News Bureau.

One On the Mule.

William H. Taft, secretary of war, weighs 320 pounds. His predecessor in office, Elihu Root, tips the scales at only half that figure.

When Secretary Taft was civil governor of the Philippines his health was sadly undermined [illegible] laboring under great responsibility in governing the archipelago, where conditions were yet so disturbed as to give Secretary Root and President Roosevelt much concern. Mr. Root therefore requested Judge Taft to keep him advised by the new Pacific cable as to the state of his health. One day this message came to Mr. Root from Gov. Taft at Benguet, in the mountains near Manila:

"Rode ten miles on a mule to-day. Am feeling much better. TAFT."

Mr. Root chuckled and doubled with mirth in the chair which Secretary Taft has since discarded as too small. He dictated this reply:

"Taft, Benguet. Glad to hear it, but how is the mule? ROOT."

She Declined the Seat.

Georgie was a well behaved little boy. He had been especially taught by his father to be polite to ladies and in a crowded car always to give up his seat to one of the gentle sex, regardless of age, social condition and good looks. On a Subway car last Sunday papa had an unlooked-for and embarrassing illustration of how well Georgie had learned his lesson. The car was crowded, but Georgie had preempted a seat. A handsome young lady entered at one of the stations at which the train stopped. There was not a vacant seat.

"Take my seat, ma'am,' said little Georgie, as he doffed his cap.

She didn't take the seat. She looked fierce enough to box his ears, and the passengers had to laugh in spite of her mortification. Georgie was sitting on papa's lap when he so gallantly offered to give up his seat to the pretty young lady.—Exchange.

The Goddess From the Machine.

Singing for phonograph seems to be as high-paid musical exercise as there is. A phonograph company has offered a prima donna, who sings at the Metropolitan opera house this winter, $14,000 for four songs. That is, $6,000 as soon as the songs are sung, and $2,000 a year for four years as a reward for not singing into any other machine. Great and many are the means of income of a goddess of grand opera. She could live splendidly on what she can get for using a pill, a perfume, a piano, or a phonograph.—With the Procession, Everybody's Magazine.

A Toast.

Let him who will drink to his love,
Or pledge a friend in wine;
A rousing toast I'll give to thee,
O enemy of mine!

Pour forth the amber liquid; fill
Your glasses to the brim;
Here's to the man whose heart for me
Bears naught but hatred grim!

How oft when steep ascents I climb
Would I cast down my load,
Did not his royal enmity
My lagging footsteps goad!

So drink again: your bumpers raise
And gayly clink with mine;
[illegible] who hates me well—
Down with [illegible]!
—Blanche Goodman, in Smart Set.