

Special Sale of White Goods

PERSIAN LAWN—45 inches wide—fine and sheer—extra value at, per yard.....25c
FANCY WHITE DRESS GOODS—Checks and stripes, with overshot figures and dots—special value at, per yard.....25c

Book Department

Books for Summer reading. A few titles from our 50c list:
 The Tides of Barnegat. Smith.
 The Southerners. Brady.
 The House of Mirth. Edith Wharton.
 The Divine Fire. May Sinclair.
 The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. John Fox.
 Red Rock. Thomas Nelson Page.
 The Builders. Emerson.
 House of a Thousand Candles. Nicholson.
 The Black Bag. Vance.
 The Lion and the Mouse. Klein.
 Nedra. McCutcheon.
 Lavender and Old Lace. Myrtle Reed.

Post Card and Photo Albums

Albums in every shape, size and price. Also loose leaf Albums which can be enlarged as your collection grows.
 Photo Albums from 5c to \$1.00.
 Post Card Albums from 5c to \$2.98.
ONE SPECIAL.
 Seal grain imitation leather covered Albums—carbon leaves, to hold 200 cards—great value at.....\$1.00
 A new shipment of Raphael Tuck's Post Cards—reproductions of famous paintings. Price from.....1c to 10c each

Union-Made Overalls and Shirts

We want every working man in Lincoln to examine our new "Union Made" Overall, the "Railroad Special"—every pair warranted.....75c, 85c and \$1.00 pair
OUR MODEL NEGLIGEE SHIRTS are "Union Made"—they fit—and it's a pleasure to wear them.....each \$1.00

Garden and Summer Needs



Rubber Garden Hose, fully warranted, 25 feet for.....\$2.25
 Other grades at.....5c, 9c, 10c and 12½c per foot
 Hose Reels, like cut, each.....75c
 Garden Rakes.....75c, 48c, 35c, 25c and 19c
 Garden Hoes.....35c, 25c and 19c
 Poultry Netting in full rolls at, per square foot.....½c
 Wire Fly Screening in full rolls at, per square foot.....1½c
 Croquet Sets.....\$2.95, \$1.95, \$1.48, \$1.25, 95c, 75c and 48c

WALL PAPER 3 CENTS

A. Herpolsheimer & Co.
 THE DAYLIGHT STORE
 THE STORE FOR EVERYBODY

ASK FOR PREMIUM TICKETS

Special for Men

Choice of five styles in Brown, Tan and Black Oxfords, regular.....

\$3.50 and \$4.00 VALUES for.....\$2.50

Sanderson's Shoe Store Closes at 6:00 p. m. Saturdays

Miller & Paine



LINCOLN'S WARNING.
 The candid citizen must confess that if the policy of the government, upon vital questions affecting the whole people is to be irrevocably fixed by decisions of the Supreme Court the people will have ceased to be their own rulers.—Abraham Lincoln.

O. GUESS AGAIN!

The convicts at the Nebraska penitentiary will make overalls. As much as 50 cents a day will be paid per

man. One of the reasons for signing the contract was the (?) fact that four-fifths of the people of that state were farmers and that they wanted cheap overalls. Now isn't that a fine argument for an owner of \$100 an acre land to present? And yet this same farmer wonders and wonders some more, when his son goes to the city for employment and writes to the old gent for money. He doesn't stop to consider the thousands of people that have to compete with such labor for a livelihood.—Council Bluffs Times.

7 GRAFTERS SENT TO PRISON

Pittsburg Bribers and Conspirators Must Serve Time and Pay Fines. Sentences were imposed Wednesday on seven persons convicted in the municipal graft cases at Pittsburg as

follows:
 W. W. Ramsey, former national bank president, convicted of bribery, one year and six months' imprisonment and a fine of \$1,000; Capt. John F. Klein, councilman, two years and a fine of \$1,000 on the bribery conviction, and one year and six months on the conspiracy conviction; Joseph C. Wasson and William Brand, former councilmen, each one year and six months and a fine of \$500 for conspiracy; H. H. Bolger, hotel keeper, two years and a fine of \$500 for bribery; Charles Colbert and John Colbert, convicted of attempting to bribe a jury in the Ramsey bribery case, two years and a fine of \$500 each.

Prison Sentence for Aged Crook. Dr. J. Counterman, of New Albany, 75 years of age, pleaded guilty in the United States district court at Fort Scott, Kas., to the charge of counter-

Merry Moments With Humorists

Some of the Best Things Written by the Acknowledged Masters.



Fog Bound

By Charles L. Doyle.

"Pretty thick mist out to-night," observed the versatile individual who served in the dual capacity of postmaster and storekeeper at Paint's Corners, to Capt. Goiber, as that gallant ex-tar joined the group around the stove.

The captain snorted disdainfully. "It ain't so bad for a land fog," he declared, "but it's nothin' but a thin haze compared to the sea fogs Iuster bump into when I was navigatin' the brig Sarah Ann. I remember once, in the fall of '69, we was on our way up the coast from Charleston to Portland, when we struck a fog that brought the Sarah Ann up standin' in less than three minutes after we hit it. That there fog seemed to be packed down in a hard layer on the surface of the water, and though it wasn't more than a dozen or fifteen feet thick, the Sarah Ann couldn't make any more headway through it than a locomotive could on an up grade through a snow drift as high as her smokestack.

"The Sarah Ann lay wollowin' in that fog-bank, doin' her level best to plough her way through it, with sails filled with wind and snappin' and cracklin' overhead like a week's washin' in a March squall; but she might as well have been tryin' to sail on dry land for all the progress she made. Bimeby one end of the topsail got loose and was flappin' around, and when I sent a man up aloft to fix it he lost his footing and fell overboard, and if it hadn't been for that fog he'd have been a goner sure. The fog was so tough and elastic that when he landed on it, a few feet away from the brig, he bounced right back on deck, lighting on his feet, same as a cat, and went on with his work as if nothing had happened."

"Most remarkable circumstance

that; most remarkable indeed," commented the postmaster, as the captain paused for breath.

"Don't see anything so very remarkable about it," drawled Farmer Walsh from his seat on the cracker barrel. "A chap don't have to sail the seas to come across some queer things in the



We Had to Rig Up a Cross-Cut Saw.

fog line. I remember one fall a few years ago, when I was livin' in Adams valley, we had a week of foggy weather, and it was so bad we had to get out the big snow-plough and plough out the roads same as after a heavy snow storm. I had a three-acre strawberry patch that fall which I had been thinking of coverin' with straw for the winter, but hadn't got at yet, and one mornin' when the layer of fog was a little thicker and

tougher than usual, a happy thought struck me, and I went out with my hired man and we staked the fog down over the berry patch, drivin' a stake at each corner and another every few rods along at each side, and left it there all winter to keep the plants from freezing."

"You did, hey?" queried Capt. Goiber, jealously. "Would it be askin' too much to have you tell us what you did with that there fog in the spring?"

"Sure, I'll tell you," responded Farmer Walsh placidly. "When the spring come I jest pulled up the stakes, rolled the fog up in a heap at one end of the field, and set fire to it and burnt it up to get rid of it. It wasn't no more use to me, and anyway I ain't the sort of man to overwork a fog that came along in time to give me a helpin' hand jest when I happened to need it most."

The captain glared at the cultivator of the soil with the air of a dog whose private bone-yard has been invaded.

"There's times," he said impressively, "when it becomes necessary for a honest seaman to call 'Avast,' and I says 'Avast' now, I guess I'll be gettin' along toward home. What I've heard to night about sickens me. I was goin' to finish up my story by tellin' how finally we had to rig up a cross-cut saw, playing up and down on a sort of walkin' beam hung over the bow of the Sarah Ann, to rip that fog apart so that she could wedge her way through. But I see as a man who sticks to the truth around here hasn't got any more show than a Chinaman at a Clan-na-Gael picnic, or a jug of old Bourbon at a barn dance in a prohibition state, so I might as well quit right here." And in a dignified and former portentous sniff of disgust, the another commander of the Sarah Ann weighed anchor and set forth on the homeward tack.
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The Maudlinity of Illustrated Songs

By James Montgomery Flagg.

There is a fashion in popular songs. Of course you know that, but I want to call it to your attention.

The hordes of web-footed parcel-bearing women, the hundreds of harried Harlem mothers and the sprinkling of unclassified and mysteriously unemployed males, are one year delighted with songs entirely about fires and firemen. The next season the style changes to songs entirely concerned with somebody's unfortunate erring sister, and during the next season no song stands a chance of popular approval that does not deal with

ing up her sykey knot and a pair of ready-to-wear wings comes sliding through the art wall paper and refuses to admit the now remorseful parents to the bedside of the dying child.

The dying child then turns to the frenzied parents and sadly "refrains" at them—the substance of the calling down being that she guessed they were sorry now that they refused to let her play with matches.

And four or five hundred mothers go home and hand four or five hundred hammers to four or five hundred offspring and, leading them up to the four or five hundred parlor mirrors, say: "There, dearest, do whatever you please, but don't get the pip!"

Which is probably untrue. Perhaps incomes explain the matter. Families living on \$500 a year are maudlin. Those having \$8,000 are sentimental, while those having \$25,000 are blasé. Those in the first class listen to the songs and enjoy them.
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Medium-Sized Journeys

By Strickland W. Gillilan.

Theodore R. Ulysses, professional hero, was of doubtful parentage, and there is considerable doubt even as to whether he ever lived. We know no way to find out for sure about it. Doubtless there are several people of my acquaintance who would admit having known him personally, if they thought there was any prominence to be gained by it, but I shall not tempt them.

Several sets of parents are furnished by his biographers, to choose from. All agree, however, that he married Penelope, and that he had a son named Telemachus. He went into the hero business very reluctantly, not entering the army until he was drafted three times, when it took beautifully.

Bill Menelaus of Athens had had a swell wife called Helen, and somebody had jimmied the house and taken her. It was a case of Helen gone, with Menelaus, all right. He was awfully provoked when he awoke in the morning and found she wasn't there. At first he wondered if he could have mislaid her the day before, and he hunted all about for her, but she was gone, all right.

Menelaus had a hunch that Pat Crowe had taken Helen to Troy to work in the laundry, and he coaxed at Ulysses to help him recover her. Finally he agreed, after Agamemnon had begun to nag also, and he took Achilles and Nestor (no relation to the various Nestors of journalism you have heard introduced at banquets), and started on a rough-house expedition to the scene selected for the trouble. Ulysses had 12 ships of his own, besides all the hardships he got when he lost his other vessels.

He had an awful passage home, with no Jack Bins to handle the wire-lass. The ships were grounded under Capt. Crowninshield, at Thrace, and Ulysses and the bunch of roughnecks with him plundered the Ciccons, found the Lotus-eaters, a lot of dope-fiends on another island, then came to the Cyclops island, where Polyphemus, a one-eyed old monstrosity, lived. Ulysses was always after big game, so he hid in Polyphemus' cave till the latter was asleep, took the giant's own electric-light pole that he used for a cane, and put the one eye out of commission with one fell jab.

Such a job of cutting and running you never saw. Uly and his crowd got away on anything that would float.

Then that naughty wind came up and blew Ulysses to some other lady—Calyppo. That was a funny thing

about him—merely a coincidence, of course—that whenever a bad wind blew Ulysses anywhere, there was a lone, beautiful woman waiting for him. At this time he originated the remark that it is a bum breeze that blows nobody into a snap.

After living at this place eight years he got homesick for his wife and family. In the last storm he had been in he had been saved only by tying himself to a spar. But always, even when he was lashed to the mast, he made a great show of being mashed to the last, on Penelope.

Finally he got into a row-boat and



He Gave Ulysses a Few Bags to Take Home with Him.

started home. He was captured by the Phenicians, a sort of ocean gypsies, on the way and was put to sleep with knockout drops and landed home in that condition. His wife didn't know him, his whiskers had grown so, and he wore such few clothes she wouldn't even look at him long enough to recognize him. He found about a dozen galoots trying to cure her of the grass-widow habit, but she was true. She had been stringing her beans by requiring them to string a particularly tough bow, and they didn't have the gimp in them to do it. Ulysses, who had taken strength lessons by mail, strung the bow, easily, then killed all the domestic camp-followers, made himself known and began trying to explain where he had been, out so late. He kept this up till death released him.

Heroing never did pay, very well anyway.
 (Copyright, 1909, by W. G. Chapman.)

The Audience Knows Exactly What's Coming.

mother. And in most instances with this brand maudlinity makes its sure appeal by some line stating that "my mother's my only sweetheart." As this sentiment is the acme of bad taste its success is assured, and peppermint-scented sobs rise to the roof. But in a class by itself is the one best bet of the song carpenters—the ill-treated darling of five unhealthy self-conscious summers. The title may be changed from time to time, but the theme is always the same. Sometimes it's "Only Me," or "Always in the Way," or "Nobody Loves Me." The house is dark during the song. The singer is a bulky blur with the lockjaw. The audience knows exactly what's coming, although it is a new song, and they sit through it happily sniffling.

The pictures, beautifully colored with feverish reds, gangrenous greens and laundry blues, are sure to please. The first one illustrating the first line of the song shows a drooping darling in the foreground, with whom a bevy of heartless brats refuse to associate—all looking at her with the expectation of signs of hydrophobia breaking out.

The next illustration shows the father of the Rooseveltian family ostentatiously playing with all of the brood but "Me."

The next slide is the cruel step-mother refusing to hear darlings' prayers.

Of course the child gets the pip, with complications, and cannot recover, and naturally a perfectly good angel with a Mary Garden barrette hold-