

Continental Clothing House

BOYS' AND CHILDREN'S

Department.

Visit this Department on Monday for Boys' and Children's Overcoats.

SPECIAL VALUES IN Boys' Ulsters.

We are showing a larger line of Boys' Ulsters than at any previous season. Prices: \$8, \$9, \$10 and \$12.

Special Bargain Lines of BOYS' Cape Overcoats

—AT— \$3.50, \$4, \$5.



FURNISHING GOODS DEPT.

Special Sale, This Week,

—OF—

MEN'S ALL WOOL

UNDERWEAR.

Price, 75 Cents a Garment.

We will sell this week 75 dozen of Men's Natural Wool Shirts and Drawers at 75 cents each; \$1.50 per suit. In all sizes 34 to 44. These goods are never retailed for less than \$2.50 per suit. We guarantee them strictly all wool, full finished garments at 75 cents each.

SPECIAL BARGAIN SALE

—OF— MEN'S

Fine Overcoats AND SUITS This Week.

OVERCOATS.

We carry by far the largest stock of any house in this city. One glance at the enormous piles on our tables will soon convince you of the fact. The purchase of a good overcoat is a matter of some importance to a close buyer. In a stock like ours, you are certain to be suited. The range is from

\$10 TO \$30.

MEN'S MELTON OVERCOATS, \$15

This week we will offer special values in Men's Melton Overcoats at \$15. This is the popular fabric this season—neat and serviceable—in several shades and all sizes, 34 to 44.

MEN'S BEAVER OVERCOATS, \$10

We will offer this week a special line of Men's Fine Beaver Overcoats in blacks and browns at \$10 each. We know this overcoat is sold by others as high as \$15. Our price this week and until they are all sold will be \$10. If you cannot visit our store, send for one of this lot and if it is not as represented, it may be returned at our expense.

Young Men's Double-Breasted Overcoats

We have sold hundreds of these nobby double-breasted overcoats this season in black and fancy chevrons, dark Meltons and plain Kerseys—elegantly made and trimmed and look like custom-made garments. They are made in our own work-rooms and combine quality and style for which our clothing is noted. The prices are not high:

\$18, \$20 and \$22.



SPECIAL VALUES

—IN—

FINE SUITS.

Men's Double-Breasted BLACK CHEVIOT SUITS

Our sale of Black Cheviot Suits has been greater than the supply. We have sold them all season faster than we could make them and for the first time this season, we find a surplus on our counters. This week we will offer a line at \$15 which cannot be bought outside of the Continental for less than \$20. Be sure and see this line before you buy.

Price \$15.

Elegantly made and trimmed. Full length.

MEN'S

BUSINESS SUITS.

Price \$8.

We call attention to a special line of Cassimere Suits in frocks and sacks, made from a neat brown mixed cassimere, well made and trimmed, which we will sell this week at \$8 per suit. If you live out of the city, send to us for a sample of the goods or we will send you a suit on approval. We know this to be one of the best values we have ever sold, in all sizes. Sacks and Frocks at \$8.



FREELAND, LOOMIS & CO.,

Corner Douglas and Fifteenth Streets, Omaha, Neb.

WITH MALICE TOWARD NONE.

The Daily Life of Abraham Lincoln at the White House.

SOME INTERESTING REMINISCENCES.

A Great Heart Made Sorrowful by Contact with the Suffering Brought About by the Exigencies of War.

In the midst of a crowd of visitors who began to arrive early in the morning, and who were put out, grumbling, by the servants who closed the doors at midnight, the president pursued those labors which will carry his name to distant ages, writes Colonel Hay in the Century. There was little order or system about it; those around him strove from beginning to end to erect barriers to defend him from constant interruptions, but the president himself was always the first to break them down. He disliked anything that kept people from him who wanted to see him, and although the continual contact with importunity which he could not satisfy, and with distress which he could not always relieve, were terribly upon him and made him an old man before his time, he would never take the necessary measures to defend himself. He continued to the end receiving these swarms of visitors, everone of whom, even the most welcome, took something from him in the way of wasted nervous force. Henry

Wilson once remonstrated with him about it: "You will wear yourself out." He replied with one of those smiles in which there was so much of sadness: "They don't want much; they get but little, and I must see them." In most cases he could do them no good, and it afflicted him to see that he could not make them understand the impossibility of granting their requests. One hot afternoon a private soldier who had somehow got access to him persisted, after repeated explanations that his case was one to be settled by his immediate superiors, in begging that the president would give it his personal attention. Lincoln at last burst out: "Now, my man, go away! I cannot attend to all these details. I could as easily bale out the Potomac with a spoon." Of course, it was not all pure waste; Mr. Lincoln gained much of information, something of cheer or encouragement, from these visits. He particularly enjoyed conversing with officers of the army and navy newly arrived from the field or from sea. He listened with the eagerness of a child over a fairy tale to Garfield's graphic account of the battle of Chickamauga; he was always delighted with the wise and witty sailor talk of John A. Dahlgren, Gustavus V. Fox and Commander Henry A. Wise. Sometimes a word fitly spoken had its results. When R. B. Ayres called on him in company with Senator Harris and was introduced as a captain of artillery who had taken part in a recent unsuccessful engagement, he asked: "How many guns did you take in?" "Six," Ayres answered. "How many did you bring out?" the president asked maliciously. "Eight." This unexpected

answer did much to gain Ayres his merited promotion. The inventors were more a source of amusement than annoyance. They were usually men of some originality of character, not infrequently carried into eccentricity. Lincoln had a quick comprehension of mechanical principles, and often detected a flaw in the invention which the contriver had overlooked. He would sometimes go out into the waste fields that then lay south of the executive mansion to test an experimental gun or torpedo. He used to quote with much merriment the solemn dictum of one rural inventor that "a gun ought not to re-kyck; it should re-kyck a little." He was particularly interested in the first rude attempts at the afterward famous mitrailleuses; on one occasion he worked one with his own hands at the arsenal, and sent forth peals of Homeric laughter as the balls, which had not power to penetrate the target set up at a little distance, came bounding back among the shins of the bystanders. He accompanied Colonel Hiram Berdan one day to the camp of his sharpshooters and there practised in the trenches his long-disused skill with the rifle. A few fortunate shots from his own gun and his pleasure at the still better marksmanship of Berdan led to the arming of that admirable regiment with breech-loaders. At luncheon time he had literally to run the gauntlet through the crowds who filled the corridors between his office and the rooms at the west end of the house occupied by the family. The afternoon wore away in much the same manner as the morning; late in the day he usually drove out for an hour's airing; at 6 o'clock he dined. He was one of the most abstemious of men; the pleasures of the table had few attractions for him. His breakfast was an egg and a cup of coffee; at luncheon he rarely took more than a biscuit and a glass

of milk, a plate of fruit in its season; at dinner, he ate sparingly of one or two courses. He drank little or no wine; not that he remained always on principle a total abstainer, as he was during a part of his early life in the fervor of the "Washingtonian" reform; but he never cared for wine or liquors of any sort, and never used tobacco. During the first year of the administration the house was made lively by the games and pranks of Mr. Lincoln's two younger children, William and Thomas; Robert, the eldest, was away at Harvard, only coming home for short vacations. The two little boys, aged eight and ten, with their western independence and enterprise, kept the house in an uproar. They drove their tutor wild with their good-natured disobedience; they organized a minstrel show in the attic; they made acquaintance with the office-seekers and became the hot champions of the distressed. William was, with all his boyish frolic, a child of great promise, capable of close application and study. He had a fancy for drawing up railway time tables, and would conduct an imaginary train from Chicago to New York with perfect precision. He wrote childish verses, which sometimes attained the unmerited honors of print. But this bright, gentle, studious child sickened and died in February, 1862. His father was profoundly moved by his death, though he gave no outward sign of his trouble, but kept about his work the same as ever. His bereaved heart seemed afterward to pour out its fullness on his youngest child. "Ted" was a merry, warm-blooded kindly little boy, perfectly lawless and full of odd fancies and inventions, the "chartered libertine" of the executive mansion. He ran continually in and out of his father's cabinet, interrupting his gravest labors and conversations with his bright, rapid, and very imperfect speech—for he had an impediment which made his articulation almost unintelligible until he was

nearly grown. He would perch upon his father's knee, and sometimes even upon his shoulder, while the most weighty conferences were going on. Sometimes escaping from the domestic authorities, he would take refuge in that sanctuary for a play of the whole evening, dropping to sleep at last on the floor, when the president would pick him up and carry him tenderly to bed. Mr. Lincoln's life was almost devoid of recreation. He sometimes went to the theatre, and was particularly fond of a play of the whole evening, dropping to sleep at last on the floor, when the president would pick him up and carry him tenderly to bed. Mr. Lincoln's life was almost devoid of recreation. He sometimes went to the theatre, and was particularly fond of a play of the whole evening, dropping to sleep at last on the floor, when the president would pick him up and carry him tenderly to bed. Mr. Lincoln's life was almost devoid of recreation. He sometimes went to the theatre, and was particularly fond of a play of the whole evening, dropping to sleep at last on the floor, when the president would pick him up and carry him tenderly to bed.

many of the summer evenings in this way when occupying his cottage at the Soldiers' Home. He would there read Shakespeare for hours, with a single secretary for audience. The plays he most effected were "Hamlet," "Macbeth" and the series of histories; among these he never tired of "Richard the Second." The terrible outburst of grief and despair into which Richard falls in these scenes had a peculiar fascination for him. I have heard him read it at Springfield, at the White House and at the Soldiers' Home. He read Shakespeare more than all other writers together. He made no attempt to keep pace with the ordinary literature of the day. Sometimes he read a scientific work with keen appreciation, but he pursued no systematic course. He owed less to reading than most men. He delighted in Burns; he said one day after reading those exquisite lines of Glencairn beginning, "The Bridgeman may forget the bride," that "Burns never touched a sentiment without carrying it to its ultimate expression and leaving nothing further to be said." Of Thomas Hood he was also excessively fond. He often read aloud "The Haunted House." He would go to bed with a volume of Hood in his hands, and would sometimes rise at midnight and traversing long halls of the executive mansion in his night clothes would come to his secretary's room and read aloud something that especially pleased him. He wanted to share his enjoyment of the writer; it was dull pleasure to him to laugh alone. He read Bryant and Whittier with appreciation; there were many poems of Holmes that he read with intense relish. "The Last Leaf" was one of his favorites; he knew it by heart, and often used to repeat with deep feeling: The mossy marbles rest On the graves that he has pressed In their bloom, And the names he loved to hear Have been carved for many a year On the tomb;

giving the marked southwestern pronunciation of the words "hear" and "year." A poem by William Knox, "O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" he learned by heart in his youth, and used to repeat all his life. A Factor of Student Life. The conditions of student life in all American universities and colleges have shifted in a remarkable degree in the last half century. The advancing standard of scholarship, the broader and more complex forms of intellectual activity, linked with increasing social claims have compelled the attention of thinking men to the problem of retaining an equable balance between the mental and physical powers. Walter Camp says in an illustrated article in Outing for November that athletics, for athletic's sake, always would have existed as a feature of college life regardless of their higher value, but when to the zeal and zest of their actual enjoyment was added the conviction that they were an absolute benefit, physically and mentally, their position as a factor of student life became assured. Perhaps athletics in any given degree became established in our colleges as soon as that degree was ascertained. Certain it is that the old conditions made no such demands as the modern. It is these glints of color in the picture of college days that stand forever bright and steadfast when other outlines become blurred and indistinct. You do not remember whether Thorpwright was valedictorian or not, but you can never forget that glorious run of his in the football game of 18—, when, with his adversaries left behind, he made the touchdown that gave your college the championship and added another silk flag to the trophy room. Nor can you blot out of your memory, even if you would, the "three-bagger" he made in the last half of the ninth inning, bringing in the winning runs.