

Gloves.

Ladies 2-clasp and 4-button kid gloves, black embroidered back in ox blood, brown, mauve black and white, all sizes, worth \$1.25 per pair, at

98c.

DRESS SKIRTS.

Ladies ready made dress skirts, all wool cheviot serge, velveteen bound, lined throughout, 4 yards wide, worth \$4.00, at

\$2.75.

LADIES BLACK VELVET CAPES.

Ladies black velvet capes, beautifully jetted, lined with taffeta silk, worth \$7.00, at

\$4.98.

Taffeta Silks,

50 Pieces, 2 in., all silk, changeable Taffeta, all the new colors and combinations of colors, special price per yard

69c.

Black Satin Duchess.

Black Satin Duchess, 27 in. wide, extra good quality, worth \$1.35 per yard, at

95c.

FITZGERALD DRY GOODS CO.

1023 to 1929 O Street, Lincoln, Neb.

MAIL ORDERS

Receive Special Attention.

Embroidery.

50 Pieces cambric embroidery, 6-8 in. wide, fine, and open edges, worth up to 50c a yard at

29c.

Laces.

Cream and butter color laces, Oriental and applique, 5 in. wide, worth 50c. per yard, at

25c.

UNLAUNDERED SHIRTS

Mens' unlaundered shirts, all linen bosoms, linen lined, Wamsutta muslin, hand made button holes, worth \$1.00 each, at

50c.

ALL WOOL DRESS PATTERNS

Dress Patterns of fine silk and wool novelties, black mohair and wool Jacquards. French serge in black and colors, worth per pattern, \$4.50, special price

\$2.98.

Handkerchiefs

Ladies Plain hemstitched handkerchiefs, all pure Irish linen cambric, ¼—½ in. hem, regular price 17c. each, at

10c.

STORIES IN PASSING.

"There were about a hundred of us fellows living in the old dormitory on T street which is now the Catholic female school," said one of the younger university professors who is a graduate and has worked into a good chair in the institution. "It was in the days when Professor Wolfe's bookcase bearing the slightly paraphrased legend, 'God help him who helps himself to the contents of this case,' was the talk of the college, and when we were all young and enjoyed nothing so much as a joke. Well, one of the men in the dormitory was a surly, sour-faced chap from Cass county, who loved his own company too well to have many friends among the students. His way of receiving tempting boxes of things from home and carrying them up to his room for his own enjoyment did not add much to his popularity.

"But one box of apples which he received went the round of the entire crowd of students, through no will of his own. The box was unloaded just before supper and taken up to the young man's room. A few of the boys saw the box and quickly laid the plot.

"About 8 that evening the occupant of the adjoining apartment dropped in to the Cass county student's study.

"'Hello Robinson, can you lend me your Latin dic. this evening?' he said, and then as he caught sight of the box uncovered, 'apples? By Jove! where'd you get such fruit? I'll just help myself to one.'

"Robinson did not object and the visitor picked out a good red Ben

Davis and was polishing it with his hand, when a second knock brought in another student.

"'Evening, Robinson! Having a little treat? Just in time, I see. Apples? Well, you know me,' and he made a reach for the box.

"Just then another knock came, followed by another student, and then another and another, until the room was full and the boys were crowding the whole length of the corridor, all munching the ripe red apples that had come up from Cass county that afternoon.

"Robinson was not much of a gentleman at best, but he could not stand up against such a gathering. He bore it grimly and ever after brought his boxes up from the depot after dark."

He is a young man who came up from Geneva five or six years ago and began reading law with a well-known firm in this city. At home his people took a prominent part in church and he himself had been an active worker in the Christian Endeavor society and local Y. M. C. A. But since his coming to Lincoln with his work, his study, and the busy life of the law, he had slipped out of the old ways into the habit of spending his Sundays in general reading at his room or at the city library. In fact, he had scarcely been to church half a dozen times in the past two years and to the side meetings not once.

Last week his mother was ill for the first time since he left and he ran down home to spend Saturday and Sunday with her. Sunday morning she

was quite exercised because she must needs remain in the house and miss her Sundayschool class—the first time in years. She thought of her boy as she knew him best five years ago and asked him to teach the class for her. He made an excuse about preferring her company there at home. But she was so in earnest about it that he finally gave in.

"It was the first time I had been to Sundayschool for years," he said in telling me about it, "and I was rather lost. The classes and all were much as when I was a kid and used to go there myself. But I knew none of the younger children and a few of the older ones. Some of my former teachers in the Bible class and the same superintendent greeted me and showed me to mother's class. I noticed that he was considerably older, grayer about the temples, his voice more mellow, and that he had a little halt in his step. The class was boys about twelve years of age—restless as a lot of colts, punching and kicking each other and seeing how near they could come to whistling without doing so. Well, we tackled the lesson. It was the story of David and Goliath, and what I knew about it was exhausted in ten minutes. Those boys tumbled to the fact and fell to asking questions that would stump a supreme judge. They were getting noisy and I was growing desperate when somehow the subject of the lesson suggested to one of them the coming Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight. In a moment they were all full of it and giving me pointers on the situation from every standpoint and even offering to make bets of small sums.

Improper, yes, but it kept the little chaps quiet for the rest of the hour. The next week they told my other that next to her her son 'beat' the other

teachers all hollow and they hoped he'd come down often—right after the fight, anyway."

They were sitting in the cashier's office off the teller's cage—an old German farmer and his wife. The man's overcoat was faded brown, torn in places and with dirty velvet collar. His face was baked and seamed with toil and weather and his hair, thin on top, was gray streaked about the temples. His wife wore a cheap black dress, an old plaid shawl drawn tightly about her thin shoulders and a gray felt hat streaked with dust and water. Her mouth was drawn tight at the corners. The crows-feet of her neck and cheeks were fast running to the furrows of time, and in her eyes was the dull, patient light of years of toil.

The old couple sat stiffly and awkwardly on the leather chairs while the cashier faced them from across a highly-polished oak desk in the center of the apartment. His black business dress, his smoothly shaven features and white almost delicate hands heightened the contrast.

Unfolded on the table was a legal-looking document with two signatures at the bottom—an uneven, trembling scrawl, and a running business hand.

The cashier was gazing steadily at the two (perhaps he did not know how steadily—that comes from long business of the kind) and playing with the corner of the document.

"No, I cannot do it. The bank is making no extensions. The times are too uncertain. It is self-preservation. The date falls due in two weeks' I believe. You understand?"

The German half arose, dropping his hat unnoticed to the floor, with a strange light in his grey eyes. A lean, knotted hand reached over and grasped his, pulling him back into the chair. The cashier was still gazing steadily at the two.

But my check was cashed and I had to give way to others at the window.

HARRY GRAVES SHEDD.