

FITZ GERALD DRY GOODS COMPANY

HERE IS THE BIGGEST KIND OF A BARGAIN:

LADIES'
LAUNDRIED
SHIRT · WAISTS
· 49c. EACH ·

200 dozen (2,400) Shirt Waists, a big lot, but we have them. They are our entire line of 75c and 85c waists and nearly all of our \$1 ones. They are all made with extra large Bishop's sleeves. The cloth is a good quality of percale. They are laundried and made in the best manner. We could probably sell the entire lot before July 1, for 75c, 85c and \$1 each, but we prefer cleaning them up in a week and have made one price on the entire lot. From Saturday on they are 49c. each.

MISS PENELOPE, OMAHA

My Dear Eleanor: Talk about the heathen who worship idols and prostrate themselves before the sun and fire gods, and spend time in mysterious rites and ceremonies, or the Indians, who slash off their ears and tattoo their bodies in hideous designs, in order to appease some imaginary deity of their misguided imaginations, but after all they are a free and enlightened people, broad and noble-minded races, compared to us. We don't worship idols. Granted, my love; but we make abject slaves of ourselves at the shrine of one particular idol. What a habit you have of staring at me when I push a lap ahead of you in my figures of speech. Well, catch up, if you can, because I'm going ahead. Our idol is large, but not in reality so large as it feels, for if it was, an addition would have to be built to the world and times are too hard to invite bids for the contract.

It, unlike heathen gods, is rather pretty to look at. That is because of its clothes, and not from any light within. It makes a deal of noise and such a loud noise that the bewildered seers frequently are unable to determine whether it is at its devotions or casting its vote. It can speak several languages, but generally sings in Italian. It is not in the least a narrow-minded, exclusive deity, never to be seen by the worshippers; it does not, like the Chinese god, Chow Chow, shut itself up in a bottle surrounded by mustard; by no means. It rides out in carriages, grins and shows its gold fillings. It sometimes invites you and invariably accepts your invitation, which proves it isn't too proud. Gods should possess humanity, and ours is a just god, a worthy god, a most gracious and rewarding god. We do well to yield full and willing homage, for where can one find so full and satisfying reward as the return given for the abject, servile, cringing worship of today, given to the god of modern times—Society. Slaves have since time immemorial worn gilded chains, and smiled, aye, even laughed, so that the ages, diverted, should recall the smile, the laugh and forget the chains, for chains are the badge of servitude; so also, too often, are smiles. I do well to grow tragic. I am threatened with an

eclipse, so far as the great god's favor is concerned. I was told to my face if Penelope were decided on she would be cut dead by society. I discovered myself to that avenger of the swell set. All right. I turned green—an unstylish Nile green, my teeth chattered with an ague rattle, my note book and pencil took a tumble to themselves, and in the sheer fright my white polka dotted veil rose, floated off and attached itself to the Continental flag staff, so that people thought Mr. Welch was heralding a storm, while I said with a maudlin show of dignity: "Well, I am sure I know nothing about her." She believed me, of course she did, for she said good-bye, with a smile which I think the inhabitants of purgatory must wear when they tell each other its a cold day. Eleanor, this is no joke. Suppose Society refuses me entrance at the confessional; suppose, like Bismarck and the American pig, we never speak as we pass by. In view of my tender youth and the length of time I might have to put in as an ostracized member of the elite it is a serious matter. Perhaps I might work up an interest in foreign missions and get along, remembering always that the inevitable result of greatness is—solitude.

It is simply one of the jokes of life that the Society which is willing to disown me, unwillingly supplies the water which turns my wheels.

If that eastern periodical, which announced to the reading public last year that Nebraska was returning to its original rainless desert state, could be reached, I should be proud to invite it to "holler down our rain barrel." It is raining tonight, but in an insidious, apologetic style, that seems a trifle tame after last night—but we hadn't looked forward to seeing Ada Rehan for weeks to be balked even by such a downpour as Nature ladled out to us. As we donned our second best, adding a ribbon collar, and a touch here or there, in the hope of wearing a festive look, which we didn't deserve, and reached the theatre as best we might.

Ada Rehan left nothing to be desired as Katherine, and her support was ex-

cellent. The audience was the most representative one we have had this season, so far as people were concerned. Of course it wasn't dressy—there was a mackintosh and umbrella cast to us, which we couldn't help. I noticed in the audience Judge and Mrs. Woolworth, Gen. and Mrs. Manderson, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Pritchett, Mr. and Mrs. Hal McCord, Misses Doane, Curtis, Drake, McKeena, Dickinson and Dave Cartan. In fact, I never went to this theatre that I didn't see Dave. You see him when you enter. You see him all the time you are there, and when you leave, an ubiquitous combination of smile, tan shoes and button-hole bouquet, more obvious than the painting of our patron saint, John A. Creighton, which smiles in eternal sweetness above the stage. I believe he gets up the programs, but that isn't a circumstance to the way he gets Dave up.

The Dramatic School gave its performance for the Creche last Thursday. "Nance Oldfield" and "The Bells," and as a community we confess to a feeling of surprise. "Sinners who came to scoff remained to pray"—or something to that effect. We expected it to be funny, and it wasn't, not in the least. It was a remarkably creditable performance. Mr. Frank Lea Short expects to take the road, supported by his own company, on the 18th of this month, and present Ibsen's "Ghosts." Were we inclined to be facetious, we would predict that they will spook back before many moons, but being a serious-minded party, we simply question their judgment in the choice of a play.

Nearly everybody went to the Millard Monday evening to attend the Margeath reception. Of course, there were flowers and music and an elaborate supper, and many people. The bride was very sweet, wore her wedding gown and smilingly shook hands with three hundred and ninety-nine of the elect. I wasn't there. One young man told me none of the girls looked particularly well. It's rather odd, for I was told in confidence that Miss Sloan had fifty yards of lace on her gown. An interesting feature of the occasion was an artistic arrangement simulating rocks, over which a cascade of punch flowed, which suffered no drouth the entire ev-

ening. There seemed to be an understanding between the supply and demand, which would challenge the admiration of the most monumental thirst.

Here are some pastels for you. I call them The Flight and The Return. The first one, you see, represents a lovely morning, blue sky, green trees, sunlight galore, and a gay bicycle party. By looking closely you will recognize Miss Curtis, Miss Doane, Miss Emily Wakely, Messrs. Mullen, Gujou and Doane. They are starting out with brave attire for Sarpy Mills. The Mills do not appear in the picture, but the party reached there, I am told. When the young men, driven by the pangs of hunger, wooed the wary fish and landed seven, which one of the young ladies boiled, while another fried the coffee. They confessed to an ignorance of the divine art of cooking—and thus strengthened and refreshed, they posed for the Return. It was all well enough until that awful rain set in. You know how much congeniality there is between muddy roads and pneumatic tires. Once a heavy downpour drove them under trees for shelter. Mr. Doane, on the principle, I suppose, that the merciful man is merciful to his beast, shouldered his wheel and the elements made merry and transferred the mud from his bicycle to his person. He is said for the once to have lost the look of elegance, which is habitual to him. They tire to tell the tale, but it is generally understood that anyone of them has a second-hand bicycle for sale at reasonable rates and on long time.

Mrs. Lewis Reed who has recovered from her severely sprained ankle is in Chicago on a flying visit. Mrs. E. W. Nash and her daughter Mary are also there enroute for New York. Speaking of Chicago makes me think that one of our former lights now holds forth in great splendor in that city. To say that Mrs. Lander scintillated here, would be to do the subject injustice, for she really emitted sparks which blinded us. No "put-up Utica" would suffice. It required the incorporated limits of a city like Chicago to accommodate the flame. A returned visitor informed me in awe struck tones, that Mrs. Lander had a lovely home on the same street

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