

FITZGERALD DRY GOODS CO.

1023-1029 O St.

Lincoln, Nebr.

A REPUTATION

Is Not Established in a Day Like the One We Have Made For Giving the Best Values For the Least Money.

THE FANCY SILK DRESS SALE

Is to Be a Great Event in Lincoln and no One Should Miss It

25c

F
A
FANCY
C
Y

25c

DRESS GOODS

It certainly will be a great disadvantage to anyone in need of novelty goods not to take in hand the opportunities we have to offer. The goods are all stylish, excellent in quality. We formerly sold these goods for 39c, 43c and 49 a yard. Think of the qualities selling for 25c.

25c

25c

We Extend to

All a Most Cordial Invitation and Feel

Confident You Will

be a

Looser If You Do Not Take

Advantage of Some

of the

BARGAINS.

50c

F
A
FANCY
C
Y

50c

DRESS GOODS

A finer line of fancy dress goods than may be seen displayed here is not often found. All of these goods are from 36 to 48 inches wide and are either all wool or silk and wool mixed. Former prices 75c, 89c, 98c and \$1.25. During this sale they will go at 50c.

50c

50c

Fitzgerald
Dry Goods
Co

Mail Orders
Promptly Filled

1023-1029
O Street
Lincoln, Nebr

gotten, he draws her to him and tells her that he, too, has known what it is to be a child in "this house of children's tears," she loves him—just as blindly and unquestioningly as does the minister's wife in the next act.

From such a first act the unriated might expect a great spiritual tragedy, a conflict between emotions and environment, between heart and creed. From such a beginning a second "Scarlet Letter" might be made. But such is not the manner of G. Bernard Shaw. Having been entirely serious throughout one whole act, he must have at least two in which to laugh at himself.

In the second act Richard calls to see the minister. The minister is called out and leaves Richard *tete-a-tete* with his wife. While they are partaking of a rather dismal supper, the quiet charm of the place and the woman, the general domestic atmosphere, softens Richard very perceptibly. He feels that sudden

half-formulated desire to be something better than he is. The British soldiers break in and mistaking Richard for the rebel minister, arrest him to take him off and hang him. From some insane caprice possible only to a Shaw creation, perhaps a little, too, from the higher feelings the last half hour have awakened in him, Richard takes the minister's place. The officer tells him to kiss his hysterical wife good bye and he does it. Presumably it was not a ministerial kiss, for the parson's wife faints on the spot. Dear lady, she had never known the like of it before.

The second act is not entirely frivolous, that startling career to the parson's wife was worth an act, but in the third act Mr. Shaw leaps gaily into the domain of travesty and all his unbridled freakishness breaks out. The parson's wife very naturally supposes that Richard has made his heroic sacrifice for her sake, and she goes to the prison to tell

him that she loves him and will go any place with him. He flees from her embrace, and tells her with brutal frankness that he doesn't love her at all, and hasn't the remotest idea why he ever got himself into such a scrape, but since he is in it, he will try to bluff it out gracefully. After the rope is about his neck, the minister arrives with the colonial soldiers and saves him. Now will someone kindly tell me why Richard should want to die in the place of a man he scarcely knew, for a woman he did not love, or why this modest Puritan lady should wish to leave her estimable lord to flee to the ends of the earth with the "Devil's Disciple?" Or why anyone else in the play behaves as they do?

The worst of it is that one always has a dark suspicion that this gaily inconsistent Mr. Shaw is not so mad after all; that his inanity is really the hardest kind of sense and that he only laughs at life because he finds it too sad and sordid and cheap for tears. He may find that we all air our fine theories and prate of honor and truth and courage, and all

the while go on living our nasty, petty, selfish little lives, deceiving ourselves and the world with our fine phrases. He sees through us so clearly that Mr. G. Bernard Shaw, when he wears the cap and bells wears them very knowingly, like Master Touchstone, and if he chooses the society of an Audry, it is because he knows Rosalind only too well.

It may be that in their play he lets his strong serious vein fritter out into airy nothingness because he believes that the most exalted life dramas usually end in a farce. He may mean to assert that men usually undertake the role of a hero through caprice, and then maintain it by sheer bluff, and his statement that "a fool and a hero are much the same thing" may be the final word of his philosophy. Perhaps he is as sorry as anyone that he finds life thoroughly ridiculous, and all the so called sacred enthusiasms and exalted emotions are names, retained for the convenience of lexicographers. I think one might almost say of Mr. Shaw that the only passion of his soul is scorn.

However, all this is merely a conjecture, for who may loose the bands of Orion or expand the hidden meaning of G. Bernard Shaw.