

Fitz Gerald
DRY GOODS CO.

OUR ANNUAL

JANUARY MUSLIN UNDERWEAR SALE

Commences Monday Morning, January 2, 1901.

AN EVENT ALWAYS LOOKED FORWARD TO BY THE PEOPLE OF LINCOLN.

Our Manufacturer has been more than usually careful in making up these garments for us this season. In the first place, the material is found to be of higher quality than we ordinarily receive; the trimmings are of exquisite designs, and the general make up most perfect. We have never sold skimp underwear. We won't allow the maker to skimp an inch on any garment—we never have.

This year's garments are generously made and will please the most fastidious and careful buyer.

They are not made in any sweat-shop, either, which can't be said of the Muslin Underwear handled in the majority of Dry Goods Stores. We will have the entire line—thousands of pieces—on display on our spacious second floor salesroom Wednesday morning and feel that should you make the department a visit you will be worthily repaid. You will find:

Gowns from 50c to \$6.00.

Drawers from 25c to \$3.50 a pair.

Corset Covers, 10c to \$3.50.

Skirts, 50c to \$12.50 each.

Short Skirts 39c to \$3.50.

Fitz Gerald
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WEDNESDAY MORNING, JANUARY 2.

Intermediate Prices
to Suit All Pocket-
Books.

FASHION LETTER.

If it takes April showers to bring May flowers, it is equally true that it requires December snow to produce mid-late's furs. And the latter, from a sartorial view-point, is a much more important sequence.

There have been moments of awful doubt during the recent balmy season whether there would be any December snow. It seemed as if December was all out of the white particles with which the town should be powdered to make an appropriate mise-en-scene of feminine loveliness clothed in furs.

The well-gowned woman grows wiser every day.

She knows perfectly that nothing is more incongruous or more unbecoming than furs—no matter how splendid—unless they match the Fahrenheit scale.

This cold wave may not appeal to the poor, who must not expect to have everything their own way, but it is just what the women who have invested hundreds and even thousands of dollars in winter furs have been waiting for. And it has come just at the right time, too. A little later, and some of them might have grown over-impatient, and, rather than have their splendid furs waste their beauty in the cedar closet, might have defied good taste—fatal error!—and worn them in the very face of old Sol rampant.

The most regal fur creation I have seen was made in Paris. I saw it at the furrier's, where it had been sent for alterations. It was such a gorgeous affair I was naturally curious to know to whom it belonged, but the furrier was mysterious, and, beyond looking wise when I suggested it "looked like" Mrs. "Clary" Mackay's, would not commit himself. Anyhow, this is what it is: The skirt is plain and tight fitting, with

the exception of the slightest bit of fullness in the back. To the knee it is the very finest quality of breitschwanz, soft and pliable as Liberty satin; from the knee to the ground is a flounce formed of picked silver fox skins. It is quite tight fitting, with a short postillon back and a slightly bloused front, which ends in a black satin belt some two inches wide, which encircles the waist, and is worn over the postillon tails. The collar and revers are in silver fox, and so is the muff, which is one of those large flat affairs that are made to look held in a bit across the top.

The old-fashioned round muffs are no longer smart, nor have they been for some time, except in cub bear, which is of too long and wooly a nature to lend itself to the prevailing mode.

Mrs. "Ollie" Harriman's fur gown is black velvet and breitschwanz. The upper part of the skirt is in the velvet. The breitschwanz is set on in a wide knee deep band that runs up on the velvet in deep, sharp points. Mrs. Harriman's coat is all in breitschwanz, and is tight fitting and quite simple. It extends some three inches below the waist line all around. The revers, collar and cuffs of Mrs. Harriman's coat are in finest sable, and with the toilet she wears a big sable turban.

Breitschwanz and black cloth are a combination that seems most popular. The smartest of these gowns is worn by Mrs. Edward Wallace. The breitschwanz is put on in a deep band, and when it meets the cloth it zigzags over it in a queer, unconventional design that is exceedingly smart and new. Mrs. Wallace's coat is similar in outline to Mrs. Harriman's only the collar and revers are not of contrasting fur, but are finished in the breitschwanz, and Mrs. Wallace wears a flat boa of silver fox and carries a muff of the same fur.

Having the fur coats finished in their

own fur and without a standing collar, and wearing boas of contrasting fur, is one of the features of the fur season. Mrs. DuPont Coudert is wearing one of these new coats, from Callot Soeurs, if I have not forgotten. It is in sable, cut like a bolero with a belt. It has for its collar a lace affair of pointed Irish crochet lace, and over this Mrs. Coudert wears a silver fox boa.

Another fur novelty are short coats done all in chinchilla, with a bit of black velvet let in at the back of the collar and below the elbow of the Paquin sleeve. Mrs. "Rita" Stokes is wearing one of the smartest of these chinchilla coats, and with it she wears a flat toque of chinchilla trimmed meagrely with black velvet ribbon.

A great many long, loose coats of breitschwanz are worn. Apparently, these coats may be any length and yet be smart, for I have seen them cut to reach the hips, to the knee, below the knee, or all the way to the ground.

The sable capes produced by the cold wave seem as numerous as the sands at the seashore, and their prevalence would give the impression they are as easily obtained, only, unhappily, we all know better.

It is hard to say who has the handsomest sable cape. The competition is so wide and so keen it would not be a bad idea to hold a sable cape show, and award prizes to the best sabler, sables to count twenty-five per cent, making to count twenty-five per cent, and how they are worn to count fifty per cent.

Lady Modish.

RODIN'S ART.

It is penetrated in any event with the sense of reality—the mark, I think of serious effort at the present day. And this brings me to the second reproach addressed to Rodin, his lack of

feeling for ideal sculpture, as it is called. I confess I am not quite sure that I know what "ideal sculpture" means. It cannot mean "imaginative" sculpture, because this is exactly what the Institute sculpture, which he thinks insipid, is not. And the Institute sculpture is called ideal and Rodin's realistic. Rodin is, it is true, an uncompromising realist, but to find a lack of ideality in this fact is to betray mental confusion. What exactly do we mean by the ideal element in a work of art when we speak strictly? We mean the element in virtue of which it corresponds closely and cordially to the image or idea created or awakened by it in our own mind. In art "the ideal" isn't merely what we'd like but don't have. It is as a present in a still-life by Volon or Chardin as in a composition by Puvis de Chavannes. Reality is just as competent to furnish it as insubstantiality is—it is as subject to the actual vision as to the dream; and as much the material of the imagination as are certain imaginings. It is beyond the reach of the photograph, because the photograph gives us the aspect of the object and does not establish relations with our idea of it—which is not to say, by the way, that a good photograph is not often an exceedingly superior thing, though probably because the camera is handled by an artist like a brush or a modelling tool.

A distinction less liable to confusion, I think, than that usually made between the real and the ideal, would be that between the concrete and the abstract. Probably what is meant by ideal sculpture is abstract sculpture—sculpture dealing with abstractions, personifications, muses, divinities, sentiments, etc. Now Rodin's neglect of this sort of sculpture is indeed very marked.—From "Auguste Rodin," by W. O. Brownell, in the January Scribner's.