

FitzGerald
DRY GOODS CO.

**A MARCH
RED TICKET SALE**

FitzGerald
DRY GOODS CO.

Bargains in every department in the house. We can only mention a few of them here. See circular for full particulars.

5c Light Calicoes, Red Ticket Sale, yard

2C

6c Dark Dress Prints, Red Ticket Sale, yd.

3C

27 in. Percales, 7/8c quality, Red Ticket Sale—yard

4C

11c Dress Gingham, Red Ticket Sale, yard,

6 1/2 C

6c Apron Gingham, Red Ticket Sale, yard,

3 1-2 C

A SILK SPECIAL.

300 yards of corded wash silk, best grade, good colorings, worth 50c, Red Ticket Sale, yard 25c

One of the Many Dress Goods Offerings.

\$1.25 and \$1.35 colored tailor suitings, all wool, come in medium and heavy weights, R'd Tkt Sale, yd, 98c

WASH GOODS VERY CHEAP.

200 pieces of best Egyptian Tissues, the regular 25c grade, Red Ticket Sale, yard 18c

LINENS—Two of the Bargains.

Table Napkins, regular \$1.00 quality, Red Ticket Sale, dozen 50c

\$1.25 Irish Damask, bleached, open border, new designs, Red Ticket Sale, dozen 95c

CHINA DEPARTMENT.

To introduce the new 1901 English White Semi-Porcelain. Have you seen it? Prettiest patterns ever put out. Tea cups and saucers, doz. \$1.00
Dinner plates, doz. 90c
You know what they are worth.

UNDERWEAR DEPARTMENT.

Ladies' 15c ribbed vests, Red ticket Sale, each 5c
Children's fleece lined union suits, Red ticket Sale, suit 19c

SUIT DEPARTMENT.

\$1.25 and \$1.50 Ladies' Mercerized and fancy stripe Petticoats, pleated ruffle on flounce, all colors, Red ticket Sale, yard 98c
See the special suit we are offering for 8.50

Small Notions Cheap.

Ironing wax, 4 for 5c
Pozzoni's Dove Complexion Powder, box 16c
Silk hair nets, 2 for 5c
10c toilet paper, 3 for 10c
1c and 10c hat pins, each 1c
3c coconut oil soap, cake 1c

FANCY GOODS, Etc.

18 in. Battenburg center pieces, worth \$1.25 and \$1.50, Red ticket Sale, each 85c
20 inch Battenburg center pieces, worth \$1.75 and \$2.00, Red Ticket Sale, each 98c
Pure linen Battenburg braids, 3/4 yd bolts, Red Ticket Sale 25c

5c Nublea Muslin, Red Ticket Sale, yard,

3C

36 in. Fine Bleached Muslin—Red Ticket Sale, yard,

3 1/2 C

Turkey Red Calicoes, Red Ticket Sale, yard,

3 1/2 C

42 in. Pillow Casing, Red Ticket Sale, yd.

8 1/3 C

36 in. Fine Percales, worth 15c, R'd Tkt Sale, yd

9c

OMAHA LETTER.

Omaha, Nebr.,
March 2, 1901.

Dear Eleanor:

Omaha has donned her Lenten robes of sackcloth, and the joy bells of society give way to chimes that softly call the gay and the devoted, to murmur with more or less sincerity "we are all miserable sinners."

The fish markets are looking up, and florists woo the lily buds with patient anticipation of the time when the flesh pots will again hold sway, and My Lady once more don her worldly garb.

It has been so long since I wrote you, that I find myself groping rather aimlessly for the threads of our interrupted communings, one with the other.

You know, of course, I have been abroad since we were wont to so openly confide to each other what we thought about things and people in Omaha and Lincoln. But do not be alarmed, I am not going to dilate on the beauties of foreign sights or the absurdities of foreign people. I avoid every one who has been "doing" the continent as diligently as him, who has a well developed case of small pox. Therefore I shall be merciful.

Omaha is the same and yet not the same, paradoxical as that sounds. Half the things of life are paradox, so why not we? The amount of free advertising we have succeeded in obtaining lately, strikes me as rather to be deplored, even if it has created a wider demand for tinned beef. You remember the sausage industry in Chicago at one time threatened to collapse entirely. But we can hardly get canned meat out fast enough to supply the demand. No one is superior to the hope that he may draw another prize package.

Four years isn't exactly a life time, and yet such a lot of things may happen

in that length of time. Girls whom I left with nothing more serious on their minds than leading a german, I find now cooling over the cradles of their first born or inquiring frantically what is the best remedy for colic. It makes me feel old—pathetically old. I was young, even absurdly adolescent, over on the "other side," puttering among the ruins of time, where things and people of less than a century ago were too fresh to stir more than a passing interest. Climbing over ivy covered stones and gazing at the blue sky thro' the open walls of castles where Lords and Ladies of high degree had, in ages gone by, "moved and lived and had their being," engenders a feeling of littleness, newness and youthfulness, which is bearable and as easily soothed as the appreciation that God has placed the stars and sun and moon immeasurably above one; that He has "poured millions of bubbles and will still pour" just such fragile, breakable bubbles as one's own self, but this is all the greatness and aboveness of God, not of His creatures.

I felt Fate had been good to me, had given me the great opportunity of wandering over the Old world, of looking on its dimmed but sacred glories. I sometimes felt that my little mind expanded, that the wings of my soul stretched a bit—that I was better worth the breath of life. I think now that I flattered myself with no adequate reason thereof. Because I got so mad, just plain every day mad last week. I am really not in the least superior to that old self of mine.

A girl I used to know quite well, but of whom I had heard nothing since I left, exclaimed to me at a recent tea in the hearing of a goodly number of folk, "Why, Penelope Mayfair, aren't you married yet? You might have caught at least a Sir Somebody while you were over there. I knew a real homely girl

from St. Louis, who—" I did not learn what luck the "real homely girl from St. Louis" had, as I turned, perhaps a trifle rudely, to greet some new comer. I asked some one about her afterward, and found she had reached the summit of the average woman's ambition, she was married! Her husband is head of a department in some big store here, and my life, minus the supervision of a steam heated flat and a husband, was a failure from her point of view.

"She hasn't had a new dud since she was married," continued my informant, "but her husband wears the highest kind of collars, the latest kind of ties and she has the right to put 'Mrs.' on her calling cards, so she has played the game more successfully than we have, Pen. In fact, I am looking for a nice tabby cat and shall probably retire after this season. I am now frequently asked questions, which only the old inhabitants would be supposed to know."

So this is what I have come back to, after four years of idyllic globe trotting, sans inconsequent worries, sans carping neighbors, who speculate as to whether or no Penelope Mayfair has "steady company." Some people in this world lead one to think heaven will be a very desirable haven. Margaret was a school friend of mine, and if she has silver threads among the gold and is looking for a congenial cat, I can hardly contemplate having my frocks made with baby waists next summer.

I overheard a couple of men talking in a street car a day or two since. One of them was the "know it all," "I could have told you so," kind, and on this occasion, apropos of the coming inauguration, he told his friend that before the next four years were over McKinley would make an empire of us, I think he meant umpire; that England had us right under her golf shoes, and so on, you know how they talk, even with the

accompaniment of the full dinner pail. However, it served to divert my thoughts from a shoe that pinched, and made me smile to think how we would have to cut over our patterns in order to form that empire. Here would certainly be an opening for new lines of trade. Fancy a great plate glass front bearing the fascinating legend "Family coats-of-arms, crests and Ancestors furnished on short notice!"

If McKinley should say "Let there be Dukes and Duchesses," imagine us shaking ourselves down in order to play our roles gracefully. I could not help thinking of this at a reception not long since. One of our grand dames of the social world was there in a long trailing gown of brocade. The gown, by the way, has done duty for some time at state functions, and the possessor always acts as if every rustle of the folds reminded her of the price per yard. The lady desired to cross the polished floor of her hostess' reception room, and in preparation turned first and lifted the train with infinite care and a thrift more excited to the kitchen than the drawing room, walked the length of the apartments, evidently easy in the belief that no vagrant particle of dust which might have escaped the diligence of the mop or oil rag could locate on that dollar and a half brocade. And she will no doubt be a Duchess in the new empire! It will take at least another generation before the earmarks of that early struggle can be effaced—that period, not yet ancient history, when women "did" their own house work and fashioned the garments of their family with their own deft fingers, and thought no shame thereof.

Coronets would be inclined to wobble around somewhat on heads whose early familiar has been the dust cap. We are extremely amusing in our half acknowledged inclination to kick aside the