At the "New Kind of a Women's Suit Store"

Special Easter Sale

Fashionable Easter Suits and Dresses at 40% Less Than Usual Prices

Come here for the most beautiful Easter suits in Omaha. Beautiful creations—all of them, and at very low prices. Come and choose the suit you like best, and you will pay just about 40 per cent less than other stores charge for similar grades. Our stock of suits and dresses is now complete, and you may rest assured of a satisfactory selection.

This sale offers you an opportunity to own a stylish new Easter suit for a very small outlay. Come and avail yourself of this rare chance to save money, and at the same time be stylishly dressed on Easter morn.

During this sale we are selling

$18.00 Suits for $10
We know these will please you. Big stock of these for you to select from, all leading shades and a great variety of materials. Retail value $18; our factory price, only..... $10

$20 Suits for $12.50
No other store in this town can afford to sell these $12.50 suits for less than $20. We eliminate middlemen's profits here and sell direct at the maker's price. Your choice at this price in a variety of serges, panamas and shawed stripes, retail value $20, here, at $12.50

$25 Suits for $15
No words can describe the beauty of the handsome garments, many new models shown for the first time. These suits come in all the leading shades and fabrics, $25.00 values, for $15

$30 Suits for $17.50
A big selection of two and three-piece suits in a variety of shades and materials. Beautiful styles and exquisitely trimmed. These come in fancy serges, panamas and hard finished worsteds, $30 value, here at. $17.50

$35 Suits for $20
Handsomely trimmed and beautifully made suits. All new spring shades, handsomely lined with fine silks. Real $35 value, selling here for..... $20

$40 Suits for $25
The cream of the season's entire production in all the handsomest and most novel spring colorings in 3-piece styles. Fashionable suits at very low prices. $40 values on sale, at..... $25

10 PER CENT DISCOUNT COUPON
Cut this out and present it to the Salesman and you'll receive your 10 per cent cash discount.
As an extra inducement to have you buy direct from the makers, we'll allow a 10 per cent discount on all purchases made before April 15th, but this coupon must be presented when purchases are made.
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Separate Skirt Styles

Narrow Gored Skirts Show Inset Fan Pleatings in Front and Sides—Skirts Cut Regulation Styles Have Raised Tabs, Front and Back, to Form Panel Effect.

WHILE there is nothing radically new in separate skirts this season, there is just enough novelty in the new numbers to distinguish them from those worn during the last season. First of all, there is a wider showing of the high cut skirt, which, taking the costume tendency into consideration, is well thought of. These high cut skirts are especially well thought of for summer wear, for a high cut skirt of white or other light material, when worn with matching waist, has every semblance of a one-piece dress. For early spring, a number of the cloth skirts show the high cut skirt. Not all skirts, however, are cut high, for many show a stitched belt or girdle, which, for practical purposes is better liked than the high cut garment.

Fewer Gores and Less Flare.

Although a number of the new skirts are quite full at the feet, the better style garments show a decided absence of flare. Skirts are cut with fewer gores, which does much to eliminate the flare, even in the fuller models. Circular cut skirts are also to be seen, but as separate garments the gored skirts are better liked. Many of the gored skirts show a few fan pleats, not too wide nor too full, set in at side gores. Some skirts are cut so narrow that these pleats are often necessary to the freedom of movement of the wearer. The inverted pleat in habit back effect and the plain cut habit back are seen in all the new models. A few skirts show the fan pleating set in the back gores.

Nothing seems to have been found that will answer as a substitute for voile, for it promises for as much popularity as ever. Fancily striped and plain weaves are well liked, with a leaning towards the plain effects. Although voile can stand a large amount of trimming, the tendency seems to be for neater and more tailored effects. Self and button trimmings are used widely, while the silk and satin band trimmings are still to be seen among the popular priced models. Voile is especially adapted for the tunic skirt; therefore, this model is oftener to be seen among the voile than among the heavier materials. Panama seems to have lost none of its popularity of the last few seasons, serge and mohair are employed freely for the utility skirts which are shown in large numbers and in the season's various styles.

Skirts Are Considerably Longer.

Although the utility walking skirt is again shown in a length that escapes the ground, the very short skirt is no longer considered very smart. Train lengths, however, are not shown very freely in the separate garments, however well thought of they may be in costumes and dresses. The ready-made skirts very seldom show the finished hem. A wide basted hem allows the purchaser the choice of length. While front and side button skirts are by no means the novelty they were the last few seasons, a number of new skirts are made on that model. Side effects are shown, but back fastened skirts seem to have come to their own again, for some of the high-class models are fastened that way.

Wash Skirts in White and Color.

Wash skirts are made of linen, rep, cotton poplin and several linen imitations, and are shown in white and colors of tan, various shades of blue and even a number of novelty rose and wistaria shades. The panel front cut high above the waist and in few gores is a favorite style in wash skirts and the trimming consists of self material stitching, flat wash braids and buttons. In misses' sizes, the plaited models still seem to hold their own, but there is much less fullness and the plaits are not as deep and are stitched down flatly below the knee.

A number of the models that show scarcity of gores show a few inset plaits at each gore which are about knee deep.

Belted Skirts and Trimmings.

A number of the belted and high cut skirts show the accompanying sash and girdles made of some soft materials and prettily finished with tassel ornament and fringe. The trimming of the girdle is repeated in effective touches on the skirt. Buttons and loops in simulated button hole effect are also much in evidence. Ornamental loops are made of silk, satin and flat and round braid, while self material with tiny edge of piping is seen on tre plain tailored models. A number of the high skirts are cut higher in front and back in panel affect, which leaves the sides considerably lower and forms the correct paneled princess gown when worn with waist to match or harmonize.

Black and Color.

Although black is always a greatly favored skirt color, this season black is better thought of than ever. Among the fancy materials some blue, tan and gray are shown to quite an extent, while among the novelty light worsteds, silks and wash fabrics, there is a sprinkling of the light and novelty shades to be seen. White has become a staple and is especially well thought of for spring and summer and is to be seen among the skirts of cloth as well as among those of wash fabrics.

COME TO PUSH IRISH WARES

Mrs. T. P. O'Connor's Plan for a Shop in New York.

BUSY WOMAN TELLS LOT OF STUFF

Talks About the Troubles of the Wife of an M. P.—Thinks English Women Will Have Votes in Five Years.

NEW YORK, March 27.—Mrs. T. P. O'Connor, wife of the oldest in point of service of the Irish members of the House of Commons, is over here for a fortnight. The famous "Tay Pay" is one of the most popular men of his party and Mrs. Tay Pay is referred to by returning visitors as the best known American woman in London.

Her reputation in this respect does not seem to have suffered by transplanting. At the Hotel Patterson her suite of rooms resembles the double set of a French farce in which people are coming in and going out with such rapidity that it makes the head ache, or the squirrel entrance of the Waldorf-Astoria at tea hour. The electric button at the outer door of the sitting room is pressed continually by eager fingers, and accompanying it is the telephone bell.

Feminine friends rush in and press her to throbbing hearts with ecstatic embraces. One young woman in evening gown at 11 a. m. had dropped in the evening before to have a few moments' quiet chat and had discovered so many subjects that must be discussed that she had stayed all night.

Once a name is announced by the patient Buttons and Mrs. O'Connor looks about helplessly at the mural decoration of spring hats with sympathetic faces beneath.

"Do I know her?" she asks.

The many headed decoration makes a noncommittal gesture.

Buttons suggests that she is an intimate friend.

"Of course," says Mrs. O'Connor. "If I don't remember her name she is sure to be."

She Explains Her Annoyance.

The sadness of an expression which is ordinarily mirth provoking is explained in a moment.

"You see," she says, "it isn't a case of merely forgetting the name and remembering the face; that is a sort of half way satisfaction. I forget both and in consequence my life is a series of tragic episodes.

"One a woman rushed up to me on the street and we became immediately engrossed in a conversation of an intimate nature touching events and people of common interest. I felt she must be someone whom I knew very well or she would not have been so terribly glad to see me or know so much about me, so as we separated I begged her, simply begged her to come into tea very soon. She said she would and the next day she came sailing in at the tea hour.

"The other guests drifted away and we were left tete-a-tete and had a most enjoyable time. Mr. O'Connor happened to go through the room once in his usual busy way and I thought I detected an expression of surprise on his face, but before I could really wake up to the knowledge that it was there my guest had resumed her amusing anecdotes of one and another with which she was regaling me.

"When we met at dinner Mr. O'Connor said casually. 'So you and Mrs. White have made up? I thought you said you would never forgive her?'

"Mrs. White was a woman with whom I had had a serious falling out at a previous epoch and my husband with his wonderfully retentive mind had quoted me exactly.

"Was that—er-er—Mrs. White?" I stammered.

"'Certainly it was Mrs. White he said sternly. 'Do you mean to say you were taking tea in your own house with a woman whom you didn't know—a woman you had vowed you wouldn't know any more?'

"All I could do was to shake my head in absolute and utter confusion. Until that moment I had absolutely no idea who the woman was. Of course, then, too, late, I remembered everything. I certainly gained one lesson, however, and that is that it does not do for a woman who is absent-minded to allow herself the luxury of having enemies.

Other Troubles in Her Life.

"Now that we are on the subject, I may as well initiate you into some of the seamy sides of life of a woman whose husband is a prominent figure in the political world. There are people who believe it a rose-strewn path. Take my word for it, there are thorns and rough places.

"Mr. O'Connor in a moment of marital confidence following some such event as I have related described to me in most eloquent and convincing language the melancholy of the position of a man in the public eye whose wife did not remember from day to day the names and faces of the people to whom was due at least the slight compliment of that kind.

"I took the lesson seriously and shortly after it we attended a dinner given by some political club at one of the fashionable hotels in London. It was quite an affair, and there must have been a great many guests whom I had never met before, but whenever I saw anything that approached an expression of friendliness I beamed in ecstatic fervor. I even put myself to the trouble of gazing about in search of such evidences of previous acquaintance.

"Just before dinner was announced a young man came and stood at the door of the saloon, rubbing his glasses and looking about with a shy and bewildered glance. He caught my eye and determined to leave no doubt in the mind of my husband that I was cordially inclined toward his constituents and their friends. I selected this person as example of wifely sentiment. So I arose, rushed, fairly rushed, across the room, seized him by the hand and told him how delighted I was that we had met again.

"Like the ancient mariner, I held him with my glittering eye while I talked in my very best manner, utterly ignoring his confusion, which I attributed to the very natural embarrassment of a young man selected so conspicuously for my attentions. Fortunately dinner was announced very soon after, and as we started for the dining room I cast a look full of triumph in the direction of my husband, expecting to get at least a slight recognition of my charm of manner, which I felt pervading the entire atmosphere. His look was icy in the extreme.

"After we were seated I looked about and discovered that the young man I had chosen as focus for my efforts was the leader of the orchestra of four pieces which accompanied the repast.

Son Hopes to Reform Her.

"I think it was dating from that moment that my husband realized the futility of any attempt to make me over in this respect and has even given up joking on the subject. Not so, my son. Naturally he believes there is still hope of amendment, and I have no doubt he thinks that the sly jests with which he entertains our guests on this subject will have a good effect. That is so like a son. Mine, by the way, is a dear boy and a clever artist.

"Son and I were walking one day recently along King's road, and I nodded and smiled blithely to a rather peculiar looking person whom we met and who looked as if he knew us.

"Who is that, mother?" he asked.

"'That,' I responded at once, sure that the name was on the tip of my tongue, 'why that is—er, why, oh, I cannot remember his name this very second, but you must remember him. Why we meet him every time we go out.'

"'Oh, yes, I remember him perfectly,' answered son. 'He keeps a public house down the street a bit, but I didn't know you ranked him among your friends.'

"Wasn't that unfilial? And I wish you could have heard him laugh, the most irritating laugh. Whenever we meet a specially disreputable character now son always points him out as one of mother's friends."

At this point Mrs. O'Connor deprecates her own sense of humor and says she had determined to keep the interview along serious lines, but something had sidetracked her against her will and that now she intends to follow out her original line of thought.

Why She Came Over.

This refers to her mission to this country, which is concerned with the establishment of a branch shop for the exhibition and sale of Ireland's products, to be conducted under the direction and in connection with the Irish Industries society, with which Mrs. T. P. O'Connor has been connected for many years and of which Lady Cadogan is now president.

"In London we have accomplished a tremendous amount of work in this direction," she says. "In New York, there should be a larger market for Irish laces than in London.

"And the Irish products are not limited by the lace output; that is only one of many. The Irish Industries association is just as interested and pushes with just as much vigor the knitted work, the embroideries, the manufactures of silk and linen and the homespuns.

"We want especially to make popular the poplins, which had a decided vogue here a few years ago, but for some reason have died out in avor. Certainly no one can died out in favor. Certainly no one can Irish fabric which is so woven that the surface is altogether pure silk, while firmness is given by the wool in the interior. Such skill and watchfulness are required in the manufacture that the Dublin poplin makers refuse to allow any one who has not served a seven-year apprenticeship or who is not the oldest son of a poplin maker to work as a poplin weaver. The beauty of the colorings has been attributed to the popularity of the Dublin water."

She's a Suffragette.

Mrs. Connor disclaims any wish to be classified as a clubwoman, although she is a member, not very active, of the Lyceum club, which has many American members. She was also one of the first presidents of the Society of Women Journalists, to which office she was succeeded by Mrs. Humphrey Ward. Naturally, something has to be said about the suffrage movement.

"I am not a militant suffragette—please say suffragette," says Mrs. O'Connor, "but I heartily approve of their methods because I do not believe in any other way could the public attention have been focussed on the couse. I predict that in five years women will get what they want in this respect, five years at the least. I mean, of course, the women of England.

"One of my reasons for this is because they have the sinews of war, and when you think that this money comes from women—a great deal of it by the sacrifices of the sex who do not love sacrifices—you appreciate the fact that it means more than the face value would seem to signify. Take Elizabeth Robins, for example, When the play 'Votes for Women,' recently given here, ran at the Court theater in London she devoted all the proceeds to the cause, and Miss Robins is not a rich woman.

"Her example has been followed by many others, and to these gifts are added the contributions of women who have plenty and are interested in the cause. If another reason was needed for my belief it might be found in the saying of some celebrated statesman that when two women intrigue monarchies may fall.

"There were not less than 10,000 women who marched in the famous procession of last year from Westminster to Albert hall, all working, or intriguing as that statesman would have called it, for universal suffrage; and if two can arouse suspicion that their efforts will be rewarded it is no wonter, is it, that the present policy of the English statesmen is one of close scrutiny and arrested action? He doesn't apparently dare to announce himself inimical, and so he hesitates; and I suppose the man, like the woman, who hesitates is lost.

Why She Didn't Go to Jail.

"My reason for not going to jail is, I suppose, found in the temperamental fact that I am not really a fighter. I am one of the council of peace who expect and hope everything will be settled by arbitration. But I am an ardent admirer of all the militant crowd—especially of Christabel Pankhurst, who is the picturesque figure in the demonstration.

"Like the Englishman, I am a lover of nerve and pluck, and besides these qualities she is the possessor of wit and youth and charm. A very significant fact, it seemed to me, was shown at the suffragette ball given not long ago, where she was the undoubted belle, and she could have filled her program over dozens of times.

"After it was over you'd meet some fine English chaps, about here and there, who would tell you with the air of having done something really remarkable that they got half a dance with Miss Pankhurst at the ball. Let a woman stay in jail a few days now and if she has failed to get converts before she went in she'll have plenty afterward. You'll see the Englishman rush to her side then, murmuring, 'Jove, she's got pluck!'"

Mrs. T. P. O'Connor when she first came from Texas to New York was engaged for some years in journalistic work. Occasionally she interviews a celebrity or some politician on an important question. She goes about it in a gilt-edged manner, having a secretary accompany her, who takes down all the conversation.

She laughs, however, from the summit of this journalistic pedestal at the story of the New York newspaper woman who responded to the remark made by a friend who had just seen her name on the title page of a magazine devoted to fiction. "Why, I didn't know you wrote fiction?" with the rejoinder, "Didn't you? You have seen my interviews, haven't you?"

"I know that kind—the imaginative sort," Mrs. O'Connor answers with a reminiscent laugh. "I have perpetrated a number.

"Once I was assigned to an interview with a very noted 'cellist, Holman. Like most of his profession, he was no conversationalist at all and while he could play divinely that did not do me any good as he could not play the interview.

"So I let my imagination have a good time and wrote really a most charming article about what he had done and his plans and his opinions and all the rest of the regular interviewing talk. Lots of people said to me after it was published, 'What an interesting man Holman is. I had no idea he had such temperament and wit and such a cultivated mind.' Holman himself said when we met afterward, referring to the interview, 'I love it. I love it,' and after a minute or two's silence, 'Yes, I love it.'

"Several years after I met Holman at the house of a friend. He came toward me and referred again to the interview. 'I love it,' he said, 'I love it.'"

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CHEAPER TO LIVE THAN DIE

Coffin Makers and Undertakers Wax Melancholy Over Their Own Misfortunes.

"Manufacturers of coffins, caskets, and other funeral goods have felt the hard times as much as anbody," said Mr. C. T. Baird, representative of an important Cincinnati house.

"When a financial slump comes, people practice economy even in the disposition of their departed loved ones, and there is a falling off in the demand for the more expensive burial apparatus. This tendency does not find an outlet in the adoption of cremation, which is, after all, the cheapest mode of disposing of the dead, but rather in the purchase of a less costly style of coffin. Cincinnati has one of the best cremation plants ever built, and yet its increase of patronage from year to year is small, perhaps not over 100 cases in that period. In flush times well-to-do people think nothing of purchasing a sheet bronze casket of the value of $2,500, which is the best thing yet discovered as a final resting place of the dead, for it is practically indestructible. The great weight of the bronze casket and also of the cast-iron kind, is the principal objection to these metallic receptacles. They weigh about 800 pounds and are exceedingly difficult to handle. Next best is a copper-lined affair which is not nearly so heavy, but which if used in connection with costly woods like mahogany, may cost well up into the hundreds. A mahogany coffin with elaborate hand carving and a lining of copper is easily worth $1,200.

Curiously enough, the manufacturers have been effected by another factor that has no connection with bad times, and that is a reduced death rate all over the country. Not so many people are dying now, relatively speaking as did a few years ago. In New York city the decrease has been extraordinary. It must be that more attention is being paid to hygiene than ever before and that the masses of today are giving better heed to sanitary laws than those of past generations."—Baltimore American.

STORING THE SUN'S RAYS

Remarkable Claims Set Forth and Demonstrated by Boston Inventor.

That he has successfully solved the problem of storing the sun's rays and converting them into electrical energy, is the claim of a Boston inventor—George S. Cove. He has demonstrated the success of his invention by lighting his workship in Somersville with electricity generated from his apparatus. No electric wires of any sort enter his buildings from outside lighting sources, yet the incandescent globes twinkle merrily day and night, and electricians from the Institute of Technology have declared themselves enthusiastic over his success.

Cove has demonstrated that his device will store up sufficient electricity for an entire house. He also says that machines, which can be built at a cost of $100 each, when incased in glass will last for ten years without repair or alteration.

Cove's invention consists of a framework placed in an opening where it will receive the direct rays of the sun. Short plugs of metal composition are set into this frame. The framework is of thin steel, divided into squares, each one foot square, containing sixty-one plugs. These plugs project from the cement in which they are set and come in contact with thick glass, which the sun strikes. Filled in around these plugs is a body of heat absorbing material. The plugs are about on inch apart and are connected in series by a strip of metal. The difference of temperature of the two ends of the metal plugs, one being in the sun, the other in the open with a circulation of air around it, generates a current of electricity.

If the sun goes under a cloud and the voltage drops below that of storage batteries, an automatic cut-out breaks the circuit between the generator and batteries. The device is thus entirely automatic.

Cove is a practical inventor. He recently received a gold medal from the Canadian government for a plan for harnessing the tides in the Bay of Fundy.—Boston Globe.

Sturdy oaks from little acorns grow—advertising in The Bee will do wonders for your business.