

# FITZGERALD DRY GOODS CO.

1023-1029 O St.



Lincoln, Neb.



## AN INTERESTING EXHIBIT



in our store is our immense stock of dress goods for fall and winter. All of the newest fabrics, designs, colors and combinations of colors may be seen here in such quantities as are carried only by the very largest dry goods houses in the country. We really are offering some startling bargains in this department, bargains which would be to the interest of every woman in the city to look into. It is an established fact that dry goods are cheaper now than they will be a month later—much cheaper.

There are some exceptionally good values in our dress goods at

**55c, 75c and 98c a yard.**

These are goods which if once seen any person would say were rare bargains and bargains not to be found but once in a lifetime. Do not delay for this is an opportunity which seldom comes.

**55c, 75c and 98c a yard.**

### Chicago Notes.

In Chicago business and in other things here there is no limit one way or the other. I see things on such a big scale that I feel suddenly a meaching shame at Lincoln's insignificance or again I see such little transactions that I feel as if Lincoln after all amounted to something. Orders are given here that Lincoln merchants could not fill and other orders that they would hardly bother themselves about.

There is so much light housekeeping done here, especially down well into the city, that grocers and market men have modified business accordingly. Soup bunches with a small carrot, a tiny onion, two inches of a celery stalk and a leaf of parsley the size of a half dollar, all for a penny, are a part of a grocer's stock in trade. One can buy a half cent's worth of onions and a half cent's worth of yeast, hand over a penny and get a "thank you" as polite as if there had been a three dollar order. Daily papers are a penny apiece.

When once I had found out that groceries could be sold in penny lots I was hardly prepared to be told that the milkman whose man delivered two cents worth of milk daily to our next neighbor, was a millionaire who sent his milk into Chicago each morning on a special train. It seemed odd too, for the daily papers to be carted over the city in ordinary delivery wagons drawn by two horses.

The criminal class go to the same extremes as the merchants. Nothing is too small or too worthless to be stolen. A small pile of pieces of lead pipe, the scraps left after some repair work done in a business building, was enough to set on foot a regularly organized night burglary. The band of three might have succeeded in selling the pipe for a few

dollars if they had not been caught. On the other hand there are violations and evasions of the law here that even Chicago need not be ashamed of. There was Holmer, and more recently Spaulding. There is Leutgert—who possibly boiled his wife up in potash and other chemicals. And if position may be presumed to magnify a crime, there are the perpetual dishonesties and schemes in the city government. Suicides accumulate until they are no longer of more than passing interest. Murders are so common that the city papers rarely give them more than a half column unless there are unusually revolting features as in the Leutgert case. There are, so to speak, cosmopolitan methods of breaking laws.

Perhaps nothing grew upon me with more significance than the attitude of the press here and the people towards crime and especially towards crime in government. One can hardly blame the papers for light editorials about David E. Bates who has a half dozen wives and is engaged to several prospective brides, but there was something altogether out of place in the jocularity about Alderman Mangler, saloon keeper, who lied in the first place, or refuses to tell the truth now, concerning bribery in the city government. Perhaps the most shining example of these frivolous editorials was in a *Daily News* of last week. Irregularities had been discovered in the water office. The editorial begins:

"The discovery of a large fresh batch of frauds in the water office brings the administration face to face with a grave crisis.

The crisis arises from the fact that the storage rooms in the city hall for water office frauds is completely exhausted. The question is, what shall be done with the new batch?"

And so on for a half column. It is as

if frauds were too common for anything except to create a little fun.

The squabble over the civil service in the city government is a constant source of merriment. Between these matters are sandwiched in good humored little pokes at Kiple, the chief of police, who is unable to find any gambling in Chicago.

And it is no better among the people than among the newspapers. The papers would not print such trash as they do, if they did not know it was acceptable to readers. On the street cars the conversation is animated arguments for socialism or hilarious jokes on the city fathers.

There are funny things in John Crerar's will. Mr. Crerar is the founder of the John Crerar Library. There are fifty-two clauses in the will and the fiftieth gives the money for the library. None of these clauses dispose of less than \$1,000. Most of them give from \$10,000 to \$100,000. The whole amount given outside of the Library fund is about a million and a half. Yet there was left about twice this much for the library itself.

The will by its wording tells much of the man himself. He was a Scotchman with some of the testiness of the Scotch character. He leaves large fortunes to his cousins and second cousins with

directions to his executors to see that the said cousins and second cousins are advised to pay off their mortgages when there are any. Yet the Scotch tenderness is shown too. He left \$25,000 to the Scotch Presbyterian Church in New York, "in which church I was baptised."

There is one bequest left unexplained as most of the others are. "I give and bequeath to Miss Katherine L. Peck of Waterbury, Connecticut, the sum of fifty thousand dollars." This suggests nothing, but one wonders if hidden here is not the romance that explains the terse statement in the beginning of the will, "I am a bachelor and was born in New York City."

The cause of most general interest is of course the one setting aside money for the library, partly because of its importance and partly because it shows so plainly the character of Mr. Crerar. In the first part of the will it is provided that a colossal statue of Abraham Lincoln be erected and in this clause Robert T. Lincoln is made one of the Board of Directors.

John Crerar's wishes in regard to the character of the Library are given in three forcible sentences.

"I desire the books and periodicals selected with a view to create and sustain a healthy, moral and Christian sentiment in the community, and that all nastiness and immorality be excluded."

### CHARLES SLATTERY,

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