

BOSTON STORE, OMAHA. BOSTON STORE, OMAHA. BOSTON STORE, OMAHA. BOSTON STORE, OMAHA. BOSTON STORE, OMAHA. BOSTON STORE, OMAHA. BOSTON STORE, OMAHA. BOSTON STORE, OMAHA.

# BOSTON STORE, OMAHA

## J.L. BRANDEIS & SONS.

### 161 DOUGLAS

Monday is the Last Day of the sale of the Newman Dressmaking Stock and the New York Stock.

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# Monday Ends the Great Sale of

## The Newman Dressmaking and the University Place, New York, Stocks

Come early and secure your share of the greatest values ever offered in high art costumes, and rare dress materials.

**\$5 Embroidered Chiffon and black and colored Grenadines 50c yd.**  
FROM the New York Dressmaking Establishment we place on sale Monday for the first time all the chiffon robes and chiffon 36-inch laces for evening dresses or evening waists, all of the embroidered chiffon, many of them elaborately embroidered with delicate floral designs in light and dark colors on black or white grounds; hundreds of yards of silk grenadines in creams, light blues, pinks and black heavy stripes and plaids; also accordion pleated laces with white lace insertion, a striking combination for waists or entire costumes; many of them high class novelties worth up to \$5.00 yard, on sale at 50c yard.

**\$3 and \$4 Lace Trimming 39c yd.**  
For beaded and jetted lace on black silk net for trimming evening dresses and waists, worth up to \$3.00 and \$4.00 yard from this dressmaking establishment, on sale at 39c yard.

**\$5 All over Emb. Chiffon 50c yd.**  
Yard for all over embroidered chiffon, black with white embroidery, yellow, light blue, pink, Nile green, all worth \$5.00 yard, on sale at 50c yard.

**Shirt Waists at August Prices.**  
We have just bought 2,000 dozen shirt waists at a fraction of the cost to make them. These are all of choicest materials, made in the latest styles of percales, lawns, Madras cloths. All of them handsomely tucked, many trimmed with insertion, go in three lots at

**25c 39c and 75c**

**Basement Bargains.**  
10,000 yards bleached muslin in mill lengths, 2 1/2c yard.  
1,000 very handsome dress patterns, containing 10 yards, of lawn or saten finished prints, at 89c per pattern.  
Plain black India linen, in long lengths, 5c yard.  
Standard prints, mercerized finish, 4c yard.  
Black henrietta saten, 5c yard, worth 15c.  
Turkey red prints, 1c yard.

**\$50 Suits and Costumes \$15**  
Monday we place on sale all the remaining suits and costumes from these two fine tailoring concerns; also 100 others, worth from \$35 to \$50, selected from our own immense stock, all at the ridiculously low price of \$15 a suit. These suits are silk lined throughout, making this the greatest suit sale ever offered in Omaha. \$50 suits and costumes for \$15

**Clearing the Suits**  
\$17.50 and \$18 Suits, \$7.50  
We have gathered together all the odd lots and broken lines of suits, worth \$12.50, \$15.00 and \$17.50, including some fine suits in odd sizes, the stylish Eton and tight-fitting styles. The price we have reduced them to will certainly induce you to consider them. Some of our suits worth \$15.00 and \$17.50 for \$7.50

**Clearing the Skirts**  
\$12.50 Skirts for \$4.95  
After our big sale of fine skirts last week we find we have a good many odd lots and sample skirts left. We have put them all in one lot, making a collection of 450 skirts worth from \$7.50 to \$12.50 each. We place them all on sale at one price, actually worth up to \$12.50 and worth at least \$4.95

**Clearing the Jackets**  
\$10 and \$12 Jackets, \$4.95  
We have a big sample lot of ladies' and misses' jackets bought at 50c on the dollar. Also a big lot of odd jackets from our own big stock that we know are worth and have sold up to \$12 each. Tomorrow we offer the choice of them at \$4.95

**Exhibition Sale of Summer Millinery**  
On Monday we will show 500 new summer hats, introducing all the hot weather millinery, light and dainty chiffon turbans and round hats, broad brim leghorns, neapolitans, tuscan and chip hats trimmed with fruits, flowers and foliage.  
The prices on our imported hats will be about half the usual figure, as we have marked the majority of these elegant model hats \$10 and \$12.50 instead of \$20 and \$25.  
Our line of sailors and outing hats is complete. We have the "Sapho" and "Lady Smith," the very latest for golf wear.

**Laces and Embroideries at Half Price**  
A New York Importer's odd widths and broken lots of lace and embroidery, all new goods, Monday at half price.  
200 bolts of French valenciennes and English torchon lace and insertion, nice fine quality, worth up to 10c yard, go on bargain square at, yard—  
**1 1/2c and 3c**  
All the finest and wider widths of lace and insertion from this stock, including Normandy valenciennes, point de Paris, net top oriental, black and cream silk lace and insertion, many styles, worth up to 25c, go in two lots at 5c and 7 1/2c  
One big bargain counter of all kinds of embroidery and insertion, neat and showy, open work patterns, worth up to 15c a yard, go in this sale at **5c**  
All the extra fine embroidery and insertion, including Swiss, nainsook and jaconet, some very wide widths, nice new patterns, worth as high as 25c yard, on bargain square at **7 1/2c and 10c**  
**\$1.50 Kid Gloves 59c**  
Large bargain square piled high with a great variety of ladies' imported kid gloves in all colors, all sizes, many worth up to \$1.50, some slightly mused, go in this sale, choice, pair **59c**

**69c and 75c Silks at 25c yd.**  
All of the silk from these dressmaking stocks, including black China silk, wash silk, foulard silks, also silk grenadines with satin stripes in colors, all at silk department at **25c**

**\$1.25 Taffeta Silks 49c yd.**  
All the odds and ends of taffeta silk in plain colors, including black, also plaids for linings and ladies' waists, on sale at **49c**

**Brocaded Foulard Silks 75c yd.**  
75c a yard for extra heavy brocaded silks and foulard silks in exclusive novelty patterns, in silk department at **75c**

**Finest Dress Goods at \$1.00 yd.**  
All the cloths, black crepons, black grenadines, broadcloths, covert cloths, chevots, silk and wool fancy imported novelties, exclusive patterns, one suit of a kind, from these dressmaking establishments, including many high cost novelties from our own stock, go on bargain square at **\$1.00** Yard

**\$1.50 Dress Fabrics at 50c yd.**  
An immense assortment of extra wide silk finished figured mohair brillantines especially adapted for the warm weather, will shed dust; also short lengths of covert cloth, fancy colored silk crepons and many grenadine patterns, on sale on bargain square at **50c**

**Basement Bargains.**  
Chambray gingham, 6 1/2c yard, worth 15c.  
Grand special sale India lincens and checked nainsooks at **3 1/2c, 8 1/2c, 10c and 15c yard.**  
36-inch best quality French percale, 8 1/2c yard.  
10,000 yards fancy black lace lawn and lapettes, 5c yard, worth 25c.  
10,000 yards fancy black ground sateens, 6 1/2c yard, worth 15c.

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# Opening Sale of Oxford Ties and Slippers, Golf and Bicycle Shoes

**Men's Shoes**  
Our special sale tomorrow in men's shoes will include a lot of about 820 pairs men's patent leather shoes, black and tan vic kid shoes and about 200 pairs of tan leather oxford ties. These shoes would cost you in the regular way not less than \$5 pair. They are all Goodyear welt soles, they come in all sizes and you can take your choice tomorrow on our main floor, pair—  
**\$3.00**

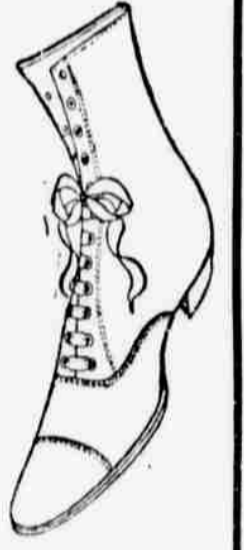


French Empire heels. We are confident that our stock of oxford ties is large enough to suit each and every woman.  
**Children's Slippers**  
Our line of children's slippers embraces everything in black, white, red, blue, pink and tan, in sizes from 1 to 5 for infants, 5 to 8 for small children, 8 1/2 to 11 for little girls and and 11 1/2 to 2 for young misses. Prices range from—  
**59c up to \$1.50**

The assortment and quality of ladies' oxford ties that we show for the first time tomorrow is something remarkable. It ranges from a very good oxford tie at 89c up through all the range in price to \$5, with steps of 25c between each, and it embraces every new style and every new shape and every new last that is worn this season. The colors are black and tan, either all kid tops or with cloth tops. And the heels run from the common sense up to the extreme high

**Ladies' Fine Slippers**  
We open tomorrow the strap sandal and slipper season with more styles, more colors and more shapes than ever were seen in Omaha before. Prices range from 49c to \$3 pair. They come in black, white, tan, red, blue, pink, bronze, green, yellow, lavender, gold, silver and in fact every color there is, in silk, satin and leather.

**Women's Shoes**  
Our special sale of ladies' shoes tomorrow will include about 600 pairs of ladies' very fine, hand turn shoes made by Price & Wolfe of Chicago to retail at \$4 a pair, they will go on sale at \$2.50 pair on our front bargain square, and include very fine French patent leather and imported vic kid shoes, in black and fancy veering top shoes in tan. The widths run from AA to E, and there are all sizes. Take your choice tomorrow for—pair—  
**\$2.50**



### SHORT STORIES OF THE DAY

**Jefferson Park a Rendezvous for Buxar Tourists and Disheartened Men.**

**INCIDENT OF AN ELKS INSTALLATION**

**Marshal Pearson's First Indian War Dance—How Mr. Bryan's Temperance Principles Offended a Resident of Arkansas.**

That little grassy, shaded park on North Sixteenth street known as Jefferson square is one of the most interesting places in Omaha from the viewpoint of one who finds pleasure in the study of man and his frailties. It is there that unquiet, despondent and indifferent men congregate—the transient Britan and Jewson on the sea of life. Men out of work, men who would not work if they had the opportunity, men who are too sick to work, men who have won and lost fortunes, men who have worn themselves threadbare tramping from place to place, all seem to find Jefferson square as soon as they strike Omaha. Some invisible guiding hand directs them there with as much certainty as the compass points north. A stroll through Jefferson square on any pleasant afternoon is well worth the time of the observer. The crowd is never the same, but the place to the average citizen, but it is a haven for tired, despondent souls who have no other place to go. The park is well supplied with wooden seats scattered

at frequent intervals along the gravel walks, and on these the unfortunates find rest.  
A canvass of the average afternoon crowd at Jefferson square would doubtless reveal many an interesting life story if the men who congregate there could be induced to talk of themselves. But despite their reticence, these stories are revealed inadvertently through the conversations that take place among the chance acquaintances. It is a cosmopolitan aggregation and the formality of an introduction is not necessary. A man who strolled through the park on a tour of observation one afternoon recently saw at least 100 men stretched out on the benches. Some of them were reading papers, others discussed affairs and a large percentage slept.  
It is interesting to note the exchange of data these people make as to the relative merits or demerits of the different cities. "Keep shy of K. C., for she's on de bum," "Graft is good in Milwaukee," and so on through the list such comments as the foregoing are made. Some of these men remember of having met in other places and tramping reunions are frequent.  
Old-timers relate that W. H. Kent, a former newspaper reporter of Omaha, once accredited with being the star writer on the old Republican, dedicated Jefferson square to vagrant life. Kent was a most eccentric character, and, although he had regular employment at a salary sufficient to enable him to occupy comfortable apartments, he preferred in summer to save room-rent by sleeping in Jefferson square. In those days there was a bandstand used for concerts—that feature has long ago been discontinued—and this stand was Kent's "summer boudoir" as he called it.  
William Lightfoot Vischer of Chicago, who has attained more or less prominence in a literary way, came to Omaha about fifteen years ago to make a friendly call upon several friends. Kent and Vischer were

In many respects kindred spirits. One night, after having made a round of pleasure, Kent said to Vischer:  
"Come up to my room and sleep with me tonight."  
"Where is your room?" Vischer inquired.  
"Just a few blocks away," answered Kent, and Vischer accepted, although he was registered at a prominent hotel.  
Without any explanation, Kent led Vischer to the Jefferson square bandstand. Vischer was erratic enough to enjoy the joke and he accepted what Kent designated as "wide open hospitality" until morning. Kent, Vischer and Optie Reed afterwards became fast friends.  
At the institution of the new lodge of Elks at Lincoln three weeks ago the invasion of the center from all parts of Nebraska and Iowa left that rising western town decidedly short on beds. Hotel keepers were unprepared for such a congregation of the benevolent and progressive order, and their accommodations were speedily exhausted.  
B. J. Scannell, one of the most esteemed and faithful of Omaha Elks, had gone down to the capital city with an eye single to the purpose in his mind and had neglected to provide for his lodging. At midnight Mr. Scannell, although himself in vain, called on his brother and invited him to share his room. With a grateful heart Scannell accepted the proffer and proceeded to mingle in the gaiety of the evening with his usual wont.  
At 1 a. m., wearied with the night's festivities, Mr. Scannell made his way to the room and found that his friend had preceded him by several hours. Welpton, however, had been unable to sleep. There was the sound of high revel in the hall and

riot held away in the next room. Scannell sought a place beside his roommate, and with the ease attending a clear conscience and tired limbs, dropped to sleep.  
Several hours later he had a confused impression that his friend shouted to some one in the hall and that the latter replied in no less stentorian tone.  
In due time Scannell awoke and found "Dig" already dressed. "Was I dreaming," asked Scannell lazily, "or did I hear excited voices around this waterroom at some outrageous hour?"  
"It wasn't a dream, you senseless clod," responded his friend. "There was a urveling idiot going up and down the hall yelling at every door, 'I've got a message for Mr. Taylor, what'll I do with it? Mr. Taylor? Mr. Taylor?' Things had sort of quieted down when he began and I was about to get into a sleep. That woke me up side, though it didn't even get into your dreams. I stood it about as long as I could, and then the next time he called, 'What'll I do with it?' I yelled back, 'Tear it up, d—n you, tear it up!' It didn't spoil that exasperating, babe-like stammer of yours, as I hoped, but it was a good idea. He went away somewhere and I got two hours of sleep."  
It was in 1887, when Deputy United States Marshal "Charlie" Pearson knew less about Indians than he does at present, that he learned that an Indian war dance was like. At the January term of court in Lincoln about 200 lawyers had been summoned to appear. The term had dragged along until one Friday night and all of the Indians desired to get home before Sunday. They must start Saturday morning to do this, and by hard work the marshal's force succeeded in getting all of the checks mailed out. When the last check was ready it was 12 o'clock at night, and Mr. Pearson called the Indians into the room.  
"Here, boys, he said, 'are your checks.

If we give them to you now you must dance the war dance for us."  
The Indians agreed, and in five minutes Charlie wished they had not. Over in one corner of the corridor a brave began a chant which sounded like an attempt to harmonize the heaviest passages of "Tannhauser" with a circular saw running through a pine knot. As the song proceeded brave after brave took up the refrain. Then all began to leap like the members of a shaker church gone mad. Bellow had broken loose in earnest, and though the entire marshal's force tried to quiet the singers they continued until they fell exhausted. Pearson is a good friend of the Indians, but when anyone suggests that they dance he leaves, as it brings up painful memories of the hour he trembled for fear he would be arrested by the Lincoln police for disturbing the peace.  
The recent visit of W. J. Bryan to this city calls to mind an unpublished though frequently repeated story of an experience the Nebraska orator had while on a hunting trip in Taney county, Missouri—the wildest spot in the Ozarks—immediately after the presidential campaign of 1896. The tale is related by a former Missourian as follows:  
"Preparatory to the arrival of Bryan, Colonel Alexander Kissee, locally known as the 'King of Taney county,' made great preparations to entertain the distinguished guest. Colonel Kissee had never read the newspapers closely enough to learn that Mr. Bryan is a teetotaler, consequently he conceived the idea that Ozark mountain moonshine whiskey would be a treat.  
The nearest railway station to Taney county is Chadwick, thirty-five miles distant. Colonel Kissee was at the station when the Bryan train arrived. The party was composed of Bryan, ex-Governor Stone, John P. Altgeld, Sam Cook, Chairman Jones, Colonel Moses P. Wetmore—the millionaire tobacco manufacturer—and other notables. Colonel Kissee had brought wagon enough

to convey the entire party, but as master of ceremonies he decreed that Bryan should ride with him. Under the seat of the wagon was a five-gallon demijohn of liquor made at Colonel Kissee's distillery. The party had traveled only a few miles when Colonel Kissee stopped the procession and proposed a drink to the health of the defeated presidential candidate. So saying, he poured out a tin cup full of liquor—enough to kill a Taney county dog—and handed it to Bryan. The offer was promptly refused. Colonel Kissee took it to be a personal insult, and demanded that the presidential aspirant get out of his wagon immediately. Another seat was provided for Bryan, Colonel Kissee resigned his place as master of ceremonies and the hunting tour proceeded with Taney county citizens in the lead.  
In speaking of Bryan, Colonel Kissee always remarks: "He is the man, by gad, sah, who refused to take a drink with me."

gone abroad upon the moonlight-flooded plains of Nebraska.  
In the office of the Omaha district there is a reward posted for the return of the pipe. The mail clerks desire to secure it so it may be buried and no longer contaminate the air. They say it can be easily located by the number of dead birds which have been suffocated, while attempting to fly through the air above it.  
**PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS.**  
"Come, Bobby, tell us which you love best—your ma or me."  
"But, pa, she's too big for my seat; you better offer her yours."  
"Come, Bobby, tell us which you love best—your ma or me."  
"Yes, Willie," she replied.  
"Well," continued the little diplomat, "I've got the stomach-ache; don't you think you had better take me to the candy store and get it filled?"  
Small Willie was spending a few days in the country, and one morning after intently regarding a pan of foaming milk for some time he asked: "Grandma, where do the cows get their milk?"  
"Where you get your tears, I suppose," she replied.  
Willie looked puzzled for a moment, then said: "Do you have to use your slipper on the cows, grandma?"