

EXTRAORDINARY SPECIAL SALES MONDAY

EMBROIDERIES

New lot of fine cambric and Nainsook embroideries, corset cover widths, with pretty insertion bands and beading edge, narrow and medium edges, many to match—worth up to 30c
at, yard—**5c-10c-15c**

Extra Wide Embroideries
A big assortment of fine medium and wide embroideries, many match sets in fine Swiss and Nainsook, in widths ranging up to 19 inches, big variety of eyelet patterns and open work effects, well worth up to 75c yd., at, yd. **25c-39c**

WASH LACES

Dainty French and German Valenciennes Laces and Insertions, in various widths to match; this lot is a very special value—**3½c-5c** at, yard.

HANDKERCHIEFS

Ladies' plain all linen and fancy embroidered edge Handkerchiefs, also fine plain white and colored border hemstitched Handkerchiefs, hundreds of them, worth 25c—**5c-10c-15c** at.

LADIES' LONG GLOVES

Special values in Ladies' Long Gloves, our own importation—long silk gloves, silk taffeta gloves, lisle gloves in black and white, brown and cream; an unusual variety. **50c-\$1.50**

Ladies' Neckwear
Another big lot of ladies' pretty neckwear in embroidery or lace, some of the season's neatest effects, each. **5c-15c**

MONDAY IS LINEN DAY

Extra heavy all pure Irish linen cream table damask, sold everywhere at 60c a yard; special for Monday, yard. **29c**

A great lot of fine and medium qualities of dinner napkins, mostly in half dozens, Monday at less than one-half regular prices.

Pattern table cloths, fine quality, soft finished, 2, 2½ and 3 yards long, actually worth as high as \$5; **1.69-2.98** Monday.

50 quality Turkish wash cloths, each. **1c**
10c and 15c doilies, each. **5c**
12½ hemmed huck towels, each. **7½c**

Have You Seen This Splendid Lot of Silks Displayed in the Window?

J. BRANDEIS "BOSTON STORE" & SONS

High Grade Silks Never Sold at Such Exceptional Bargains in Omaha.

A GIGANTIC SALE OF FALL SILKS AT ACTUALLY 50c ON THE DOLLAR

30,000 Yards of High Class Plain and Fancy Silks Bought at a Big Reduction from Reiling, David & Schoen, Silk Mfngs., 97-99 GREEN ST., NEW YORK.

This is a rare chance to lay aside a supply of fashionable silks for the coming season. They are all this season's fine goods.

These Fine Silks Divided in 3 Big Lots for Easy Selection

LOT 1—Best grades of 36-inch and 27-inch black oil boiled dress taffetas, Beau de Soie, Peau Radium, 45-inch fancy silk poplins, Peau de Crepe, Liberty Messaline, handsome printed warp taffetas, 27-inch, 36-inch and 45-inch Meteor Crepe Autell, fancy Marquette gauzes, etc., Reiling, David & Schoen wholesale price \$1 to \$1.25, our price, yard. **67½c**

LOT 2—Finest qualities of 27-inch Mousseline taffetas, dress taffetas, Peau de Cygne, 27-inch wide in glaze and plain effects, swell new plaids so much in vogue at present. 32-inch silk gauze cream and white waistings, 27-inch very Messaline Radium (same as \$1.50 French goods). Never was such a grand chance to buy taffetas at exactly one-half the regular price. Reiling, David & Schoen wholesale prices 75c to \$1.00, at one price, yard. **49c**

LOT 3—Checks and plaid shirt-waist suitings, 24-inch satin foulards, black taffetas and Peau de Soie, 20-in. wide Louisiana checks plain and fancy Peau de Reine, and a full line of colors including black, white and cream, regular 60c taffeta guaranteed all pure silk, as long as they last on bargain squares, arcade entrance. Reiling, David & Schoen wholesale price 55c, yd. **29c**

HANDSOME NOVELTIES IN NEW SILKS FOR FALL AT BRANDEIS

We have placed large orders for silk plaids in anticipation of a large demand and are showing an elaborate collection, including French satin bars plaids very latest colorings, with Persian and Dresden effects running through; at, yd. **150-125-98c-85c-75c**

75c Black Taffeta, 20 inches wide, made for the finest retail trade, every piece received is inspected carefully and we guarantee every yard sold to our customers, for Monday only **39c**

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

\$1 Wash Fabrics at 19c Yard

Our entire stock of high grade Wash Fabrics go on sale tomorrow at 19c a yard. Just the thing for evening dresses and are a most wonderful bargain. You should come early, as the best will go first.

All the Silk Eoliennes, in all shades; all the Dotted Swisses, worth up to \$1.00; all the white Novelty Mercerized Waistings and Suitings; all the Embroidered Batiste Novelities and other exclusive high class 1906 fabrics, worth \$1.00 a yard—at, yard. **19c**

BIG SALE Boy's School Suits

It is time to think of the boys' school suit. School opens Sept. 1. The Brandois is offering the most unusual values in boys' and children's suits. An entire New York manufacturer's stock on sale Monday at less than the cost to make.

- Boys' and Children's All-Wool Knee Pants Suits, good wearing, latest styles worth up to \$3.50, at. **1.48**
- Boys' Knickerbocker Suits, Norfolk and Double-Breasted Suits. Also pretty Russians, Sailors, etc. **1.98**
- Boys' All-Wool Pants in bloomers style or straight style, reinforced seams, Excelsior waist band and suspender buttons—special values at. **39c**
- BOYS' and GIRLS' SCHOOL SHOES**
We are selling the best boys' and girls' school shoes ever offered for the price. Every pair guaranteed, good solid leather, in all styles and shapes. **1.98** down to. **98c**

NEWEST STYLES FOR FALL DRESS GOODS

Scores of Imported Novelties
We import direct the best broadcloths. These are the finest silk finished cloths from France, bought by our buyer right at the mills—in every hue of today's fashion—at. **1.50-1.98-\$3**
Special Value Monday—55-inch broadcloths, yard. **\$1**

PLAIDS.
The best that was to be found in Tartans from England. Fine fonce plaids, in all the rich tones and bright warm colors—yard. **49c-59c-85c-1.00 up to \$2.50**

50-inch Shadow Plaids—Special value Monday, in all the tones of grays, smoke, slate, etc., selling in the large eastern stores at \$1.00 yard—at. **69c**

VOILES.
The popular stuff in Europe today—French voile, firm and evenly woven, also silk voiles for street and party wear—special value. **85c**

Waterproof cloths, 54 inches wide. These are the \$1.50 and \$1.75 grades sold in all stores, **79c**
all the desirable colors, yard.

Cream serges, exceptionally desirable for skirts—special yachting serge, 48 inches wide, yard. **85c**

ON BARGAIN SQUARE
Panamas, serge, suit's, 64-inch, chafon Panama velvings, grante, plaids, Rhodias, armures, etc., serges, waterproof cloths, gray suitings, etc., mobairs, etc. and all colors—yard. **39c**

NEWEST STYLES IN LADIES' FALL SUITS

We are showing many new models, including the military tight and semi-fitting styles, 26-inch, 30-inch and longer, in English broadcloths, black and new colorings, at. **\$25**

Handsome Tailored Suits
In every conceivable new style and weave, included at this price, from elaborately trimmed to the plain tailored effects; the greatest variety ever shown at. **\$35**

New Norfolk Strapped Coats—In black, blue and check gray suitings. They are satin lined, neatly striped and velvet trimmed around collar, exceptionally tailored. **9.98 and 12.50**

Panama cloth is again to be in favor for the coming season's skirts. We are showing a big variety in this style, in the Panama cloth in ready to complete, plaid models, at \$10, \$7.50 and. **\$5**

Automobile Coats—Rubber lined, 40 coats with the new hood and combination stock collar, in colored effects. **22.50, 24.50 up to \$35**



BACHELOR MAIDS A-FARMING

Story of a Colony of Later-Day Heroines of the Plains.

ROSEBUDS ON THE ROSEBUD RESERVE

Who They Are, How They Came There and Some of Their Experiences—Selilah Men Strive to Bust In.

History and fiction alike unite in paying tribute to courage, fortitude and loyalty of the wives of western pioneers. Sharing with their husbands the hardships and privations of blizzards, the pathways of civilization and settlements their dauntless spirit evoked the praise of poet, historian and story-teller. Now other heroines appear upon the scene and present agents are working diligently to prove the modern bachelor girls, sequestered foris in the west, are worthy followers of pioneer wives.

The Philadelphia North American prints a page story, with pictures to match, of a colony of bachelor maids doing the homestead set in South Dakota. It is luminous and illuminating. A few quarter sections of the story is well worth perusing: Think of 12 human roses blooming upon the prairies of South Dakota!

With their pretty hands reddened and toughened by toil, and their fair complexions exposed daily to the tanning winds, the number of real society girls from Des Moines and other Iowa cities are leading the strenuous life of the pioneer upon what was formerly the Rosebud Indian reservation.

Homebuilders in reality, every one of these enterprising girls secured a quarter section when that territory was opened to settlers two years ago. Now they have turned their backs upon the ballroom and the theater, and are herding cattle, tilling the soil and living the actual life of the prairie pioneer.

While the majority are farming or raising cattle, others devote themselves to various enterprises. One is making money and winning a reputation through the practice of law; another has become a preacher; still others act as guides through the interesting country, where only a few years ago hostile Redskins were busy shedding the blood of whites.

Yet these girls, many of whom represent families of wealth, seem greatly pleased with their experience. Moreover, they are besieged with proposals of marriage from the men on the reservation.

Too Tough for Life.
It is remarkable how these plucky young women have adapted themselves to the rather rough life of the prairie pioneer. Girls who in days gone by were shocked if the sudden departure of a servant made it necessary to wash the dishes or clean their rooms are tilling the soil or herding cattle with the nonchalance of an old-timer.

Those who left handsome and well-appointed homes here seem perfectly happy in the little ten-by-twelve "shacks" that, upon the majority of farms, constitute the dwelling of the owners.

By raw good fortune in most instances, they have adapted themselves to the rather rough life of the prairie pioneer. All these girls are in the same neighborhood, Iowa, as the colony is called, near Phillips, S. D., almost in the heart

of the rich Bonesteel country. While the entire territory "held down" by them covers many miles in extent, nearly all the girls have as neighbors some others "from back home," and this makes the situation exceedingly pleasant and companionable.

Numbers of them find it convenient to come on Sundays to discuss the old life and to exchange recitals of experiences.

Now and then a dance is planned, and is enjoyed immensely, although a prairie "shack," even with its furniture removed, does not afford a spacious ballroom.

More than in any other way—except in actual farm work—these dances illustrate the difference between the days past and those of the present.

When the girls first went to the Indian country, many took with them the elaborate gowns and "fixings" that had been such a delight to the feminine heart and had turned the heads of young men before the exodus of the west.

But of what possible use is a beautiful gown or a picture hat when one seldom sees any one else—at least, no one except the farm hands—often than once a week, and where the prevailing style in feminine attire is a short skirt, a shirtwaist and a rough slouch hat?

To be sure, the men who gathered at the few functions in Phillips or vicinity are greatly attracted by a gown with a train. But as a "hickory" shirt, corduroy trousers, a red handkerchief around the throat and a broad sombrero topping all is the fashion for their articles of dreamy elegance appear incongruous as feminine apparel. So such costumes have disappeared, and the transplanted daughters of Iowa are now dressing in the plain and sensible garments of the region.

Leader of the Band.
Among the girls who have taken up claims in the new country, one of the most popular is Miss Lottie Rogers, formerly of Ames, Ia.

She is the only daughter of a wealthy retired farmer, so that, from the standpoint of financial necessity, it was not incumbent upon her to undergo the hardships of the pioneer.

Happening to draw a homestead in a community almost entirely composed of bachelors, Miss Rogers had not been in her new home a month before she had received several proposals of marriage. Now, it is said, her victims number more than one hundred.

Then, there is Miss Philippe Watrous, whose father owns a six-story business block in Des Moines, and is estimated to be worth a million dollars. Miss Watrous became a guide shortly after she reached Bonesteel and conducted prospecting parties over the country that a few years ago was red with blood shed in battle with warring Indian tribes.

When she was allotted a claim and reached the Rosebud country, she found that her farm was back in the foothills, forty miles from the nearest railroad station.

She went out and looked it over, however, and was pleased with the prospect. Hiring two men to build her a "shack," she mounted a horse and rode back to Phillips to await the completion of her new dwelling.

squad that started out the next morning with the Des Moines society belle at its head. In the afternoon a severe storm came up, and the home-severers were forced to halt.

Early the next morning the journey was resumed. The first stream to which they came was out of its banks, while the bridges had been washed away. The only thing left was to ford it.

In this attempt the provision wagon, caught in an eddy, got away from the driver; the mules were drowned and the supplies lost. Then the intrepid girl guide took command.

She asked a man to accompany her, and together they rode to an Indian tepee close by, where they obtained some cornmeal and "kinkinick." The gruel made strengthened the half-famished women and children in the party, and the company pushed on.

That night they struck an Indian settlement, where they stopped for rest and to make a hearty meal on the game which the Indians had killed. The second morning the Indians had been washed away, and they resumed their journey and completed it without further adventure. For this service Miss Watrous later received a watch.

The novelty of this vocation appealed to Miss Watrous and she has become a regular guide.

Miss Watrous, too, has had many opportunities to marry, but has declined them all. The real romance of the situation would demand that she look with favor upon the suit of the young man whom she met at the Phillips postoffice—and, rumor has it, this is precisely the state of the case just now.

One of the social leaders on the plains, as she was in Iowa, is Mrs. L. Drakeley Root, wife of a prominent physician. She is living temporarily in a 1901 shanty on her claim, while her husband is constructing a handsome \$30,000 residence on Grand avenue, the fashionable residence street of Des Moines.

Mrs. Root sprung a decided innovation on her neighbors when she sped out to her claim in an automobile. She passed through the Indian settlements, where she created a furor among the red men, who had never seen an auto car before. She is said to have reached the farthest point in that country yet visited by automobile.

In company with the physician's wife when she went out to "hold down" her claim was her sister-in-law, Miss Root of Boston, who had been fortunate enough also to draw a homestead.

Desisted the Cattle Herders.
These two women, during their residence on the reservation, have given a number of social functions that have delighted the cattle herders and prairie tillers of the surrounding country.

Miss Julia Cutler was one of the best-known school teachers in Iowa. She was especially popular among the 400 of Des Moines, for it was their children with whom she largely came in contact. What was more natural than that she should start a school of her own in the Bonesteel country?

Therefore she had a sod addition erected to her shanty and invited children from the neighboring ranches to come to school. Many of them drove miles to do so, and now the school is flourishing. It has a dozen pupils, four of whom are Indian children, sons of Bear Paw, whose tepee is across a small creek from the teacher's cabin.

ago—the summer of the homesteaded drawing. She was fortunate in securing a claim and went out to hold it down.

Miss Devaney mastered the language of the Indians and has become an interpreter. She is very bright and has the happy faculty of getting the Indians to talk when others fail.

One young settler from Iowa has become the only woman lawyer on the Rosebud. She is Miss Helen Huntley and she lives at Marshalltown.

She was graduated from an eastern law school and determined that there was an opening for her in the profession in Iowa. But she did not remain in Iowa, for when her invalid brother, wounded as a soldier in the Philippines, was lucky enough to win a farm of 100 acres by proxy, she went out to the Indian country.

The young attorney had not been there a week before a neighbor was arrested on a charge of stealing cattle. Miss Huntley had dropped an intimation that she possessed a knowledge of law and she was engaged to defend the accused man. The county prosecutor went down and out before Miss Huntley and the cow puncher went free.

That was enough to win spurs for the women practitioner. Now she transacts the legal business for people within a radius of 100 miles, most of whose troubles come through contented claims.

A Feminine Preacher.
So far as has developed, an Iowa girl, Miss Irene Harmon, daughter of wealthy parents of Sioux City, is the only feminine preacher in this section of the country. She was ordained by Universalist church authorities, and holds a service every Sunday afternoon.

Her congregations are quite large, and consist chiefly of young men, who it has been intimated, are perhaps as much attracted by the fair pastor as by her teachings. Nevertheless, it is acknowledged that the girl has done wonders in stopping the practice of profanity—in the presence of women at least.

Not long ago a woman ran for mayor in a settlement of a half dozen shanties on the Rosebud river. She was Mrs. A. Calderon, a widow. As the town was not incorporated, the contest was, in reality, a joke, although she was elected and is called "Your Honor" by the few men of the place, who meet every Saturday afternoon at the store to lay in their supplies for the week.

The majority of the Iowa girls who have emigrated to the new land of promise settled down to what many might consider the monotonous task of raising cattle and crops, and with the intention of producing handsome returns to show for their labors. When, occasionally, they return to the old home for a brief visit, they report that the entire 125 are happy, busy and on the high road to prosperity.

The Hot Blood of Youth.
"There were a couple of old '60-ers down in Tombstone, Ariz.," said a tourist the other day, "who were great friends. One of them was 80 years old and the other 81. They were taking their morning toddy one day and fell into a disagreement over the date of some pioneer occurrence. Each was insistent upon his own recollection of it and finally they got into a regular quarrel. Backing away from the bar they drew their guns and aimed at each other, but their sight was so dim and their hands so unsteady that all the bullets went wide. When their guns were emptied the barkeep emerged from beneath the counter and

made them shake hands and make up. The barkeep, the Divan, in describing the occurrence, treated it in an indelicate vein and closed by saying, "Well, boys will be boys."—Duluth News.

"COURT OF LOVE" RUINED

Operations of New York Syndicate in Fleeing Men of the Look-out for Widows.

The love syndicate organized in New York City by the fascinating Mrs. Iselin Brown and Mr. George T. Verrault, the real letter writer, might yet be separating the coin of the realm from legitimate owners had not Robert Emmet Keene, actor, wit and adviser to the court of love organized by the spinsters, lost his grip as "lookout man" and passed into the charmed Seventy-third street circle of the Philadelphia grocer, James V. MacClellan.

The extent to which this "love syndicate" operated is amazing. It is calculated that in the three weary days which the company ensnared its victims more than \$100,000 was taken from them. A census of the dupes shows that they range from prosperous store owners to millionaire Wall street financiers. Probably 100 of them walked into the spider web.

A golden-haired daughter of Mrs. Brown was a conspicuous member of the combination. She did not make love to any of the men, nor receive their attentions, but it was handy to have her around as Miss Verrault's maid. The same interesting role was assumed by Mrs. Brown's beautiful niece, Miss Mary Mason, daughter of a struggling Boston storekeeper. Mrs. Brown's scheme to marry the girl to a New Yorker of wealth was given a rude shock when the girl eloped with a man she really loved.

The youths who helped along the trick were scarcely out of their teens. Robert Emmet Keene, who for some time played small parts in Proctor's Stock company, was the chief of the group. His position as butler many a generous tip came Keene's way. Gregory Allen, who was an amateur sculptor, became associated with the matrimonial tricksters through his acquaintance with George T. Verrault, husband of the pretty brunette. He donned a uniform and helped Keene in his job as butler. Mrs. Brown's four brothers helped in many ways to keep the syndicate going.

The exterior of the house in which was held the "court of love" gave no indication of the luxury of the interior. Everything was in taste, and there was always something unique in the form of entertainment. Music was also provided at a great expense. But the library was a great attraction of persons of culture. In it there were books of every kind, in almost every tongue.

In the evening the place was as different as night from day. Books were thrown aside, furniture was moved away and card tables were brought out. Gentlemen of wealth called and were welcomed. Fortunes, it is said, were lost and won in a single game. Expensive dinners were served, champagne and other wines flowing freely. Some appeared only for a good time, but many were hooked.

Others were playing the fascinating game of love, for the women were devotedly admired, not merely by one or two, but by many, and in the hearts of the callers jealousy reared. Often intensely bitter quarrels arose at the table, in the drawing room, and then only the extraordinary tact of the women averted tragedies.—Philadelphia Press.

IMPROVING WEST WATERWAYS

Association Formed to Revive Traffic on the Upper and Lower Mississippi.

The Upper Mississippi River Improvement association holds its fourth annual convention in Minneapolis this coming October. This will join with the Ohio river improvement association and representatives of the lower Mississippi states in holding a great valley river improvement convention in St. Louis this coming November.

This convention will debate the possibilities of, and make recommendations for, the development of a heavy freight channel from the Twin Cities to New Orleans and from Great Falls, Mont., on the upper Missouri, to Pittsburg on the Ohio. The value to the whole nation of these improved waterways, taken in conjunction with the improvement now being made on the Illinois river and the Chicago canal, opening a ship passage from the great lakes to the gulf, can not be overestimated. If Mr. Carnegie is right in his claim that our internal waterways already offered the cheapest transportation in the world, these free arteries of commerce will at once control the traffic rates; of the twenty-two states that they drain. These states already produce the bulk of our agricultural wealth; they already support more than twice as many manufacturing plants as the other fifty states, and the value of their finished work is estimated at over ten billion of dollars a year.

As the market value of any finished product is estimated upon the producer's price, plus the cost of transportation, the opening of these great waterways to freight traffic will benefit both the producer through a larger demand for his goods, and the consumer through a lessened cost for the same.

President Roosevelt has said that the highways of commerce should be open to all on equal terms—a condition which is not likely to obtain, even through the enforcement of recent legislation that has been directed to that end. When the railroads are brought directly into competition with independent carriers on a common highway, they will confront a controlling influence far more effective than any rate bill can ever hope to be. The policy of charging all the traffic will bear is an obstacle to industrial expansion. A low cost of conveyance is a necessity to all the cruder products. Moreover, the productive capacity of our great interior is developing faster than our facilities of transportation. There is an ever increasing food of products, crude and manufactured, from farm, mine, forest and factory sources which overtax our channels of commerce, efficient and magnificent as our railroads have come to be.

During the last four years engineers have been busily engaged measuring widths, depths, charting, changing channels, calculating the resisting forces of shale-rocked and soft-loam banks along the upper Mississippi, and they have found that the judicious expenditure of the cost of but three battleships will win a channel adequate to accommodate heavy freighting from St. Paul to New Orleans. The very dams that make this unlocked channel possible arrest sufficient water to give a sailing power to a hundred manufacturing cities each of upward of a hundred thousand people along the way.

The people of the Empire state by direct vote at the ballot box have appropriated \$20,000,000, or more than five times that

required to channel the upper Mississippi, to build a ship canal from Lake Erie to the Hudson. Thus may the cargo loaded at Chicago or Duluth sail undisturbed to Hamburg, Havre or Liverpool. The city of Manchester, England, has spent one hundred millions to get an outlet to the sea. Germany, France and England are expending even larger sums in the construction of absolutely new cross-country waterways. And this significant work is being done abroad in spite of the fact that their railroads are under government control.

Any canalage of our own rivers, however, must have a world-wide and not a local significance. The development of river industries must mean something larger than the quadruplication of Keokuk or Lacrosse. Long before the Panama canal is ready to complete this great drama of commerce we will transmit our largest cargoes from the heart of the continent to the Gulf of Mexico without breaking bulk. When the water of the seas meet in that throat of land, New Orleans will be the Oriental front door to half of the states of our nation.

Canada and Argentina are contending with each other for the supremacy in the exportation of wheat to foreign markets, and the race is as close as the population battle which Milwaukee and Detroit have waged for the last forty years. The Dominion wheat, when brought to the headwaters of the Mississippi or shipped from Port Arthur through the great lakes and the Erie canal, will have an advantage over that of the grain shipped to the coast of a transcontinental rail haul can not hope to share.

Thus may the resurrection of a river strengthen the friendship and lessen the differences between the neighbor nations, by serving both with impartial benefits. Between the break current of the Saskatchewan and the headwaters of the Mississippi lies the richest wheat belt in the world. It would cost infinitely less than the amount congress proposes to expend on Panama to gridiron this great productive country, both in Canada and the states, with a Mars-like system of navigable inland waterways, binding the great lakes of Hudson bay, and the Baskatchewan to the Missouri, by which, irrespective of flag, the treasures of a continent would find release and the interests of a homogeneous people receive their due promotion.—Richard Lloyd Jones in Collier's Weekly.

Pointed Paragraph.
Any man who buys a mule is sure to have a kick coming.

Love knows nothing about philosophy, and it cares less.

After all, the easiest way to do a thing is to do it right.

What the world needs just now is men who talk less and say more.

There is no man so ignorant that can't learn something from him.

Popular ministers avoid touching sore spots of their congregations.

Other things are as scarce as the teeth of a hen-c rooster's, for instance.

When a woman gives a man a piece of her mind he doesn't appreciate the gift. Even a graceful man looks ridiculous when he attempts to pat himself on the back.

When a man is requested to foot a bill it always hurts his dignity worse than it hurts his coins.

A girl can never turn her mind to other things with any degree of contentment until after she has acquired a husband.—Chicago News.