

Early Showing of the Fall Silks, Dress Goods and Women's Tailored Wear

FASHIONABLE FABRICS—AUTHENTIC STYLES—UNLIMITED VARIETIES—MODERATE PRICES

Advance Showing of Highest Class Silks and Dress Goods

NEW ARRIVALS FOR FALL 1907

We are showing the largest and most beautiful array of the newest fabrics for the coming autumn that have ever been displayed in Omaha. Under our great light court are thousands of patterns of the reigning fall novelties in wool and silk fabrics.

Among the newest arrivals in Silks, we mention the latest ideas in Punjab, Shadow and Cameo patterns, as well as stripes and plaids—warp prints in novelty and floral patterns, pompadours and Louisines in checks or plain designs—the Cleopatra La Noblesse Silk in highly lustrous street and evening shades is a pronounced favorite.

BLACK TAFFETAS
36 inch Rustling Taffeta Silk, worth \$1.45 value, at yard..... **1.19**
30 inch Red Edge Taffeta, at yard..... **95c**
36 inch Peau de Soie, worth \$1.30 a yard, special, at yard..... **1.10**
36 inch Jap Silk, spot proof, Lyons' dye, special at yard..... **69c**

WHITE WASH SILKS
Our own importation, 27 and 36 inch width at yard..... **39c-49c-69c**

\$1 and \$1.50 Fall Silks at 69c
Our New York Silk buyer just expressed us a fine lot of high class fall silks, representing an assemblage of newest weaves and colorings:
Nearly all are sample pieces that a New York manufacturer closed out to us at one-half their value—27 inch real Rajahs—plain and fancy taffetas and Louisines, 2 and 3 tone Roman stripes, Radium Silks, swell tress Foulards, etc., worth \$1 and \$1.50 yard, at yd..... **69c**

Extreme Novelties in Dress Goods
Prominent among the highest grade wool fabrics are the new Croise, Ottoman, Epingle, Gros de Londres, Pekin Ombre, Ombre Miniature, Pekin Satin, Mille Rales, Panama Ombre, etc., brilliant assemblage of newest woolen fabrics, at yard..... **\$1 to \$3**
\$1.25 DRESS GOODS AT 59c YARD
A fine line of medium weight Dress Goods in a splendid variety of wool taffeta, chiffon, Panamas, Tamise and French Twills, plain, fancy and black weaves, worth up to \$1.25 a yard, at a yard..... **59c**
50c and 69c quality spring dress goods in weaves suitable for children's school and street dresses, etc., at yard..... **29c-39c**



THE FALL SUITS ARE STUNNING

Everyone is charmed with the new styles as they are revealed at Brandeis'. There's a sharp departure from the models of the past season. Our suit section on the second floor is an ideal place to view the styles.

Every woman expects to find the correct styles revealed first at Brandeis. Our own Paris representatives acted under our instructions and sent us a great many French model suits for fall which we now show in advance of most eastern houses. Many models are exclusive, all are authentic and every one is smart and distinctive in style.



A rich, brilliant shade of navy blue is a favorite here for the coming season. New York strongly favors it. Greens, light brown and manish mixtures all have their devotees.

New Skirts Are Graceful in Style and New Features Are Very Smart for Fall

There's more variety in Skirts than is usual—the modified flare is shown in most models—the folds at the bottom are noteworthy features—cluster side plaits and pin plaits are shown.

\$10-12.50 up to \$39
Have You Seen the New Automobile Coats, Traveling Coats and Rain Proof Coats?

Fitted and loose cravenette cloth coats, leather trimmed, also silk and satin long coats in checks, stripes and solid colors—warranted rain proof—prices are—

\$19-22.50 up to \$39

Fitted Coat Suits Lead in Favor for Early Autumn

A greater variety than usual marks the style range and everything from the most extreme French novelties to the most conventional suits seem prettier than ever this fall. Coat lengths vary from 24 to 42 inches—invisible stripes and plaids are shown in great array. We show ample lines at—

\$19.00, \$22.50, \$30.00, \$35.00 up to \$75.00

Misses' Suits for Fall are shown in a great assortment. The girlish styles are especially becoming.

This is one of the favorite styles for Autumn shown at Brandeis'.

BLANKETS and COMFORTS IN OUR BASEMENT

Silkolite, cretonne and saten covered comforters, filled with white sanitary cotton—tafted or sewed—full size, each..... **98c up to 450**
10-4, 11-4 and 12-4 sizes; white, gray, mottled, tan and fancy striped cotton blankets, finished like wool to prevent shedding of nap..... **59c to 275**
Gray and tan, medium, large and extra heavy blankets in 2 special lots, each..... **25c-35c** up to \$2 pr., each.....

THREE EXTRA SPECIALS IN BASEMENT
Two to five-yard length bleached sheeting, 2-yds. wide, equal to the 25c grade, at yard..... **15c**
45-inch bleached Pillow Case, equal to the Utica—splendid bargain, at yard..... **10c**
All our printed Summer Wash Goods, 10c and 15c dimities, lawns and batiste, all go at, yard..... **2c**

The Extreme Fall Novelties—Jewelry and Leather Goods

We are daily receiving the swagger novelties in women's leather belts, purses, French imported la Vallieres, bracelets, men's fine French shirt studs, chains, rings, cuff buttons and jewelry novelties of every description. The new things from abroad are always shown first at Brandeis'.

NEXT TUESDAY IS THE BIG SALE TINWARE FROM THE WRECKED WAREHOUSE OF PAXTON and GALLEGHER CO.

Do you remember that big sale of Graniteware a few weeks ago? It was the biggest of its kind the west ever knew. We gave big bargains, not only for a few hours but for days. Everybody got as much as they wanted. The bargains in Tinware are even bigger. Lots of bargains for all. **TINWARE—ALL KINDS, AT JUST A FRACTION OF ITS VALUE.**

Bought From a New York Importer At a Big Sacrifice—A Fine Lot of EMBROIDERIES

SKIRTINGS, FLOUNCINGS, CORSET COVER WIDTHS, ETC. Brand new lot of the finest of Swiss, nainsook and cambrie embroideries—exquisite and dainty patterns from the foremost mills of Switzerland on big bargain square—**THESE ARE ACTUALLY WORTH UP TO 76c YARD**..... **25c**

10c LACES AND INSERTINGS AT 3c YARD
New lots of very fine Vals and Torchons in Edgings and Insertions, two big bargain squares filled with these laces that are worth up to 10c a yard, in two lots Monday, at yard 5c and..... **3 1/2c**

18-INCH ALLOVER LACES AT 39c YARD
Vals, Nets and Fancy English Designs, as well as Cluny, Filet, Normandy Vals and Crochet effects, suitable for entire waists and worth in a regular way, up to \$1.00 a yard, high quality goods, at yard..... **39c**

NEW LOTS OF PURE IRISH LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS
In narrow and medium hemstitching, ladies' and men's sizes—all the regular 25c quality handkerchiefs—Monday special, each..... **12 1/2c**

WOMEN'S NECKWEAR
Dainty new neckwear in long ties, stocks, jabots, many hand embroidered, many cuff and collar sets and coat sets, worth as high as 60c each, at..... **15c**

UMBRELLAS
Gloria silk and English twill, ladies' and men's sizes—natural wool, gun metal, pearl and fancy metal handles—worth up to \$2.50, at..... **98c**

NEW FALL RUGS and CARPETS

In our new and beautifully appointed department on the 3rd floor, new store, Every day brings us the richest assortment of rugs and carpets, in the favorite designs for fall. We carry such a large line that we meet all requirements at once. We specially direct your attention to the most complete and carefully selected line of Wilton and Body Brussels Rugs in Omaha—all sizes are represented from the largest room size rugs to the little doorway styles. Prices are always moderate here.

0x12 Wilton Rugs—made of the finest yarns—soft, colorings, exclusive designs, at—**42.50**
0x12 Body Brussels Rugs—bright new patterns, floral and Oriental, at..... **19.00**
0x12 Body Brussels Rugs—best quality, all new patterns, at..... **30.00**
The best 8-3x10-6 size, at..... **27.50**
0x12 Brussels Rugs—Floral and Oriental effects—a splendid line at..... **12.98**
0x12 Sanford Axminster Rugs, new Oriental patterns, at each..... **25.00**
The 8-3x10-6 size at each..... **22.50**

SPECIALS IN LINEN DEPARTMENT—NEW BASEMENT
Extra fine all linen bleached pattern Table Cloth, new designs and cheap at \$4.00, Monday only, at..... **1.98**
Bleached and silver bleached Table Damask, wide widths and all pure linen, worth \$1.00 a yard, Monday, at yard..... **75c**
Large bleached Turkish Towels, 15c value, each..... **7 1/2c**

Next Tuesday You Can Save Many Dollars By Laying in a Stock of Tinware for Future Needs Watch Monday Evening Papers

Do you remember that big sale of Graniteware a few weeks ago? It was the biggest of its kind the west ever knew. We gave big bargains, not only for a few hours but for days. Everybody got as much as they wanted. The bargains in Tinware are even bigger. Lots of bargains for all. **TINWARE—ALL KINDS, AT JUST A FRACTION OF ITS VALUE.**

Newest Fall Designs..... Lace Curtains

In our drapery and lace curtain department in the daylight basement, we show the newest fall patterns in medium and high grade imported and domestic curtains. Nothing fresher in a room like new curtains. At our prices you can buy a very moderate outlay.

Corded Arabian Curtains—New arrivals, worth \$7.50 pair, go at pair..... **5**
Cluny Curtains—Rich, elegant patterns, worth up to \$5.00, go at pair..... **3.50**
Brussels Curtains—Very high grade effects, worth up to \$7, go at pair..... **5**
Imported Nottingham and Cable Net Curtains, worth up to \$4.50 pair, at..... **2.98**
Ruffled Fish Net Curtains—special for Monday's selling, at pair..... **1.10**
Ruffled Swiss Curtains—Exceptional bargains, worth \$1.00 pair, go at pair..... **75c**
Snow Flake Curtains—Worth to \$2.00 pair, go at pair..... **98c**
6-4 Table Covers—Regular price \$1.25, we mention this as an extra special, each..... **69c**

BRANDEIS 'BOSTON STORE' & SONS OMAHA

Have You Seen That Big Window Display of TINWARE from Paxton & Gallagher Co.? The Bargains are Wonderful

MOROCCO'S ROMANTIC RULER

A Man Strong and Feeble, Good and Bad, but Very Brave.

FOUGHT AGAINST RACE INSTINCTS

And Thereby Brought Down Hatred of Fanatical Moors Who Did Not See Through His Eyes.

TANGHER, Aug. 24.—A woman who has been much of the sultan of Morocco, Abi el Aziz, "The Beloved," says that personally his appearance is very striking, yet he is not a tall man, but rather short, short-necked and approaching dangerously near to embonpoint. But he has such dignity and distinction, such an air of imperial yet genial pride, such instinctive command, that he would be recognized in a crowd as one born in the purple and accustomed to homage of an unusual description. Moreover, in spite of his monastic retirement and seclusion and the feyness of those he meets from outside, he never descends to familiarity with his intimates, never allows them to forget that he is "My Lord the Sultan," and they his servants or subjects; Abi el Aziz never doff the grand manner. But for it all the quality of him is most striking. Thus there is one of him that is a great scholar, learned in all the abstruse questions that distinguish Arabic literature and Persian thought. For instance, the German ambassador to his court quoted wrongly in a conversation a line from one of the rare old Arabic books he had brought from the sultan from his master, William the Second of Germany. Abi el Aziz, unconsciously, almost, repeated the line as it is written, in that beautiful classical Arabic that hardly anyone in Morocco speaks. The beloved covers his head in the Moorish fashion, but the concealing folds that encircle his head do not hide away the beautiful modelling of his brows, nor the delicate outline of the eyebrows and nose. The eyes are large, long and luminous, filled with that melancholy anticipation we see in Van Dyck's portrait of King Charles—the knowledge of suffering, and who

IRISH WELCOME IN THE RAIN

Charles Battell Loomis Drips in on Strangers.

HOT TRIP IN A JAUNTING CAR

Yankee Humorist Has a Taste of the Hospitality of Ireland and Also of Its Weather—A Warm Welcome.

(Copyright, 1907, by W. G. Chapman.)
LONDON, Aug. 24.—Irish hospitality, I have often heard the term used, but I did not suppose that I should get such convincing evidence of it within twelve hours of my arrival at this northern port. This is to be straightforward relation of what happened to some half dozen Americans, strangers to each other a week ago, and strangers to all Ireland upon arrival. In detail it is somewhat unusual, but in spirit I am sure it is characteristic of what might have befallen good Americans in any one of the four provinces. To be dumped into the tender that came down the Foyle to meet the Calendonia at Moville at the chilly hour of 2 in the morning seemed at the time a hardship. We had wanted to see the green hills of old Ireland and here were blackness and blackness and crowded humanity! But the loading process was long drawn out and when at last we began our ascent of the Foyle there were indubitable symptoms of morning in the eastern skies, and we saw that our entrance into the tender was like the entrance of early ones into a theatre before the lights are turned up. After a while the curtain is lifted and the scenic glories are revealed to eyes that have developed a proper amount of eagerness and receptivity. **Top of the Mornin'.** With the first steps of day a young Irishman returning to his native land mounted a seat and recited an apostrophe. "The top of the mornin' to ye," and then a man lifting suddenly, Ireland, dewily green and soft and fair, lay revealed before our appreciative eyes. The sun when he really began his morning pushwork painted the trees and grasses in more vivid greens, but there

was a suggestiveness of early spring in the first soft tones that was fully valued by eyes that had been used to leaden skies for more than half the days of the voyage. But I am no poet to paint landscapes on newspaper, so we will consider ourselves landed and furnished with a few hours of necessary sleep, and anxious to begin our adventures. Our party consisted of half a dozen whose itineraries were to run in parallel for a time. There were four ladies and two of us were men. One of the men had to come to Ireland on business and he found he had awaiting him an invitation to lunch that day with a country gentleman with whom he had corresponded on business matters. As the one least strange to the country this American had tendered his good offices, American fashion, to the ladies who would be traveling without male companions after we left them, and so he despatched a messenger with a note to the effect that he must regretfully decline, and stating his reasons for so doing. While we were loitering at the hotel a return note came to him, this time from the good man's wife, cordially asking that we all come and have afternoon tea. Here was a chance to see an Irish household that was hailed with delight by all, a delight that was not appreciative of the warmth of the invitation. To be dumped into the tender that came down the Foyle to meet the Calendonia at Moville at the chilly hour of 2 in the morning seemed at the time a hardship. We had wanted to see the green hills of old Ireland and here were blackness and blackness and crowded humanity! But the loading process was long drawn out and when at last we began our ascent of the Foyle there were indubitable symptoms of morning in the eastern skies, and we saw that our entrance into the tender was like the entrance of early ones into a theatre before the lights are turned up. After a while the curtain is lifted and the scenic glories are revealed to eyes that have developed a proper amount of eagerness and receptivity. **Tea and Jaunting Cars.** But our friend said: "Don't let clothes stand between us and this thing. I'm sure this lady will be glad to welcome us as Americans, and for my part I never reflect credit on my tailor and people never clamor for his address when they see me. As for you ladies, I'd think any man of mine honored by such fetching gowns, if that's the proper term. I'm going to write her that we're coming just as we are." So he sent another messenger out into the country—telephones seemed as scarce as snakes here—saying, well, he used a good assortment of words and arranged them worthily. The two young girls of the party clamored for jaunting cars, and so two were ordered for a o'clock. One of them had red cushions and was as glittering in its glass and gold as a circus wagon. My friend in ordering this one said to the "jarvey" (by the way, they call them

drivers in this part of Ireland, but Jarvey has always seemed so delightfully Irish that I prefer to stick to it). "Get another car as nice as this." "Sure, there's none as nice as this," said he, pride forcing the confession; "but I'll get a good one." It was a beautiful day except for the extreme heat—and yet they say it always rains in Ireland. I felt that it must be exceptional and said to the waiter at lunch: "I suppose it is unusual to have such weather as this?" "Sure, every day is like this," said he with patriotic mendacity. When the jaunty jaunting cars drew up a little before 4 o'clock there were portentous black clouds in the sky, but Jarvey assured us that they were there more for looks than anything else—that there might be a matter of a split or two, but that we'd have a fine afternoon. So we mounted the sides of the cars and holding on to the polished rails we set out bravely on our way, little witting what a wetting all Ireland was soon to have. In a half hour or so we would be walking over Irish lawns and admiring Irish lace, as they do the forms of gaily clad femininity gathered for sociability and tea alongside the rhododendrons and tueshia bushes. A few drops of rain fell, but the wind was south and we seemed to be going east. "Isn't this gay?" called the young girls as we jiggled along in holiday mood. Suddenly a silver bolt of jagged lightning started the sky to the south and almost instantaneously a peal of thunder that sounded as if it had been born and bred on Connecticut hills, so loud was it, told us that the people living to the south of us were going to get wet. And then we came to a bend in the road and turned south. "Ah, 'twill be nothin'," said our driver in answer to a question. To give up what one has undertaken is a poor way of playing a game, and we were all for going on. "It's not far," said the jarvey, but this was a sort of truth that depended on what he was comparing the distance with. It was not so far as Dublin, for instance, but 'twas far enough as the event proved. We put up our cravens, hoisted what umbrellas we had and gave the blankets an extra tucking in, and after that—the deluge! Bang, kerrash! A bolt from heaven fol-

lowed by a bolt from each horse. A sort of echo, as it were. The drivers reined them in and ours started to seek shelter under a tree. As I sometimes read the newspapers when at home I told our driver to keep in the open. The lightning now became more and more frequent and was so close that we let go our hold on the brass rails, preferring to pitch out rather than act as conductor on a jaunting car—such things as conductors being unknown anywhere. **Pleasures of the Drive.** It was terrifying, and to add to my discomfort I found I was sitting in a pool of water, the rain having an Irish insauitiveness about it that was irresistible. And now, just to show us what could be got from short notice for American visitors it began to hail and the wind blew it in long white, slanting winterlike lines across the air and into our faces, and the roads having become little brooks the horses had to be urged to the driver's utmost of threats and cajolery. I thought of that water who had told me it was always sunny in Ireland and I wished him out in the pelting storm. "I've not seen the like in twenty years," said the driver. To go back was to get the storm in fuller fury, for the wind had shifted. To go ahead was to arrive like drowned rats, but we were anxious for shelter, and still the driver said: "It's not far," and so we went on. I have been in many places in all sorts of weathers, but in years since I've been out in such a storm. The hailstones were not as large as hen's eggs, but they were as large as French peas. There was not a dry stitch on us, and the red of the gay cushion went through to my skin. My cravenette treacherously refused to let the water depart from me, but shed it on the wrong side—which may be an Irish bluff for all I know. "Here we are now, sorr," said our driver as he turned in at a beautiful driveway. A winding drive of a minute or two and we arrived like wet hens—all of us—at the house of these people, who had never heard of us until that day. **Welcome to an Irish Home.** But the warmth of the welcome from our host and hostess, who came out to the door to greet us, made us not only glad we had come, but even glad we were wet. Had there been the least stiffness we should have washed the storm off enough (and, indeed, all Ireland did wish it, for it turned out to be the most tremendous

thunder and hail storm in a score or more of years), but our new found friends frankly laughed with us at our funny appearance and we were hurried off to various rooms to change our clothes. Our protestations of regret at putting them to trouble were met with protestations of delight at being able to serve, and as my host brought me some ungarments that had been made for a man of three times my size and I wrapped them round and round me until they were giddy, I was glad I had not turned back to spend a damp afternoon in a lonely hotel. The rest of the party found well in getting clothes that became them, but when I was fully dressed I looked like Francis Wilson in "Ermeline." As I turned up my sleeves and triple turned up my trousers I knew I would be good for a laugh in any theater in Christendom. There was but one thing to do—go down and look unconscious of my misfit appearance. It would never do to stay in my room through a mistaken sense of personal dignity. So I went down and, meeting host and hostess and my compatriots, a laugh went up that would have broken the ice in a Pittsburgh millionaire's drawing room. And then we were taken to the tea room and in a few minutes I forgot that I was no longer the glass of fashion and the mould of form, for I was made to feel that I was just a friend who had dropped in (or perhaps dripped in would be better), and when a couple of hours later we drove home through the soft Irish verdure, doubly green after its rough but luscious bath, we all felt that Irish hospitality was no mere traveler's tale, but a thing that had intensely and not a little emotion in it. **CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS.**

MEN ARE OFF CONSTRUCTION

Some Portions of Work Largely Completed and Men Are Laid Off.
PANAMA, Aug. 24.—The number of men employed in the various divisions of building, construction, municipal work and engineering of the Panama canal has been reduced by 25 per cent because the appropriation is less this year than last, and also because the work in these divisions is largely completed. The reduction affects about 1,500 men. **Bee Want Ads Are Business Boosters.**