

Beginning Wednesday, September 1st, Store remains open daily until 6 p. m., Saturday 10 p. m. If you shop in more than one department ask clerk for a transfer.

Linen Tailored Waists In All The New Fall Styles

BRANDEIS STORES

The Brandeis Stores Are Ready With Authentic Fall, 1909, Models

WOMEN'S TAILORED SUITS WOMEN'S FALL TAILORED COATS SEPARATE WALKING SKIRTS

The Brandeis Stores make it possible for the women of Omaha to procure the newest and exclusive models for the season at exactly the same time they are on display in Paris and New York—the world fashion centers.

A Word About the Suits

These suits present the long, straight, narrow lines, but vary decidedly from last season's models as a whole. The coats extend below the knee and the favorite materials are Herringbones, Hopsacking worsteds, also tweeds, diagonal serges. The skirts have the new kilt pleats with a tendency to overdrape. The new autumn shades are exceedingly beautiful.

The prices are a very attractive feature—\$25, \$35, \$39, \$49 and \$98.

Practical Smart Fall and Winter Coats

This year's coats are bound to become very popular because they are so swagger and practical—in both nobby mixtures and plain cloths.

They are long and smartly tailored. We show many style innovations, including, of course, Motor Coats.

Range of prices—\$22.50, \$25.00, \$29.00 and \$37.00.

The New Autumn Tailored Skirts

The skirts have enough of that dash and vim to make separate skirts very popular. The new kilt pleats and the overdrape skirts are absolutely new. We show all colors and blacks, including gray and striped hopespuns.

Prices are \$5.00, \$7.50, \$10.00, \$15.00 to \$25.00.

Be sure and see the new "Moyen Age" dresses, the ultra fashionable. (Second Floor)

The Brandeis Stores--First in Everything

Our facilities for both buying and selling merchandise are so complete and perfect that it is always possible to present the newest and best of everything, and at prices as low as the same goods can be purchased in any of the largest cities.

MAXIMUM QUALITY FOR MINIMUM PRICES—We also give you the best service, provide for your comfort and safety, and if we should make such a thing as a mistake, you will do us an injustice if you do not permit us to rectify it at once.

These are the reasons the Brandeis stores are the largest in the west.

30c Embroideries 15c 18-inch fine embroidery flouncings, skirtings and corset cover widths, wide insertions and beadings, also 20-inch allovers and waist frontings, fine nainsook and cambric—all choice new designs—worth up to 30c a yard, at, yd. 15c

French and German Laces New shipment fine French and German val laces and insertions—choice, new designs—many to match—1/2 to 1 1/2 inches wide; values actually up to 12 1/2c a yard— at, yd. 5c

Milanese Silk Gloves Elbow length, extra heavy Milanese silk gloves, double finger tips—black, white and all colors—worth up to \$1.50, at, yd. 39c

Venise Lace Dutch Collars Fine imported Irish crochet and point Venise Lace Dutch Collars—special, at, each— 50c, 75c and 98c New Rat Tail Silk Braided Allover Laces—black, white and all the new fall shades, at, yd. \$1.98 New Rat Tail Silk Braided Bands—3 inches wide—all new fall shades, at, yd. 39c

Umbrellas at 59c Women's, men's and children's rainproof and sunproof umbrellas—American taffetas, twilled serge, silk finished mercozerized—best quality paragon frames— plain and fancy 59c handles, each....

India Linons' Nearly 1/2 Price A spot cash purchase of 872 full pieces enables us to offer the greatest sale ever held on India Linons in Omaha. Never before have such fine India Linons been sold so cheaply. All the regular 25c India Linons— at, yd. 14c All the regular 22c India Linons— at, yd. 12 1/2c All the regular 20c India Linons— at, yd. 10c All the regular 15c India Linons— at, yd. 7 1/2c All the regular 10c India Linons— at, yd. 5c In the Basement

Sale of Domestic No Such Stock—No such variety of fine ginghams at a modest price can be found elsewhere. Stripes, plaids, checks and plain shades—an assortment without an equal for school dresses, waists, one-piece dresses, petticoats, etc.—Monday, at, yd. 7 1/2c and 10c Good, heavy grade soft shaker and canton flannels—on bargain square, at, yd. 5c Eight bales unbleached muslin—all day Monday, yd. 2 1/2c Duckling fleece flannels, Swansdown and Velvet flannels—prettiest patterns ever shown for dressing sacques, waists, etc., yd. 10c Soft finished long cloth—a rare bargain for Monday—long mill lengths, at, yd. 5c In the Basement

Fine Linens at Little Prices Extra fine all pure linen napkins—regular dinner size—worth \$1, at, dozen \$1.88 Extra heavy double damask linen napkins—4 size—worth \$2, at, dozen \$1.59 Fine imported mercerized napkins—\$1 quality, at, dozen \$1.59 Heavy cream table damask—all new patterns—full 72 inches wide—best \$1 value, at, yd. 75c 75c imported German mercerized table damask—beautiful patterns, at, yd. \$1.59 \$2.00 all pure linen hemstitched table damask—beautiful patterns—very special, each \$1.59 Linen Huck Towels—Regularly \$2.25 a dozen, at, yd. \$1.59 500 Fancy linen pieces—scarves, shams, lunch cloths, etc.—worth up to \$1.25, at, each—.89c In the Basement

New Fall Lace Curtains Duchess Curtains, in Ivory and ecru—plain and figured centers, mounted on double net, at, pair, \$5.00 up to \$10.00 Marie Antoinette Curtains in white and Arab— all new patterns— at, pair, \$3.50 up to \$7.50 Serim Curtains, rimmed with cluny and fllet lace, at, pair, \$2.98 up to \$4.50 Brussels net curtains, we are showing a complete line, at, pair, \$2.98 up to \$4.50 Pilet net curtains, in Arab and Ivory, newest pattern and oddest thing about London is the plug hat. In no other country of Europe, and in no place in the United States is the high black hat so common. Some way the plug hat, which with us is the banner of a cheap politician, is supposed in England to be the sign and index of a gentleman. So all persons who consider themselves gentlemen, wear black ties. Moreover, they are like "hot cross buns," in that you "give them to your sons." Little boys from ten or a dozen years old, who go to fashionable schools, wear plug hats and wide-starched collars and long trousers. But, strange to say, the rise of the man who has the price of a high hat has made the stovepipe so common that the gentleman is no longer distinguished from those whom he is pleased to consider the inferior to his feet. And any morning the bus tops are filled with men going to honest toil, adorned with black chimney caps. With us, it is bad form to wear a plug hat in the morning, and it is worse for us to wear it with a sack coat. But here the plug hat is worn all day, and with any kind of a coat the wearer can afford. And so keen is the desire for social distinction that bank messengers, who are compelled to wear brass buttons and dark blue or dark green or dark wine-colored coats, don high black stovepipes and fancy that these hide their liveries. The desire to be considered "somebody" socially is the master passion of hundreds of thousands of people; and to that passion its possessors sacrifice comfort, good sense and happiness. So on business and in little compartments on the train, and in the street, it is rare that you find a group of Englishmen talking if they are strangers. The lower classes fear to intrude upon the higher and the higher fear that they will contaminate themselves by speaking to the lower, and as all wear plug hats and badly fitting clothes, no one knows anyone else's station, and no one seems sure of his own. Therefore they sit in solemn silence, where with us, the lawyer from Denver would be telling the Chicago broker the "new one" that the suit

Specials in Carpet Department 9x12 Axminster Rugs—New floral and oriental patterns—\$30.00 value—\$19.98 9x12 Wilton Velvet Rugs—New patterns—a rug for service and durability—\$39.00 value—\$19.98 for 9x12 Brussels Rug—All new patterns—\$16.50 value for—\$10.50 9x12 Brussels Rug—Highest quality—floral and oriental patterns—always sold at \$24.00, at \$17.98 THIRD FLOOR.

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CLEANING UP LARAMIE CITY An Old-Timer's Story of the Vigilante Days. WEST'S BIGGEST HANGING PARTY Town Surrounded and Gamblers and Crooks Killed in Cold Blood—Two of Them Died Game. HELENA, Mon., Aug. 23.—"It ain't like it used to be out west. In the old days we didn't have them kind of scum to fool with," said the old-time peace officer reminiscingly as he tipped his chair back in the police station and jerked his head at two strong arm men who were being led back to the cells. "Times has quieted down," he continued. "Now you take Miles. I saved there seven years during the early '80s when the Texas trail herds was comin' through. Them southern punchers painted the town red after being on the road for months and it kept up pretty lively. There are some other bad places, but the worst town I ever seen was Laramie City, Wyo., as they called it then. "It was in the spring of '88 I hit Cheyenne with some pretty good letter in my pocket and I caught on with the sheriff there. I'd only been around a few days when a prizefighter was killed at Laramie and the sheriff sent me up to investigate. I buried the corpse and investigated. Then I got orders to remain. The railroad was building through Laramie and it was the worst hell I ever seen. Criminals came there from all over the world. The vigilantes in Montana drove some bad ones out who flocked to Laramie. All the gamblers and sure thing gamblers, horse thieves and such came like buzzards to a water hole in the spring time. "I soon found I couldn't run things alone. They was too many for me. When I was havin' a dispute at one end of town they was raisin' hell at the other. "I had a standin' offer of \$100 a month and chuck for an assistant. Finally a fellow named Rody Power blew in and said he'd take it. That Rody Power was a dandy. At the end of three weeks Rody had planted twenty-one men, killin' some desperadoes with every sunset, but his twenty-first man nearly cost him his life. "Rody had arrested a hanger-on who was tryin' to kill his woman, and Rody nearly beat the life out of him. The jail in them days was a no count affair and this fellow

had a gun slipped into him and said he was goin' to kill Rody. The man that gave the prisoner the gun told Rody. He marches up to the jail, throws open the door and begins shootin'. The man dropped dead with his gun in his hands. "Enemies said we were assassinatin' people and the vigilantes got after Rody. I heard of it, gave Rody the best horse I had and he hiked. That left me shy. The vigilantes wouldn't help and I had to resort to extreme measures. About a month later a committee waits on me and says while they appreciate my work, if I don't leave they'll burn the town down. They calls me a 'destructive element,' who was hurtin' the camp. "Very well gentlemen, I says, 'I'll go, but when you call on me I won't return.' "I went up the road 'bout eighteen miles and gets a contract pressin' hay. A week later a hiker's letter comes for me to come back. At the end of three weeks I got two more, which I tore up. A few days later and a fellow on horseback comes to my cabin with a message from the chief of the vigilantes. "Friend Bill," he writes, "if you want recompense for all your sufferin's come to Laramie tomorrow at 6 o'clock. A train-load of vigilantes is comin' to make this a moral town." "I went down to see the doin's. I'm under oath, Bill," the chief of the vigilantes tells me when I ask him the next day about the plan, "but there's 600 men comin' on the train." "He wants to give me a gun, sayin' one's not enough, but I tells him they drove me out of camp once an' I won't take no part in festivities. "At 5:30 o'clock that evening while I'm at the depot a train comes slippin' along with "lights on" and "lights all out." Out from the town a little ways men begin to drop off in twos and threes, all armed. More get off where I am. In about five minutes a chain picket is thrown around Laramie, and the shootin' begins. "In big bunches the vigilantes went from gambin' hell to dance hall. Local members plunk out the bad uns. Poker tables are left with dead men holdin' cards and faro dealers is killed with their pockets bulgin' with money which they stuffed in when they heard the racket. Pretty soon the pickets begin drivin' back pore devils who tried to get out of town. "Some of those Vigilantes were as bad as the men they killed. In the dance halls they shot some of the women who were on the stage. Killed 'em out of pure devility. Say, did you ever hear of them rabbit drives in Washington; they had a man drive in Laramie that night. "I was with a gang that went into one

joint where they found the leader of the toughs. Warner—he was driven out of Helena by the Vigilantes and came to Laramie. He was standin' on a poker table lookin' white and sick when we came in. "He spots me and sings out: 'Save me, Bill,' says me Bill, and I'll go back to St. Joe and look after my wife and kids.' Just then the guns begin to spit and he keels over with a gurgling sound. "Where Bill?—I asks the Vigilantes, gettin' ready to shoot. I keeps still. I wouldn't save Warner no way. You see this?" and the old man took off his hat and disclosed a long scar where the hair and part of the scalp had been chiseled away. "He gave me this when I arrested him one time." The speaker paused for awhile. "Big Steve, we called him," he resumed in a softer tone, glancing about him. "He was a big hearted fellow. Always smilin' and jokin' and lendin' his money to poor people. There was a kid, I remember, who was slowly dyin'. He'd watch the trains goin' east every day. Steve was at the station one day when he caught the boy brushin' away his tears. "That kid was plain for home. Steve finds out where his home is, buys him a ticket and gives him fifty dollars. Then he hurries away. "I told him if he didn't break away from the crowd he was trillin' with the vigilantes would get him some day. He just laughs. "That's all right, Steve," I says. "You think 'cause you're on the square they won't tech you. They'll hang you, too. Well, you'll die with your boots on anyway," I concludes. "Bet you I don't die with my boots on," he replies. "When the slaughter begins that night Steve must have remembered what I tol' him. The gang sees him streakin' into a shanty. When I got there they was jus' takin' him out. "One minute, gentlemen," he pipes out when he sees me at the door. He squatted on the floor and yanked off his boots. "Let us proceed with this little drama now," he says as chipper as you please. Steve died like a gentleman. "When the affair first began the vigilantes shot their men first and then hanged them afterward. This soon got dreary and they let the men lie where they fell. When mornin' came there was hardly a pane of glass left in the town. "Along about 10 o'clock a train came 'n with about 500 tie cutters and graders, who had some old scores to settle. They was put on the picket and the roundup continued. An old man whose son had been

WHERE THE TALL HAT REIGNS Kansas Pilgrim Takes a Peep at Londoners in Stovepipes and Sack Coats. William Allen White of the Emporia (Kan.) Gazette concludes his observations of the British capital with this picture of the Londoners and their clothes: To an American, green from the great plains, where there is no insignia of rank, the most oddest thing about London is the plug hat. In no other country of Europe, and in no place in the United States is the high black hat so common. Some way the plug hat, which with us is the banner of a cheap politician, is supposed in England to be the sign and index of a gentleman. So all persons who consider themselves gentlemen, wear black ties. Moreover, they are like "hot cross buns," in that you "give them to your sons." Little boys from ten or a dozen years old, who go to fashionable schools, wear plug hats and wide-starched collars and long trousers. But, strange to say, the rise of the man who has the price of a high hat has made the stovepipe so common that the gentleman is no longer distinguished from those whom he is pleased to consider the inferior to his feet. And any morning the bus tops are filled with men going to honest toil, adorned with black chimney caps. With us, it is bad form to wear a plug hat in the morning, and it is worse for us to wear it with a sack coat. But here the plug hat is worn all day, and with any kind of a coat the wearer can afford. And so keen is the desire for social distinction that bank messengers, who are compelled to wear brass buttons and dark blue or dark green or dark wine-colored coats, don high black stovepipes and fancy that these hide their liveries. The desire to be considered "somebody" socially is the master passion of hundreds of thousands of people; and to that passion its possessors sacrifice comfort, good sense and happiness. So on business and in little compartments on the train, and in the street, it is rare that you find a group of Englishmen talking if they are strangers. The lower classes fear to intrude upon the higher and the higher fear that they will contaminate themselves by speaking to the lower, and as all wear plug hats and badly fitting clothes, no one knows anyone else's station, and no one seems sure of his own. Therefore they sit in solemn silence, where with us, the lawyer from Denver would be telling the Chicago broker the "new one" that the suit

Lake drummer," told him last week, while the whole smoker laughed until the Kansas City commission man asked if they had "heard the one about the Jew who wanted his life insured." The English miss a lot of fun by stocking for their social rights. And you would think that men who set such store by being social somebodies would wear clothes to fit the part. But the Englishmen are the worst dressed male animals on earth. Far be it from this department, who never shrinks at wearing anything Sam Rosenfield puts on him; for he is from him to set himself up as a glass of fashion. And yet he would not wear the clothes these English wear if he lost the advertising of the Star Clothing house in the Gazette for a year. And what's more, Sam Rosenfield hasn't a suit in his stock as badly "set" as these English clothes. We went out one day to a clothes show—the Horn-Harrow cricket match. All the swells of England were there—and as it was an invitation affair, no one else was there but lords and earls and dukes and honorables, and the face cards of the deck. And such others! They wore for coats three-button, "cut-away" jackets that hung up in the neck, wadded under the arms, wrinkled across the back and bulged out in front like the breast-bone of a chicken. Underneath these coats they wore fancy vests that creased across the front, and shirts that didn't fit any place. The undershirt is no dude. He gives little thought to raiment, but he would die of mortification with an English tailor's clothes on, and pull them off and walk easily and nonchalantly around in his underwear.

Indian Girl on Cent. A correspondent of the New York Times tells this story of the head of the Indian girl on the cent. "In Philadelphia lives a child, 6 or 8 years of age, by the name of Sarah Longacre, whose father was a fine engraver, and held official relations in the government, and was employed at the mint. A delegation of Indians came from the far northwest to pay a visit to Washington and call upon the president. Thence they proceeded to Philadelphia and were invited to the house of Mr. Longacre. One of the chiefs was attracted to little Sarah, and in sport took of his headdress and placed it on her head, and she stood before the company in this peculiar garb. Some one of the company sketched her on the spot, and handed the product of his artistic skill to her father. The engraved sketch went into competition for the honor of a place on the cent, just being coined, and Uncle Sam accepted the face of the American girl with the Indian headdress. In the Parlor. "They praise the man in this house for being so handy," said the Door, "but he has me all unblinded." "He gives me a pane," ejaculated the Window. "He simply unstrung me," said the Blind. "He's got me all out of shape," complained the Curtain. "He took altogether the wrong tack with me," sneered the Carpet. "Why don't you do as I do, and just take a stand?" asked the table. "It is well for you to talk, but my wrinkles are deep-seated ones," sobbed the Chair. "I have an idea," burst out the Clock. "Let's go on a strike."—Baltimore American. Quick Action for Your Money—You get that by using The Bee advertising columns.

COAL—AT CUT PRICES We announce to the public that we are now ready to deliver your winter's coal. Our hard coal is the genuine Scranton and of the very best quality. Our soft coal cannot be beat, as the enormous amount of different kinds we handled last winter enables us to choose the best for our customers. We have fresh coal coming in every day and can furnish you any quantity you desire. Remember, we save you from 50c to \$5.00 on every ton. Why? Because we sell for cash, we own our own place, we own our teams, we do our own work, we have no uptown office carrying heavy rent and pay roll. This is why we can save you from 50c to \$1.50 per ton. We positively guarantee quality and quantity. One trial will convince you. All our coal is under cover; our yard is within walking distance. We invite every one to pay us a visit and inspect our coal. ROSENBLATT'S CUT PRICE COAL COMPANY Both 'Phones—1223 Nicholas Street.