

Choice of Our \$1 Parasols at 39c ea.
This includes Pongees, taffetas, mercerized, embroidered, braided, ruffled and tucked borders—ladies' and misses'—clearing sale price, main floor.

39c

Women's \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50 Drawers
Lace or embroidery trimmed, cambric and muscotte, at—

69c

Women's Colored Waist Slips
They are well made, and worth 60c, last day clearance, at—

25c

Women's 50c-75c Imported Hose, 25c
Our entire stock of broken lots, where we have not a complete assortment of sizes—in French lisle, silk embroidered, all over lace and lace boot patterns—mercerized, full fashioned, double lisle and 15c, the sole's clearing sale price, on main floor, per pair.

25c

All Silk Taffeta and Silk Mes-saline Ribbon
Also double faced, checked taffeta, 5 in. clear wide, worth 25c at, yd.—

15c

Men's Fine Im-ported and Seam-less Hosiery
Fancy silk embroidered mercerized lisle, etc., at, pair 12 1/2c and—

19c

Women's and Misses' 25c Girdle Corsets at 10c Each
All sizes, with hose supporter attachments; on sale in basement, clearing sale price.

10c

Women's Fine Neckwear
New Dutch and Middy Col-lars, in crochot, Venise and fancy lace effects, new ja-bots, side frill effects, etc.—worth up to 75c, at—

15c and 25c

Women's Union Suits
Women's lace trimmed umbrella style, also cuff knee gauze union suits—worth up to 75c each—in basement, at

49c and 25c

Fast Black Seamless Hose
Women's and children's fast black seamless hose, worth up to 19c a pair; in basement, pr.

10c

Leather Belts
All the men's and boys leather belts, that sold up to 25c; clearing sale price—in basement at,

5c

Sunbonnets
Light colored sun bonnets—regular 15c and 25c values; final clearance—in basement at, each.

5c

Men's Summer Shirts
All the men's summer shirts, formerly sold at 50c each—clearing sale price as long as they last; base-ment, each.

10c

Val. and Torchon Laces
Fine Val. and torchon laces, sold always at 5c and 7 1/2c a yard; basement,

2c

Bed Spreads
Fringed and scalloped Mar-selles pattern bed spreads, worth \$2.00, at,

98c

Final Day Specials
All our Women's Lines 2-piece Jacket Suits that have been selling up to \$10.00—Saturday, at—

\$3.50

Children's Gowns—Pretti-ly tucked and embroidered trimmed, that we have been selling at 25c up to 50, each, at—

15c

All our Children's 50c Chambray and Gingham Rompers—Special Satur-day clearance price, at—

25c

All our Children's \$1.00 Dresses, in gingham and percale and chambray—Your choice Saturday, at—

59c

BRANDEIS STORES

Saturday is Positively the Last Day of Our GRAND CLEARING SALE

The last and greatest bargains of this wonderful clearing sale are offered Saturday. Prices are again reduced and every department will offer midsummer goods at prices lower than ever before in Omaha's history. It will be an overwhelming bargain event that every Omaha women should attend. Saturday is your last chance to profit by these bargains.

Women's Low Shoes
Main Floor—Old Store
Women's \$3.50 and \$4 up-to-date Pumps and Oxfords, at. **\$2.39**
Women's practical \$3 Pumps and Oxfords; Special Saturday, pair. **\$1.95**
Women's 2-eyest Cravenette \$3.50 Oxfords—at, **\$1.95**

All the sample lines of Women's Oxfords and Ankle Strap Pumps, worth up to \$3.00 a pair—bargain square, at. **\$1.59**

Boys' and Children's Shoes
Boys' \$3.00 Oxfords; black and tan at. **\$2.00**
Boys' \$2.50 Oxfords, at. **\$1.75**
Little Boys' \$1.50 and \$1.75 Oxfords; sizes 9 to 13 1/2—per pair, now at. **\$1.00**
Little Boys' \$2.25 Oxfords, at. **\$1.75**
Misses' \$2.00 Mat Calf Ankle Strap Pumps, pair. **\$1.25**

YOUR CHOICE OF 1,200 BEAUTIFUL Lingerie Waists
Worth up to \$5.00 Each, at **\$1.50**

These waists are new in every respect and are the prettiest styles of the season—high and low necks, lace and embroidery trimmed, long and short sleeves—odd lots and sizes of fine waists that have sold up to \$5 each.

Fine Lot of Women's Turn Over Collar and Dutch Neck Waists
Prettily lace and embroidery trimmed—cool and dainty styles for summer wear, your choice at. **88c**



Last Day Specials
Your Choice of All Our Women's Tailored Suits, that we have been selling up to \$12.00, now at—

\$7.50

Your Choice of All Our Women's Long Sleeve Coats, that we have been selling up to \$10.00, Saturday, at—

\$5.00

Your Choice of All Our Women's Colored Lawn and Swiss Dresses—have been selling up to \$10, now at—

\$5.00

Choice of All Our Women's Black Taffeta Coats—worth up to \$10, will go at, Saturday, at—

\$5.00

Final Clearance of Jewelry and Leather Goods
Women's Finest Patent Leather Calf Belts, in black and red. They are worth up to \$1.00 each—at, each.

50c-69c

The John Mehl Celebrated Hand Sewed Bags, in fine seal, leather lined, four fine fit-tings, worth \$5—at.

\$3.00

All our Imported Fancy Belt Pins that have been selling up to \$5—your choice at.

\$2.00

All our Fancy Belt Pins and Pearl Cuff Links, that sold up to 50c—at.

15c

All the Doran Beauty Pins, three on a card, warranted to wear—at, each.

15c

Special Basement Bargain
All the odd pieces of silver, in spoons, nut picks and cracks, sugar shells and butter knives at, each.

5c

BRANDEIS STORES

J. O. King's 200 thread, white and black, numbers; dot. **19c**

Buttonhole Scissors—notion Dept. pair—

15c

35c Skirt Mark-ers, clearing sale price, in notion Dept.—

10c

Wooden Coat Hangers, no-tion Dept.; 3 for—

5c

500-yd spool of "Penny" basting thread—notion Dept.—

3 1/2c

Tension Shears, Ing. worth 75c—notion Dept.—

25c

Hat and Bonnet Wire, white and all colors; Flat or round, notion Dept. bolt—

5c

Dress Forms for waist, complete—size 33 to 40 bust, notion Dept.—

\$2.98

Elastic Web 1 1/2 inches wide—10c grade, no-tion Dept. at, yd.—

5c

Hair Rolls; big, fluffy, wash-able rolls—sold every-where at 50c—notion Dept.—

49c

Women's Irish Hand Embroidered Initial Handkerchiefs
Narrow hemstitched, plain and cross barred, white and colored initials—worth 20c; main floor, at,

10c

\$1.25 Bath Rugs at 49c
Extra large floral and tile pattern bath rugs—49c all colors, at, each.

\$2 Table Cloths at \$1.19
Fine hemstitched table cloths, 8-10 size—regular \$2.00 values, at, each.

\$1.19

Hosiery at 15c
Fine allover lace and lace boots—black, tan and fancy colors; also misses', boys' and children's rib-bed hose, etc., at, pr.

15c

"M" Waist Union Suits
Summer gauze, low neck, knee length; main floor, at, each.

39c

Japanese hand drawn scarfs and lunch cloths; values up to \$3.00, at, each.

98c

Children's gauze vests and pants—main floor, at, each.

9c

500 high grade business cards—very latest type styles—Saturday only.

\$1

Card case free with 100 vis-iting cards Satur-day only.

29c

HOBBOING FOR ADVENTURE

Thousands of Young Men Tramp the Country for the Fun of It.

TRIALS OF BRAKEBEAM TOURISTS

Hobo Who Slept While Riding the Rods—Another Who Jumped from Speeding Train and Landed.

If the figures of 1,000 Edmond Kelly of Columbia university may be taken as a guide, the tramp population of the United States is about 500,000. The same authority estimates that three-fourths of these are youngsters under twenty-one, who are tramping for fun. They are but youths who respond to that spirit which calls for adventure. They are the lads who have hit upon the method that is fullest to the brim of possibilities of taking one's life in hand, wasting it a dozen times a day against the mere bagatelle of a ride, getting the thrill of a flirtation with the rasper, and oftentimes tragically losing the wager. They have found a diversion with dangers ten times as great as cowboying and a hundred times as great as going to war.

There are scores of business and professional men who have ridden the rods. They seldom speak of it, for their associates would give them the unbeliev-ing ha ha! Who would credit a story that a man of affairs had been thrown from the "blind baggage" by a low-browed brakeman. Yet with 500,000 graduates a year from vanderbilt col-lege these men are to be found in every walk of life. They almost forget the wildness of their youth until the warm days of summer come on. Then some evening while they doze on the front porches of their comfortable homes they are suddenly aroused by the distant and melodious toot of a freight engine, and wake to an almost uncontrollable desire to scramble aboard and ride away again into the land of adventure and romance.

For these are the men who yesterday asked for handouts at your back doors. The housewife regarded them as poor, humiliated, unfortunate creatures, asking alms. On the contrary, they were the boldest adventurers that the country has ever known. The Indian fighters of early days led prosaic lives compared with theirs. Nor was their life humiliating to them any more than the chit of the actor who plays the down-trodden behind the footlights is humiliating to him. It was a part of the adventure and they gloried in it. The novice told the first woman from whom he solicited the "eat" that he was just out of the hospital in St. Louis, and that he was trying to get home to mother in Council Bluffs, was an inspiration. It got results. He used the same "spiel" throughout the season, changing the towns to fit the situation of the moment.

Adventures on the Way.
But just what are the adventures, the hardships, the hazards of these journeyings of the wayward are not often put down. There is the fantastic tale sometimes told and often credited to the imagination of the fiction writer. But the following in-

cidents are blunt fact told just as they have happened.

Midway from front to rear of a freight car, and underneath are two parallel rods of iron, a foot and a half apart and connected at one point by a narrow board. The whole is but a foot from the ground. A man may lie upon these but never with comfort. When the train is in motion he is safe from his arch enemy, the brakeman, and sure of a ride to the next stop. The rods are the last resort of the man who is anxious to get over the road and can find no other place to ride. He "twings under" after the train is in motion.

A California fruit train was eastbound and passing through Arizona. A dozen boy tramps were making a special effort to ride the train for it was on schedule equal to that of a passenger. All the cars were lead and sealed and there was no chance of getting inside. The only show for a ride was on "the bumpers" between the cars, on top and easily accessible to the brakeman, or underneath on the rods. Most of the boys rode underneath. When the train stopped the brakeman chased the youngsters from their hiding places and tried to keep them from getting on as it pulled out. The result was an all day battle and hard riding underneath.

One of the lads had never gone under before. It was great sport, but hard work. The train was due at Albuquerque at 9 o'clock, but was two hours late. The raw lad underneath got desperately tired. The dust and grime was something frightful. The great freight train hammering over the joints of the rails at a speed of fifty miles an hour made a fearful din. All was darkness. The ground but a foot beneath was fast by the fact of the train. The realization that a mere fall from a train moving so rapidly meant death was made more vivid by a mental picture of the result of all the cars behind passing over one's body.

More Luck Than Sense.
Yet so heavily did the fatigue of it weigh upon the amateur hobo that he went to sleep on his insecure resting place. He never knew how long he slept. When he awoke it was to that frenzy of fear that overpowers one when coming out of slumber in strange surroundings and not being able to realize where he is. He gripped the rods in a frenzy of fright, in which his memory groped in the chaos of the din about him to find something familiar that would make him understand. Finally memory came back to the normal and he realized where he was. Likewise he appreciated the danger he had been in while sleeping on the rods beneath the train, and a greater feat came to him than he had ever felt before. Being game, however, and the danger past, his spirits were in novice damped, and he rode on to other experience.

A cross-continent express stopped at 8 o'clock in the evening at a town in Colorado. This town seemed to have accumulated a superabundance of tramps, and all were anxious to get out, for the "bulls" (railroad yard detectives) were unfriendly and the rock pile threatened. When the passenger train steamed out and gathered speed the tramps swarmed from behind the other cars in the yard, from back of the water tank, from along the right-of-way. Most of them aimed for the "blind baggage," a platform in front of the baggage car which is just behind the engine on these trains. Some few who missed this boldly chose a car step which bristled no brakeman, swung aboard and scrambled up the little ladder which leads to the top

of the car. This act in the parlance of the profession is known as "decking her." The top of a passenger train offers no bed of roses as a resting place. The slope is uncomfortably great and the top is broken by one portion that is a foot or two higher than the other. There is no room to lie down without danger of rolling off.

So precarious is the footing that the brakeman comes up to run the tramps off no oftener than is necessary. When he appears there is scrambling down ladders, often a hurried passage through a car and up again at the other end. The train must be stopped and time lost in putting the trespassers off. On the night in question the hobos were so numerous that the crew could not ignore them and waged a battle throughout the night in riding the tramps off.

Bouncers in Action.
Meantime the amateur tramp had done an unconventional thing in tramping—a thing so simple that it was successful. He crawled from the blind baggage upon the tender among the coal and went to sleep. His hiding place was so easily found that no tramp of experience would have chosen it, and no trainman would look for a tramp there. When the fireman came back to take water he saw the lad, but the fireman's business is to shovel coal and not to fight tramps. So he merely stepped over the prostrate form with a "Good for you, kid. Lie low," and the amateur rode through the night.

Just as day broke the train stopped for water and the brakeman made their last fight in an attempt to get rid of their unprofitable passengers. The conductor went forward to prevent the dislodged tramps from going up the right of way and swing-ing on as the train passed. Then, when it had gained considerable speed, he swung onto the engine and started back over the train. This was the undoing of the ama-teur, for, in passing over the tender, the conductor stepped on him. Psychologically, from the standpoint of the tramp, this was the worst possible moment for such a thing to happen. The conductor was in a nasty mood because of the trouble the tramp had given him. But, finally, he was congratulating himself upon having gotten rid of them. Finding the amateur threw him into a white rage.

"Get out of here!" he ordered heatedly. "I am now on my way," responded the tramp, scrambling down onto the blind baggage.

But having come thus far, there was no further retreat except by leaping from the train, and by this time it was running full speed. The conductor still admonished in language picturesque and lurid, and protested that the train was going too fast for alighting, and that under the law he could not be put off unless the train was stopped.

But the conductor's temper was aflame. He would show the tramp whether he would get off or not! He was six feet above on the tender. This was piled high with huge chunks of coal. The conductor began heaving these, in his frenzy, upon the tramp. There was no way of getting back at him. The tramp had his choice of jumping from the train or being beaten to death with coal. He chose the former alternative.

He knew something about getting off a fast moving car. He got low down on the step, placed himself so that he would land feet first, face front and soon there is a merry party assembled. Conviviality is the order of the day, stories are told, and

His feet ploughed into the ground, his legs crumpled up, his body catapulted itself in a slide down the right-of-way that removed much epidermis from the projecting portions. But landing right broke his fall and no serious damage was done. The experience was a bit rough, but he caught a freight three hours later little the worse for wear.

Toll of Tramp Life.
The amateur soon finds that there are a great many trainmen who have a startling disregard for the life of a tramp. The rail-roads themselves state that there are more trespassers killed each year than trainmen and passengers taken together—something like 10,000 of them.

There is a favorite trick of the brake-man, for instance, that is the dread of the tramp riding the rods. He ties a coupling pin to a rope and lets it down beneath the car. It bumps along on the ties and the speed of the train makes this contact so violent that the coupling pin is hurled with great force against the bottom of the car. Sooner or later it will hit the tramp and kill him. The track walker will report a tramp who fell from the train and was killed while beating his way.

The amateur may be riding on the top of a freight train or on the "shack," or brakeman, begins to work the train, beginning at the caboose. It is half an hour before he reaches the amateur. The train is going slowly up grade. The amateur swings off in the darkness and catches a rod further back. But the shack has seen him and likewise swings off and catches the same rod.

The tramp notes the energy of the shack and decides that it is prompted by a desire for "side money."

Being an amateur, he has fifty cents hidden away for an emergency and he proffers this for the privilege of a ride. The brakeman refuses on the line to test the brakeman in just this way, and the amateur looks a good deal like one of these made-up spotters. There is nothing doing. The brakeman orders the "cut loose." The amateur responds, but figures all the time that he still has a chance to catch the train before the caboose passes. The brakeman realizes this intent. He hates a tramp and above all he hates a spotter. He has a coupling pin in his hand, which the amateur sees. The amateur follows his intuition of the brakeman, takes no chances and is thereby wise. He lets the train pass, the brakeman swing-ing on the caboose. He is alone in the night in the solitude of the great plain. The coyotes howl mournfully in a circle about him. He has no idea of the distance to the next water tank and it is hitting the ties for him.

Boxed Up.
But the life is not all this strenuous. The old heads refuse to ride outside and do not leave a town until they can comfortably stow away in a box car. It is often easy to get inside an empty. Even loaded cars, though sealed, are not entirely inaccessible. To break a seal is a peni-tentiary offense, but hard to prove. There is the big sliding door at the side and the little door, at the end and near the top of the car. A seal may be found broken or even a door open, for precaution cannot always keep a long train hobnob-light.

A broken seal may be noticed by a con-federate, who remains outside, so as to appear intact. Whenever there is a haven of refuge of this sort in a train the news of it goes abroad and soon there is a merry party assembled. Conviviality is the order of the day, stories are told, and

BRANDEIS STORES

Bought the Choicest Goods from the Whole-sale Dry Goods Stock of TEFFT-WELLER CO.

326-330 Broadway, New York
(WHO RETIRED FROM BUSINESS)

Our Tremendous Purchase Will Go On Sale Monday, July 25th

At the Most Sensational Bargains

WATCH SUNDAY PAPERS

J. L. BRANDEIS & SONS

A HAND FOR HOME MAKERS
Missourian Shows His Fellows the Way to Be a Good Deed.

Men of great wealth and of philanthropic bent who are considering means of doing good for humanity will do well to read the will of the late Peter B. Burns of Liberty, Mo.

Mr. Burns was not a millionaire. He was one of that rather numerous class in this country the representatives of which are spoken of in the press as having "amassed a competence," generally "by hard work and close economy." Mr. Burns died not long ago, leaving an estate somewhat in excess of \$40,000. The terms of his will have just been made public. The entire estate is left to the widow during her lifetime. At her death one-half of it is to go to the county of Clay, to be administered by the county court in loans to men who desire to build homes. The loans, it is provided, may not exceed \$2,000 to a single individual. They are to bear interest at 2 per cent. They are to be secured by a mortgage on the real estate, and they are to be paid back at the rate of at least \$100 a year.

Half of Mr. Burns' estate will amount to \$20,000. Should the county court go the limit in loans, under the provisions of the will, ten men could borrow \$2,000 each, and thus enter upon a home-building enterprise. Should the court limit the loans to \$1,000, twenty men would be benefited, while \$20,000 loans would enable forty men to make a start in life as property-owning citizens. As the fund perpetuates itself, it may readily be seen that its benefits are likely to be far-reaching. It presents an opportunity whereby a good many industrious and deserving men may be enabled to secure homes, whereas without some assistance they could not hope to do so.

Home owners generally are good citizens. The man who owns his home, humble though it be, is a man of some influence and standing in his community. The man who is seeking ways and means to establish for himself a permanent living place is the kind of man that will make a decent, law-abiding citizen. The philanthropist who helps deserving families to build homes, does a great and good service and is promoting the public welfare.

Rome of our American capitalists who have millions where Peter B. Burns had thousands might very well follow his most-excellent example in establishing a home-building foundation.—Louisville Courier-Journal.