



BRANDEIS STORES

Our Great Sale of Women's Suits at \$15

None of Them Are Worth Less Than \$25—Many Actually Worth \$40.

A Philadelphia Mr. Sold Us All His Samples and Surplus Stock Just 500 Smart Tailored Suits at the Biggest Reductions Ever Offered

This is beyond all question the most extraordinary sale of women's strictly high class suits that has been offered by any store in the west this season. Each one of these suits is a clever new model, all the later season's styles, and is adapted for late spring and early summer wear.

The materials are those stunning new light shades as well as the staple shades, and there is every new feature represented.

The variety to choose from will be enormous. There will be no disappointments. Rack after rack of these wonderful values. All sizes including misses' sizes in these suits that are worth \$25 up to \$40—Saturday in one great lot, at..

\$15



Special Sale of Skirts at \$6.98

Your choice of 300 very fine walking and dress skirts in voiles, serges, panamas, worsteds, mohairs and the popular new white serges. There are many sample skirts in this lot and they are actually worth as high as \$12.50—Saturday special, at

\$6.98

Extra Special Lingerie Dresses at \$5

Your choice of 400 beautiful embroidered and lace trimmed lingerie dresses. Many of them are samples and they are the most stunning and beautifully finished lingerie dresses in the new summer styles. Positively made to sell up to \$10, at

\$5

WOMEN'S LONG COATS

These practical coats are made of satins, shantung, serges, and worsteds; very large variety, worth up to \$15, at

\$10

SUMMERY WAISTS

Waists of colored embroidery, lace and insertings; many with the new sailor and Dutch collars; the season's cleverest models; special Saturday, at

\$1.50

NEW WASH SILK WAISTS

New striped and plain Jap silks that launder beautifully; many in the new shirt effects. A special Saturday, at

\$3.98

MUSLIN UNDERWEAR

Specials in prettily lace and embroidery trimmed undergarments. Women's Gowns, worth up to \$2, at

98c

Combination Suits, worth up to \$2, at

98c

WOMEN'S SUITS, Worth \$15, at

\$6.98

On Sale in Basement

Here are tailored suits in good, practical styles that will look well and give splendid service.

500 Genuine Imported Leghorn Hats

ACTUALLY WORTH UP TO \$25, at \$10

This is a great special purchase of fine leghorn hats in the newest early summer shapes, both large and small—many faced with black velvet, trimmed with clusters of flowers with touches of black and white velvet trimmings; also sash effects. These are genuine \$25 hats, at

\$10

Cut Flower Sale Saturday—

OUR HOME GROWN LONG STEM ROSES, at, dozen, ... 39c

Beautiful Blooming Geraniums, 12 1/2c; Dozen, \$1.50.

SPECIAL SALE HAIR GOODS

Second Floor and Pompeian Room.

The wonderful success and continued increase in sales in our Beauty Shops, we attribute to our reliable merchandise. We do Manicuring, Shampooing and Hair-dressing. Appointments made by phone.

Challenge Sale Saturday

18 and 20 Inch Natural Wavy Switches—\$2 values, one to a customer, at

25c

Cluster Puffs—Special \$2.00 values, at

98c

Cluster Puffs—Special \$5.00 values, at

\$1.98



Newest Styles in Women's Footwear

Red Cross Shoes, Oxfords and Pumps for Women. We are Omaha agents for these celebrated shoes, known for their comfortable fitting qualities, as well as their splendid styles. In all leathers, vici kid, patent kid and gun metal calf. Pumps with or without straps; oxfords in button or lace style—full range of sizes and widths, at, pair

\$3.50-\$4.00



WATER POWER IN MEXICO

A Plant Unsurpassed Anywhere Else in the World.

LIGHT FOR THE CAPITAL CITY

Little Mountain Brook Develops Fifty Thousand-Horse Power and is Carried More Than One Hundred Miles.

Reference was made in Washington dispatches recently to the vast scope of some of the engineering projects in Mexico and it was stated that in some respects they were unsurpassed anywhere else in the world. One of the most gigantic is the power plant at Necaxa which furnishes electricity to the City of Mexico, 110 miles away. When the American editorial party was in the Mexican capital last September it was divided one day, part going to the ancient city of Cuernavaca, the Jerusalem of the western continent, where the climate is always June, and the others making a trip to Necaxa.

Representative Victor Murdock, the Kansas insurgent, chose to go to Necaxa, confessing to a lifelong ambition to study water power at close range. The following is an excerpt from the story of the trip written by Mr. Murdock for his own paper, the Wichita Eagle. Not only is it fascinating as a bit of description, but the story is useful as illustrating the immensity of some of the business propositions which foreign capital is investing in Mexico, their close relation to the comfort and progress of the people and the immeasurable injury which might be done to all through the acts of a mere baker's dozen of irresponsible speculators. President Diaz has been charmed with keeping most of the federal troops in and about the capital to guard himself and his associates. It may be safely assumed that one use of those troops has been to protect the thin electric line, more than 100 miles long, whose breaking would overwhelm a queenly city of 300,000 souls with darkness.

Street Cars Ten Years Ago.

Ten years ago, in Mexico City, writes Mr. Murdock, the street railway system consisted of innumerable little cars hauled about crazily by innumerable little burros, whacked upon, whistled to and jerked at by barefooted Mexicans who stood two or three on the front platform and managed to keep the burros and the car together and to get them through the streets. Now there are 300 street cars in the Mexican capital, modern cars, they go with dispatch everywhere, and while Mexicans drive them, our friend who used to whack the burros wears a blue uniform and can set a face of clean a wire brush as well as your best electrician.

In the old days, say eight years ago, in Mexico, night, when it came to a city, blew out all lights save the policeman's lantern and the strange little square red lights which are still hung out of secondary windows to drive away evil spirits. The town then was wrapped in darkness. Now Mexico City is most brilliantly lighted and the display on the cathedral and the palace about the Zocalo during the centennial celebration was the most splendidly achieved by the use of electric lights anywhere in the world.

Everywhere there is evidence of elec-

tricity. Where does it come from? From the mountains. How is it made? By water power.

Here in Mexico was my chance to see for myself and discover just what there is in water power, which has made my friend Gifford Funchot so anxious to withdraw, for the good of all the people, water power sites in the United States.

A Brook Turned Into a Horse.

Here is what I saw: A little purring mountain brook turned into 50,000 tugging horses, all to be stopped by the turn of one man's finger, and all to be set going again instantly by the turn of the same finger. Curiously the most interesting thing to me was to see the same little mountain brook turned loose again, no bigger than before, after the electricians were through with it.

Here is what I learned. I suppose it will make all the high school pupils who read this laugh, but in a way it was new to me. Height in a column of water is a tremendous thing. For I found that four columns of water, two and three-fourths inches in diameter, were hauling 300 forty-passenger street cars around the City of Mexico. What did it do this—those little columns of water were ten times higher than Niagara—they reached up in the air 1,300 feet.

Greatest Power Scheme in World.

If anyone has read so far I ask him to follow me out into the mountains to see what is said to be the most modern development of a water power site in the world. Taking a narrow gauge train from the Mexican capital, we moved out across the Mexican plateau, which is for all the world like a vast plain, and after 110 miles of leisurely travel came to that place in a plateau where the drop begins to the sea, a drop from the capital to the Gulf of Mexico of 3,000 feet. The fall is unmistakable, and it is scenically wonderful. The ordinary locomotive is dropped and the Shay type, one with all wheels geared for safety, is substituted.

At the bottom of the gorge tumbles a little mountain stream, precisely the same as one comes across frequently in Colorado. In a very few minutes the great artificial lake which the little stream feeds is reached. It fills the canon. Through the surface of its water appears the occasional tower of a church or the black walls which mark the site of a former village. The outlines of the company's property are marked up to the slopes of the mountains by great white monuments of stone. This artificial lake which lies up underneath the eaves of the Mexican roof was planned with economy, for the dam, which holds its waters back was constructed at a narrow place in the gorge.

Passing this lake, we reach another canon and another rivulet, which in its turn is feeding another lake. To the right and left are these artificial ponds each fed by its brook, and further down than all of them and connected with each of them by great steel pipes, is the key to the system, Necaxa, a great body of water confined by a great earthen dam.

Dam Twelve Hundred Feet Long.

This dam is 1200 feet long and 150 feet high. Its foot are of rock and concrete and its center of rock and clay put in hydraulically, that is, while wet. A thousand Mexican workmen were clambering about over this dam completing it this week, each group under a foreman, and all of them under one head boss. The dam

impresses you with its tremendous size even here among the high mountains. Out from the same on the down stream side run three great pipes, six and seven feet in diameter, for we are to see them in a little while when they are only thirty inches across and a little later we will see them when they are but two and three-quarters inches across. These three pipes snakes, down through the bottom of a hill just in front of you and disappear.

Swinging Hundreds of Feet in Air.

There is some talk about being at the Turn-off just now. There is a consultation. The managers of your trip are doubtful about the better way to present this thing to you. In a nervous sort of way you gather that you are going to be taken down something and there is an air about it that you don't fancy. You are conducted out upon an open platform. You don't have to look over the edge. You know without looking that you are on the edge of the Mexican roof, that this is the place you jump off if you go farther. Beneath you is a sheer cliff 60 feet high, then there is a shelf, and beyond that another cliff that measures 700 feet. You begin to understand how the water in the pipes has a fall of 1,300 feet.

But you have lost sight of the pipes below you are decidedly busy with some thing else. The platform upon which you stand has swung out over the precipice and you are in mid-air. The crowd is marvellously quiet. They are looking at a cornfield on a mountain above. It is said that the owner of it fell out of his cornfield one day and broke his neck.

A Fall that Ends in Mist.

There is a man in charge of this platform. He is fat and good-natured. He comes from Kansas City, Mo., and is inclined to tell you about what happened two months ago when the company physician was swung up here in mid-air for three hours because the wireless engine broke. But no one wants to hear him just then. You find that his name is Olat and get him to talking about Missouri, while you try to forget that swinging cable which is holding you as you go down, down.

It takes eight minutes to reach the shelf. Here you are led onto a flat car with a cable tied to one end, and this cable pays out and lets you slide slowly down to the second jump-off. If 50 feet looks like a thousand, 750 feet straight down looks like a mile. This precipice is concave and covered with foliage flowers. Over it spreads a stream of water that spreads into mist before it reaches the canyon. This waterfall and precipice is easily the most beautiful piece of mountain scenery I have ever seen. You step on another platform and again swing into mid-air down the trembling steel cable. There are no spectators. Even the engineers above do not watch you and there is no one at the bottom, although you feel that you are doing something that ought to call out as much interest as Wilbur Wright is accorded. It might be better if the platform had rails for guests to hang to and I suggested to the man from Missouri that the company ought to take a little of the \$60,000,000 gold it is putting into the plant and build some rails around these aeroplanes. You reach the bottom

at last. You are 1,300 feet below the surface of Necaxa lake.

Where the Iron Pipes Go.

Where are those iron pipes? I said they disappeared under a hill. They did and now they reappear down here as thirty-inch pipes. They have come down through the mountains. You are told this, but you don't precisely grasp it until you are taken back up through the mountain yourself in the "coffin," a really refined instrument of torture. But no one has told you about the "coffin" just yet and you are taken into the great power house. The water in the thirty-inch pipes is now subdivided and put into a little less than three inches in diameter. The nozzles on these pipes are square and the fluid comes out of these nozzles against little cups in a turbine wheel. The pressure is 800 pounds to the square inch. If a man should take an ax and strike this jet of water, he would break the handle or his arm, the edge of the wheel would not penetrate the little stream of water. There are eight of these great turbine wheels and they are running like mad. Just outside the plant, the water, having performed its work, is running back into a mountain gorge, and the marvel of it all is that the water which sets these massive machines into a perfect volute of noise and an earthquake of energy—that the water becomes twenty feet away from the mountain plant a little mountain brook again. It isn't the volume of water that is doing the work here. It is the weight of water.

On another floor, just above the turbine, are the converters; great, round steel machines which are whirling positive and negative poles in the midst of other positive and negative poles, and so making that mysterious thing—electricity. Once made the electricity is scooped off by wire brushes and carried into transformers. These transformers reduce the volume of electricity and increase the pressure. Remember Mexico City is 110 miles away and copper wire is expensive. Here is now a supply of electricity representing 50,000-horse power. It is necessary to diminish its volume and keep its power. It is former. Then it is put on the wires and sent to town.

The Magician of the Buttons.

At the great switchboard sat a man from Switzerland. He wore a Van Dyke beard and looked a young Faust. In front of him were twenty or thirty buttons. Some were green, some red. The green buttons indicated open circuits; the red ones closed circuits. By flipping up one little switch this magician of the red and green buttons could instantly stop every street car in Mexico City and put out every electric light, and stop the publication of every newspaper there and suspend virtually every plant using power in a federal district, an area akin to our District of Columbia.

The power is taken back to Mexico City in a few copper wires, strung upon steel towers, much resembling the modern Kansas windmill. The only odd thing in this arrangement was the insulator used. It is pottery, not glass, is large, and by reason of its flare is called, "the petticoat."

Young Men Have Done This.

The men who have brought this about are young men. Some of them are from England, some from the United States, some from Germany. It is wonderful how closely alike these young men are in

commercial movement, in thought and in action. They are the very latest design in human beings, in education, in commercial instincts, and in ambition, in each of these carrying the very latest patents. None except men such as these could have ever seen 50,000-horsepower in tiny Necaxa creek, and none, save men like these, would have turned the idea, in four years, into a gigantic actuality.—Boston Transcript.

USE FOR DISCARDED WARSHIPS

Engineer Has Plan to Make Permanent Coast Defenses of Them.

A battleship, costing \$10,000,000 to \$12,000,000, is becoming obsolete after seven to ten years of service, and after twenty years of life it is, for deep sea fighting, practically useless. The deterioration is chiefly in the speed, and somewhat less in the arrangement, the fighting range of the older guns being less than that of the modern output of ordnance factories. The armor remains good for all time. The hull, if properly protected against corrosion, should be available for a long life of usefulness. The limitations in speed and in the range of guns when rendered a ship unable to take her place in the first fighting line, and before many years have passed she is unavailable even for the second line. Then this investment of from \$1,000,000 to \$12,000,000 is put up for auction and goes to the scrap heap.

If some duty could be found for the obsolete battleship, in which a 10,000 to 15,000 yard fighting range for the guns was not indispensable, and in which speed was of no account whatever, a vast amount of most valuable fighting material would be saved for military purposes. Now it has been suggested that such a sphere of usefulness can be found for our obsolete battleships by employing them permanently upon certain shoal grounds at the entrance to our waterways, and turning them into permanent, fixed coast fortifications.

We can well believe that the up-to-date naval man, who thinks in terms of 20-knot, 3,000-ton battleships, and 14-inch guns of 12,000 to 16,000 yards effective fighting range, will look at this presentation with a smile of amused curiosity. It is certainly hybrid; but like many another proposal of startling originality, it will be found upon closer and thoughtful attention that the suggestion has a great many valuable features which should commend it to the candid consideration of our army and navy.

Briefly stated, some shoal place could be selected at the entrance to a harbor, or at some other waterway to be defended, and by means of double rows of piling, a cofferdam would be driven, of sufficient dimensions to allow the battleship to be floated within it. Previous to its entrance, however, lines of piling would be driven in the proper position to support the ship along its central and its docking keels. The mud or sand would then be dredged out, the piling cut off at the proper height, and the ship would be floated and allowed to settle upon the bed thus provided. The cofferdam would then be closed, and sand or other suitable material would be pumped or otherwise filled around the ship to a point well above the protective deck, or as high as might be deemed expedient. This filling would be continued seaward on the

