



# Special Offers Monday in Attractive New Fall Merchandise

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## BRANDEIS STORES

Come to Brandeis Monday and see the fall merchandise that is really new. The new season's fabrics, ready-to-wear apparel and furnishings. No place else can you find such variety as Brandeis offers. A stunning array of new fall suits at \$25. A splendid assemblage of new tailored suits, at \$39. Other groups at \$49, \$59 and up to \$89.

### Smart New Street Frocks and Walking Dresses for Fall

Practical as can be and very popular. Made of the new crepe meters, messalines, pretty nets and new voiles as well as broadcloths, serges, etc., at \$15.00, \$17.50, \$19.00, \$22.50 and \$25.00.

### Stunning New Coats for Fall and Winter

The new styles are different from those of former seasons. Many large, full coats of solid color, double face materials, also the new plaid back fabrics. The new clinging effects in coats are also much favored.

We have received scores of the beautiful new waists for the coming season—both smartly tailored effects and the charming new frilled front lingerie waists. Prices are \$2.50, \$3.98, \$5.00 and up.

### First Showing of New Fall Dress Goods

Authentic styles, latest weaves, superb colorings from the best European and American manufacturers. A wonderful collection of high class Dress Fabrics, specially displayed Monday. Exclusive patterns in Rough Weaves, Real Scotch Tweeds, Irish Honespun Suitings and Camels Hair effects, per yard at \$1.00 to \$3.50

### 54-INCH HIGH CLASS SUITINGS.

The weaves and styles are correct and the colorings were selected with care. Strictly new Dress Goods used as sample show pieces, very special at, per yard \$1.00  
All Wool Serges, Henriettas, fancy checks, etc., at, yard 39c  
42 to 44 inch all wool fancy Dress Goods; neat, small patterns, etc., at, per yard 59c  
54-inch Diagonals, plain and fancy Serges, Scotch Tweeds, Victoria Suitings, etc., per yard 79c

First showing of New French Châlis, Bedford Cords, French Plaids, etc., in Dress Goods Dept., Main Floor, yd., 39c to \$1.00

Special in Our Basement Dress Goods Dept. all wool Dress Goods in plain weaves, fancy checks, neat stripes, etc., yard 39c-49c

### The New Fall Silks are Here

Latest arrivals from Paris, Lyons and Zurich Silk Centers—Exclusive novelties shown for the first time Monday. Beautiful Grecian Borders. Silk and Wool Poplins, Bulgarian Effects in Crepes and Bengalines, plain and glace Epingle, 45-inch Shadow effects, Crepe Auteil, per yard, up from \$1

### SPECIALS FOR MONDAY ONLY

All shades of our \$1.50, 56-inch Messaline Dora, per yard \$1.00  
All shades of our 69c, 19-inch Messaline Dora, per yard 49c  
Beautiful plain and stripe Weaving Silks, per yard 69c  
\$1.00 and \$1.25 Fancy Printed Crepes, per yard 59c  
\$1.75, 44-inch Silk and Wool Finest Dress Poplins, per yard \$1.25  
\$1.50, yard wide, Pencil Stripe Dress Silks, per yard .85c

All Silk Taffetas, light tints and fancy Brocades, worth 59c, in basement; per yard, at 25c

Silks at special prices on our famous Silk Squares, 75c and \$1.00 values, per yard at 39c, 49c, 79c

### NEW ARRIVALS IN OUR OLD STORE. Boys' Suits for School Wear

The near approach of school time causes mothers to plan the boy's school outfit. Your boy can be fitted in good, practical, serviceable clothes in the neatest patterns at a big saving in cost if you will bring him to Brandeis Stores to be outfitted.

Boys' Knickerbocker Suits for School Wear, very well made; excellent patterns, all sizes, will wear all season long \$1.98 and give great service—a special bargain at \$1.98

Combination School Suits. Stylish, attractive suits, made of substantial fabrics. Buttons are securely fastened, seams reinforced, elbows and knees doubly protected. Extra pair of trousers doubles the life of the suit. A great value-giving special at \$2.98

### New Lace Curtains and Draperies for Fall

New arrivals in lace curtains for fall, in white and Arab color, at, per pair 98c \$1.25 \$1.50 and \$1.98  
Curtain and Fillet Curtains, all new patterns specially priced—  
Claret Curtains, \$2.98 \$3.98 and \$4.50  
Duchesse Curtains, Our own importation, at pair \$3.98 \$4.98 \$5.98 and \$7.50  
Sunfast Portieres, styles and colors are new, at, pair \$4.98 \$5.98 and \$7.50  
Swiss and Muslin Curtains. An endless variety of pretty styles, at, per pair \$1.50 \$1.75 \$1.98 and \$2.50  
500 pairs of plain etamine, trimmed with duty lace edging, pair, \$1.69  
Rope Portieres, hundreds of new styles in all colors, at, per pair \$1.98 up to \$7.50

NEW DRAPEY GOODS  
36-inch Figured Etamine, yd., 10c  
26-inch Finest Grade Silkline, per yard at 12 1/2c

### Remarkable Bargains in New Embroideries

27-inch fine Swiss embroidered flouncings, 24 inch fine embroidered waist frontings; also new, wide embroidered bands and panels. These are all high class novelties. This season's newest and most popular designs in English eyelet, floral, blind relief and combination crochet and filet effects. Bargain square piled high with big bargains. Actually worth up to \$1.00, at, per yard 39c

Medium and Wide Embroidery Edgings—Swiss, nainsook and cambric; excellent designs in English eyelet and blind relief effects; up to 9 inches wide and worth up to 12 1/2c yard, at, yard 6c

45-inch Swiss Embroidered Skirtings—Choice designs in English eyelet and floral effects. Worth \$1.25 a yard, at, yard 69c

Women's 16-button Elbow Length Silk Gloves—White and black, worth \$1.00 a pair, at 69c

New Trimming Lace Bands and Insertions—Crochet, Venise and Oriental effects; up to 4-inches wide; white, cream and ecru, worth up to 50c yard, at, yard 25c

Fine French and German Val. Laces and Insertions—Also neat crochet and cluny effects, pure linen torchons, curtain cluny laces. New shipment, values up to 12 1/2c a yard, at, per yard 5c

### 5 Big Special Bargains in Basement

Blue Apron Checks, all size checks, equal to Amoskeag. Your choice from 200 bolts Monday, at, per yard 5 1/2c  
Part silk and part wool fancy flannel waistings, cream colored grounds; 25c value, at, yard 10c  
Very best grade of New England bleached muslin, one yard wide, at, per yard 7 1/2c  
Printed Comfort Calicoes. Thousands of yards on sale Monday, at, per yard 3 1/2c  
Large assortment fancy dress prints, colorings the very best. Dress lengths, at, per yard 4 1/2c

### SEERSUCKER FOR THE OUTING

It Has Advantages to Persons Summering at Water Places.

REQUIRES NO IRONING AT ALL

All Your Clothing and Tablecloth May Be of This Goods, and It Needs Only to Be Washed.

Around the lake they are known in the local language of the camp society as the "Seersucker Family," not because they have amassed a fortune in the manufacture of that useful textile, as might have been inferred in other communities which designate their princess vulgarly as "the great codfish man, you know," or "the shoeing brothers," in imitation of the honored titles, "oil magnate" and "coal baron." No, the seersucker family derive their name not from the source of their worldly wealth, but from the means which the woman of the house takes to save herself work. Seersucker abounds in the camp for the simple reason that it does not require ironing. Tablecloths and napkins are made of it; dish towels, sofa cushion covers, waist and skirts for the women and negligee shirts for the men, even the babies are attired in seersucker rompers.

"And the only reason I don't have seersucker sheets and pillow cases," laughs the woman, "is that I had these old linen ones, which have to be worn out up here in camp, but I don't iron my sheets, anyway, so the principle is saved."  
Visitors to the happy little house are almost shocked at first at the sight of the wrinkly seersucker tablecloth, and, though the newly arrived guest would perchance rather confess it, the seersucker remains do scratch those lips which rejoiced only four hours earlier in the luxury of home damage. But heretic thoughts never intrude themselves after the first meal, for the wild sweet air of the mountain creates an appetite which breeds indifference to trivial things, and the only wonder is that the camper does not devour seersucker and all. Furthermore, in the course of the first day the newcomer is conducted on a trip across the lake or up the hill to the other camps, and there the people sit habitually on bare boards, or, possibly, although counting themselves fortunate if there are paper napkins enough to go around, after this visit, when night time is approaching and the supper horn, desperate longed for, blows at last, the sight of the gleaming white seersucker tablecloth and the neat little napkins sends a thrill

of gratitude to the visitor's heart. No one has been able to decide whether "Mrs. Seersucker" makes deliberate use of the psychology of comparison, or whether she is guilelessly unaware of the fine effect her table linen makes after it is contrasted with her neighbors' bare tables. At all events, the visitor blesses the good fortune which brought her to this abode of luxury and then forgets all about napkins in the discussion of the best place to find maiden-fair ferns.

Let the Sun Do It.  
The next day when the sun had mounted high and the little waves were sparkling in the front yard, the family rest from the morning's activities (the word "work" is tabooed) and yield to the invitation of the lake. Then says the man:  
"Come, you rumpoiled child of civilization, get your little seersucker napkin and come in washing. Everybody in this household has to be his or her own laundress."

He leads the procession himself, with his arms full of soap and seersucker, and the women plunge into the waves after him, their names not from the source of their worldly wealth, but from the means which the woman of the house takes to save herself work. Seersucker abounds in the camp for the simple reason that it does not require ironing. Tablecloths and napkins are made of it; dish towels, sofa cushion covers, waist and skirts for the women and negligee shirts for the men, even the babies are attired in seersucker rompers.

Some Spots Overlooked.  
"Here, we are going in now, and you didn't get the collar band of your shirt clean, and Mary, one of your stockings is floating away down by the point."  
When it is all over and the family assemblies again, attired in more seersucker, washed the day before, the visitor and the women of the family hang up the white on the lines strung between the wash birch trees, the men being employed meanwhile building the fire for the night.  
"You see," confides the wise woman, "that we have a good-sized wash here. Now, if I had to iron it all this would take me three or four hours tomorrow morning. As it is, there is nothing more to do with it, and I can go on the picnic with the rest of you. Moreover, we really keep a great deal cleaner by wearing seersucker, for often if I had to iron my dresses I'd make them do a few days longer, but now as soon as one gets the least bit dirty I just go in washing with it, and it is all part of the day's fun."  
"And there's the romantic part of it, too," interrupted the daughter. "Don't you feel like the beautiful heroines in the novels who are always discovered doing the family wash by the river? The hero hears merry laughter, and peers through the bushes, you know, to see an entrancing vision of maidens with beautiful bare arms, their golden hair gleaming in the sunlight, and the snowy garments in the sparkling water only a feeble imitation of their dazzling white teeth. There was Nausicaa in Homer, and when the washing was done she and her maids played with a golden ball, and then there was Ramona, out in California, and somebody else in a Scotch story. Fiction is full of those washtub romances, and I'm just scared all the time lest some Prince Charming will peck through the blueberry bushes at us when we go in washing, and I'm a fright in that old bathing suit."—New York Tribune.

### HOW GATES PLAYED THE GAME

Huge Fortune Founded on Barbed Wire and Steel.

WALL STREET GIVEN SHAKE DOWN

Indifference in Money Matters Manifested at Poker, Bridge, Pontes and Other Games of Chance.

"Bet-you-a-million Gates, the plunger, who died the other day in Paris, caught his fortune with a barbed wire and anchored it with a bunch of borrowed Texas steers. It was a little incident that occurred in San Antonio a generation ago. The young fellow who was destined to hold the steel industry of the country in his hands had tried several little ventures and finally decided there was money in barbed wire, then a new thing. He hired out as a drummer at \$100 a month, took a roll of wire and started for Texas where he had heard there had never been seen a strand of that kind of fencing. He made his plunge in San Antonio in true Gates style.  
Making a corral in the center of the main street, he borrowed a bunch of steers from a ranchman and drove them into it. By the time the steers had gathered, then the drummer and several volunteer assistants hurried and insulted those bleighted cattle till they had branded themselves in divers fantastic fashions against Mr. Gates fence. But they didn't break the corral.  
In an hour John W. Gates had sold more barbed wire than his employer could manufacture in a month. His fortune was begun.  
That bull-in-the-pen method of doing business annoyed Wall street when the plunger struck it some years later.

A veteran of the street called on him one day to give him some advice for the street's good.  
"You are violating all the traditions of the street," said the old broker.  
"I don't give a tinker's dam for traditions," said Mr. Gates. "I come from a part of the country where new traditions are made every day."  
"How much are you worth?" the broker admiringly asked the governor.  
"Fifty thousand dollars."  
"Are you in the stock market?"  
"Yes, for 15,000 shares."  
The governor did. The panic of 1907 followed.  
"Even in the years of his more frugal beginnings he had the gambling instinct well developed," "Pete" McManus, who went to Texas with him in 1876 to sell the new fence material, once told how he had gone to the races in St. Louis with Gates, and how on the way there, Gates had handed him a roll of bills to place on a certain horse. "This is the way McManus related the story:  
"How much money is there in the roll?" I asked.  
"Fifteen thousand dollars," he replied, as carelessly as if it was 15 cents.  
I placed the \$15,000 around among the different bookmakers, getting odds of 2 to 1. When that particular race came on I got so nervous I could hardly stand it. Gates was smiling all the time and seemed to be utterly unconcerned about the \$15,000 which I had placed for him.  
"I watched the horse run, and, if there was over a time when Gates was uneasy over his bet he did not show it. His horse won and his \$15,000 brought him \$30,000.  
Forget a Big Check.  
One of his business associates paid Gates \$125,000 by check. He carried the check around in his pocket and forgot to cash it.

the small towns that desired his interest and friendship came with the news that the boys had made a pool and raised \$40,000 to play a game of poker with him.  
Gates looked at his watch and replied:  
"Boys, I haven't much time to stay in town and I am sorry to disappoint you. I tell you what I'll do, I'll match you for it."  
Mr. Gates' last office was in the Trinity building, New York. He called his firm Charles G. Gates & Co. Others termed it "The House of the Twelve Apostles," as a dozen partners were in it. Gates was considered a good bridge whist player. Often after 3 p. m. bridge was played in the office. One day there were only three to play. A young man of good family, but not wealthy, came in.  
"Sit down," said Gates, agreeably, "I hate to play with dummy."  
"How much a point do you play?" asked the newcomer.  
"Fifty," said Gates.  
"I can't afford it," was the rejoinder.  
"Twenty-five is a big game for me."  
"Well, make up the rubber," said Gates, disappointedly. "We'll play for twenty-five."  
The young man played well, had luck and won.  
"I have a sort of clearing house here," said Gates when the game ended. "I'll send you your check in the morning."  
The young man got a check for \$12,000. Astonished, he took it to the signer.  
"What does this mean?" he asked. "I calculated that I won \$100. We were playing for 25 cents a point, weren't we?"  
"We were playing for 25 a point," returned Gates.  
"What's that? Why, if I'd lost I couldn't have paid."  
"If you hadn't paid we'd have run you out of the city," said Gates, coldly. "But you won. Cash that check." It was cashed.  
Boosting a Slow Game.  
Besides this pleasing little story to emphasize Mr. Gates' sermon, another is told. The governor of a certain western state was playing poker here with Gates, John A. Drake and one of Gates' brokers. The game grew slow.  
"Let's raise the limit from \$50 to \$1,000," suggested Gates. The broker demurred. He knew the value of money. But the limit was raised. The governor won \$30,000.  
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"Are you in the stock market?"  
"Yes, for 15,000 shares."  
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Forget a Big Check.  
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One day his business friend called him and asked him to go and have the check cashed so the firm's books could be balanced.  
"I forgot all about the check," he replied.  
Gates came over from Europe in 1902 with jewels upon which he paid duty amounting to \$7,500. Then a customs official asked him:  
"What about that \$5,000 necklace you brought aboard?"  
"Oh, forgot that," he replied, fishing it from his pocket. He had to pay \$2,000 to the government for forgetting.  
Gates won a lawsuit once by the tons of a coin. He and his old friend, John E. Madden, had gone to law in a friendly suit over a little matter involving Gates' Texas oil stock and Madden's fleet 2-year-old, Uncle. Madden had tipped Gates off when the latter won at Belmont Park in 1907, and the latter was said to have won \$20,000 on the race. In return he offered to do a good turn for the horseman by investing in some Texas oil stock. Madden refused to ratify the transaction, and the two came face to face in court. When Madden had finished testifying Gates stepped up to him, saying:  
"John, I guess you've told a correct story as you understand it. I'll fill you a coupon to see who pays the cost of this reference."  
"You're on, John," replied Madden.  
Gates pulled a cent from his pocket and tossed it in the air.  
"What is it?" he asked.  
"Heads," said Madden.  
"It was tails," Gates smiled.  
"Now, I'll flip you," said Madden, "to see whether I'll pay you \$2,500 to settle the case or whether you settle it for nothing."  
"It's a go," said Gates.  
Madden flipped the cent and Gates called tails. It was tails again and counsel on the plaintiff's side informed the referee that they had settled the case and would pay the fees of himself and the stenographer on presentation of the bill.  
His indifference to mere sums of money often led him into fantastic bursts of generosity. Once he gave a waiter a tip of \$500 and the waiter promptly gave up his job and began playing the races.  
The brass buttons and flash of uniform of soldier life fascinated the man of money. He watched the soldiers marching in Michigan avenue, out in Chicago, one day and concluded that he wanted to sport a sword.  
He had the boys diet him colonel of one of the Illinois regiments and bought himself more gold braid and fancy swords than any other man ever held in that section of the world.—New York Tribune.

watching a bull fight or a cock fight, will do the same. But the Chinaman seems calm, except for his slow, dark eyes. They alone show that he is laboring under great excitement.  
The battle went on from one side of the bowl to the other, and the silent audience waited patiently. First one beetle would secure an advantage and then the other would retaliate. The brown beetle seemed to have his teeth closely fixed in his opponent's shoulder, while the black one was slowly but surely biting off a leg of the other combatant. After about two minutes of battling the black beetle seemed to secure a decided advantage. He had the brown beetle "in" a hole, the Chinaman noticed it, and some of them stirred noticeably.  
Still the fight was not won, for the brown beetle by a stroke of luck might get the other's head between his fine, sharp, razor-like teeth, and the contest would be over in a jiffy. But the unexpected did not happen. It took another moment, then the black beetle secured a fatal hold, and the other insect slowly stiffened.

When the fight was over the door of the little room was flung open. Beta was paid and the smoke poured out of the room, while the Chinese "ter" strain of waiting, talked volubly and rolled fresh cigarettes.—Philadelphia Record.

### THE HEROINE OF FREDERICK

Barbara Fritchie Didn't Want the Flag, but Honored About the Buttermilk.

Henry Clay Wall, who died in Baltimore the other day, was a politician of the old school, intensely partisan, eating, drinking and dreaming politics. He was a stump speaker for the republican party in many states and for many decades. During President Arthur's administration he was surveyor of the port of Baltimore. Through absorption of his traditions he knew the history of Maryland until, in conversation, it would seem to his hearers as if he had himself lived from earliest colonial times. He had seen every president from John Quincy Adams on, and had known personally several of the defenders of Fort Mifflin. His version of the Barbara Fritchie legend is interesting in view of the fact that Frederick was Mr. Wall's home, and he was well acquainted with Dame Barbara—had "known her from his infancy, and had sat on her lap many a time," as he expressed it. The legend, as immortalized in Whittier's poem, is well known. It has been claimed that the incident occurred just as told in the poem, but it has also been asserted that the heroine was a Mrs. Quantrell, a relative of the guerrilla leader. Those who advance the latter theory usually declare that the soldiers did not pass within three blocks of Barbara's home, but within three blocks of Barbara's home. According to Mr. Wall both stories are right and both wrong. He said that while Stonewall's soldiers were passing Barbara's house, several of them entered her garden and watered from the well without asking consent of the old woman, who was churning on the porch. Upon being angrily accosted away, two of them went onto the porch and pretended to be about to stake their throat with Barbara's buttermilk. Her wrath grew to fury, and in mingled English and Pennsylvania Dutch, she gave them her unflinching personal opinion of themselves, their army, and government, and the military profession in general. Her speeches were received with laughter and mock applause, and the soldiers then moved on. According to Mr. Wall, there was no flag displayed, and Barbara's sentiments, expressed and unexpressed, were rallied around the single principle of "No trespassing."  
Further down the street was Mrs. Quantrell, a younger woman, with an eye to dramatic effect, and a presumed confidence that the consequences of a little show of patriotism would not be very serious. She ran to her front gate, waving a small American flag. The young fellows who composed the army were not grim fanatics in a holy war, and the excited woman in called, waving her little flag in defiance of the marchers, roused only their sense of humor. They saluted her derisively, asked if she were prepared to accept their surrender, laughed and chaffed at her until she got tired and went within. The general's command was simply, "Pay no attention to her."  
These two incidents furnished the only excitement of the passage of the troops through the little village. The two stories were well understood at home, but when they traveled they got mixed, and grew in such a way as to confer immortality upon the lady, who was angered at the impudent lads who threatened to drink her buttermilk. As for Mrs. Quantrell, her immortality takes the form of an occasional paragraph in the "Answers to Correspondents" column. According to Mr. Wall, she undoubtedly waved a flag, but it was his cynical opinion that she knew she was perfectly safe, but wanted to be a village heroine. That the credit should go to the lady, who was a matter of bitter grief to the actual heroines of the flag episode. But it was a subject of keen amusement to the neighbors, an amusement which Mr. Wall shared to the utmost.—New York Post.

### Drexel's Durable School Shoes for Misses and Children

Have you any idea how far you would have to travel to get Misses' or Children's Shoes of the same quality that Drexel sells? It is just so far that once we fit a pair of our misses' and children's school shoes we have made a new and lasting customer.  
Shoes of the best style and greatest wearing qualities—fit by expert shoe fitters. That is the Drexel combination that makes these shoes popular.  
We are showing them now in all the latest styles of high cuts.

5 to 8 ..... \$1.75  
8 1/2 to 11 ..... \$2.00  
11 1/2 to 2 ..... \$2.50

### Drexel Shoe Co.

1419 Farnam Street.

Green Gables  
DR. BENJ. F. BAILEY.  
SANATORIUM  
Lincoln, Neb.  
This institution is the only one in the central west with separate buildings situated in their own ample grounds, yet entirely distinct and rendering it possible to classify cases. The one building being fitted for and devoted to the treatment of noncontagious and nonmental diseases, no others being admitted. The other Rest Cottage, being designed for and devoted to the exclusive treatment of select mental cases, requiring for a time watchful care and special nursing.