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BRANDEIS STORES OMAHA

THREE MEN IN SPOTLIGHT

An Intimate Comparison of Candidates for the Presidency.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE MEN

Personal Peculiarities of Taft, Wilson and Roosevelt, and Their Aptitude for Publicity.

A common acquaintance of the leading candidates for the presidency—Mr. Taft, Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Wilson—in the current number of World's Work presents an illuminating character sketch of each, and the sharp contrast in their mental and physical activities and methods. Readers are familiar with the off-hand pictures of the rivals, but the manner of comparing them affords much light and instruction.

I have found it rather interesting, says the unnamed writer, to compare and contrast the three, as I know them personally and privately, in their characters as men, not officials.

The three are sons of families of about equal prominence and standing in their several communities; the Roosevelts and Bullucks and the Tafts and Torveys were people of substance, and the Wilsons and Woodrows were people of intellect. The three eminent sons of the three families were born within two years of one another; Wilson is nine months older than Taft and Taft is a year and a month older than Roosevelt. All three went to good schools; there are no better colleges than Princeton, Yale and Harvard. Differences in their characters appeared already in the varying manner in which they completed themselves at college: Wilson read books of his own choosing, toiled to perfect himself in writing and debate, became a favorite and a leader, and was graduated forty-first in a class of 122. The year before, Taft had been graduated from Yale second in a class of 122. The year following, Roosevelt took his degree at Harvard with honors in natural history and claiming to have held for a short period the lightweight sparring championship.

Since leaving college, Wilson has been eighteen months in public office; Roosevelt eighteen years; Taft, except for four years, has been continuously in office since 1883 in all twenty-seven years.

Taft is fat; Wilson spare; Roosevelt muscular.

Taft, for all his 270 pounds, is one of the best of dancers and dearly loves a reel or a waltz; Roosevelt is not a fairy

on his feet; Woodrow Wilson has been known to do a cake-walk with almost fatal results to his small audience.

In the Matter of Clothes.

President Taft is the most careful dresser, inclining to striking waist-coats—which are well displayed on the most prominent feature of his anatomy. Wilson much affects gray. He generally wears in his tie a pin representing the arms of the state of New Jersey; his watch-guard, under his vest, bears a Phi Beta Kappa key. Roosevelt is often distinctly slothy; a very low collar is an invariable feature of his attire, and he wears a campaign hat whenever he can. Not many Americans have seen Mr. Roosevelt in a suit of evening clothes and a silk hat at noon. I have "Never felt so much undressed in my life," he whimpers.

All three are "blue-eyed." Taft and Wilson have slight imperfections of sight. Wilson corrects his with a gold-mounted eye-glass, which he lifts to aid his plotting, when he reads. Roosevelt's protruding eyes need strong correctives constantly.

Taft plays golf with zest, and watches a base ball game with the enthusiasm of an abandoned "rooter." Wilson was once told by the captain of the "nine" that he would make a base ball player if he were not so damned lazy. Roosevelt impresses an amateur game now and then—and plays amateur golf. Roosevelt's sport is killing things.

Taft is fond of the theater and of travel. Roosevelt furnishes his own excitement. Wilson's chief secret love, so it was told me by a more intimate friend than I pretend to be, is to pull an old hat over his eyes and walk through the city streets, where the thickest crowds are, like Poe's "Man of the Crowd."

The governor is no relation of Poe's "William Wilson"; he may have a dual nature, indeed, being a compound of the contemplative and reserved man with the enterprising and ambitious man, but his moral nature is single and constant.

Mr. Roosevelt is an abstemious liver. He does not "drink," though the "wide-spread belief" that he does will probably never die. The fact is Mr. Roosevelt's demeanor and actions are much of the time those commonly exhibited by an intoxicated man. He is in private just as he is on the stage—T. R. never leaves the stage.

Their Idea of Humor.

All three are fond of merriment. Taft is half the time in paroxysms of laughter; his eyelids half closed, his double-lid quivers, and his body heaves; sometimes he is silently choked, and then a hearty laugh rings out. Roosevelt's

laughter is a soul-searching performance, convulsing his features while his voice rises to an inarticulate, falsetto scream. Wilson's laughter, no less hearty, is more controlled, though it sometimes interferences with his speech. Wilson laughs aloud less readily than do his rivals, but he smiles much more than they do—the friendly, pleased smile of a man who likes clever words, original turns of thought or expression, oddities and whimsicalities, and who always has an eye and an ear open for a whisper of humor or the bright eye of a passing conceit, while not averse from an occasional knock-down and drag-out joke.

All three are jokers. Taft likes his good and strong, and has plenty of friends—Knox, for example—who sees that he gets them at that brand. Wilson is the most confirmed and the liveliest

story-teller. He is a rare impersonator. Gaunt and long-limbed, perfectly ready to "give himself away," in any skulking that may be going on, Wilson, in his times of relaxation, makes a good imitation of a comedian. Roosevelt, though he is most violent and vituperative in speech, never crosses the line of conventional modesty, never utters a word that a young girl might not hear. He has a life of rather fierce jokes, of which of latter days he is fond of delivering himself. Taft is particularly happy with darkies. I was at the White House one day, when a colored brother called to thank the president for his presence at a meeting the evening before in the interest of some colored institution.

"And how did the collection turn out?" inquired the president with grave anxiety.

"Well, sah, jes' tollable, sah, tollable," replied the visitor, noncommittally. "I suppose that means you got your hat back?" laughed the president.

Their Treatment of Visitors.

In nothing is Roosevelt more sharply contrasted with the rival candidates than in treatment of the visitor. President Taft and Wilson pay attention to a caller; they listen, listen patiently even to the fool, the babbler, and the bore. Roosevelt never listened to anybody in his life. I have never witnessed anything funnier than the vain efforts to speak made by men whom T. R. had sent for information, but who came only to be drowned under the spout of his vociferation, and dismissed without having had a chance to finish a sentence.

It is said that Mr. Taft has moods in which he allows himself to be irritated by petty things. If this be true, it is no more than might be said of a great many men habitually occupied with big things. The little things must be made smooth for them or there is trouble. Wilson still occupies himself too much with little things that he could better trust to others, but he never allows himself to be perceptibly annoyed. Roosevelt gets shockingly angry with offenders—or those whom he regards as offenders—but never about petty things. Indeed, nothing is pettier when it has attracted Mr. Roosevelt's attention. It is instantly a crime against high Heaven; it is infamous; it is treasonable; the culprit is no common misdeed-maker, he is a vicious malefactor, a debauched knave, a desperate demagogue, and a witless fool; he has violated every principle of decency; he is a fellow marked by utter absence of morality, sodden lack of conscience, low servility to greed.

Mr. Roosevelt miscalls people to their faces. He straggles them as if they were before the judgment seat of the Almighty. I have heard him tell the managing editor of a newspaper which had printed editorials criticizing the administration policy that he was an impious craven who ought to have the sense to believe, even if he could not understand, that the president was an agent of Providence whose will it was wicked to try to thwart and dastardly even to question. I have heard him berate a congressman who had signed a report displeasing to him in language like this:

"This is a clear case of violent conspiracy. It is a most outrageous act—a cowardly and outrageous act! You have put a stain on the flag! You have done America a wrong which will take years to wipe out." And so on.

That affair came up in Congress on an inquiry by John Sharp Williams as to whether the president had not violated

section 6 of article I of the constitution, which provides that no representative of the people shall be called upon to account in any other place for his utterance in Congress—a provision, Mr. Williams said, that had been inserted because it had been the habit of George III of England to call to the Palace members of Parliament and berate them for their votes. In response to Mr. Williams' inquiry, the abused member arose and said that it was true that "the president had intimated that the report might have been worded in a happier manner." "This is the way in which for years T. R. has been allowed 'to get away with it!'"

President Taft would have made fun of his caller and got in a few serious, telling words. Mr. Wilson (the "offense" being clearly a debatable one) would have reasoned sympathetically with the visitor and won him over. That is what he did, over and over, at Trenton with members of the legislature. They began by opposing bitterly everything he proposed and denouncing him as a kid-glove interloper who would soon be sent about his business, and they ended by voting through his measures almost unanimously and asking for more. Brief as has been Governor Wilson's official life, there is no record in our politics of a leader who has won over more of his enemies. The man who made at Baltimore the speech putting him in nomination was the man who a little more than a year before had nominated Wilson's chief opponent for the New Jersey government. The instance is merely typical. It has been a wonderful sight at Sea Girt recently to see the procession of famous democratic leaders from all parts of the country come along to make their sudden submission to the "new boss," and to observe how, after a handshake and ten minutes' talk, they run over each other in cheerful haste to pass under the yoke.

Their Aptitude for Publicity.

There is a constitutional difference in the way in which the three men regard the business of publicity. Mr. Roosevelt has had a more vivid and constant sense of the value of the advertising man than any other American has ever had; he has played to the press, more continuously and more adroitly than any other public man we have ever had.

Mr. Wilson appreciates the importance of publicity; he is hospitable to newspaper men, always accessible by them and frank with them; but he has not yet acquired any skill in using them. He is still singularly innocent as to the possibilities of getting "food stuff" into the papers. It has been very hard work for his secretaries even to get advance

New Dean for S. U. I.

Raised on a farm and thoroughly experienced in all lines of teaching, Dr. W. A. Jessup, the new director of the school of education in the University of Iowa, has a record which stamps him as one of the leading educators in the middle west.

Born in 1877, Dr. Jessup was graduated from the Richmond (Ind.) High school in 1895. He received his A. B. degree from Earlham college in 1898, his A. M. degree from Hanover in 1908 and his Ph. D. degree from Columbia in 1911.

He taught in the rural and village schools in 1897 and 1898, was principal of the high school in Arcadia, Ind., in 1899, and later took the superintendency of the township high school at Westfield, Ind., where he remained until 1907. He then became superintendent of the city schools in Madison, Ind. During the summer sessions of 1907-8-9 he was director of the teachers' training courses at Earlham college. His work there attracted the attention of the University of Indiana. He was made professor of education in that university and afterwards was promoted to the censorship. Dr. Jessup is author of "Social Factors Affecting Special Supervision in the Public Schools of the United States." He was married in 1898.

The department of which Dr. Jessup will become head has had the longest continuous existence of any institution for the training of teachers in the middle west. It was started before the rebellion and was not stopped by the four years' warfare. The first "model school"



WALTER A. JESSUP.

ever attempted in Iowa was organized here.

copies of his speeches; and, since the nomination, dozens of "stories" which Roosevelt would have recognized as good for "front-page display" have failed to reach the ears of the eager reporters. There are as scores of bright fellows encamped around the telegraph office by the side of the Little White House at Sea Girt this summer, and one of the governor's secretaries is especially charged with the duty of looking after them; they have easily persuaded Mr. Wilson to give them a quarter of an hour every morning and afternoon. But it is only by tireless watchfulness that the press secretary can get hold of the striking incidents of the busy days, and it is only by questions that the governor can be brought to tell the most important news to the group ready to seize any picturesque item and to turn it into a big story to transfuse the attention of the country tomorrow morning. They are all his admirers, but the newspaper boys often yearn for the good old days at Oyster Bay, when the keenest newspaper artist in the profession seldom let a day go by without handing out a "scare-head" about himself.

It was interesting to observe the demeanor of the Wilsons under the unaccustomed trials to which the reporters and photographers are subjecting them. They have faced more serious trials to suffer, and they submit to this one as a family united in resignation. On the part of the young ladies there may have been perhaps a little pleasurable excitement in getting into a motor car while the motion picture camera looked on, but they were all very self-conscious and guiltily suspicious that they were making guys of themselves. T. R. always has one eye on the camera brigade and is unhappy if it is not on hand; he will postpone a gesture any time until the last photographer gets his diaphragm adjusted.

"Mr. Taft not only lacks the instinct for publicity, but he has a contempt for it. I have heard him explain, 'I don't want any forced or manufactured sentiment in my favor.'" It was in the White House and a visitor was urging a campaign of press education, saying that all the country needed to bring it to the president's side was a better knowledge of his ideas and his aims; that Mr. Taft had only to open the sluices a little and to let out a few facts, and his opponents would be silenced.

"I simply can't do that sort of thing," the president replied. "That isn't my method. I must wait for time and the result of my labors to vindicate me naturally. I have a profound faith in the people. Their final judgment will be right."