$1.50 FLOUNCINGS AND EXTRA WIDE

EMBROIDERIES

These are in 18 to 27-inch widths—fine French batistes—this season's newest designs—English Eyelet, Japanese Shadow, Grecian and combination effects. There never was a greater embroidery bargain offered in Omaha. They are worth as high as $1.50 yd., at, yard **59c**

18-Inch Embroidered Flouncings and Skirtings, worth up to 40c, at 10c-19c

Also insertions, bands and galloons, in the neatest designs fine cambric and nainsook—two big bargain squares full and actually worth up to 40c yard—great values, at, yard **10c-19c**

ALLOVER EMBROIDERIES

Fine hand loom needlework Allovers, in Japanese filet, English eyelet and shadow designs, worth as high as $1.50 yard—at, yard **59c**

30-INCH FINE EMBROIDERED SWISSES

Allover Ebroideries, in dots, squares, clover designs and drawn work, worth up to 65c yard, at, yard **39c**

15c LACES AT 5c A YARD

French, German and filet Val. Laces and Insertions, in dainty new designs, many to match—worth up to 15c yard, at, yard **5c**

Elbow Length Silk Gloves

16-button length, fine quality of Milanese silk double tipped fingers, black, navy, brown and tan, worth up to $2.00, at, pair **69c**

Elbow Length Mercerized Lisle Gloves

White, black and tan, all sizes, worth as much as $1 a pair, at, pair **25c**

U. S. POSTOFFICE
Station No. 17.
On Main Floor.
All the Conveniences of General Postoffice.

J. L. BRANDEIS & SONS "BOSTON STORE"

During August THIS STORE CLOSES at 5 P. M. Saturdays 10 P. M.

Great Reductions Monday on Women's Dainty Summer Apparel

We must effect a rapid, complete clearance. We need the room for incoming goods. All the Summer Suits, Dresses, Skirts and Jackets must go now.

It is by far the greatest chance in all the year to buy beautiful and serviceable apparel for women, far under value.

$12.00 and $15.00 white and colored Lingerie Dresses at $6.98
$17.50 and $19.00 white and colored Lingere and Linen Jumper Dresses—at ..... $8.98 and $9.98
$12.50 white and fancy Wash Jacket Suits at $6.98
$7.50 colored Prince Chap Wash Jacket Suits at $3.98
$10.00 and $12.50 Silk Dresses, jumper and shirt waist styles $5.00
$15.00 Silk Jumper Dresses, browns and Copenhagen $6.98
$50.00 Women's Silk Jacket Suits—at $25.00
$40.00 to $60.00 spring and summer Wool Suits, at $25.00
$25.00 to $35.00 spring and summer Wool Suits, at ... $12.50 and $15
$10.00 to $15.00 spring and summer Wool Suits, at $5.00
$50.00 to $100.00 Lingerie Dresses and Costumes, at $35.00
$25.00 and $35.00 fine linen and Rajah Jumper Dresses $14.85 & $17.50
$25.00 and $30.00 white and colored Lingerie Dresses, at $14.85
$15.00 to $19.00 Long Pongee and Silk Coats, at ..... $9.98 and $12.50
$7.50 long Linen Crash Auto Coats, $3.98
$10.00 long Linen Auto Coats, at $4.98
$20.00 to $50.00 short Pongee, Rajah and Cloth of Gold Jackets $15.00
$12.50 Copenhagen braid Coats, at .. $4.98
$30.00 short Broadcloth Coats, at $5.00
$15.00 Silk Eton and Butterfly Coats, $8.98
$7.50 to $10.00 Long Cloth and short Silk Box and Prince Chap Coats $4.98
$7.50 and $10.00 black and colored Dress Skirts, at ..... $3.98 and $4.98
$12.50 to $20.00 Silk Taffeta Walking Skirts, at ..... $8.98 and 9.98
$5.00 to $7.50 Wash Dresses, white and colored, all styles, at $2.98
$3.00 and $4.00 Shirt Waist Suits, at .. 98c
$5.00 and $6.00 Lingerie and Tailored Waists, at $2.50
$5.00 to $10.00 Net and Silk Waists, $3.98
$3.00 colored and white Waists, at .. $1.39
$1.50 and $2.00 white and colored Waists, at 95c
$1.00 and $1.50 children's colored Wash Dresses, at 49c
$2.00 to $4.00 children's white and colored Wash Dresses, at 98c

Big Bargain Specials In Basement

25c Imported Voiles at 10c Yd.
We bought, at a wonderful reduction, a delayed shipment of beautiful silk striped and plaid effects imported French Voiles in every plain shade. We secured a great bargain in thes Voiles, worth up to 29c yard, special for, a a yard **10c**

Silk Organdies
Arnold's Silk Organdies that have sold as high as 35c a yard, large range, beautiful floral styles, for dresses and evening wear, at, yard **15c**

Scotch Cloth
Positively fast colors, mediuum and light styles, checks, stripes and plaids, just the thing for children's school dresses, dress length, worth up to 12½c, at, yard **6½c**

Toy Selections—Basement
Bisque Baby Dolls, full jointed, with nice wig, 15c value for, each **7c**
Large Bryan and Taft Campaign Balloons, in bright colors, for children . **5c-10c**

Mussed White Goods—Plain and fancy white goods, odd lots and remnants from bolts of 12½c and 10c, yard **2½c**

Wash Fabrics and Suitings—Printed Sheer Batistes, mercerized plain colored suitings in voiles Egyptian lisle tissues, yard **7½c**

45-inch Persian Lawn—Mill lengths, extra wide Persian lawns that would be cheap at 25c yard, yard **7½c**

Shaker Flannel—10c grade bleached Shaker Flannel in 6, 8 and 10 yard lengths, yard **5c**

Dress Prints—Standard Dress Goods and woven Dress Ginghams, at, yard **3½c**

Outing Fiannels—Soft and fluffy, striped and checked, light colored Outing Flannel, yard **6½c**

Sample Cotton Blankets—Gray and white and tan with pretty borders, same grade will be sold later for $1.50 pair, at **35c**

Forenoon Only—Odd lots all kinds cotton remnants including unbleached muslins, at, a yard **2c**

Afternoon Only—Promptly at 1:30, two cases soft unbleached muslins, yard wide and long lengths for, yard **3½c**

Extra Specials In Linen Department Monday

Fine All Bleached Linen Table Damask, worth up to $1, at yard..... 65c
All linen bleached and silver bleached Table Damask, worth 75c yard, at..... 45c
8-4 and 10-4 all linen pattern Table Cloths, worth up to $4.00, at, each.... 1.98
Round thread all linen Dinner Napkins, worth $2.50 dozen, at doz..... 1.25
All linen imported Huck and Damask Towels, worth 30c, at each..... 15c
Renaissance lace Scarfs and Center Pieces, worth $1.25, at each..... 50c
Swiss embroidered Scarfs and Squares, worth 39c, at each..... 15c
Big lots of Doylies, worth up to 25c each, for this sale, at each..... 5c

BRANDEIS—BOSTON STORE

MONDAY Big Sale SILKS

All of our $1 and $1.25 fancy Silks .....
27-inch black spot proof summer silks .....
All the $1 and $1.25 fancy Pongee Silks .....
$1.00 quality 27-inch black dress Taffeta .....
All colors of $1 Crepe de Chine
85c quality of Cream Japanese Silk .....

ALL GO MONDAY AT YARD **55c**

Dress Goods

Plain and fancy suitings in the new fall shades and designs, 42 to 52 inches wide, in the newest shades. Panamas, batistes, poplins, voiles, fancy checks and stripes, etc., worth up to $1.25 and $2 a yard, special sale, at yard **89c**

Broken lots of plain and fancy Suitings, latest shades, checks and stripes, worth 50c to 89c, at, yard **39c**

Henrietta, panamas, wool taffetas, batistes, India twills, etc., in new fall shades, worth $1 to $1.25, special at, yard **69c**

Your unrestricted choice of ANY MAN'S SHIRT IN OUR ENTIRE STOCK, for **$1.15**
Shirts are worth up to $3.50.

Greatest Sale Men's Suits

Ever Held in Omaha

These are men's up-to-date Suits, the kind you can put right on new and wear clear into the fall and winter.

Single breasted navy blue serges.

Fancy worsted mixtures.

Browns and greys, etc.

All sizes, 34 to 44.

We bought these from a bankrupt New York maker. It is the greatest bargain event for Omaha men that was ever known.

$7.50

THESE SUITS are $15, $18 and $25 Values

MAUD ALLAN'S SALOME DANCE

All London Watches the Exhibition with Gusta.

NO VEILS IN HER WARDROBE

Nearly Nude, She Performs Nightly for the Edification of Thousands and Will Be Busy for Months.

LONDON, July 21.—If there is one thing that strikes an American more forcibly than another when he returns after a year's absence it is the cheerful innocence of a great city. London is the largest of all cities, as any geography tells the school boy, and it is, like most other overgrown places, greatly affected by fatty degeneration of the sensibilities. It is the small town that has fierce fancies and fatuous fads in their worst form, but it is yet in a larger degree the small town that is scarifying in its literary and art criticisms and jellifying in the cold immobility of its moral code.

One can scarce restrain a smile when gravely contemplating the focal points of general interest in a London season. The city is packed with foreigners of all kinds. For once the Americans, though in the majority, have not everything their own way.

The streets clatter with the babel of tongues, and one hears every accent known from Rouen to Budapest, from Naples to Copenhagen. The Olympic games, the Franco-British exposition and the Hungarian exposition have caused all this. But except at the booking offices of the "Bakerloo" tube or in the 'bus thoroughfares it causes no stoppage of the oiled machinery of this huge burg.

London's most serious business, that of pleasure seeking, has centered itself around two sensations of the season. These have been the return of Melba to glory and the rise of Maud Allan on her bare toes to the dome of fame's gilded hall. And the greater of these two is Maud Allan, for at the end of the season she is still packing the Palace theater nightly and giving many extra and special extra matinees, while Melba has to sing Desdemona to the Otello of the most furious of tenors, Zenatello, in order to sustain interest.

The Palace theater is a most attractive resort, situated in Cambridge Circus, Shaftesbury avenue, which is so near the middle of things as it is possible for any one object to be in London. It is a variety theater and the enterprising manager offers a thoroughly good entertainment. He has several headliners on his bill. Even Oscar Hammerstein would be willing to engage them. There is a pair of jugglers who give a remarkably clever performance and—but what do they all signify? Everyone goes to see Maud Allan at about 10 p. m.

When she appears the house is jammed to the doors and even the side aisles are packed. They allow that here. The conscientious correspondent can have no scruples about writing of Maud Allan. It is not at all likely that she will give her "act" in New York.

One can picture the aggressive action of Dr. Parkhurst, the solemn appointment of police critics to see the report, the issue of warrants, the execution of them, the application for an injunction against the police, and all the rest of it. But since the "Salome" of Richard Strauss had to go, it is certain that Maud Allan's dance, "The Vision of Salome," must never arrive.

Even in England it has met with some opposition. The city of Manchester would have none of it, so it was brought hither, where the London public in one of its periodical fits of immorality has made it the fashion. In one of the double acts at the Palace the woman expresses a desire to sing. She would like, she fancies, to sing "The Holy City."

"Sam," she says, "will you buy me 'The Holy City?'"

"Go along now," he answers, "you know I'm not rich enough to buy you Manchester."

Whereat London shakes with laughter and murmurs, "Beastly clever, don't ye think?"

Miss Allan's preliminary bouts are called "classic dances." She has the stage hung in dark gray draperies and the music consists of such numbers as Chopin's A minor valse and Mendelssohn's "Spring Song." Miss Allan emerges from a slit in the drapery.

She is clad in a loose low necked tunic of gray chiffon, which hangs in easy folds to her knees. The left side of the skirt is slit to the waistband. The dancer's legs are bare, but a thin underskirt of white partly hides the upper part of the left limb.

Her hair is classically arranged and makes a good frame for a plain but mobile face, which is expressively employed in the pantomime of the dancers. The bare feet, which are flat and unsymmetrical, show pink toes and heels, not always free from the dust of the carpet.

The feet would be prettier in slippers, but as shown they are a guarantee of good faith, for the most anxious and industrious opera glass, working its way upward from the prominent ankle bones to the shapely pointed kneecaps and still further, can find no trace of law abiding tights. The dancer wears only the "fleshings" with which Nature provided her.

The "classic dances" are graphic performances of the sort dreamed of by Wagner when he planned the yet unseen ballet of "Tannhauser." Miss Allan undulates, wavers, runs, slides, bends and sways through a series of movements ostensibly designed to interpret the poetic meanings of the music. Ever and anon she makes a sudden rush, leaps into the air and descends doubled up till she is the living reproduction of one of Burne-Jones' dyspeptic damsels. At these moments the opera glasses sweat with eagerness, but one sees only Bunthorne's "writhing maid, lank limbed."

When three or four of these dances have been done the curtain descends and an intermission prepares the opera glasses for the piece de resistance, "The Vision of Salome." The rising curtain discloses a stage set with obelisks, each adorned with a torch, and a backing of moonlit garden. In the center at the back stands the dancer, erect, with feet together, arms extended and head thrown back, showing a well turned throat.

Her hair is now black, Orientally arranged and surmounted by a headdress of eastern fashion. Her breast shows the circular plates seen in pictures of Amazons. Across the front of the torso swing two or three pendants. From a waistband supported by the hips hangs a skirt of black net. Just below the waist is some sort of undergarment of the kind usually worn by ballet dancers when they appear in tights.

But this dancer does not wear tights Neither above nor below does she wear them. Except for the articles mentioned she is absolutely naked, body and limbs. This is no dance of the seven veils. It is a dance of only one veil, and not much of a veil at that. She does not take it off. She does not need to. It is easy now for the opera glasses, but they do not rest.

The dance begins with some highly significant postures and movements. But, as there are no program notes, one has to guess what they signify, and, like the Troad as described in one of Byron's letters, they "afford a fine field for conjecture." When these graphics appear to have been exhausted the head of Jokanaan suddenly appears on a pedestal at the left of the dancer.

She sees it and folds up like a recoiling serpent. Then she unwinds and creeps toward it with tense, low strides. She hesitates, she throbs, she turns away, she approaches again and finally she pounces upon the head and carries it toward the footlights. There she goes into a spasm of physical raptures over it. She makes Olive Fromstad's famous dress rehearsal performance of Salome look like the revery of a nun. If Mary Garden next season comes within a mile of this she will cause New York to sit agog.

Suddenly the dancer springs to her full height, and, swinging the head at arm's length, brings it above her face. Then she suddenly drops the white lips upon her own and for a moment seems to drink obscene kisses from them as from the brim of a cup. Then follows a writhing revulsion. She puts the head behind her, hides her head with one arm and creeps back toward the pedestal. In another moment she drops it behind the pedestal and falls shuddering to her knees.

Again she rises; this time slowly. Her whole nude figure quivers. She writhes and worms her way across the stage. She wreathes fantastic figures with her arms, her legs, her gleaming body. She staggers, she reels, she falls, a shining mass in the pallid moonlight. The curtain descends. The opera glasses also descend. "The Vision of Salome" is over. A few people remain just to prove that they did not come for this alone. They see biographic pictures of automobile races. Machines are overturned; men are killed; men are mangled. You see it all. But it is very, very tame.

The music used for this dance is not that of Richard Strauss. It is tinsel and calcium light music, but you do not hear it. You think of nothing but this extraordinary exhibition of a nude woman for the amusement of an audience of richly clad Londoners and visitors to the world's metropolis. Perhaps you are sorry you saw it, and yet if you are an American, you can't help being a little pleased, because you know you will never see it at home—not next season, anyhow, for Maud Allan is reengaged at the Palace.

The other sensation has, in one sense, a closer interest for New York, but it is not quite so little known. The cable dispatches carried some news of it at the time of Mme. Melba's return to the Covent Garden stage, but they failed to make clear the nature of London's amazement at its own rediscovery of the Australian prima donna. Less than a year ago the London press seethed with praises of Tetrazzini. Nothing like her has ever been heard. She was the peer of Patti. She was one of the bew born queens of the colorature world.

Especially was she glorified for the purity of her vocal art and the touching tenderness of her interpretation in such roles as Violetta Vallery, the elegant heroine of Verdi's "La Traviata." America heard of this wonderous creature and Mr. Hammerstein made it possible to listen to her. The calbes hurried messages the opposite direction to assure London that its verdict has been more than approved by New York. There were some dissenting voices, it was admitted, but they were those of the advocates of Sembrich. London never loved Sembrich, so that signified naught.

But all has been changed. In all her brilliant career Melba has never been praised so ecstatically as she has been in London this season. A few nights ago she sang Violetta, and some critics went so far as to say that it was an unequalled performance. The public went into raptures over it. Melba's voice was in its very best state. It had never been so rich, so mellow, so splended. Her style—why, they even declared that it was the purest of the period. Her interputation was matchless.

Meanwhile they have all been wondering what is the matter with Tetrazzini. How is it that she does not sound now as she did last fall? Does she not sing so well after all? Or did she lose it all among the savage Americans? Those who had not the courage last fall now come out boldly and say she never was an artist of the first rank, certainly not to be placed in the same class with Melba. The public does not chatter about her. In Hyde park, in the clubs, in the drawing rooms, in the hotels, in the supper restaurants, one hears only Melba, Melba.

Sic itur ad astra. And also thus the stars sometimes fade and we mourn their loss. Melba will go to America next winter. So will Tetrazinni. Over in West Thirty-fourth street there will be a war of the Amazons, and crafty Oscar Hammerstein will laugh in his hat, while the Gatti-Casazza-Dippel combination will observe and ponder. Meanwhile here's a health to Nellie Melba. May her shadow grow less (for it's much too big), but her voice never.

W. J. HENDERSON.

DRURY LANE BLOOD AND THUNDER

Raleigh and Hamilton Have Sugar-Coated "The Sins of Society."

LONDON, Aug. 8.—(Special Correspondence.)—Cecil Raleigh and Henry Hamilton, authors of "The Sins of Society," have just finished adapting their play which was produced last season at the Drury Lane theater for use in Chicago, where A. W. Dingwall, who has secured the American rights will produce it at McVickers. Cecil Raleigh and Joseph Lyons, who is collaborating with him on the new play for the Drury Lane playhouse, will also adapt their new piece for American production.

At the conclusion of its run at the Apollo theater here, "Butterflies," the musical version of William J. Locke's "Palace of Puck," will be taken to the United States with the entire London cast by Ada Reeve, the popular comedienne who is managing the production as well as appearing as leading lady in it. "Butterflies" which started very modestly has turned out to be one of the biggest successes of the season, and no less than three companies are being organized to tour the English provinces with it, beginning next Christmas.

Another of Locke's books, "Idols," will inaugurate the management of Evelyn Millard on the first of September at the Garrick theater. Miss Millard has been an established London favorite for a long time, lately appearing in support of Lewis Waller in the majority of his big successes. This is her second plunge into management and she will have the assistance of Allan Aynesworth, Herbert Waring and C. W. Somerset.

Charles Frohman has planked down an enormous amount for the English and American rights of Edmond Rostand's "Chanticler." Coquelin and Herz have bought the French rights for $50,000, and it is said that the price demanded by the author of "Cyrano de Bergerac" from Mr. Frohman was not far short of that figure.

Isadora Duncan who, although she claims to be the originator of the new style of dancing which she practices, was one of the last of the flock to reach London, does not intend to make the same mistake with regard to New York. She ends her season here on July 30, and will immediately proceed to Paris to make necessary arrangements and sail for New York on August 8, where she will open under the management of Charles Frohman on August 20 at one of his theaters. Meanwhile there is nothing definite about Maud Allan's expected visit to the United States. She is still packing the Palace theater at every performance and the management refused to allow her to leave even for a vacation which she expected to get beginning August 1. She has now appeared at the Palace no less than 100 times, establishing thereby a music hall record in London.

oarridu ctiona Bst

The lamentable ignorance of the English people with regard to the geography of the United States is responsible for the laughable paragraph in one of the leading London papers regarding Walter C. Kelly, the "Virginia Judge," who is telling his negro stories to appreciative audiences at the Palace theater. Although Kelly hails from Philadelphia, the newspaper mentioned that the story-teller is an alderman in his native "far west city."

Kelly, on the occasion of his first visit some months ago, made such a success that he is now a star in a program chock-a-block with big acts. At the conclusion of his run at the Palace, by arrangement with the management, he will tour the provinces for the first time.

Another well known music hall favorite, who is making a pronounced hit in London, is Charlotte Parry, who is appearing in a protean sketch called "The Comstock Mystery" at the Oxford. She has been highly praised by the newspapers and seems to be well on the road toward establishing herself as a London favorite.

Justin H. M'Carthy's new version of "The Duke's Motto," which will be presented by Lewis Waller at the Lyric next season, recalls memories of New York of long ago. The play, which owes its origin to Paul Feval's "Le Bosso," was first produced by Fechter at the Lyceum, London, in 1863. The man who arranged the English version was John Brougham, a native of Dublin, who spent the later years of his life in America and died in 1880. In 1869 he opened the playhouse in New York now known as the Madison Square theater and probably will be remembered by members of the old guard still alive.

Joseph Brooks, the American manager, has not yet been able to complete negotiations for the West End theater, in which he hopes to present Yvette Guilbert in an English version of "Le Mariage d'Etoile" this fall. The English adaptation is being made by Edward Knobloch, who adapted "The Shulamite." The story of the play, which will be called "The Star's Marriage," is intensely dramatic. The heroine, which will be played by Yvette Giulbert, is a certain Mlle. Florence Bell, an actress famous both in London and Paris. Her daughter is engaged to a wealthy young man named Andre Lanbertheier and the marriage is shortly to take place, when Florence Bell, whom Andre has never seen, suddenly and unexpectedly appears upon the scene. Andre finds it hard to conceal his love at first sight for the mother and equally hard to decide which of the two women is the more adorable. In unraveling this tangled skein the authors show considerable ingenuity and originality. The play, which is by Risson and Thurner, when produced at the Paris vaudeville some months ago, was an enormous success. Guilbert is now sick in bed with a severe cold and has been compelled to postpone her appearance, which she intended would be a real farewell to the vaudeville stage at the Coliseum until the last of September.

JOHN AVA CARPENTER.

Northwestern's New Chicago Passenger Station

PROPOSED NEW TWENTY-MILLION-DOLLAR DEPOT OF THE CHICAGO & NORTHWESTERN RAILROAD IN CHICAGO.

The Northwestern road has begun the construction of a new $20,000,000 station in Chicago, to be located between Kinzie and Madison streets and Clinton and Canal streets, the tract comprising about thirteen acres. The drawings are complete and the work is under way.

These drawings indicate that the new terminal will be one of the finest architectural features of the city—a splendid feature of which is a great colonnaded entrance or portico of lofty proportions, monumental in type, that towers to a height of 120 feet above Madison street. Before this imposing front is a broad pavement or esplanade from which will rise the granite columns that guard the inner vestibule. The esplanade will be lighted by monumental bronze lamp standards, from which clusters of electric lights will blaze at night, and four big clock dials, each twelve feet in diameter, will look down from the granite walls.

There are six other public entrances to the building, and the stairways are so ample that if placed side by side they would form steps 100 feet broad.

Growing traffic has forced the Northwestern to build this new modern structure for caring for its passengers and it will have a capacity of about 250,000 passengers a day, the present capacity of 50,000 being inadequate. The Northwestern officials say they believe the depot will be ready for occupancy about January 1, 1910. The details of the mammoth structure have been worked out with special care to provide the best possible conveniences for the traveling public, and nothing will be left undone to make traveling a pleasure as far as the depot is concerned.

DR. FORCE IS OUT ON PAROLE

President of Minneapolis Insurance Company Released by Pardon Board.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Aug. 7.—Dr. J. E. Force of Minneapolis, who was convicted on May 26 of grand larceny and sentenced to serve three and a half years, was today paroled from the penitentiary by the State Pardon board. Dr. Force was president of the Northwestern National Life Insurance company of Minneapolis. He was convicted of misuse of the company's funds.