

Music  
Saturday Evening  
7 to 9

# ORKIN BROTHERS

Formerly the Bennett Company

**SATURDAY STARTS** Greatest Sale White China for Decorating Ever Held in Omaha  
Thousands of pieces of all sizes and colors will be sold at greatly reduced prices to make room for our great new stock. Included in this sale are jugs, olive, pickle, relish dishes, tea cups, vases, nappies, etc. This is all perfect ware from France and Austria.  
EVERYTHING AT JUST HALF PRICE.

Saturday This Great Store Holds Forth Wonderful Opportunities For Decisive Savings  
--on Reliable Merchandise--

## One of the Greatest Suit and Overcoat Values Ever Offered to the Men of Omaha, Saturday . . . . \$11.75



Another of Orkin Bros. Remarkable Money Saving Clothes Sales

**OVERCOATS** In this Great Sale—All wool, black kersey silk velvet, colors brown or gray mixtures, convertible storm collars. Popular double faced fabrics, self colors and every wanted style. A great bargain when sold at \$18 and \$20. Our price for Saturday only . . . . . **\$11.75**

**SUITS** Suits in pure through and through worsted, all wool, sun proof serge and all wool cassimere and cheviot. Made in 2 and 3-button models, single or double breasted. We include in this offering one hundred Norfolk suits, all new models, just arrived, in gray, brown or homespun effects. In the average store this grade of suits would sell for more than \$18 and \$20. Our Saturday price . . . . . **\$11.75**



In Our Greater Boys' Clothing Department Balcony

In order to acquaint you with our greatly enlarged boys' clothing section, new location balcony, main floor, we offer extra special for Saturday one of the strongest boys' suits and overcoat values ever attempted by any store in Omaha.

**SUITS** For this great sale we have selected from our regular stock 550 jaunty suits, double breasted or Norfolk styles, splendid all wool, heavy serge or fancy chevots, sizes to 17 years, regular values \$7.50 and . . . . . **\$4.95**

**OVERCOATS** 350 overcoats of heavy warm gray, tan or oxford effects; many with astrachan collars, others plain with convertible storm collars, sizes to 17 years. None of these worth less than \$7.50 and up to \$10; Saturday at . . . . . **\$4.95**



EXTRA SATURDAY—MEN'S \$2 SAMPLE HATS ONLY. . . . . **88c**



Soft hats in gray, brown, tan, steel, oxford and black. None sold for less than \$2 and \$3. Marked at this price for quick clearance; Saturday special at . . . . . **88c**

**SATURDAY**  
A Chance to Buy Your Winter Shoes at a Big Reduction—Final Cleanup

**R. & D. SHOE STOCK** Shoes for Everybody

at **HALF PRICE**

**Men's \$3-\$3.50 Shoes, \$1.95**  
A big assortment in most leathers and all sizes. Button, lace and blucher. Saturday special at . . . . . **\$1.95**

**Men's \$4 and \$4.50 Shoes, \$2.39**  
Gunmetal, calfskin, velour calf, tan Russia, vic kid and patent colt; lace, button and blucher models; welt soles; all new fall styles in this lot at . . . . . **\$2.39**

**Men's \$3 and \$3.50 Shoes, \$1.89**  
All latest fall models; button and blucher styles in gunmetal, calf, patent colt, tan calf, vic kid and Venice kidskin; Cuban military and low heels; all sizes—Saturday special . . . . . **\$1.89**

**Women's Crochet Slippers**  
All colors. Saturday we make a special price on these slippers at, per pair . . . . . **49c**

**Boys' \$2.50 and \$2.75 Shoes, \$1.69**  
Gunmetal, calfskin, velour and box calf; button and blucher styles; sizes up to 5 1/2. Saturday special, at . . . . . **\$1.69**

**Women's \$4 and \$4.50 Shoes, \$2.39**  
All high grade footwear, patents, gunmetals, tan kid and black velvets; button, lace and blucher; new heel and toe effects; all sizes—Saturday special, per pair . . . . . **\$2.39**

**Women's \$1.50 Felt Jullets**  
Hand turned leather soles; fur rimmed, all sizes—Saturday special, pr pair . . . . . **88c**



EXTRA for SATURDAY—BOYS' 75c **KNICKERBOCKER PANTS** at **49c**

Another great offer from Our Newly Enlarged Boys Clothing Section that Parents Cannot Afford to Overlook.

Strong, heavy, tight woven cassimere and cheviot. All seams taped and double stitched, neat patterns, made up for rough usage by sturdy boys from 5 to 16 years, Saturday special at . . . . . **49c**



### Women's Underwear and Hosiery

**Women's 35c Cotton Fleece Lined Vests and Pants**—Saturday special, per garment . . . . . **19c**

**Women's 65c fine White Cotton Lined Vests and Pants**—Regular and extra sizes, Saturday special, per pair . . . . . **45c**

**Women's \$1.25 and \$1.75 Sample Vests and Pants**—Cotton and wool, Saturday special, per garment . . . . . **89c**

**Women's 69c Cotton Fleece Lined Union Suits**—White and cream, Saturday special, per garment . . . . . **39c**

**Women's \$1.25 White Cotton Union Suits**—Fleece lined, Saturday special, garment, **75c**

**Women's \$2.50 White or Natural Wool Union Suits**—Saturday special, garment, **\$1.39**

**Women's \$2.50 to \$3 Fine Wool or Mercerized Union Suits**—Saturday special, garment **\$1.98**

**Women's 17c Black Cotton Hose**—Full seamless, good weight, Saturday special, per pair . . . . . **8c**

**Women's 25c Black Cotton Hose**—Fleece lined, seamless, ribbed top, Saturday special, per pair . . . . . **15c**



## --UNDERWEAR AND HOSIERY FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN--

Values that are truly remarkable—an opportunity of rare occurrence to supply winter needs at great savings

**Men's \$2 to \$3.50 Fine Wool and Mercerized Underwear**—Saturday special, per garment . . . . . **\$1.19**

**Men's \$1.25 Union Suits**—Cotton fleece lined, closed crotch, ecru, Saturday special, per garment . . . . . **89c**

**Men's Heavy Fleece Lined Shirts and Drawers**—Ribbed cotton, Saturday special, per garment . . . . . **45c**

**Boys' and Girls' 69c Fleece Lined Suits**—White or gray, Saturday special, per garment, each . . . . . **39c**

**Men's Sample Union Suits**—In mercerized, wool, silk and wool and all wool; regular \$3.50, \$4.50, \$5.50, \$6.50 and \$7.50; a wonderful Saturday special, per garment . . . . . **\$2.59**

**Men's 17c Black and Colored Seamless Hose**—Saturday special, per pair . . . . . **8c**

**Men's 35c Shawknit Cashmere Hose**—Slightly imperfect, Saturday special, pair . . . . . **17c**

**Children's 35c Union Suits**—Fleece lined, drop seats, Saturday special, per garment, **19c**

**Children's 25c Black Cotton Hose**—Ribbed, seamless, Saturday special, per pair . . . . . **12 1/2c**

**Men's \$1.50 to \$1.75 Fine Sample Wool Underwear**—Saturday special, per garment, **89c**

**Boys' and Girls' 25c and 35c Black Cotton and Mercerized Hose**—Slightly imperfect, Saturday special, 3 pairs for **50c** or per pair . . . . . **17c**



### EXPLORING A DISMAL SWAMP

Vast Sombre Tract of Forest and Water in Virginia.

FAMOUS DITCH DRY AS BONE

Hunt of the Bear and the Wild Cat, of Cypress and Snakes—Haunting Silence on Lake Drummond.

We were in Norfolk, Va., on our way to the Dismal Swamp. The Dismal Swamp is a habit. Go there once and you are doomed to perpetual trips. It has a fatal fascination. We went in first two years ago, from Norfolk up to the Dismal Swamp canal, which extends from the south branch of the Elizabeth river through the swamp to Elizabeth City on Albemarle sound, in South Carolina. Lake Drummond, "The Lake of the Dismal Swamp" that Tom Moore sang about, lies to the west of this canal, and is reached by a "feeder" deep enough for small motor

boats. But this time we decided to reach Lake Drummond by the Washington ditch, surveyed by George Washington back in the eighteenth century, and extending from a point seven miles south of Suffolk, Va., due east five miles, to the west shore of the lake. It is a narrow waterway, not over fifteen feet wide, through the silent heart of the great swamp jungle, long since abandoned to any use but that of transportation for hunters. We had paddled up it two years ago, in spring, fascinated by its silent mystery. Now we were going to travel its entire length, using it as a portal to the swamp.

When morning came we bought a five-gallon bottle of spring water, bread, butter, eggs, food of all sorts, loaded them and our tent and blankets and camp kit on a wagon and drove seven miles south through the cotton fields and peanut plantations till we saw the level wall of pine and gum trees to the left, marking the edge of the Dismal Swamp. Then we turned in through a field, bumped down sloping, sandy land and reached the Washington ditch. It was dry as a bone! There were all the boats, and cypress log, dug-out canoes, lying on

the cozy bottom. There was the black ditch, stretching like a sunken road straight into the dark mystery of the gums and cypress, and there were we, with a ten and a five-gallon bottle of water and blankets and 200 pounds of other stuff, five miles from our camping place!

"The Dismal Swamp has no business to dry up!" cried my companions. "It's contrary to all tradition!"

"Why didn't somebody in Suffolk tell us?" I wailed.

"Ah, didn't know," said our nigger driver. "Don't nobody go in here much but swamper. It's top full of snakes."

Just then a swamper came along, a negro with his two sons, all three with guns on their shoulders, old muzzle-loaders. They volunteered the information that the swamp was dryer than it had been for twenty-six years, and that we could walk in all the way to Lake Drummond. They were bound themselves, looking for bears and wildcats. A party of hunters had chased a wildcat a mile into the swamp the night before.

Did you ever walk five miles in six

inches of swamp ooze, with cypress roots every two feet along the way and seventy-five pounds on your back, and the surrounding vegetation so thick that there isn't a breath of air stirring to cool you—and no water to drink? There are more amusing pastimes. There was no water in the ditch all the way in to Lake Drummond. We could, indeed, have walked anywhere in the swamp except for the tangle of giant reeds and tearing cat briars. Except for the cries of the yellow-hammers, there was not a sound of bird life at this season. If there were any bears, they heard us coming and fled. The old swamper plodded ahead and told stories of the swamp, and we plodded on behind, our eyes on the muck watching for treacherous roots, our hot packs galling us.

Suddenly the light broke in front, and we pushed through a ten-foot jungle of reeds, like small bamboo, and stood on the shore of Lake Drummond. The water was so low that there was a beach 200 yards in breadth out to the water, a beach not of swamp muck, but of clear, gray ocean sand. The Dismal swamp was formed by the elevation of the old

ocean bed, so level that it could not drain, and centuries of leaf mold have put ten feet of muck on top of it. A depression in the bed made Lake Drummond, and it has remained clear bottom, not even a water lily or pickerel weed growing there. We dumped our packs on the sand and gazed about us.

It is the magic of the Lake Drummond which takes you back into the swamp, even if you protest it is bears or black base or wildcats. There is no spot like it anywhere. An almost circular sheet of mahogany-colored water, four miles across, in the heart of the primeval wilderness, without a single landmark or elevation of any sort to break the even green sky line of forest trees and pendant vines, without a sound save the wind and the whistle of teal ducks, without a boat on its surface, it would be haunting enough did it not possess its final wonder of cypress trees.

Forest of Cypress.

Around the entire shore line lies a fifty-foot-deep border of gray cypress roots and "knees" and mighty trunks like a gigantic circle of bleached mastodon bones. The swamp cypress develops

shoots from its roots, which feed it air, and these shoots are called knees. On the big trees they grow six feet long, are curved and taper to a point. Exposed for 100 years to the water and sun, as they have been around the border of Lake Drummond, and they become exactly like mammoth gray tusks. Many of the cypress trunks are eight feet in diameter. The trees were felled more than 100 years ago, but you can still chop off great chunks of marvelously hot-burning firewood. Many of the cypresses, however, were not felled. Supported above the water on pavilion tents of roots (one tree you can push a canoe under between roots), they bear their shreds of delicate foliage, fifty feet above the lake gray ghosts of forests dead and gone, the oldest looking trees in the world. They sentinel the shore much shorter than their forest brothers, but infinitely more aged, unreal, phantom, mysterious. When you see them by moonlight, rising above the white mist on the water, not a sound in the world but the mournful hoot of an owl and the passing of invisible ducks overhead, you realize why people go back to the Dismal Swamp.

The swamp is full of bears, but until

the leaves fall in November you cannot see them, for they can't bear you first. They sit in the black gum trees, eating the gum berries. Thirty were killed in the swamp last November, running as high as 300 pounds. We found the tracks of several in the mud along the shore, many deer prints and innumerable "coon tracks, like the print of tiny, shriveled babies' feet. Mink tracks, too, were abundant. But our weapons consisted (to the amusement of the swamper) only of cameras, and our only prey was a water moccasin, which was torpidly shedding his skin on the beach.—Boston Transcript.

Her Cherished Secret.

Little Jack, aged 5, was accompanied by his mother on a trip to the city. When the conductor came around to collect the fares he asked the usual question: "How old is the boy?"

After being informed the correct age, which did not require a fare, the conductor passed on to the next person.

"The lad sat quite still, apparently pondering over something; then, concluding that full information had not been given, he called loudly to the conductor at the other end of the car: "And mother's 23."—Harper's Bazar.