

THE FAMOUS STOCK of Ladies' Suits, Coats, Furs

MONDAY you will be surprised at the bargains that we will offer you.

Never before during our Successful Business Career has our Store been so crowded with eager buyers as Saturday—every one a satisfied purchaser. This big stock of LADIES' SUITS, COATS and FURS from THE FAMOUS STOCK is going at UN-HEARD PRICES, and in order to make Monday a BIG DAY we have cut the prices to the CORE. Come Monday and take advantage of these prices:

\$3.50 and \$5.00 Whipcord Skirts, Monday..... \$1.48			
\$25.00 Mountain Wolf Set \$4.98	Messaline Petticoats 98c	\$25 and \$30 Evening Gowns and Wedding Dresses \$9.75	\$1.50 Long Flannelette Kimonos 59c
\$1.50 House Dresses 69c	75c House Aprons 39c	\$10 and \$12.50 Serge Dresses \$2.48	\$10.00 Black Kersey Coats \$2.48
\$10.00 Voile Skirts \$2.98	75c Ladies' Petticoats 19c	\$12.50 Plush Coats \$4.48	\$4.00 and \$5.00 Silk and Chiffon Waists \$1.98
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LEGAL HUNCH HELPED SOME

Court Analysis of Sporting Proposition that Didn't Pan.

PITCHED IN THE MARRAY KEY

Bit of Red Rubber Revealed Trick by Which \$5,000 Was Dropped in Council Bluffs.

"This was not much of a sporting man, but in the innocent sporting events that enter into a business man's life he rather prided himself on being 'game' and a 'good loser.' When he realized, however, that a stranger was walking away with \$5,000 of his dollars, his brain as well as his nerve was paralyzed for a moment.

He saw the other men lift Walker from the spot on the track where he had fallen, his lips dyed with weeping crimson and carry him away to a waiting touring car, but, though he had counted Walker as a friend, he could not go to him. He turned in another direction, walking blindly, his one idea being to get away from the scene that had marked so tragic a failure for them both.

He did not realize that he was staggering like a drunken man until he jostled against some one on the sidewalk. The stranger looked at him curiously and then dropped a hand on his shoulder. It was a lawyer he had known some years before in Denver, Ade by name.

"Tello, Innis, what good luck brings you to Council Bluffs?" Ade asked cheerfully.

"Good luck!" exclaimed Innis bitterly. "Devil's luck!"

"What's the matter?"

"I have just dropped \$5,000; that's what's the matter."

Ade whistled. "How did you manage to do that?"

"Out there," Innis nodded toward the deserted cinder track, which lay half a block away—a part of the permanent equipment of the fair grounds. "A foot race. It looked like a sure thing—would have been, too, if Walker had held out. He broke a blood vessel. I suppose I ought to remember that it is hard on him, but I haven't got away from my own trouble yet."

Man Who Broke Blood Vessel.

"Where were you going now?"

"I don't know—to the street cars, I suppose."

"You are headed in the wrong direction for that. The cars are on the other side of the grounds. Here, we ran out across lots while you tell me about it. I didn't know you went in so heavily for sports."

"I don't," confessed Innis. "I never did before. I wouldn't have gone into this, except through knowing Walker."

"The man who ran and broke a blood vessel?"

"Yes."

"Who ran against him?"

"Some fellow from New York. You see, the race was arranged by some men here in Council Bluffs, who knew about Walker. He told me about it last week in Denver, and asked me to come on with him and act as stakeholder. I hadn't bought of betting himself, but when his brother-in-law, Johnson, put up \$5,000 on him, it seemed so sure a thing that I couldn't keep out. So I put up \$5,000, too."

"But weren't you stakeholder?"

"No; Wentworth was stakeholder. You see, Johnson didn't want to bet his money in his own name, so he gave it to me to bet for him. We agreed on Wentworth for stakeholder. He is a deacon in the Olivet Methodist church here, and everybody was satisfied with him."

Ade looked surprised. "Sure everything was all straight," he asked doubtfully.

"Oh, it was all straight enough. Walker and I went to the Grand Central hotel, and Johnson came there to meet us and talk things over. They were both absolutely certain that Walker could run all around this Murphy from New York. The men that wanted to bet on Murphy came, and everything was arranged perfectly square and above board. There was a regular contract drawn up and signed by everybody. Wentworth was mentioned for stakeholder, and he came over and took charge of the money. I'm not a fool. Besides, I've known Walker for years, and he is simply great on the track. If it had not been for his accident everything would have been all right."

A Rubber Sign.

The two men had been walking directly across the race track, while Innis talked and Ade listened. They were approaching the corner where the waiting motor had stood that carried Walker away, when Ade stopped suddenly and walked back a few steps to pick up a small object from the ground. It was a tiny, circular bit of red rubber, such as toy balloons are made of. If a balloon, it must have been a very small one. It left a red stain on his fingers.

"What have you found?" asked Innis, not seeing plainly what his friend had picked up.

"I don't know," said Ade slowly. Then he said abruptly: "Take me back to the place where Walker fell when he broke down."

"What for?"

"Oh, perhaps," said Ade enigmatically. "Can't it be a blood vessel? You may have broken a blood vessel on the ground."

Innis stared at his friend in astonishment, but yielded to his urgency. He had been near enough to the track to see plainly the sickening red stream that had oozed between Walker's set legs as he lay on the ground. To his surprise, Ade dropped on his knees and carefully screened up some of the gravel where it showed a dark stain. This he folded away in a piece of paper, which he marked.

"What are you doing?" asked Innis in amazement.

"Instead of answering directly, Ade asked: "What sort of a looking man was Deacon Wentworth?"

"An elderly man, gray side whiskers."

"You're sure it was the Olivet church?"

"That's what he said."

"Well," said Ade, triumphantly. "I am a deacon in the Olivet church myself, and I know for a fact that there is no Deacon Wentworth connected with the church. What's more, these stains are not blood stains. We will prove that chemically later on; but in the meantime I am willing to stake my reputation on it.

"They are the stains of a red coloring fluid and they came from this little rubber bulb which Walker had in his mouth while he was running, and which he broke at the right moment to make you think that he had broken a blood vessel. It'll stake my reputation also, that Walker is in no hospital at this moment, but that he and Johnson and Wentworth are dividing the loot between them. It's up to

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Steck Upright, ebony case	\$200	\$ 45	Kurtzman Upright, walnut	\$325	\$165
Boudoir Upright, mahogany	\$200	\$ 75	Emerson Upright, ebony	\$450	\$180
Erbe Upright, oak	\$275	\$100	Steger & Sons Upr'ht, walnut	\$500	\$175
Hallet & Compston Upright, ebony	\$300	\$120	Art Style Upright, mahog.	\$450	\$195
Bradford Upright, walnut	\$300	\$125	Steger & Sons Upr'ht, mahog.	\$500	\$225
J. & C. Fisher Upr'ht, walnut	\$275	\$140	Crown Upright, mahogany	\$450	\$225
Kimball Upright, mahogany	\$300	\$130	Mehlin & Son Upright, wal.	\$475	\$260
Reed & Sons Upr'ht, mahog.	\$325	\$150	Knabe Upright, mahogany	\$550	\$290
Smith & Nixon Upr'ht, Mahog.	\$325	\$160	Hardman Upright, mahogany	\$500	\$295
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WHEN MAN'S NERVE HELD

Fragic Test on Destroyer Walke Off Newport, R. I.

SOLDIER SHOWED HIMSELF HERO

Life Readily Offered for Life When Accident Imperils Men—Re-lated Message of Commendation.

Out into the smother of some twenty miles off Newport's reef near Newport, bumped four doughty destroyers of Uncle Sam's—the Mayrant, the Perkins, the Sterett and the Walke.

A southerly gale, blowing out of rain-laden skies, scared up the seas into yellow foam. The long, lean, leaden-headed little warships of the third group of destroyers were having their test trials for speed.

A bell jangled down in the engine room of the Walke and the valves were opened wide by the men who stood at their stations. Take a peep down into the engine room of the destroyer just then.

Boats of the Walke type are 280 feet long, and pretty much half of this length is boilers and engines. It is merely a hull capable of floating 12,000 horsepower. The entire ship aft of the superstructure is a maze of pipes and chests and big cylinders and valves from deck to keelson. It's a twin turbine boat, with oil-burning furnaces.

And chief of all the machinery in that crowded engine room are two huge cylinders, some four feet in diameter and ten feet long. In these are the rotors—the twisting things which work the screws in turbine fashion under steam pressure. Nine men were below that dum morning in the engine room. Two were there to observe officially—Lieutenant Robert L. Montgomery of the destroyer Fanning, and Gunner's Mate T. B. Crawford of the destroyer Patterson, to assist him.

Man Overboard.

At his post stood Lieutenant Donald Pettit Morrison, engineer officer of the Walke, and around him in that constricted, machine-filled room were the oilers, machinists and firemen. Above, the rest of the crew of eighty-two men were on duty. One of these was Doyle.

Spring Edward P. Doyle, able seaman, wasn't feeling well that misty morning. He had a broken rib, but he didn't know it. This is how he got it. At Newport, a week before, Doyle had fallen in the dark between the boat and the piling of its deck. He went down below the side planking and came up between two docks.

Morrison, the lieutenant, heard the cry of "Man overboard!" and planned overboard in full uniform. He could not find Doyle.

"Nobody seen him?" he spluttered.

Nobody had. Morrison took a long dive in the dark, straight down under the planks between two docks, and there he found Doyle struggling to keep hold on a slippery pile. Morrison grabbed the half-drowned sailor, plunged down again into the water and under the piling and soon had him in his bunk, safe and sound.

Doyle's side hurt him, but he didn't realize then that he had cracked a rib. So he went on duty that morning of the speed tests.

"I ought to be in my hammock!" he growled, "and not here."

The Walke was hissing along and doing splendidly.

Steam Chest Shattered.

Lieutenant Charles E. Train, his caplain, drenched and chilled from the seas that were smashing over the bridge, had gone below into his cabin to get into some dry clothes. The engines had worked the boat up to the best that was to be.

—then silence for a moment. The Walke quivered, stopped and wallowed in the rough trough of the sea. Out from the hatches came clouds of white and the shrill snarl of escaping steam—something had burst! Lieutenant Train came plunging out of his cabin.

"Engine room!" yelled Lieutenant P. Thibault, who had been on deck. "Casing of the rotor's exploded!"

Down below in that white-hot inferno were nine men, scalded without and within. Every breath was searing their tortured lungs into leather.

But there were men on the deck of the Walke just then—men who could keep their wits. Two husky lads shut off the steam valves instantly.

A sailor jumped into the smothering hatch and tried to put himself down the blistering ladder. Men grabbed him. He threw them aside.

"Let me go!" he yelled, squaring off to fight. "Morrison's down there—he saved me—I'm going to save him—lemme go!"

It was Doyle. Doyle was going down alone into the engine room to get the man who had saved his life the week before. But they batted him back and their energy picked up his broken rib.

One man held his arm over the seething pit and drew it back with a yell of pain. Another tried to peer down and fell back gasping.

The trim, sandy haired young Train, calm and level headed, brought his Annapolis training into play, shot out a few staccato orders. Men jumped to obey. The helmsman had his head around into the sea again. Not two minutes had passed.

Upon the ladder creaked a gasping shape. His face peeling off, he stumbled and fell on the deck. Then another crawled up and another and another, till there were five.

"My God!" gasped one, as they picked up his parboiled body and bore him into the officers' wardroom forward. Mr. Morrison's down there yet. He was nearest to the ladder and he stood aside to let us up first. Get him, for God's sake, get him! I can't go back."

Stood Aside for the Men.

And then the poor fellow passed away into merciful unconsciousness from which he never awakened.

Then two men got below—Chief Machinist Mate Christensen and Chief Machinist Mate Olsen. And at their heels jumped Chief Quartermaster Spear and Chief Boatwain's Mate Ingham.

It was burning hot down there, but the brave petty officers who had plunged into the scald could at least breathe.

They stumbled over a man. He was lying on the floor, his face buried in the bilge, burned to a crisp along his back, but still he had saved himself. He had stuck his head down a hole into the bottom of the ship where he could breathe fresh air and held on while the steam seared his back.

Ingham and Spear lifted him to his feet—It was Frank Conway, oiler.

"The ladder, quick, man!" yelled Spear. Conway trotted to his feet.

"There's Mr. Morrison!" he yelled. "See him, over there by the ladder—I saw him stand aside for the men. I must get him out!"

He had never been conscious. His lungs were all gone—those sturdy lungs which could hold a breath for two minutes at a stretch, those lungs which had kept him afloat under the water when he went in after Doyle. Doyle was weeping. He knew. He had seen.

Flang Spelled Disaster.

Up the forward mast leaped a lot of flags. They looked gay, but the destroyer fleet knew they spelled disaster. The cool-headed Train had set his signals for help. The Perkins bore down, but it couldn't come close—the seas were running too high. Train had found out that one turbine was working, and he signaled he could get home under half steam.

But the Perkins poured oil over the waters and the men of the Walke did the same—so a hospital steward with medicines and more oil managed to get aboard. Thirty-five minutes after the catastrophe young Train had his boat running back to Newport and tied up to the hospital ship, Solace.

When the navy doctors saw the sufferers brought on board they shook their heads. J. W. Rumpf and H. L. Wilder, both crackjack machinist mates of the first-class, lived a few hours, and then they joined Morrison in death. E. B. Crawford, gunner's mate from the Patterson, died next day; John Deane, first-class fireman, lasted one day more, and then there were five dead. That was all. Conway and the three other injured got well—they were the farthest away from the steam.

"Perhaps we will need some skin to graft," came the word from the Solace to the Walke.

Ready for the Sacrifice.

A big sailor shuffled toward the captain that afternoon and saluted when word of what was wanted sifted through the ship.

"Tell 'em, sir," he stammered, "that this 'ere whole crew'll give up all the skin they want for the boys."

But it hadn't been needed.

That night Mrs. Donald P. Morrison, with her baby of a month, was speeding by train to Newport to join her husband of a year. A telegram stopped her with the news and she went back to Annapolis—her father's home—to await the mangled body.

"I know why he died," said Lieutenant Train. "He stepped aside to let the men up the companionway first. Conway did his best to save him, burned as he was, and Doyle tried to get down after him, too. They may say what they please about navy discipline—every one of our eighty-two men was a hero. Every man was at his post, and the moment a human being could live below there were a dozen trying to get down that burning hole."

"Mail for the Walke?"

A natty marine with his leather pouch slung over his shoulder came aboard, after dusk, when the ship was quiet again.

"Letter from the Navy department, sir," said the marine, handing out a big envelope, all covered with seals and franked without postage. "Lieutenant Morrison."

"I'll take that," said Captain Train, with just a bit of a quaver in his voice. It was the letter mailed from Washington by the acting secretary of the navy, commending young Morrison for saving Doyle. But the brave soul of Morrison was no longer on earth to hear its message.

"It was for saying me!" wept Doyle, when he heard the name called.

It has gone on now to the poor little woman at Annapolis, a girl only—widowed that day.—New York World.

New Year Resolutions.

"The Williams certainly have made queer New Year's resolutions!"

"What are they?"

"Well, she resolved not to smoke any more cigarettes, drink any more highballs or take any trips to woman's rights conventions."

"And he?"

"He resolved to make her allowance of soap that she should be compelled to keep her resolution!"—Judge.

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Unconventionalities.

"Stop a moment, Serozkina; don't pretend you fail to recognize me. Remember the \$25 you borrowed of me about four years ago?"

"Going to call on me next Thursday evening, are you Mrs. Gadder? Thank you for letting me know. I'll find some excuse for being away from home."