

The Bennett Company

OMAHA'S GREAT STYLE STORE

Womens' and Children's Ready-to-Wear

Second Floor

SATURDAY WAIST SPECIAL
Plaids, taffeta silk waists, made in six new fall styles, worth \$6.50 and \$7.50, special for Saturday **\$4.95**

98c UNDERMUSLINS at 48c
Saturday special, corset covers and drawers made of good quality muslin and nainsook, handsomely trimmed in tucks, lace and embroidery.

SKIRTS
\$7.50 Panama Skirts for \$4.95—Ten distinct styles—Made of chiffon Panama, all style pleats, with self fold, black, blue, brown and gray. Saturday for **\$4.95**

Special Items in Children's Department For Saturday
Children's coats, age 1 to 6 years, made of the best quality of bearskin in all the new shades, well made. Also beautiful crush velvour coats that will be esold for \$5.00. Early price for Saturday **\$2.95**
Children's Dresses in fancy mixtures; also plain coats, made up in the late styles, worth up to \$2.50, Saturday **\$1.19**
Children's Dresses, in nice all wool materials, fancy plaids and mixtures, also plain colors, all nicely tailored, in all the new models, special for Saturday— **\$2.95**



Hosiery
Ladies' fast black seamless hose, 1½ value **12½c**
Ladies' Imported Lace Hose, 50c value **29c**
Boys' extra heavy school hose, 1½ value **12½c**
Double Green Trading Stamps.

Underwear
Ladies' low neck sleeveless vest, 15c value **9c**
Ladies' low neck sleeveless vest, 25c value **17c**
Ladies' wide knee lace trimmed drawers, 35c **23c**
Double Green Trading Stamps.



Gloves
Ladies' two clamp Kid Gloves, all sizes. \$1.00 value **79c**
Ladies' 12-button Kid Gloves, all sizes **3.00**
Ladies' 12 button Kid Gloves, all sizes **\$3.50**
Double Green Trading Stamps.

Handkerchiefs
Ladies' Cross Bar Swiss Handkerchiefs, each **5c**
Ladies' Embroidered Swiss Handkerchiefs, 15c value each **8½c**
Men's Pure Linen Initial Handkerchiefs, each **15c**
Double Green Trading Stamps.

MEN'S SHIRTS Fine Underwear and Suspenders
MEN'S SHIRTS AT 90c—Large assortment including plain blue, light colors, stripes or figures, plain or pleated bosoms, worth up to \$2.50, special for Saturday **59c**
MEN'S SHIRTS—Early Fall arrivals of men's shirts, made of the best grade percales and woven madras cloths, light patterns, both stripes and figures, attached or detachable collars, \$1 & \$1.50 on sale Saturday **\$1 & \$1.50**
MEN'S SUSPENDERS—100 dozen Men's French Lisle Suspenders, in plain and fancy colors light and heavy, trimmed with best quality calf skin ends, rust proof buckles, Saturday per pair **25c**
MEN'S UNDERWEAR—Men's spring needle ribbed underwear, a most suitable garment for fall wear, in natural and ecru colors, drawers are reinforced; Saturday, per garment **50c & 75c**
MEN'S HOSIERY—A large selection of Men's Half Hose, in plain black or fancies, ribbed, tan or lavender stripes, checks and figures, which were made to sell regularly at 50c. Saturday, per pair **19c**



New Fall Hats for Men Every man can be quickly fitted and suited
What is your desire? The Derby or Soft Hat? Both are here in wide assortment, every taste can be satisfied, every desire for economy can be met.
Our famous Lacrosse Derby or Soft Hats, **1.50**
Our Lamon Derby or Soft Hat **2.00**
Our Kingston Derby or Soft Hat **2.50**
Our Bennett Derby or Soft Hat **3.00**
We are headquarters for John B. Stetson's famous hats—
Stiffs, \$3.50 and **5.00**
Softs, \$2.50 to **7.50**



Fall Novelties in Boy's and Children's Caps
The handsome Fall models in children's headwear are ready—Every new style of merit is represented and at a material saving from exclusive store prices. Choose from 100 different styles in Golts, Tams, Madris, Etons, etc. **50c to 1.50**

NEW FALL SUITS FOR MEN AND BOYS

We are ready to show you a great line of fine clothing for fall—the smart snappy things for the young men and high grade clothes for the business men—in the best qualities and most correct fashions.
The new fabrics embrace the richest stuffs of American and foreign looms, browns of various shades, tans, olives, greys and dark green effects, in mixtures, stripes and overplaids. The new models are double breasted and two and three button single breasted styles, **\$10.00 to \$25.00**



Rain Coats and Top Coats for Men

The rain coats are genuine cravenettes and are made of hard finished worsteds in dark grey mixtures and stripes, and fine thibet cloths. The top coats are cut in the medium and three-quarter lengths and are made of covert, cheviot and thibet materials, finely lined with serges, venetian or silk, **\$10.00 to \$25.00**

Specials for Saturday

A very fine fall weight overcoat in plain black and medium and dark grey weaves, serge or full silk lined, regular \$22.00 and \$25.00 garments, for **\$15.00**

Blouse Waists—FOR THE SCHOOL BOY—Blouse Waists
BLOUSE WAISTS—of blue and tan chambray, figured percales, black satens and blue flannels for boys, 3 to 15 years, at **50c**

BLOOMER TROUSERS—Fine quality cassimere and cheviot materials in best fall patterns, as well as drab and dark corduroys for boys 4 to 16 years, at \$1.00, 80c and **75c**

NEW FALL SUITS AT \$2.50 AND \$2.00
You will be surprised to see what values these are, new fall patterns in wool mixtures and plain blue, the styles are Russian, blouse-eton Norfolk and double breasted, all sizes three to sixteen years at **\$2.50 and \$2.00**

Comfort Shoes

Nurses and women who have to be on their feet a great deal, will find genuine relief from all foot troubles in our Comfort Shoes. Every pair hand turned, with and without rubber heels; better grades with felt cushion insoles. Prices range from **\$2 to \$4**

BOYS' SHOES the solid leather kind

Sizes 9 to 13½ and 1 to 5½, readily worth \$1.50 to \$1.75— **\$1.39**
Men's Solid Leather Working Shoes—Tipped and plain toe, laced and congress gaiter styles, also a lot of W. L. Douglas Dress Shoes, all to go at, pair **\$1.98**

Specials in HARDWARE Saturday

Don't fail to see that Special
Peninsular Steel Range for **\$25.00** It's a Hummer
Butcher Knives, 6½, 7 and 7½ inches, your choice **15c**
10 Green Trading Stamps.
Tub Soap Dish and Wall Soap Dish, choice for 10c **10c**
10 Green Trading Stamps.
Wilson Toasters, cone shape, toasters four pieces at once, **35c**
10 Green Trading Stamps.
Coffee Mills, 45c, 60c, 80c, 90c and **25c**
10 Green Trading Stamps.
Garbage Cans, all prices from \$1.50 to **90c**
Double Green Trading Stamps.

ART DEPARTMENT

Beautiful display of some of the finest works of Art ever shown in Omaha. Popular prices. Four times green trading stamps on all picture sales and picture art.
A picture that every home ought to have, "The Young Mother" A regular 25c item, Saturday, each **10c**
"Christy" Fisher and Underwoods' good large pictures, regular \$1.85, on sale to close out **80c**
Pyrography Specials
Our regular \$1.45 outfit complete, each one perfect, Saturday each **90c**
Glove and Handkerchief boxes, regular 25c ones for **10c**
Four times green trading stamps on all other items. Hundreds of new pretty pictures, popular prices.

CUT PRICE CARPETS

SATURDAY AND MONDAY DON'T MISS IT
75 rolls Tapestry and Velvet Carpets bought less than the regular price—27-inch Tapestry, border to match, per yard **52½c**
27-inch Velvet, border to match, per yard **92½c**
Latest Patterns, Beautiful Colors, Big Variety
Also one lot Tashmoor Room Size Rugs, 9x12, in this sale
One lot Japanese Oriental Rugs, 30x60 inches, beautiful designs and colors, while they last, at **\$1.19**

Crockery Specials

For Saturday
Colonial Table Tumblers, the finest glass made, regular \$1.00 per dozen, special six for **30c**
New Haviland Plates, beaded edge, gold trimmed, regular \$1.00, special **75c**
\$1.00 value on sale, choice each **50c**
Intaglio gold decorated glass in fancy shaped trays, regular \$1.50 and \$1.75, on sale at **50c**
Japanese China Sugar and Cream, inland sea decoration, good shape, regular \$1.50, on sale Saturday, pr. 50c
The Majestic Gas Light, put up by the Welsbach Co., good mantle, white globe, burner complete, **25c**
On sale at **15c**
Pretty neat lace edge engraved Table Tumbler, about twenty dozen to sell, 20c values, while they last, each **10c**

BENNETT'S BIG GROCERY

HEADQUARTERS FOR BEST VALUES.
Saturday's List. Please Order Early.
Granulated Sugar, 20 lbs. for **\$1.00**
Bennett's Excelsior Flour, sack \$1.55
And 50 Green Trading Stamps.
Bennett's Best Coffee, 3 lbs., **\$1.00**
And 100 Green Trading Stamps.
Egg-O-See, four packages **25c**
Cluster Table Raisins, 10 **25c**
And 20 Green Trading Stamps.
Royal Luncheon Cakes, jar 10c
Bennett's Capitol Cocoa, ½ lb. tin for **25c**
And 20 Green Trading Stamps.
Uneda Biscuits, four pkgs. 15c
And 10 Green Trading Stamps.
Bennett's Capitol Baking Powder, pound can **24c**
And 20 Green Trading Stamps.
Fifteen dozen large cans Diamond "S" Strawberry Beet, worth 18c, to close out per can 12c
Castile Toilet Soap, 12 cakes for 25c
Ginger Snaps, fresh, crisp and spicy, per box **50c**
Bayle's Yam Pickles, **35c**
And 40 Green Trading Stamps.
Bennett's Cap. Pancake Flour, 10c
And 10 Green Trading Stamps.
Franco-American Pates, can **24c**
And 10 Green Trading Stamps.
Large Queen Olives, pint **25c**
And 10 Green Trading Stamps.
H. J. Heinz Dill Pickles, dozen 12c
Small Sweet Pickles, quart **15c**
And 10 Green Trading Stamps.

Sporting Goods Dept.

Just received, a full line of Foot Ball Goods, Clothing, Sweaters and everything needed for Foot Ball. We are agents for the Spaulding Line.
School Pennants of all Colleges and Schools.
Any regular \$1.00 pen—Ak-Sar-Ben Pennants, nant, special **85c**
Saturday special **50c**

Bennett's Meat Market

Choice No. 1 Fresh Dressed Spring Chickens, per lb. 15½c
Boiling Beef, 10 pounds for **25c**
Morton Gregon Co.'s best grade California Hams, guaranteed, six to ten pounds average, per pound **10½c**
And 15 Green Trading Stamps.
Cudahy's Rex Bacon, per pound **12½c**

Bennett's Candies

Grocery Section
Chocolate Bon Bons, assorted, per pound box **25c**
And 20 Green Trading Stamps.
Mixed Candy, lb. **10c**
Salted Peanuts, pound **9c**

October Style Book of the Ladies' Home Journal Patterns just out. Its the authority for the home dressmaker—Free for the Taking

OLD TIMES IN OLD CHEYENNE

Tenderfoot's Absorbing Account of the Cowboy Celebration.
REAL FESTIVAL OF THE HORSE
Memories of Vanishing Scenes Revived by a Thrilling Spectacle—Taming the Untamed Broncho.
Cheyenne's annual cowboy carnival attracts wide attention in the eastern press. The last festival of the horse was no exception to the rule. A writer in the Boston Transcript grows enthusiastic in describing the several events and spectacles which form a moving picture of western life now rapidly becoming a memory. The writer says, in part:
The frontier celebration may be said to be the carnival of the horse. Everything is done on horseback, and for once the noble equine comes into all his own. The dissembling auto (for it has already found its way to Cheyenne) is chary about emerging during the three days that the revel is on. One rash driver who sought to parade his gas buggy through the streets the first day of the carnival this year proved too tempting for a dardrevel from the brakes of Horse creek, who dexterously dropped a lance over the chauffeur's head and brought him to a standstill amid the vast merriment of the crowd. The chug machine was seen no more that day, nor the next.
The celebration is unlike any other festival unless it be the semi-barbaric tournaments of the Tartars. It suggests in more respects than one the tournaments of chivalry. The horse is again a factor of the largest importance. True, there is no lance set in rest, no rattling of armor nor flashing of shields, but the knight is still here and the sword never called for greater skill and of courage than does the lance.
During the latter part of July each year all the trails of the plains lead to Cheyenne. Old pioneers, the surviving tough knots of early days, again feel the call of the wild. The cowboy of romance, who is fast giving way to the more prosaic sheep herder and the wire fence, hears the challenge of his Wyoming brother plainman and turns his broncho's head in that direction, he in Montana or Texas. Old stage coach drivers and Indian scouts who knew Wild Bill, Calamity Jane and Tom Horn and swapped yarns, if not bullets with these worthies at the old Western hotel, still standing, cannot resist the impulse to return to the old frontier town and regale wondering tenderfeet with their reminiscences. "Alfalfa girls," who can ride with the best of their brothers, come to compete for prizes, and form a not inconsiderable element in the trials of strength and skill. Valuable purses are hung up, but it is excitement and glory no less that prompts the plainman to try his hand with the champions of the saddle and gun.
The Unique Parade.
The celebration opens with a parade through the gaily ribboned streets of Cheyenne the morning of the first day. This parade is unequalled for picturesque, for all its element are genuine. It must be seen to be appreciated and can be seen only in Cheyenne and on such an occasion as this. In places of honor in the vanguard are a number of ex-cavalrymen, hunters, trappers and pioneers wearing the deerskin coats and pants of a half-century ago. Some sit on their ponies with old-time aplomb, carrying their trusty rifles now rusty with age, their chief reliance on the log dog, while others are seated on the emigrant wagon or stage coach. Following the trappers are a band of Indians from the Pine Ridge agency, daubed with war paint and decked out in their fiercest panoply of eagle feathers and varicolored beads, they satisfy the wildest conception of the small boy of "Injuns." But they are no longer fierce. They are well fed and prosperous, all magnificent specimens of physical manhood and womanhood. As they jog along on their little ponies, led by six chiefs arrayed in all the

glory of Solomon, they chant a trail song. The song has a plaintive note appropriate to a defeated and vanishing race, with now and then suggestions of the Tyrolean yodel. Next in line is the old Deadwood bullet and arrow scarred, winking thrilling memories of other Cheyenne days in the breasts of the veterans present. As in the old, it is drawn by six mules, but the driver, though fearfully and wonderfully armed, no longer fears attack, yet might not be unwilling to forget for a day his prosaic livery stable and take a hand again with the hostile Sioux. After them comes the boomer in his emigrant wagon loaded high with wife and children, household utensils and chickens, with the trusty cow trailing behind. Next comes the United States cavalry from Fort Russell, but three miles away, with an ambulance wagon or two, so familiar to early day eyes. **Steer-Hopping as a Fine Art.** For the display of all-around skill none of the vanishing arts of cowboy days is quite equal to steer roping in Frontier Park. The dexterous handling of the less come only with years of experience. Steer roping is one of the distinctive features of frontier days, and few are more greatly enjoyed by the crowd. For this event a big bunch of wild steers is corralled. At the signal one of them is driven out, and to the cowboy who has drawn this animal's number is given the task of capturing him. Under the Wyoming roping rules, which differ from those of Texas, the rider must give the steer a certain advantage of start. The steer lumbers off in an awkward run down the field. Then out of the group of mounted men and women dashes a horseman waving a lasso in graceful curves about his head. The steer quickens his pace into a gallop, but the horseman gains at every jump. Suddenly the rider lets slip the noose. It goes circling like a snake through the air and settles down over the horns of the steer. The rope is slackened to the side of the animal and the horseman half circling about him gives a quick jerk to his steed. The steer turns a quick somersault and ploughs up the earth for a yard or two,

The trained pony holds the rope taut and in another moment the horseman is on top of the plunging, prostrate steer and dextrously "hog-tying" his feet together, which done he jumps up and waves his hands in the air while the crowd shouts its approval. Not all steers can be tied in a throw nor are all caught. A miss in a throw also means such a loss of time as to practically put the rider out of the running. One great fleet-footed white fellow outran all horses and created a terrific panic by dashing through the crowd of spectators, carrying a rod of fence with him and running nearly to Fort Russell before being captured. There are usually several such incidents. Broncho busting also calls for a high order of skill and courage. The wild-outlaw horses that the ranges of Wyoming can furnish are leaved upon for this feature, and it is in this that cowboy rivalry probably runs highest. This sport is the most thrilling of all because of the greater danger. The corral gate is opened and a horseman appears leading out one of the animals that are to be broken to make a Roman holiday. It is beautifully sleek, of slender limb and wild rustic eye. It glances nervously about, but clings with a certain admirable confidence to the mounted horse beside it. By main strength and gentleness the men finally succeed in blindfolding and saddling it, and a cowboy leaps lightly to the mount, with nothing to hold but a rope around the horse's neck, and having no spur or hackamore rein. The bandage drops from the animal's eyes and it realizes the scurry trick that has been played upon it. Its first impulse is to unseat its unwelcome burden, and it leaps high into the air and shakes itself much as does a dog on emerging from the water. Then following "sunbathing" antics of every kind, till, finding it impossible to throw his rider, the pony sets off on a wild gallop, as if to verify his run from under him. The busting has been accomplished. The wild horse race was the most thrilling event of each day. It was a practical reproduction of the broncho busting in the field, with the difference that the horses

were confined to the race track. After the animals had bucked to their heart's content they were urged to run, and eventually came around the course at breakneck speed, to be finally stopped by the riders on tamed animals. Owing to the greater risks in these events only the stoutest hearts are equal to the undertaking. **Girls' Cowboy Race.** Perhaps the second most hair-raising event at this year's celebration was the girls' cowboy relay race. Each girl had to circle three times around the half-mile track, each time on a different pony which she drew by lot. Only three girls out of scores of good riders present had the hardihood to enter this desperate event, and their names deserve to be handed down—Esther Pawson of Cheyenne, Cresale Dierdon of Louisville, Colo., and Annie Simon of La Grange, Wyo. A purse, a silver loving cup and the championship of the world are the incentives to nerve them to this hazard. Each girl has a man to assist her to mount under the wire. The ponies have been on the range unbridled and unsaddled for months, and as the girls mount, chafe and plunge, impatient to be off. At the word they are away like the wind. For the first quarter they bound like rabbits, and nerve and superb skill alone enable their riders to keep their seats. Then they settle down to their feetest pace. Miss Dierdon, the winner of the event, comes in ahead on the first lap, but Miss Pawson is unbuckling her saddle cinch as she follows. Their fearless cowboy assistants dash forward at the wire, grasp the flying ponies by the bits and bring them to a halt. The saddles are quickly shifted to the new mounts, and the girls are off again, with Miss Pawson this time in the lead and Miss Dierdon second. They finish in a dead heat and then comes the scurrying of the final mount. Miss Pawson is again the first to start, but oh, horrors! her pony, a big black, bucks fiercely and pitches his fair rider over his head. She lands heavily on her shoulders, and the spectators hold their breath, expecting that she is killed, but, no, the plucky daughter of the plains quickly jumps up and remounts. In the meantime Miss

Dierdon's pony follows suit and nearly succumbs in unseating his rider. Still both are away slightly ahead of Miss Simon. These last ponies are most desperate of all and jump with such incredible swiftness as to seem to fairly fly. Miss Pawson and Miss Dierdon are side by side; neither seems able to gain upon the other, and so they round the curve into the home stretch, while 20,000 excited spectators rise to their feet and send up a cheer as was perhaps never before heard at a frontier celebration. Neck and neck they come in long jumps, each girl urging her flying steed with whip and word. Slowly Miss Pawson's superior horsemanship counts; inch by inch she gains, and the two go under the wire together, but with Miss Pawson winning by a head. **Untamed and Untamable.** So pass three merry days. It is Saturday evening—the last day of the celebration—and the sun is already beginning to sink behind the distant blue and snowcapped Rockies that sweep in a grand semicircle about the magnificent amphitheater in which Cheyenne sits like a queen. The last event of excitement is scheduled for 8 o'clock, but the great crowd is reluctant to leave the scene. One more event must be enjoyed. There are loud calls for "Old Steamboat," calls that swell into a mighty chorus of demand which the judges cannot resist. Old Steamboat is the unconquered equine hero whom the bravest dardrevel rider has so far been unable to sit. Early in the afternoon of the last day, pitched him off his best riders of the west, pitched him off his head and rendered him unconscious for several minutes. But there are plenty of others willing to take chances on the possible glory of riding Old Steamboat or the equal possibility of broken bones. It falls to Sam Scoville, the champion buster of the previous season, to give the day its final thrilling touch. Old Steamboat is led out blindfolded and securely saddled. The daring cowboy is safely mounted and the hood jerked from the eyes of the outlaw steed. Old Steamboat pauses a moment as if reflecting

what to do, then makes a sudden bound forward. Down the whole length of the field he goes, with head between his knees, jumping this way and that, now to one side then the other, then upward, landing on the stiffest of feet. But the gallant rider sticks and back they come down the field amid a tremendous shout from the multitude. Few men have the endurance of a horse in such a contest if prolonged beyond a certain period. The breath is literally pounded out of him. Scoville's breath is gone or his courage, for when in front of the grandstand he watches his opportunity, slips his feet out of the stirrups and jumps, leaving Old Steamboat still untamed and to be a star at another frontier day. See Want Ads for Business Boosters.

Not That Kind.

"What is your occupation?" asked the police justice.
"I'm a matchmaker, your honor," answered the prisoner, a seedy hobo who had been run in for vagrancy.
"No levity in this court!" thundered the justice.
The prisoner drew a ragged coat sleeve across his eyes.
"Your honor wounds me deeply," he said, by misunderstanding me. I'm not a matrimonial bureau. I make real matches—of labor-saving machinery. It is not likely that any man produces a complete match, an infilo, or de novo, as we say in Latin. You probably split the wood into chunks suitable for the machine. We have no match-making plant at the work house, but I will endeavor to see that your muscles do not suffer from lack of their accustomed exercise. You will pound away for the next thirty days.—Chicago Tribune.
If you have anything to trade advertise in the For Exchange columns of The Bee Want Ad pages.