

Don't Melt and Worry about meats for luncheon! When we can supply you at these low prices. A full line of canned meats, sardines, fish, etc., at economical prices—

Potted Ham—A delicious and savory meat—just the thing for sandwiches—price tomorrow, 9c and..... **5c**

Libby's Veal Loaf—large cans—just the thing for hot weather—it's a dainty juicy, sweet meat for luncheon—price tomorrow..... **20c**

W. R. BENNETT CO.
1602 AND 1612 CAPITOL AVE.

HEADQUARTERS for cool things to eat and wear—Economical, money saving people, your attention! We are making offers to you for tomorrow that will astonish you. Prices that cannot be duplicated—goods above reproach—first-class in every respect—we can save you money—Bennett's guarantee is back of these offers—goods as represented or money refunded.

Have You a Sweet Tooth? Here is a cure for it—Bennett's Mixed Candy 7c per pound.

Assorted Candy, half pound boxes per box only..... **9c**

Assorted Stick Candy, per pound only..... **12c**

Fresh Salted Peanuts, per pound only..... **15c**

Ice Cream Soda, per glass, only..... **5c**

Ice Cream in packages—take it with you at half price, 7c; pints, 13c; quarts..... **25c**

Fisherman! Here is your chance—special sale in fishing rods tomorrow! A lot of high grade Lancewood fishing rods, worth from \$3.00 to \$6.00 each, will be placed on sale tomorrow for the economical purchaser, at... **\$1.98**

Watch Repairing A watch should be cleaned and re-oiled at least once every two years.

The balance of all modern watches makes 18,000 beats per hour. So you see what a busy body the balance wheel of your watch is. It needs oiling and cleaning regularly. We do this work quickly and carefully.

Our charges for oiling and cleaning..... **75c**

Our charges for main-spring..... **75c**

Our charges for balance staff..... **\$1.50**

Our charges for crystals—25c to..... **15c**

We use best material. All work guaranteed.

A Sponge Bath is cooling and just the thing for this hot weather. We have the largest and finest lot of Bath Sponges in the city.

An elegant bleached wool sponge—very large—for... **25c**

A very fine Mediterranean Bath Sponge in several sizes, tomorrow at 60c, 45c and..... **35c**

A complete line of all kinds bathing necessities at remarkably low prices.

Picture Frames An opportunity to frame pictures cheaply.

A white enamel reeded frame—size 8x10—with glass and mat—tomorrow each..... **10c**

A light, strong camp stool—just the thing to carry with you at picnics—tomorrow..... **24c**

An imitation cherry center table, tomorrow..... **39c**

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TOMORROW Here's a Bargain Don't overlook it! Our basket fired Japan Tea at a price you cannot afford to pass un-noticed. This is an extraordinary value—has that everlasting sweet flavor that draws you to it.

38c Twenty-five chests on sale Monday, get your order in early—price per pound 38 cents

48c Other value in S. D. Japan, Oolong English Breakfast, Gunpowder and Young Hyson—price Monday, per pound, forty-eight cents

25c For Monday we are offering you a great bargain in Java and Moca Coffee at 25c lb.

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Crockery Department Cool shade in prices! Labarinth of bargains! in the annex basement. Brilliant berry saucers, 2c. Semi-porcelain saucers, 2c. Pyramid table of heavy gold fancy pieces, your choice for 9c.

10c Wide awake semi-porcelain rose decoration assortment of plates, bowls, salads, teas, meat dishes nappies, etc, your choice 10c—Crystal & China vases 10c

39c On Display Table No. 1—selected crystal Berry Sets—emerald, opal, flint—choice of any set for Thirty-nine cents.

10c Berry Bowls—Fine imitation cut glass, 25c class for 14c. Emerald half-gallon Pitchers, 34c.

39c Breezy midsummer drives on pure pebble Flemish Stoneware! Old blue decorations, water coolers, pitchers, steins, mugs, butter jars, bean pots, growlers, etc., the coolest hot weather ware made at special prices.

Special Stationery Bargains We place on sale Monday a large assortment of pocket memoranda, time books and conductor's note books at only 5c each.

Blank Books of all kinds and styles at lowest possible prices.

25 extra superfine visiting cards—special Monday only..... **5c**

"Somethink new"—The Wels Brush Tube filled with perfumed white mullage, sticks quick—is convenient and always ready for use—on sale Monday—each..... **9c**

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9c "Somethink new"—The Wels Brush Tube filled with perfumed white mullage, sticks quick—is convenient and always ready for use—on sale Monday—each..... **9c**

Your Butter when purchased of Bennett comes on ice in our ice boxes—it's hard and cold, ready for the table when you get it. We are the only firm in the city who deliver butter on ice—

Country Butter, per pound 13c

Creamery Butter—per pound..... **22c**

Pickles Large Sour Pickles, per gallon..... **30c**

Small Sour Pickles..... **6c**

Sweet Pickles..... **18c**

Plain Sweet Pickles..... **18c**

Chow Chow—per quart..... **15c**

Waldorf Pickles..... **12c**

Preserves Assorted flavors, per pound 9c; 3 lbs for..... **25c**

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SHORT STORIES OF THE DAY

Superintendent of Mails Cramer Tells a Few of His Troubles.

REPORTER'S SENSATIONAL STORY

Incident Illustrating the Pervercity of Women, Related by a Smoker—Baker Beaten Out by Hook Agents.

J. E. Cramer, superintendent of the mails at the Omaha postoffice, fell into a reminiscence mood the other day and began talking of times when postal business of the state of Nebraska was not as well regulated as it is today.

"You know the effort of the department is to have the names of offices in the same state as similar as possible and this is especially so in regard to the form of the written characters. When I first went into the service there was a town in eastern Nebraska known as Howard. Later a post-office called Harvard was established. When mail was started to one town it was as liable to reach the other as to be delivered at the proper destination. Finally this condition became unbearable and the good citizens of Howard, in order to get a name which could not be mistaken petitioned the department to name their office Podunk. The office complied with the request and for several years Podunk was a Nebraska postoffice. It has been changed or discontinued since, for it is no longer in the guide.

"At present the postal clerks are having trouble with Genoa and Genoa. As printed, they look nothing alike, but when good writers become a little careless there is much difficulty experienced in distinguishing the places on an envelope. Fremont and Fairmont, while they look little alike in ordinary writing have a bad habit of getting mixed. To those best acquainted with the service it is a cause for wonder that more mail does not miscarry. The American public seems to think that plain writing is unnecessary and even fair scribbles pay little attention to the way in which they address a letter. At the same time many mail clerks have a habit of passing 'alikes' along the line to the next man and the mails are now carrying hundreds of letters which should have been sent directly to the dead letter office.

"It would surprise you to see the number of letters which are addressed in cipher. We have no means of knowing for whom they are intended and generally these letters go directly to the dead letter office. Once in awhile through mere idleness a clerk will endeavor to locate one of these addressed and sometimes he succeeds. When such a letter is delivered a local paper will print a story about it and then a lot of people who should have better sense will mail a lot of letters of the same kind. If there is a return request on the envelope the letters are returned, if not they go to the dead letter office until some clerk will once more make a guess."

Not far from 8 o'clock one summer evening a telephone message came into the office saying that a man was drowned in the river about two miles from town. Hastily called a team the reporter went out and found about a dozen men and women standing upon the bank of the small stream where a man was shouting in a loud voice and gesticulating wildly.

No one in the crowd could understand the words he uttered, but from his gestures it was understood that someone had fallen into the river.

"What's the use of standing around here doing nothing when a man is drowned, even

If you cannot understand the lingo?" remarked a farmer whose team had been stopped by the crowd and he went to a neighboring house, returning with a coil of rope and a pair of grappling hooks.

"I'll go down and get a boat," said a second, and off he started.

In the meantime the reporter was endeavoring to ascertain the facts. He soon learned that he could gain nothing from the man who was shouting, so he spoke to a Englishman. Just then a German was seen in the crowd and called. After the man with the voice had spoken to him for a moment the German said:

"This man is a Russian and speaks no other language. My father-in-law speaks Russian and I'll go get him."

When the Russian-speaking German, who by the way, had never mastered the English language, came upon the scene he jabbered with the stranger for a moment and then spoke with his son-in-law. The German broke into a loud laugh and said:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: These men say hees brudder is swimming in de river ven a man and woman come along and he holds her to hees brudder to hide. He is now hiding under de bank and if you all vill just go away he vill come out and tress."

This ended the session just as the staff with a volunteer rescue corps appeared around the bend in the river.

Judge Ben Baker, the acknowledged wit of the district court, always has a ready answer for every proposition he encounters, but he struck something in the book agent line recently that was rather too much for him. Judge Baker was in his private office waiting for a jury when two dapper young men entered. The judge greeted them with his characteristic cordiality.

"Judge, we understand you are a great reader, and we have something to show you," said young man number one. At the same time he exhibited a prospectus of some great man's writing. Judge Baker will stop anything at any time to look at a good book, so it was only a moment until he was an interested listener. Young man number two kept still while number one talked, but when the vocal endurance and vocabulary of number one became jaded number two picked up the story where number one had left off, and so they continued to alternate for nearly an hour.

"Stop," said Judge Baker. "that will do; I'll take the books. I can hold my own with one book agent, but when they come in one in relays I surrender."

"That shows the perversity of woman-kind," remarked the man whose face had lines indicating that his wife suffers nervous tremors all of the time he is in the house.

"Just look at those women," he continued. "The three seats at the rear of these open street cars are reserved for the use of smokers and, if you will notice, you will find them occupied by women when the other seats are vacant. I have watched it for years and they invariably cause me to throw away my cigar or climb onto the back of the car—and be stepped from the car and walked a block in order to continue his smoke."

To Asthma Sufferers. Lawson Elvidge of Barrington, Ill., says he was cured of chronic asthma of long standing by Foley's Honey and Tar. It gives positive relief in all cases of asthma, so this disease, when not completely cured, is robbed of all its terrors by this great remedy. For sale by Myer's-Dillon Drug Co., Omaha, and Dillon's Drug Store, South Omaha.

Omitted the Attie. Baltimore American: "I am a self-made man," said the proud individual at the "Well, you are all right except as to your head," commented the other part of the conversation.

"The part you talk with is out of proportion to the part you think with."

MIKE O'SHEA AND HIS VIEWS

Veteran of the Twenty-Second at Fort Crook Grows Reminiscent.

DISAPPROVES OF M'KINLEY'S POLICY

Likes Roosevelt as a Man and a Soldier, but Says the Colonel Can't Have His Vote.

To see Fort Crook at its best visitors must make the tour of inspection under the guidance of Mike O'Shea. During the Spanish war Mike was with Roosevelt and in front of some bullets. Mike has a stronger name for them than dum-dum—which sent him to the hospital and gave him a pension that allows him to live a life of ease and devote much time to telling how he and Teddy "done" it. In the glorious days of the Twenty-second, Mike soldiered at Fort Crook and his affection for the place is so strong that he stays around there to keep the members of the Twenty-second from forgetting what a "bleeding" lot of kids they are.

Mike asks his meals at the Fort Crook hotel and spends most of his time testing Milwaukee brews and directing the foreign policy of William "Mikinsky."

"Ugh, Crook has seen her best days. Nothing here now but headless boys that niver smelled nothin' bether's smokeless powder and thinks themselves very tough when they guzzle ice cream sodas. Pity on their poor stomachs! It makes us old timers ashamed of th' regular army and our past victories. Can you picture the folks in th' target practice numbers on th' hill. They'd shy at a red blanket an' a box of grease paint."

Mike's remarks were prompted by the sight of a squad of young fellows in uniforms who were loafing in front of the guards house.

Doctors Are Too Curious. "What's that little new house up there by th' hospital? What's that where they'll put the dead-uns and the doctors go up there and cut 'em open. You niver seen nothin' loike th' curiosities of these army doctors. They'll try their scalpers on anything from a grasshopper to an army mule. But ain't it a fine post?" the Irishman asked as he waved his hand in the direction of the officers' quarters and turned toward the barracks on the other side of the parade ground. "And to think all this foineery is for a lot of young bucks that ain't poured lead at nothin' but no more loife in it than thim target practice numbers on th' hill. Practic on Apaches and Spaniards gives a man ideas these lads' skulls wouldn't hold."

At the mention of lads Mike seemed to grow several feet higher and swelled up until he looked as large as General Shafter. He didn't propose to have anybody overlook his many perfections, even if he was filled with Spanish bullets. His arms raised involuntarily and could not resist the temptation to take mock aim at a supposed enemy.

"O! Mother Nature picked this spot out for an army post an' set that high knoll up there so the government'd be sure not to overlook it. That's the reservoir up there with the red top on it an' it's filled with th' bist water these mud-drinkin' Nebraskaans liver tated. You ought to see these lads drink water. Why, you'd think that's what it was made for. They ain't much loike th' Twenty-second! Th' memory of that regiment makes me happy."

Mike's voice trembled and a few tears came into his eyes at the recollection of those good old days before the war.

"That building wid a tower on it over

STORY OF A GREEN REPORTER

How He Blundered Onto a Scoop of Unsuspected Dimensions.

ACCIDENT THAT TURNED OUT FOR THE BEST

Job Put Up as a Joke Reacts Like a Broomstick to Strike Back at Its Pertrators.

It happened several years ago in Kansas City, when I was the youngest and greenest of cubs. Fresh from a little country town, where I had run a newspaper of my own, I was master of a literary style at once pompous and verbose, and had a facility for expressing my personal opinions in my stuff that caused the editorial writer to regard his job as a precarious tenure. The city editor, whom I appraised then as an unappreciative wretch, used to tell me that I was employed as a reporter, not as a counsel; when the newspaper wanted opinions, he said, it would buy and pay for them. I had been engaged to write news. Then he would require me to stand and watch him draw his blue pencil through some of my most eloquent periods.

However, I was working cheap, and cheapness was a desirable quality in a reporter on the "Current" those days. I was assigned to the police run. Scarcely had I scripped up an acquaintance with the desk sergeant at central station when something happened that set the town by the ears—the suicide of Dr. J. B. Ward, a prominent physician of the place. It was one of the big stories of the season. Not only was the suicide itself a matter of unusual current interest, but it furnished the pretext for dragging out a chapter in the doctor's personal history touching the mysterious disappearance of a young woman named Maude Steele. She had dropped out of sight suddenly some five years before, and it was always thought that the doctor knew something as to her fate.

The story of the suicide and disappearance occupied four columns in the "Current," of which I wrote two sticks, being an interview with the janitor of the building in which the doctor shot himself.

The tragedy was a nine-days' wonder in Kansas City.

New Lead Uncovered. One drowsy afternoon about three days later I was sitting in the reporters' enclosure at the police station waiting for something to turn up. I was alone, a fact which caused me no little uneasiness. Myself, could it be that they were out working on a scoop? Very probably, Wells, who represented the "Ledger," was a tireless and conscientious worker, whom I regarded with a sort of awe; Kottler, the "Luminary" reporter, was a sly, resourceful chap, fond of a joke, copious of pen-man who boasted a personal acquaintance with every officer and barkeeper in the city. However, I buried my face in an afternoon paper and affected indifference.

An hour later, then, becoming restless, began to pace up and down the lobby. The short hand on the office clock was approaching the figure 4, when suddenly Wells and Kottler, out of breath and apparently much excited, rushed up the steps, saw me, stopped abruptly, exchanged a few whispered words and darted into the chief's private office, closing the door. A few minutes later they emerged and stalked (with a deliberation that seemed to me affected) into the reporters' enclosure, where they talked of the races at Long Branch. Their manner

RECOVERED HER TETH.

Chase of a Woman After a Pug that Had Taken Her Helms.

Philadelphiaans on Diamond street were very much interested the other day in watching the chase of a young woman stylishly dressed after a pug dog. The wind was high and during a gust that came around a corner the young woman screamed, gently at first, and then with some degree of violence. A cry of alarm occurred her lips as something resembling a string of pearls fell from her mouth to the pavement.

For an instant the object glittered on the sidewalk, when the frisky pug bounded after it, picked up the string and bounded off again.

Blushing, the girl, in her perplexity, cast a quick glance at the pug. She started quickly she placed her trembling hand over her eyes and hid her face. The pug started in pursuit of the dog. The chase was exciting. Pedestrians paused to watch the pug race, runners, joggers and hails the pretty maiden caught the dog at Tenth street. The animal fell prostrate at her command.

"Drop it, Fido; drop it," she cried. The pug obeyed, and she picked up the string and dropped upon the pavement with great reluctance the proud maiden's set of false teeth.

Brother Dickey on Politics. Atlanta Constitution: "Politics," said Brother Dickey, "has been de ruination er me! In de las' election I voted for two nose-wicked night on day, on de Lord sen' Sunday! Befo'er er me couldn't get de office; one'er them did. De one dat landed said he de done open' so much money in de race dat now he'd hatter economize wid me, he de didn't have nuttin' for me. De one dat got beat as me how I had de race dat now he'd hatter economize wid me, he de didn't have no place for lay his head! Dat was de man at it. En er I got out of de whole business was de misty in my left side, de rattlin' er de brain en de campaign setch."

was studied; there could be no doubt of that. They exuded an air of mystery and looked as wise as a tree full of owls.

It goes without saying that I was wretched. I was conscious of a vague foreboding of impending evil in the form of a scoop, under a seven-deck lead.

I went to a neighboring hotel and called up by telephone every police station, justice shop, telegraph establishment and detective agency in the city, forgetting the corner and a few personal friends whom I thought might help me in my extremity. Not a word of news did I get from any of them. Matters were becoming desperate.

A Friend in Need. I returned to central station. A death-like hush pervaded the place like a premonition of doom. The reporters were gone. Every officer I met, even the gentle old police matron, seemed to navigate an atmosphere of double-distilled occultism. The place smelted of conspiracy. I slunk back toward such evidence of a tranquil mind.

Peering into a dark corner I saw a man sitting at a table, his face buried in his arms.

The outline and attitude were familiar to me. I knew I was in the presence of Frank Sparks, one of the most irascible and manipulative of the north end, albeit a man of no mean attainments when sober, which was seldom. In a word, he was a broken-down newspaper man. Many was the time I had given him the "price of a night's lodging."

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