

# Edison Phonographs

WE ARE DIRECT REPRESENTATIVES OF THE FACTORY

## Victor Talking Machines

50,000 New Records to select from

### 1907 Models \$10 to \$100

Free Concerts Daily  
NOVEMBER RECORDS ON SALE

**SPECIAL XMAS OFFER**  
Nothing Down—We offer to sell you an Edison or Victor Talking Machine on the condition that you pay for the records only, and begin to pay for the instrument thirty days later. WE PREPAY ALL EXPRESS CHARGES ON ALL RETAIL ORDERS. Write for catalogue.

**WHOLESALE DEPARTMENT**  
Our Wholesale Department is the largest, most complete and best equipped in the west. We carry the largest stock to be found in the west. If you are a dealer or want to handle a line of Phonographs, write us for our liberal proposition.

We Are the Only Independent Sewing Machine House in Omaha  
"White" Sewing Machines King of Them All

The White has built up a reputation for quality work that is world-wide. It is no trouble at all to show what it can do. They come in either movement, Vibratory or Rotary Shuttle. Forty years intelligent catering to family sewing machine trade exclusively has resulted in the production of a machine that will please and satisfy the most critical user.

We carry a large and well assorted stock of makes, and we will save you money. If you want a cheap machine for \$15, see us; we have them.

**SECOND-HAND MACHINES**  
Drop-Head Machines, slightly used, but in first-class condition. Complete with attachments. Guaranteed.

|                  |                    |          |         |
|------------------|--------------------|----------|---------|
| Wheeler & Wilson | \$20.00 to \$30.00 | New Home | \$18.00 |
| Household        | \$6.00             | Eldridge | \$15.00 |
| Domestic         | \$23.00            | Standard | \$25.00 |
| Singer           | \$20.00 to \$30.00 | White    | \$30.00 |

Box Machines, any make, from \$5.00 to \$12.00

We rent machines, 75c per week or \$2.00 per month. We repair and sell parts for all makes of machines. OPEN EVERY EVENING.

# Nebraska Cycle Company

Corner Fifteenth and Harney, Omaha  
324 Broadway, Council Bluffs...Phone B618  
Geo. E. Mickel, Mgr.

**MAN WITH WOODEN FAMILY**

Hears a Happy Home With Wife, Daughters and Son Carved from Pine Blocks.

In the thriving little town of Fort Bragg, Mendocino county, Cal., lives William Bennett. There is no citizen more respected than he. He is an electrical engineer by profession and has charge of the town's electric light plant. He is 40 years of age, alert, hard-working, well-to-do and respected.

Mr. Bennett doesn't say anything about his old life—his life back in the hills of the New England states where he fell madly in love with a winsome lass. She promised herself to him only to be fickle in the end. She married another man.

There was nothing for poor Bennett to do then but to take his grief and his utter blackness of life as far away from the old scenes of his love-dream as he could. He went to California. There he prospered.

He had money in the bank, a responsible position, the friendship of the townspeople and a reputation above reproach. He made up his mind that he would build himself a home, even if there was no woman in the world to brighten it for him.

That house is done now and furnished completely. It has a parlor, dining room, kitchen, bathroom and four bedrooms. And there the man who craves the love that will never be his lives in peace and content with his wooden family, all the creatures of his hands. His home is one of the prettiest in all the town. There is a piano in the parlor, a sewing machine in his wife's room, lace curtains in the windows. There are cut glass and the thinnest of china, Angora rugs, heavy carpets, cretonne hangings. Every room is papered with taste. It is a home of which any man might well be proud. And the bedrooms, where sleep those wooden folk, are models of dainty prettiness and comfort with their spotless linen, their fresh, bright wall papers and their immaculate floors.

There is something sad in all this domestic comfort. Mr. Bennett can not explain it himself. In a sort of way he came to understand that he had been created a domestic man and needed a home and family; the one woman who

could have been his wife would not be and gradually the idea came to try to solve the problem.

Indeed, it was a lonely home—this pretty nest fit for any family. There was the canopy, to be sure, and the cat and her kittens and the watchdog and the flowers that he planted regularly every spring. But no one save he dwelt there.

And then—the idea.

He would carve out for himself a family block of wood. He would start with a wife. He would make her the ideal woman he had dreamed of so often, and there would be children, too—children who would be marvels of filial respect and family love.

The idea, once conceived, took full possession of the man. He was already skilled with tools. He began his task with enthusiasm and day by day the work progressed. He spared no pains; it was a labor of love. And as he worked he found himself in love with this wooden image of the woman his own hands were fashioning, full size and true to life.

It was finished. His home was no longer empty; there was a wife to sit with him at table and attend to the household duties while he was absent at business.

And she really does perform the duties of a housewife, in semblance at least. At the proper time you will find her dusting the parlor in automatic quiet. There is the duster in her hand, but it moves not. Another time she will be seated at the piano, her hands stretched across the unresponsive keys. You will find her in the kitchen, standing before the table, rolling pin in hand, making imaginary bread. She would be the model wife—Mrs. Bennett, as her husband calls her—could she move and speak for herself.

But the wife is only one of this interesting wooden family. There are five daughters and a son. Edith May, the eldest, was married recently and her father, Mr. Bennett, made for her a splendid wooden husband. Sometimes the neighbors get glimpses of their honey-mooning, the husband kissing his bride or holding his arm around her waist.

No one in Fort Bragg laughs at this pathetic attempt of a lonely man to surround himself with beings he may love. In fact, the people have honored him in his loneliness. He has a responsible position and his credit is of the best—and Bennett is no miser. He buys all sorts of things for his wife and daughters, candy, flowers,

jewelry, clothes. His son is usually fortunate.

The women of Fort Bragg have no hesitancy in calling occasionally upon Mrs. Bennett and her five daughters. If they are "out" the visitors leave their cards. But more often they are "in." Sometimes Mrs. Bennett is reclining on the couch in the parlor with one of the newest novels in her hand. Sometimes she is bending busily over the sewing machine; oftener in the kitchen. Sometimes she is at the table with her family, food cooked for all and Bennett at the head of the table carving the roast.

The Fort Bragg people have accepted this strange condition of things and respect Mr. Bennett's own personality. No one dreams of making fun of this pathetic figure of a man who knows his profession well, keeps the conventionalities of life and has to content himself with a wooden family instead of a real one. He is very frank in talking about it, too.

William Bennett is a thoroughly satisfied and contented man. He spends his spare hours in caring for his family, and many nights after his day's business is finished he may be seen going into the dry goods store, looking at and examining the latest patterns and materials with never-failing interest and a keen eye to their suitability for his daughters.

The jewelers of the town know him well. Many pieces to order have been made by them for Mr. Bennett's family and they know that when Christmas or any anniversary comes Mr. Bennett will do his share of the buying. Even the candy shops are well patronized, for all the girls are fond of sweets and their father is not niggardly in his gratification of their likings.—Chicago Chronicle.

**Open evenings, Frenser, Jeweler.**

Full Dress Suit, size 34, made to sell for \$25, at Bennett's Clothing Dept., 326.

**Dog's Drinks High.**

A big touring car rolled up to the entrance of a roadside "hotel" on the north shore one day last week, with two men on the front seat and two women and a beautiful cocker spaniel in the tonneau. One of the men ordered some drinks for the party, and as they sat refreshing themselves the spaniel made it known that he also was thirsty.

"He wants a drink," cooed one of the women.

"Well, how about it?" remarked the man who was driving the machine to the German waiter.

"Wait a minute," replied that functionary, and he disappeared behind the swinging doors leading to the barroom. Presently he emerged, carrying a tin drink shaker filled with water. The cocker barked his appreciation and scrambled up on the seat nearest to the point where the water was being held in the tin vessel.

When the dog had finished drinking one of the women opened her purse and handed the waiter half a dollar. He made more out of that order than his employer had for the other drinks.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

**Not for Him.**

"She'll make some man a splendid wife."

"He is scientifically trained, isn't she?"

"Yes."

"Not for me. I don't want a wife who will give me lectures on 'Alimentary Ethics' in place of palatable biscuits, or who substitutes talks on 'Hygienic Purification' in place of the dust cloth."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**Nestest in the World.**

The nestest town in the world is Brock, a Holland town of 200 inhabitants, where Edam cheese is made. No horses are allowed in Brock, so great is the enthusiasm for perfect cleanliness, and the sun shines whenever it is above the horizon, instead of peering through the smoke and looking like a large bloodshot eye, as is the case in most American cities.

**Dr. Harris May Revived.**

CHICAGO, Dec. 8.—Dr. Benjamin Harris, who was shot yesterday by A. C. Campbell of Antigo, Wis., was reported by his physicians today to be in an improved condition with a fighting chance for his life.



# Dyball's Xmas Candies

WHETHER you are buying candy for the home, for church fairs or for Christmas entertainments, you should be interested, above all things in the purity of the candies. The candy we sell is made by us in our own confectionery, under our personal supervision, and we can vouch for its purity and wholesomeness. Notwithstanding the assurance you have of quality and purity, we name prices that are not equaled by any other store selling an equal grade of sweets.

You must not compare our candies with the stuff sold by some stores, some of which is absolutely unfit to be eaten by adults or children. Choose quality and not quantity in buying Christmas candy.

We manufacture every known kind of candy. See our beautiful fancy Christmas boxes and baskets. All kinds and prices. Special prices made to churches and societies on Christmas candy in quantities.

**DYBALL 1518 Douglas St.**  
"The Palace of Sweets."

**UNCLE SAM'S NOBBY "FENCE"**

Where Gold and Silver Swag is Accepted and No Questions Asked.

CONVENIENT TO WALL STREET, TOO

Government Assay Office in New York a Mecca for Burglars and Beyond the Reach of the Police.

Did it ever occur to you that your Uncle Sam runs the greatest "fence" for thieves and burglars in the United States? Startling, isn't it? But not only does he accept the secret service and the postoffice detective force. Yet in the government assay office in Wall street he runs the biggest and most convenient "fence" for stolen gold and silver in the country.

And while the New York office is the largest fence in the country, the other assay establishments are exactly the same thing. The proceeds of countless burglaries all over the country run into them as into a mill, to come out a shining glist of clean gold dollars. For at all of these plunder mills the burglar not only receives the proceeds of gold and silver thieves in general, but he also buys a good proportion of the resulting precious metal at market price and no questions asked. And the rest can be sold at the bullion establishments on the same terms just across the street, clean money by the kindness of the genial Uncle Sam for the criminal's plunder.

Of course the government does not do this out of any benevolent feeling toward that eccentric man about town, the burglar. The conversion of the loot into marketable bullion or coin of the republic is but a part of the enormous business in refining, mostly for legitimate purposes, that the federal administration does every year for the coinage, for use in the arts, for the jewelry trade. Yet no one realizes how great a figure in the proceeds of burglaries in other words, Uncle Sam plays the part of chief fence extraordinary and plenipotentiary to the housebreaking profession in an annual amount of more than \$2,000,000 in New York City alone and something like \$5,000,000 in the rest of the country.

The "old plate" which contributes to this illicit total is merely the plate which has been plundered from various sideboards, had its monograms and other marks of identity removed and then been battered up a little more to give it the appearance of age. The "old plate" is the result of dropping the settings of rings, watch cases, brooches, match safes and plate of either unusual and easily identified or much advertised design—both gold and silver—into a plumber's melting pot. The gasoline flame is hot enough to fuse the metals into a mass lacking all trace of original identity.

A turn of the pot into a rough mold of black sand, and you have the "jewellers' bars" of commerce, which Uncle Sam so delights to refine and pay good money for.

Anyone who does not accidentally drop a "jimmy" on the threshold can deposit the loot he has just plundered in the government office. An appearance of respectability is all that is essential in the bearer of the brick of stolen bullion, with a plausible story for use in the rare event of suspicion being aroused. That any reasonable story will do is abundantly proven by the fact that though these sometimes investigated, never, so far as the memory of the officials runs, has a burglar been arrested through banking his loot with Uncle Sam.

The brick is weighed before him and a receipt given for it. The bar is then re-melted, and when he calls for it later with the receipt he can exchange it either for bricks of the pure gold and silver, 99 fine, which have been found in his "jeweller's bar," or for the value of the same at the price then prevailing in the open market, less a trifling fee for refining.

An odd thing about this is that he could get the money for his brick the next day after depositing it, while he would have to wait one week to get back the gold and silver which the refinery would separate out of the base metals all fused together. The reason for this is the fact that the officials of the assaying plant, if desired, can compute the value of each brick deposited with them in a single day, while the reduction of the brick, according to their practice, takes six days.

They take five minutes from each and the middle of the bar deposited and run those through the test room, where sample assays are made. Here the small bit of mixed metal is fused in a small pot made of bone ash. Each bit is carefully marked in the beginning, and when the bone ash crucible is arranged on the platinum pans, sixty at a time, to be put into the gas furnaces, they are always put on from left to right and from the tray toward the workman, so that the same bit is followed all the way through the test. It is a simple method and mistakes seldom occur, the four different samples assayed invariably betraying such a mistake by a discrepancy in the final checking up.

The white heat in the gas furnaces causes the metal to become brittle, and the tin, zinc, copper and other base metals are soaked up in the bone ash, that material having a strong attraction with its alkalis for them and having none for the gold and silver. They emerge from the fire as a white pellet.

The pellet is hammered flat and washed with water. The cooker barked his appreciation and scrambled up on the seat nearest to the point where the water was being held in the tin vessel.

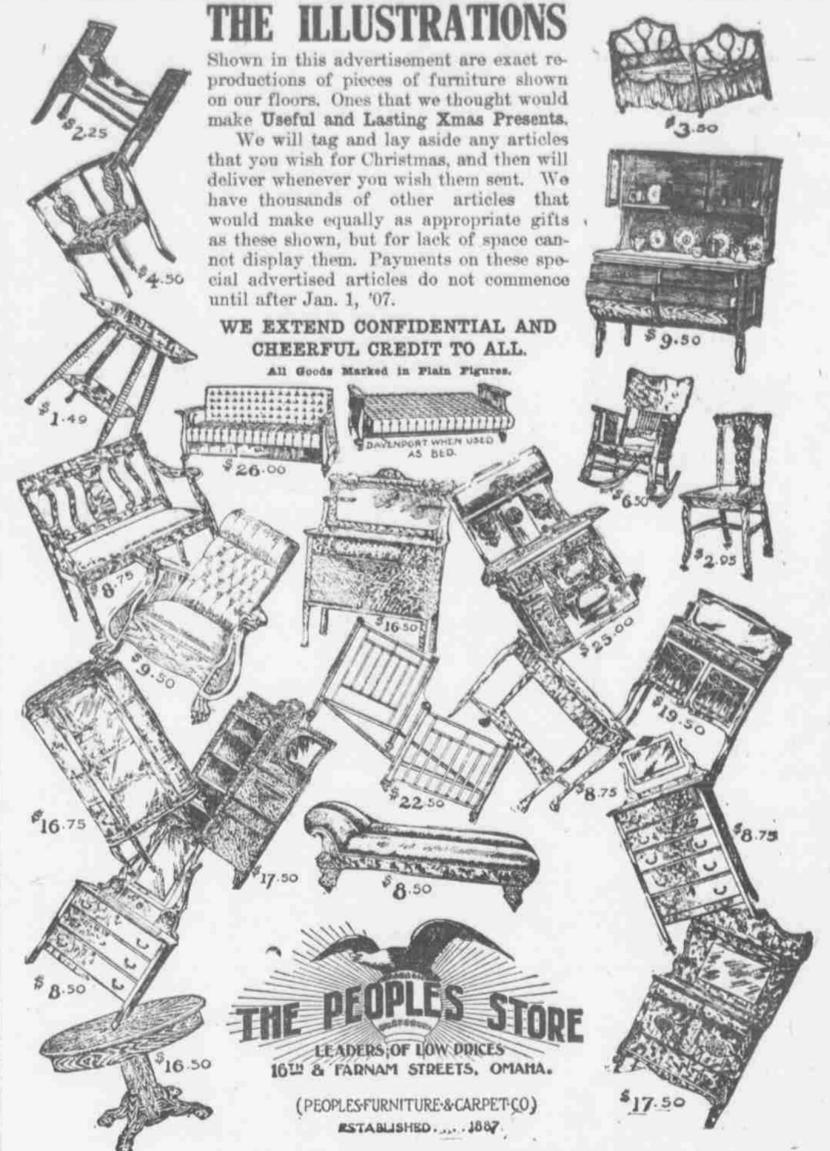
When the dog had finished drinking one of the women opened her purse and handed the waiter half a dollar. He made more out of that order than his employer had for the other drinks.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

# THE ILLUSTRATIONS

Shown in this advertisement are exact reproductions of pieces of furniture shown on our floors. Ones that we thought would make Useful and Lasting Xmas Presents.

We will tag and lay aside any articles that you wish for Christmas, and then will deliver whenever you wish them sent. We have thousands of other articles that would make equally as appropriate gifts as these shown, but for lack of space cannot display them. Payments on these special advertised articles do not commence until after Jan. 1, '07.

**WE EXTEND CONFIDENTIAL AND CHEERFUL CREDIT TO ALL.**  
All Goods Marked in Plain Figures.



**THE PEOPLES STORE**  
LEADERS OF LOW PRICES  
16th & FARNAM STREETS, OMAHA.  
(PEOPLES FURNITURE & CARPET CO.)  
ESTABLISHED 1887

Any of These Articles Sold for \$1.00 Cash and \$2.00 Monthly.

slightest doubt that many a burglar brings down his loot regularly for the government to turn into dollars for him, and the government willingly obliges him.

Of course, the suspicions of the officials are sometimes aroused and the matter reported to the police for investigation. Yet, as has been said, no depositor has ever been arrested through such investigation. This can be easily understood. The possession of a genuine gold brick is no crime any more than that of a quantity of gold plate, so long as every mark has been removed which might identify it as the loot from some recent burglary.

A consideration of the commercial end of the burglar's game is interesting in showing how almost all of his loot he takes direct to his friend Uncle Sam to turn into dollars for him and just why he does it. For it can be seen that good plate or finished pieces of jewelry are worth more in the open market than the bullion and jewels out of which they are made.

Uncle Sam is a real friend in need to Raffles. For the chief danger in that gentleman's business lies in being caught "with the goods on," especially after making a safe "get away." A quick turnover of his booty into good, hard legal tender is the one thing he desires above all else.

Least this of right.

The desirability, may, the necessity of this can be seen at a glance. About half of the arrests made for burglary are due to the discovery by accident or otherwise of the loot. Everyone will remember, for example, that it was through the accidental finding of the heaped-up plunder of William Metelski, the "Masonic burglar," that the astonishing series of midnight marauding excursions, with their rich hauls, were definitely fastened upon that remarkable criminal. It is in order to minimize the chance of such discovery that Raffles never works with a band, but always alone or at most in couples. Forgers, on the other hand, usually operate in bands of four or five; green goods men have at least six and sometimes eight in their combination, and regiments invariably work in groups of five or six.

The idea of getting the most he can for his loot, then, is balancing in the crackman's mind with the knowledge that the bulky stuff certainly, and as much of the rest as is possible, ought for safety's sake to be turned over into cash right away. Adding weight to the latter consideration is the desire of every criminal to get his dough and begin to have a good time with it. He has taken a furnished room in some obscure locality, where he has made himself known, perhaps, as a plumber. He locks the door, still panting with the excitement of his dodging run across town, down alleys, shunning a policeman like a walking plague, and always with that precious, telltale bag under his arm. He spreads out the loot and ponders each piece, whether it had best go into the melting pot or could be safely held on to for sale through some pawnbroker or antique merchant.

**Precautions of Crooks.**

Of course, all the jewels are rigged out of their settings at once and set aside to be pawned as soon as the noise of the house-breaking has died away. The rings and other settings are immediately thrown into the melting pot. Oddly enough, the finest pieces of plate and of jewelry, on account of being so liable to identification, invariably meet the same fate. The plate of an ordinary and widely current design is usually set aside. Raffles will get to work on it with acids and a stout file and after removing all signs of identity will hide it until it can safely be sold through the dealer. The same is done with jewelry of an ordinary type. All the rest—brooches, earrings, watch-cases, trinkets, rings, gold and silver plate—go into the common melting pot to be finally run into the "jewellers' bars."

As a matter of fact Raffles always converts the bulk of his plunder into the bullion, leaving out little besides the sparklers for later sale. The crackman is too cautious a criminal and not quite commercial enough a man to take risks by holding his stuff for a deposit of the bricks with the

federal fence. In six days, for he is not liable to arouse suspicion by asking for his money at once, he comes back and receives in gold eagles and hundred-dollar bills the gold and silver he stole in the night a week back. With a little more trepidation he sells the remaining stuff to a crooked pawnbroker or antique merchant such as every journeyman crackman knows. After all, the junk might by some freak of fate be identified and the merchant, to save himself, squeal on him. But Uncle Sam never squeals. He has done the burglar the kindest service possible. As safe and uncommittal as a church, he has played the fence to him on practically all his plunder, without so much as a thank you and hugely to Mr. Raffles' safety, convenience and, possibly, amusement.—New York Herald.

**WHAT MAKES A GOOD PIPE**

Boost for the Humble Corncob, Taking Rank Near Head of the List.

Pipes are smoked by millions, always have been, always will be, yet not one smoker in a thousand knows the elements of a good pipe. Engineers have been known to talk by the hour over the draft of their fireboxes and never once in half a lifetime think of the draft in their pipes which they smoke hourly.

Sure attention is paid to the pipe material, all of which has little if anything to do with the qualities of a pipe, and generally nothing whatever is thought of shape and proportion, the two things that make a pipe good or bad. A 3-cent postpaid stamp sent with intelligence will buy as good a pipe as there is in the world; everything added to that price is for ornament, vanity and especially for ignorance.

The corncob holds a high place among pipe smokers and deserves this place—usually—for the best of scientific reasons. When a pipe is built on right principles the bowl is as narrow and deep as is convenient to fill; the hole in the stem meets the bowl at the very bottom and in the center, thus insuring a perfect and even draft, hence a complete and even burning of the tobacco. The cake prevents the fire from burning the bowl, thus prevents making its bore larger or uneven, which would in proportion spoil the draft. The sides of the bowl are thick to keep in the heat, thus making the burning at the same temperature at the edges of the tobacco as at the center. In this way a clean sweet smoke is assured.—Technical World Magazine.

**Fabled Feller.**

The nabob of peshwar had ordered a general advance in wages.

"But, your royal nibs," cried the employers, "we cannot afford to have, in addition, a weekly ration of corn."

"Enough," said the nabob. "Your workmen now subsist on hay. My decree is that they be enabled to have, in addition, a weekly ration of corn."

So it was done, but with deep murmurs.—Philadelphia Ledger.



# Queen Quality

\$3.50  
3.00

**WINTERY days bring the need of stouter shoes. But stouter shoes will not mean clumsy shoes nor less handsome shoes if you buy "Queen Quality." Don't make the mistake of thinking that all such shoes are alike and that any pair will do. You want the best, and the best will cost you no more than the commonplace, if you see that they bear the stamp "Queen Quality."**

**HAYDEN BROS.**