

BENNETT'S GREAT BUYERS' AND MANAGERS' SALE

Beginning Tomorrow and Lasting All Week, 20 Department Chiefs Will Play the Game of Their Lives to Roll up a Record-Breaking Sales Score.

Post Card Albums, bound in linen boards, capacity 300 cards. Buyers' and Managers' Sale 25c

Stationery—800 boxes odd lots, worth up to \$1.50, biggest bargain this year, at 19c

Ready-to-Wear Garments
Buyers' and Managers' Sale, embracing practically entire stock. This buyer's best effort. All Rialab and Shantung Dresses, one-piece styles, in tan, gray, M. sale price, \$17.50

Just as team-work is essential to win games in base ball, so it is in the game of business. It requires cool, determined, heady players all working at top speed and in perfect unison to bring home the victory.

A Trimmed Hat "Roundup"
As a grand climax to a wonderful season's business the millinery manager will put on sale tomorrow 300 trimmed hats in all the new summer shapes, trimmed artistically in newest materials.

Women's Oxfords & Slippers
The shoe man has done himself proud. This is the best shoe news we ever had. Such values are sure to break all selling records.

Men's and Boys' Clothing
Men benefit as never before in the Buyers' and Managers' Sale. The splendid Bennett assortment of snappy \$15 and \$18 Suits, are now out to \$8.75

Wash Goods Sensation
The biggest reductions of the Buyers' and Managers' Sale are made by the Wash Goods buyer. He has sacrificed his stock in a sensational manner.

HOSIERY AND UNDERWEAR
The hosiery buyer is not after profits now—it's volume of sales and quick turnovers he wants. Surely, his offerings show it.

Another sale of note includes fashionable South American Panama Hats, trimmed with silk ribbons values to \$12.00. In the Buyers' and Managers' Sale, at \$7.50

For Women Who Wear Small Sizes Shoes we offer 500 pairs canvas oxfords, all \$1.50 and \$2.00 qualities, sizes 2 1/2 to 4—choice of white, pink or blue, pair 39c

The China Man Says
I am not quoting a single price but will make it an object of immense importance to all who love exquisite china and artistic decorative pieces.

Men's Auto Gloves
Horseshoe Auto and Driving Gloves, ventilated back, \$1.39
Cape Auto Gauntlets, leather lined cuffs, \$2.98

ALL WEEK LONG Wall Paper Sacrifice
The manager of the Wall Paper Department has gone the limit in bargain-making. His entire stock, recognized as one of the cleanest and best selected lines in all Omaha, is sacrificed almost beyond belief.

Furniture Rugs Curtains
The furniture man will sell his entire furniture stock—not excepting a single piece—a wonderful opportunity—10% Off.

Hardware, Sp't'g Goods
Don't forget these basement departments. Here too, you'll find the bargain spirit of the buyers' and managers' sale forcing itself on you at every turn.

White Goods, Domestics, Linens
B. and M. sale values that are irresistible. Regalia like these are everywhere. Get yours now.

SALE OF PYROGRAPHY
The Art Goods buyer gives you choice of the entire stock of Pyrography Woods and Pyro Sets—no exceptions, at a reduction of 25% off

BENNETT'S
We Close at 6 o'Clock; Saturday at 10 P. M.; Tuesdays at 1 P. M. During July and August.

In Jewelry Section
Just a hint of the wonderful sales that await you. Bronze Clocks, magnificent designs, porcelain dial, jeweled escapement.

The Grocery Sale
Extra fine stamp offers in addition to low prices. Capitol Coffee, per pound, 28c and 40 stamps

FLOWERS OF OLD LONDON

Morning at Covent Garden and the Rose Show Wonders.

COLORS THAT EXHAUST WORDS

New So Poor that They Must Do Without Their Posses—Some Eight Thousand Five Hundred at the Show.

LONDON, July 10.—Visions of the hot streets of New York during July and August, with the closed houses and barred doors, the canons of skyscrapers where the air falls lifeless and flat, the thermometer at the truck horses falling in harness and the clang of ambulances emphasizing the heat, come persistently before the eyes of the Manhattanite viewing London all about with flowers, which the moist air and the cool breezes keep fresh and fair through the summer days.

Flowers for Common Folks.

The "smart" man in London society no longer wears a flower in his buttonhole; even the gardenia, the carnation or the spray of stephanotis is eliminated. But the man in the city, the smallest clerk (please pronounce clerk), the masses of the classes may not attract to a rule that would exclude the beloved decoration.

passing basket, and finally seize both.

At the noon hour the shopgirl, the business woman of the cashier and typewriter class, who eat cheaply at some of the scattered broad places, which punctuate the city, buys her twopenny rose that matches the color of her cheeks. With a rim of black around his collar, a smudge of soot on his nose and the pipe in his jaws, young husband selects for obvious reason the flower woman with a shawled head and the deep white apron, pink or mauve, the feathery green and ivory show heliopsis, and you hesitate before a well known bloom and ask its name and origin.

And while you hesitate between the purchase of an enormous pot of pink lily-rangas, the price of which is a shilling sixpence, and great bunch of variegated single petalled poppies, each separated from its companion by a tiny white flower, cloudlike and misty, for the same moderate sum, your attention is momentarily distracted by the intense interest displayed both by purchaser and seller in the selection and arrangement of the flowers. It is not a smart shop; it is just like hundreds of others, and there is nothing unusual in the careful attention paid by the pretty girl who handles the blossoms as if she loved them and the man who buys as if a visit after dinner to any one of half a dozen feminine friends would lack significance unaccompanied by the usual offering. They chat in a friendly, but unflattering manner as to whether the bunch of lilies of the valley she had arranged in circular or flat form, and having decided each spray is wired, placed on a dewy leaf and finally a half dozen leaves are turned over and form a cuplike base. Next a pink rose for his own buttonhole has its stem stuck through its disk of pink paper, for London modes demand that every artificial appliance shall be brought to Nature's aid for the desired ensemble. Having paid, he goes out, holding his purchase with practiced adeptness, and a middle aged, gray whiskered, blue eyed, ruddy faced, busy looking man, who pins them on his neck and his trousers rolled far up, to show a strip of dirty sock, sports a poppy or a dahlia on his ragged coat and, along the Strand, Poverty, like which we have nothing in the new world, stooping tremendously, hesitates between a cigarette butt and a dewy blossom dropped from a

Luncheon are met by the rejoinder that no one has really seen London flowers who has merely seen them in the shops, in the streets at the "pedestrian refuges," isles of safety we call them, at Oxford Circus, Piccadilly, Charing Cross, for these are but preliminaries to the great flower market which is held daily in Covent Garden.

Show at Covent Garden.

The trains that bring the flowers there from the various nurseries and conservatories all over England, begin to arrive at 3 o'clock in the morning and the market opens at that hour. The florists find it not too early for the daily trade, nor do the flower women who select their baskets and depart to take up their stations, nor the flower men who lift great wooden boxes of growing plants to their heads and make the tour of hotels and private residences; not even for the donkey carts, who go to points too far to reach by foot. Imagine Madison Square Garden turned into a flower market, every inch of space a mass of bloom and fragrance, and you would not even then grasp the beauty and magnitude of this daily show. At 9 o'clock it is over, the flower market is closed, and only on the outskirts of the building are the sales continued.

Your way there is indicated long before you sight the dingy building by push carts that line the streets. A small girl with down dropping shawl and touzled hair offers you a purchase, her face peering at you from an armful of "app," a bush of white green blossoms which she will sell for a shilling and which is generous enough to fill a country firkin. A coterie implores you to make your "usand" app by the gift of some potter's verbenas, all as hollyhocks, and a buxum, blue-aproned flower maid, with an oval bit of cutfur on her head, which makes the customary rest for the big market basket, courteously requests the right of way. Having secured this she trots along to make one of a group that sit all day long on the granite platform at Oxford Circus and sell posies, stiffly wired, to the shoppers who flee there for safety. Later the flower sellers, having disposed of their wares, drift away to await until at the approach of a flower maid, with a single figure still hopefully describing with terse phrases, "Here's 'a'ly-trope and 'a'ly-trope, m'm."

Mingling of Odors.

The immediate approach to the flower market at Covent Garden is through piled up baskets and straw, a carpet of fallen leaves and an atmosphere where the smell of fresh vegetables, market refuse, the odor of the great unwashed mingles with the delicate perfume of thousands of roses, gardenia, stephanotis, mignonette, for the outlying part is the vegetable market and if you had not a differing mind you would stop and admire the heaps of carrots and beets, the salads, the beds of strawberries, the bunches of parsley and of carefully selected strawberry leaves, are served at London tables. You dodge a whistling coterie who has a tower six feet high of straw baskets on his head and both hands in his pockets and make your way about a skyscraper of empty

boxes and baskets. You crouch against an early bird who wears pumps, silk stockings, a pleasant smile in addition to his morning tweeds, and whose caught wren has taken the form of a basket of strawberries, half a dozen to the pound, three of which would satisfy the average hunger, and a handful of mauve panicles circled with maidenhair ferns.

Inside the building you have to step warily, progress barred by the sellers, whose limited time forces to quick and sharp competition. Housekeepers have come for the breakfast flowers, and several modish women are selecting with special discrimination blooms of some desired tint to harmonize with gown or tea-table decorations.

Bleeding of Many Goss.

All the sunsets of the yesterday's and the sunrises of tomorrow seem to have been gathered in the place. Faces ugly and unprepossessing peek at you from behind rainbow arches of prismatic hues, and coterie women and men stand in amiable contrast to the green and healthy everywhere for sale. The flower sellers of romantic stories are conspicuous by their absence. The only flower girls seen at Covent Garden and elsewhere are fat, fearsome and fifty-odd.

Iris, London's most famous flower, if one except the ever popular orchid and rose, are notoriously evident. Armfuls of the posies mauve ary, an one about, and below thousands of white, pink, mauve edged and golden yellow blossoms invite your purchase. Three bunches, one of violet, one of yellow hearted ivory, one of lemon, long stemmed and fresh as if newly picked, are indignantly suggested in your face and when from force of habit you raise your eyebrows at the shilling, nippence is loudly substituted. A step further along and you are in a huge perfume box of sweet peas, which rise, covering the wall spaces, tier on tier. You pass through scented paths of spirea, and through garden plots of mignonette, you traverse geometrical designs of heavy hearted verbenas and gay faced panicles, you avoid avalanches of sweet alyssum, and stand to get your breath in a forest of palms, with underbrush of heliotrope and waxly petalled star-shaped flowers whose name seems insignificant as the name of a pretty girl passed on the street. And everywhere roses, and everywhere iris. And for half a crown you can fill your apartment with flowers, every corner and every vase.

What It All Means.

You are sure that this riot of blossoming has a psychological significance, could you only think it out, which you do finally to your own satisfaction at least, as you step into the waiting hansom and seek another evidence of London's love of flowers. For the casual reader, London life is perfect in form, but it lacks the charm or color. Were it not for this outlet of natural feeling, this human instinct toward the earth bloom, which nothing can spoil and nothing improve, it would be indifferently interesting with its human automations, the majority of them walking and talking and eating and thinking alike. And while you reflect in this wise, the hansom has turned into one of the charming residential streets where individuality is shown in every house, and from this it

passes to another, and so on and on mile after mile you go.

There is one house that remains in your memory after you have passed on, as the face of the famous Holbein—Christina Princess of Denmark—refuses to be ousted by succeeding features, though you may see it but for a moment and then look at thousands of other masterpieces.

Outside of a House.

It is a yellow house of stucco and brick, freshly painted for the season and without a suspicion of grime or smoke. Each of the windows is edged with a box of dark green tiles holding long stemmed yellow flowers, like fringed buttercups; the door is of enameled green, and knocker, handle and doorknobs are newly polished brass. There is a red house cardinal tinted, the trimmings of which are of dull wrought iron, and parallel rows of red geraniums mingle with glossy leaves. It is a house that on a hot day in New York would send you flying to a far off shelter; here with the July sun in evidence it is a bright and attractive oasis in a desert of drabs and grays.

A black and white brick facade has for decorations huge boxes fairly overtopped with hundreds of golden hearted marguerites, and a pink stucco not a half mile away blooms with roses and white poppies. On the way to Dorchester house, Park lane, where on Independence day thousands of London's Americans are entertained by the American ambassador, a charming residence invited attention, a surface with white trimmings, and on the wide balustrade which surrounded the flight of steps a row of vases, ure shaped, filled with rose pink blossoms and drooping vines. Further along in this same fashionable quarter there is a residence done in contrasting shades of green, with the usual polished wrought shade for the door, and the boxes and vases are filled only with thousands of ferns.

Rose Society's Show.

You are on your way to the National Rose society's thirty-third rose show when you not all this, for the flowerist is in your soul and you are not content with a general exhibit. The show is held in the Royal Botanic Garden at Regent's park and it is visited by the queen and the Princess Victoria. Incidentally to this, you are extremely grateful for the fact that the royal family is so large that it can always send regiments of any function desired. But that has nothing more to do with the subject than a larkspur, and a larkspur has nothing at all to do with it, for only roses are allowed—Auch such roses! Marquee opens into marquees, each filled with the product of various nurseries and private conservatories, and to them a long green path leads from the carriage entrance on whose soft turf your eye notes many an English rose of the type that has been immortalized in time immemorial in Anglo-Saxon song and story. She is perhaps in a garden party frock of gray or of old blue or hydrangea pink, but the color in her soft cheeks is always the regulation tint and it appears and disappears with elusive charm. Through aisle after aisle of roses you pass to other aisles, equally beautiful and fragrant. Although the census of blooms is not published for this year, it was stated by one of the members that

there were approximately 3,500 exhibits, exclusive of decorative pieces and garden roses. The society, established since 1876, has held exhibitions in Crystal Palace, St. James's hall, the Inner Temple, London, and as it is general rather than local exhibitions have been held in other cities all over the United Kingdom.

The decorative roses are exhibited each bloom in a metal cup and perhaps a dozen to a box, and row after row of these are shown under a nomenclature strange to the American visitor. There is Hebe's Lip, a tea rose with a scarlet edge; Rosa Mundi, a variegated sort; Lady's Blush, a cream with a pinkish heart. It is impossible to pass by the exhibitions from the old rose gardens of Surrey, of Colchester, of Covent Garden and elsewhere. Ireland sends many varieties, the Irish Beauty, Irish Glory, Irish Harmony, Irish Election, the prize takers in several classes have to adhere to the rule of sixteens, and fact blooms on a bush, and a specially attractive one is Lady Fair, whose dozen and a half roses are pink with dainty lipped petals.

You look in vain among the many shown for the most wonderful rose in the world, the American Beauty, but not one is displayed in the show. It is a dozen or more single petalled roses of a crude color, but it is labeled largely, as if to make amends by generosity of pastebord for floral deficiencies, "Americas." Aims of the Growers. One of the exhibitors pointed out that to the present time English and German rose growers have devoted themselves to pure colors, while French exhibitors have been occupied with the hybrid, the compound of yellow and crimson. There is at present, however, a color revolution going on, and with it a revolution in color definitions, of which the language is sadly deficient, having, in fact, no exact words for the new tints and shades which are constantly coming into notice. The French has a new Repertoire de Couleurs, which, it is expected, will be adopted as a standard all over the world. These new tints were the center of attraction at the rose show, the Irish apricots, the Dean Hole, named for a former president, described as silvery carmine; the Lyon rose which has coral center shaded with a cream yellow; the Madame Melanie Souper, saffron yellow suffused with pink and carmine; Lady Pirrie, apricot at the base flushed with rose red and Capucine yellow; the countess of Shaftesbury, a large, hybrid tea exhibition rose, pale pink, flushed toward the edge with bright cherry red.

The table decorations that fashion demands at present are very low and several examples were shown in one of the tents. A specialty notable one consisted of a series of small silver bowls, with a large one in the center, filled with the carmine roses of Madame Abel Chateaux, cultivated with the idea of producing an excellent color for artificial light. With these delicate fronds of ferns were artistically mixed, and on another table nearby was shown a decoration consisting of tint silver vases, with two tiny rose sprays of apricot tint and a bit of green which, a deft traced from one to another with a

Cholera Finds American Victim

Bridegroom on Honeymoon Trip to Europe Stricken with Disease and Dies.

BERLIN, July 24.—David Jayne Hill, the American ambassador, in response to a telegraphic inquiry regarding the death from cholera of an American at Koenigsberg, Prussia, today received the following dispatch from Alexander Eckhardt, the American consular agent there: "The American who died here of cholera July 21 was Roger Winfield of Fond Du Lac, Wis. He was 35 years old. He contracted the disease in Russia, but died and was buried here. His wife's condition is good, but she must be isolated until Tuesday. The couple were on a honeymoon trip."

Franklin's Kite Test Proves Fatal

Captain Engelstad, Polar Explorer, Killed by Lightning Running Down Kite String.

CHRISTIANIA, Norway, July 24.—Captain Engelstad of the Norwegian navy met a tragic death by lightning today. He was taking meteorological observations during a thunder storm and happened to touch the wire holding the copper wire attached to the kite, which was 1,000 yards high. He was struck dead. Captain Engelstad was an officer of high scientific attainments. He was to have commanded the polar exploration ship Fram on the coming Amundsen polar expedition.

Angry Servant Beholds Princess

Housekeeper Commits Horrible Crime in Revenge for Being Discharged.

ST. PETERSBURG, July 24.—News has been received here of the murder of the young Princess Alexandra Metochersky at her father's estate in Smolensk province. The housekeeper, in revenge for being discharged, decapitated the 14-year-old girl with an axe. The family of Metochersky is one of the oldest in Russia and representatives of its various branches played prominent roles in Russian history.