

A Phenomenally Successful Suit Purchase

Five hundred strikingly beautiful tailored suits in two lots at prices that for like qualities know no parallel in 16th street retailing. Rarely is it any store's good fortune to be able to present so masterful an array of tailored elegance at prices such as the Bennett store names today. These suits were made to our special order, according to our own specifications and our own selection of materials. We have planned this sale with extraordinary care to have the superiority of the values so self-evident that the least experienced shopper will readily recognize a bargain at either price. The actual money saving to you is from \$7.50 to \$10.00.

200 Suits at \$15

This assortment gives you choice of Broadcloths or worsteds. Every one of the models has a 42-inch coat, lined throughout with satin. Most of them are severely plain tailored, with pleated skirts and self covered buttons for a finish. The same high class tailoring that marks the higher priced lines is shown in this lot. Take choice of black, navy, brown, green, castor, etc., values absolutely \$22.50, our price to you now—

\$15



300 Suits at \$25

This assortment is indicative of the most advanced metropolitan modes, made of the famous Lymansville worsteds, Faulkner, Fargo & Co., broadcloths, also wide wale diagonals in a complete range of colors and sizes. The coats are full 45-inch garments, with genuine 8 1/2 in or guaranteed satin lining to match. There are a score of superb styles, equal in every detail to best \$35 suits you'll see in all Omaha. Our price to you now—

\$25

Buy Your Winter Coal Now

Take a friendly hint and give us your coal order this week. No telling how high coal prices will go later on.

Capitol \$6.50 Coal

This is also the last week of our special offer of

100 B. & H. Green Stamps With Each Ton.

No better soft coal mined than Capitol Coal. Thousands of families can testify to its superiority. Let us have your order.

Deliveries to all Omaha, South Omaha, Benson, Florence, Dundee. Trial sample sack delivered for 30c.

Where Do You Buy Groceries?

Do you get the choicest, freshest goods as cheaply as this?

- Pride of Bennett's Flour, sack \$1.05—40 stamps
- Bennett's Best Coffee, 3 lbs. \$1.00—100 stamps
- Bennett's Best Coffee, 1 lb. .35c—30 stamps
- Bennett's Tea, assorted, 1 lb. 68c—75 stamps
- Bennett's Tea, assorted, 1 lb. 48c—40 stamps
- Bennett's Tea Siftings, 1 lb. .15c—10 stamps
- Eddy's Salad Mustard, jar .10c—10 stamps
- Wonder Wax, large size, 3 for 25c—10 stamps
- Diamond Crystal Salt 14-lb sack 25c—20 stamps
- Earl, new cleanser, 3 pkgs. .25c—20 stamps
- Nuttlet Peanut Butter, large .30c—30 stamps
- Galliard's Olive Oil, bottle .45c—30 stamps
- Capitol Baking Powder, lb. .24c—30 stamps
- Snider's Tomato Soup, large .20c—10 stamps
- Hartley's Marmalade, jar .20c—20 stamps
- Hippo Washing Powder, 6 for 25c—10 stamps
- Jell O Ice Cream Powder, pkg. 10c—10 stamps
- Capitol Pancake Flour .10c—10 stamps
- OLIVE SALES—Fancy Stock White Label Brand, 3 1/2 Bottle Queen Olives, for .18c
- 1 1/2 Bottle Manz Olives, for .10c
- 1 1/2 Bottle Manz Stuffed Olives, for .12c
- 10c Bottle Manz Olives, for .8c
- Pickled Peaches, quart jar .25c—20 stamps

BENNETT'S

The Power of the Bennett Store in Omaha Merchandising Was Never so Forcibly Demonstrated as in This Series of Remarkable Bargains Arranged for Tomorrow & Carnival Week

The combined energies and influence of our entire force of buyers both at home and in our New York office have been directed towards making this the triumphal week of the early Autumn selling.

A quarter of a million dollars' worth of new merchandise, most of which comes at greatly lessened prices and correspondingly underpriced, proves this a week of tremendous import to all Omahans and Ak-Sar-Ben visitors.

Fall and Winter Bedding for Less

Plan your purchases now. Savings like these are well worth while. Scarcely a family but what has a need for some of these items.

- Bed Spreads—A case of fine, large hemmed spreads, in Marcellite patterns; full size and weight, yet easy to launder. A specially good \$1.25 quality, at each .98c
- Cotton Blankets—In grey, tan or white, heavy felted surface, giving all the appearance of a fine woolly blanket; size 72x84 inches, our \$2.25 number, at, pair \$1.98
- Comforters—Beautiful, light, fluffy kinds with silkline covering, and filled with sanitary snow white cotton, hand tied; size 72x84 inches, our \$2.25 line, for \$1.69
- Sheets—Full bleached and of a strong, durable material, made with center seam. Three inch hem at top, size 81x90 inches, excellent 59c value, now, at 48c
- Pillow Cases—Size 45x36 inches, our best 18c line, made of standard grade muslin, with three inch hem, at 14c

Ramsdell Inverted Gas Lamps Like Cut



A 65 candle power light, and all it costs is \$1.50. The best lamp on the market today, made with lever air shutters and cast brass manically finished; no flash back, no carboning, no glass breakage. You'll save this cost in gas in a short time. Decorative Plates—A clean up lot on sale tomorrow—French and Japanese China, beautifully decorated—400 French decorative plates, 1 1/2 French comb and brush trays, 400 Nippon China fancy plates. Pick any one of these beautiful \$1.00 pieces, for 45c

Fine Lisle Hosiery at Half

Monday and as long as a big purchase lasts we will have on the tables an importer's discontinued number of very fine sheer lisle hose, worth 50c a pair. We have them in black only, made with flexible or garter tops. At the same time we include a great collection of sample hosiery, in fine merized and embroidered effects, in black and colors. These are highly interesting values on new staple lines, and bargains well worth hurrying for, tomorrow. 25c

Great Kid Glove Opportunity

You'll need Fall Gloves soon. Doesn't a 50 per cent inducement seem attractive enough to compel you to run in tomorrow after these choice bargains? Prime Lambskin Gloves; two clasps, with Paris Point embroidery, black of tan, brown and red, \$1.25 quality, pair, at 59c

\$2, \$2.50 and \$3 Broadcloths at \$1.89

A truly remarkable event. You'll do well to be early. 223 pieces of very rich German broadcloths and Sylvia cloths, with their high brilliancy of finish for which these goods are famous. Every piece is absolutely spot-proof and shrunk, and 50 to 56 inches wide, shown in the newest shades, such as Burgundy, artichoke, raisin, seal browns, new blues, olives, etc., etc. new goods in full pieces, at an astonishing price— \$1.39 per yard

56-Inch Tweed Suitings For the One-Piece Dress

Thirty-nine distinct patterns for effective tailored suits; mostly stripe novelties in contrasting colors. All wool fabrics, made for \$2.00 selling, the entire shipment this week, on sale, at, yard 98c

Fine Imported Novelty Silks

At the price these are offered there are no other silks that measure up to them either in quality or in exquisite colorings and design. Silks that take a commanding position in the year's fashions for waists, princess dresses, evening and dinner gowns. Importations such as seldom sell for less than \$1.25, frequently \$1.50. Included are Broche messalines, satin barred taffetas, satin majestique, diagonals, Persians, silk poplins, plaids, etc., etc.—at, yard 98c

Silks for Party Frocks

Delicate sheer, filmy fabrics of the most exquisite texture, some with printed and embroidered designs, others with gorgeous floral borders; silk marquisettes, crepe meters and other fabrics; values to \$3.00; purchased at a price way below actual worth, on sale now 89c

Black Silk Values Extraordinary

A week of unprecedented black silk selling is arranged beginning tomorrow. Black silks for dresses, for coats, for two piece coat suits, for waists, etc., superb 36-inch silks, worth to \$2.00 a yard, including Ottomans, Cotelets, Bengaines, Moires, Cashmere de Soie, Peau de Cygne and Peau de Soies, yd. \$1.48

MANY HOMES FOR SEEKERS

Valuable Land in Cheyenne and Standing Rock Reservations.

REGISTRATION BEGINS OCTOBER 4

One and One-Half Million Acres Will Be Opened to Settlement—Drawing Takes Place October Twenty-Six.

ABERDEEN, S. D., Sept. 25.—(Special)—October 4 is the date designated in the proclamation of President Taft for the commencement of the registration for lands in the Cheyenne and Standing Rock Indian Reservations, and hardly will the clock have ceased striking the hour of 12 at midnight on October 3 before scores of notaries will throw open the doors of their offices to the public, and everything will be in readiness for the assembled landseekers to take a chance for a home in the great land lottery conducted by Uncle Sam with relation to his rich Indian Reservations.

The registration will conclude at midnight on October 22. Five registration points are named in the proclamation opening the lands to settlement—Bismarck, N. D., and Lemmon, Pierre, Leban, McBride and Aberdeen. S. D. Aberdeen has also been designated as the place of drawing and will be the headquarters of Superintendent James W. Witten, and because of this fact will likely receive the bulk of the registrations. Settlers registered at other points will receive exactly the same consideration as those who register at Aberdeen.

The drawing will commence on October 23 at 10 o'clock in the morning and will continue until sufficient names have been drawn to insure the entry of all the lands opened to settlement.

Ten Thousand New Homes. The reservations to be opened contain, in round numbers, 1,377,000 acres of land, but about 200,000 acres have been allotted to the Indians and about 134,214 acres are embraced in the grants to the states. After the deduction of these and other reservations made by the government there will remain for distribution among the settlers applying for the land something over 1,000,000 acres, making about 25,000 homes.

The tract is about ninety miles long, varies in width from thirty to eighty-four miles and is traversed by the Grand, Missouri and Oak Rivers. Tributary to these streams are a number of creeks which furnish an excellent drainage to the territory and an abundance of supply of water for farming and the stock raising industry. The soil is a rich black loam with a subsoil of clay which holds the moisture, and it produces crops of wheat, barley, flax, corn and vegetables of all kinds. The lands are located in an old-settled country and the land in the adjacent territory sells in the open market for \$20 to \$40 per acre. The Milwaukee transcontinental railroad crosses the northern portion of the reservations and the lines of this railroad are now be-

Stout-Hearted Policemen Shed Copious Tears

For Why? Why, Because Mike Hedrick Bowls In with a Barrow Full of Onions.

Tears, idle tears, flowed copiously from the eyes of many a bold policeman when poor old Mike Hedrick, trundling before him a heavily-laden wheelbarrow, was brought into the police station.

The cause for them was not Mike's condition, which was good, nor any senile weakness upon the part of the aforesaid doughy guardians of the peace. It was onions. The onions were in the wheelbarrow, the wheelbarrow was in the police station. There you have it.

Mike has a long nose, which grows cold in winter, unless well heated by inward fire. It also convinced Mike that winter was nigh. Mike therefore proceeded to provide his bodily fuel for the winter by appropriating it from several cars in the Northwestern Railway company's yards. He was caught at it while making off with the goods. He ran. He was chased and captured by Detectives Mitchell and Sullivan, who forced him to push his load of stinging sorrow to the station.

In the barrow aside from the onions were a sack of apples and a sack of potatoes. "For heaven's sake, what did you steal the onions for?" tearfully inquired Desk Officer Morgan.

"Oh, I eat," said Mike. "To know," said Morgan. "The apples and potatoes are all right, but, oh, those onions." And he dabbed furiously at his streaming eyes.

Hundred on Car, No Fare Rung Up

"Careful, Bill, Don't Pull Wrong Rope," is Motorman's Caution to Conductor.

"Careful there, Bill, don't make a mistake and pull the wrong rope." Such was the timely caution the motorman on a Farnam street car sounded to his conductor. The car was packed inside and out, men stood on the fender in front, stuck on the drawhead in the rear and sat on top.

There must have been close to 100 persons on the car, \$ worth. "Don't miss one," urged the motorman. "I'll try not," answered the conductor. "Fare, please," he called to a man who was in the precarious position of hanging onto the front end.

"We sure do need the money," interposed the motorman as if by way of apology to the fellow on the fender. "Sorry to bother you, but can't let a nickle get away from us."

European Impressions of a First-Tripper

By Rev. Adolf Hall, Pastor Swedish Immigrant Lutheran Church of Omaha.

THE finest approach to Switzerland is by the north Italian lakes. There lie three among the foothills in a region so lovely that you want to dream away all the remainder of your vacation among them.

To the west we have Lake Maggiore. The water is of a wonderful green shade, the shores are villages and villas on the slopes and hills make the broad lake beauty of Maggiore very charming. Then eastward comes Lake Lugano, bolder and grander, with rugged and castle-like heights. Still on, and come, the gem of gems, deep, dark, beautiful Como, woos and wins you with its rich delights. A little before noon we left Stresa on Maggiore and it was 8 at evening when our boat landed us at Ballaggio on the very tip of a peninsula that from the north end pushes into the middle of Lake Como. Between the lakes go little narrow gauge railroads over stretches of land so glorious as to almost madden the imagination. From Stresa to Ballaggio is a journey as exquisite as the blue vault, as refined as the poetry of bards with the tongue of beauty, as peaceful as unsullied nature herself—

to compare with Como, Lake Louise in the Canadian Rockies, truly a rival of the wondrous Italian, but much as a stately, mystical Sioux Indian maiden would be to a high-souled, refined and dark-eyed signora. Ballaggio can be reached only by boat from Menaggio, and a blessing it is that the stress and strain here fade away, and there is left you just what you need, one and a while, a dream-life at a dream-lake in north Italy's sublime dreamland.

This lake region in Switzerland's invitation to the south, and the south's graceful acceptance with a bow and a smile. Through the Lombards, and other Gothic tribes, poured their blood into the arteries of the north Italians, the change from Italy to Switzerland is abrupt and astonishing. From the artistic gesturing and smooth Italian to the rugged, brusque, clumsy and genuine Swiss seems like a leap over a gigantic chasm, so different are the two nations. The Swiss like to be clean and orderly as much as those pleasing Mexicans. Ah, and it's so refreshing to come once more among self-respecting people. The depot porter at Gochenen carried my valise into the car. I gave him 25 centimes (five cents), and, as he felt desirous to do the right thing, I asked him, "Is this satisfactory?" The solid, bearded old patriarch replied in his good-natured Swiss manner: "Ja-Ja" (with a deep vowel) "God bless!" and he thanked me with a plain manly bow of his fine William Tell head. What would a Neapolitan have done? Shrugged his shoulders, held out the money dramatically in his hand and

asked for more, with one of those indescribable begging smiles of these children of the south.

It must be joyful to be a citizen of a country that all the world loves, and all the world loves Switzerland. They used to say that this Alpine land is "Europe's playground." But when you see the Japanese, the Indian, the Chinaman and the Australian on their vacation there, you feel like calling Switzerland the playground of the earth. I noticed, too, that the Swiss have a remarkably contented spirit. Why should they not? They hear only rapturous praise of their land, and of themselves. We came to them expecting the sublimest glory of all Europe and we find infinitely more than we expect. In Italy we had a very good time, but we were continually at variance with unwished for odors, and those interesting little black jumpers that make life rather queer by night and by day. In Switzerland you get in exchange the smell of pines, and the rest-bringing cleanliness of the most expert innkeepers of the world, the sturdy cosmopolitan Swiss. True, you exchange art for nature, art for peasants, clever and satirical Italian genre-folk for bluff, direct, honest mountaineers, but you like the change, it refreshes you so. The Swiss have truly a remarkable genius for thrift and business. They know how to make money on you, let the traveler note that before he goes there, yet they do it in such a way as to give you all possible pleasure in return. And they have an honest way of getting at your purse which one must admire. They have just what you want, yet at their own price. If you do not clinch the bargain you are the loser and they readily find some one who willingly buys what you did not.

Perhaps Switzerland is the most fortunate country of all Europe, with scenery like the grandest symphony, in a location free from the war-like jealousies of other European countries, the climate invigorating, the people beauty-loving and demagogic, with dignity and impressive reserve, able and willing to work hard, cheerful and free from nervousness, with simple habits, but with marvelous cosmopolitan sympathies, educated without superficialness, and lovers of nature. Therefore, I think it a shame and a cruel invasion of wickedness that Russian nihilists and German anarchical socialists should import their barbarous malcontent into peaceful Switzerland in Zurich, on the pretty picturesque lake of the same name, there are already movements similar to those in Germany, Belgium, France and England. There may be industrial reasons for this in part. In Zurich, Geneva and a few other places, manufacturing establishments have brought on some of the curses of modern industrialism. Yet the sensible and manly Swiss should set all the rest of Europe an example by solving these problems with the heart and the head, instead

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of the clinched fist, and the spirit of the ugly class hatred, which we find in Germany, Sweden and Russia. The German-Swiss feels quite insulted if you call him a German. Swiss stands for something superior to German in his mind. It may be a little unkind for him to feel that way about his neighbor to the north, who, of course, counts himself the central figure in the congress of nations. The Swiss is as lately stubborn as his colossal mountains are immovable. In one particular he should, however, rise superior to the neighbor; he should refuse to poison his cup of life with the German rabid anarchism. It will not add to his Alpine happiness, and it will certainly ruin the heart-winning, manly directness of character and mind for which the Swiss is famous.

Would you not expect that the unpeakable grandness of the Alpine land would give to the Swiss a superb artistic imagination? I wonder if it does? Lovers of nature, they are, most certainly. Quietness and fancifulness mark their chalets and their churches, just as you find these same traits among the prosaic, unpoetic Dutch. Take the muenster (cathedral) of Lucerne, with its slender towers, creations of a peasant imagination, one might say. They are art-spirit resigned, stunsensually. Where are poets and painters of Switzerland known to the world? The "Lion of Lucerne," that grandest art-symbol of the inmost spirit of the liberty-loving Swiss, has a Dane, the great Thorvaldsen, as its creator. Why did not a Swiss artist bestir forth the secret soul of his people in a masterpiece of art? The question came to me as I stood and gazed at that cavern in the mountainside where lies the "Lion of Lucerne." The Teutonic tribes that poured into Germany, Denmark, Scandinavia, the Netherlands, Austria and Switzerland in the time of the migrations, and centuries before, differed apparently very much in mental make-up. Some were mainly men of action, others also had the rare gift of imagination. Whether the Swiss belongs to the latter class or not, I would not presume to decide upon definitely. Eminently artistic the Swiss may not be. Eminently independent, manly and trustworthy they certainly are. Switzerland alone remains an example of a true, democratic republic. The republic of France is too burdened with militarism, and the dusty old robes of aristocracy, to furnish Europe with the

proof of the blessings inherent in a republican form of government. Just one little evidence of Swiss simplicity of life in Swiss romantic setting. One evening in Bern, the mediocrity quaint and beautifully located capital, I attended an open air concert in the Schanzli gardens on the world-famous terrace of Bern that looks on toward the distant Bernese Alps. I came to the terrace just as the half-veiled, rich pink and rose Alpine glow was entering its "last rose of summer stage." The entire range of the Bernese Alps, with the Jungfrau and consort, was tugged as no painted ever could conceive a color scheme. After a while the glow changed to gas-light green, a green of awful beauty, then darkening into grey and black. Of a sudden the corner of the rich golden full moon glides up from behind the Jungfrau, an amazing spectacle of evening glory. Meanwhile, as the shadows deepened in the park the lights were kindled at the bandstand, and gradually the park filled with people and the players took their places. A little fee, received at the gates in soup plates, was required for the privilege of attending the concert. I expected to find the musicians garbed in the costly uniforms of military bands. Not so. The conductor had a silk hat on and a very simple suit, the players soft hats or derbies, and every day clothes, any shape and shade. Here we walked about and dreamed away the hours to the music of these plain garbed artists. Romance of nature and of place were wedded to freedom and simplicity. It gave me an added insight into the almost ideal spirit of this unique people, that are so free and so cosmopolitan. Happy the nation that can preserve in the midst of all cultural advantages a Lincolnlike, or should we say, a Swiss simplicity of mind and life! If this spirit dies in Switzerland the base Parisian and plutocratic display-mongers from New York and Chicago will be greatly responsible. Lucerne, the Paris of Switzerland, a charming region full of lovely grandeur, may become the wedge by which the super-refined luxury-ness of the other nations force its way up into the Alpine heights of Switzerland. Nature's crown on the head of Queen Europe, Lucerne is actually very modern and full of the elegance of elegant tourists. Yet I think that the tremendous sermon of nature, in her most majestic and imposing forms of beauty, will even in beautiful Lucerne restrain the many pampered children of wealth who tour this wonderland. The rest of us wish the Switzerland of God's own making and as little as possible of the gilded weeds of overculture which we travel far to escape.

Excuse me. Mr. McGuire was being examined for jury duty in a murder trial. "Mr. McGuire," asked the judge, "have you formed or expressed an opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the prisoner at the bar?" "Oh have not." "Have you any conscientious scruples against capital punishment?" Said Mr. McGuire with decision, "Not in this case, your honor."—Everybody's Magazine.

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