

U-BOAT VICTIMS AT SEA IN SMALL BOAT FOUR DAYS

British Steamer Penistone Torpedoed Without Warning; Fourth Engineer Killed; Captain Prisoner.

By Associated Press. Nantucket, Mass., Aug. 15.—The British steamer Penistone, victim of a submarine attack 100 miles east of Nantucket Sunday, was sunk without warning, Benjamin Davies, executive officer of the ship, reported on arrival here today with other survivors.

A torpedo fired at close range hit the vessel amidships, killing the fourth engineer and injuring four firemen. The captain of the Penistone, who returned to his ship just before she went down, in the hope of obtaining his papers, was captured by the U-boat and kept aboard, a prisoner of war.

The commander of the Penistone was Capt. David Evans and the man killed by the explosion was Cavivar Howells. The fact was definitely established by naval authorities, it was stated, that Captain Evans still was aboard the U-boat. The Penistone left for New York Friday with 40 men, comprising officers and crew; 39 of these were landed today at Provincetown, nine were brought here, and with Howells' death the only man not accounted for was the commander.

Davies and the eight others brought here were picked up by a tug early this morning so utterly exhausted that they could not speak clearly or intelligently. They had drifted in all sorts of weather since Sunday with only the limited stock of provisions kept aboard a lifeboat for such emergencies. All the time they had been out the executive officer had sat at the tiller, never getting up to permit a shipmate to steer and when he attempted to stand he collapsed. Hardy fishermen who have met many shipwrecked crews off this island said they had never seen men in a worse condition.

After being removed to a naval hospital Davies revived somewhat and was able to describe the attack on the Penistone. The torpedo, he said, was let loose at close range. It tore a great hole in the vessel amidships, wrecked the engine and scattered burning oil over the fire crew. Howells was killed instantly.

Captain Evans was taken to the water poured in rapidly, filling the holds. Captain Evans ordered his men into the small boats and they stood close by watching the work of the U-boat. Captain Evans and eleven volunteers started aboard to save the ship's papers and the personal effects of the men. All realized that they were taking desperate chances, for the Penistone was slowly settling.

This did not deter the volunteers, however, nor were they frightened by the U-boat's short distance away. But the whole outfit was captured. The men were ordered back to their board and Captain Evans was taken aboard the submarine, while its German crew expressed its delight in cheering. Then the U-boat commander had four bombs placed on the Penistone and she went down exactly an hour and a half after being struck by the torpedo.

Barrett Crew Lands. Cape May, N. J., Aug. 15.—Capt. William Merritt and crew of 10 men of the American schooner Dorothy Barrett, sunk yesterday off Cape May by a German submarine, were landed here today, having been picked up by a patrol vessel while rowing ashore.

Seaplanes Bomb Submarine. Washington, Aug. 15.—Seaplanes and naval patrol boats attacked with depth charges a German submarine which shelled and set fire to the American schooner Dorothy Barrett, New York for Norfolk, off Cape May, N. J.

Navy reports today said one bomb from a seaplane exploded within 75 feet of the bubbles and woke from the U-boat, which had submerged when the planes and patrols were sighted. The submarine did not again appear.

Return Load Bureau Will Be Organized Friday Night To form a permanent organization of all merchants, manufacturers and automobile truck operators interested in organizing a "return load" bureau in Omaha, will be the object of a meeting to be held at the Chamber of Commerce Friday night.

The purpose of the bureau will be to develop greater efficiency and establish more profitable service in truck hauling between Omaha and the surrounding towns by inducing haulers of freight to take a return load after they have completed their original run. More than 50 firms in the city have indicated that they can make use of interurban automobile truck service. Thirty truck operators in Omaha, Lincoln and other towns within a radius of 50 miles of Omaha have signified their willingness to join in the movement.

OH, MONEY! MONEY! by Eleanor H. Porter

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THE STORY THUS FAR. Stanley G. Fulton, multimillionaire, tells his lawyer, Edward D. Norton, that he is going to give three of his heirs, unknown to him, \$100,000 apiece and intends to be in their home town, Hillerton, when they get the money. Whether they get the balance of his estate will depend on how they use the first legacy.

CHAPTER III—(Continued) "Yes, but—that isn't—er—er" Mr. Smith hesitated doubtfully, and Mrs. Blaisdell jumped into the pause.

"And, really, for that matter, she knows about us now, too, better than most anybody else. Hattie's always sending for her, and Flora, too, if they're sick, or anything. Poor Maggie! Sometimes I think they actually impose upon her. And she's such a good soul—"

"Why—but, Mr. Smith!" The woman, too, came to her feet, but her face was surprised. "Why, you haven't even seen your room yet! How do you know you'll like it?"

"Eh? What? Oh!" Mr. Smith laughed. There was a quizzical lift to his eyebrows. "So I haven't, have I? And people usually do, don't they? Well—er—perhaps I will just take a look at—the room, though I'm not worrying any, I assure you. I've no doubt it will be quite right, quite right," he finished as he followed Mrs. Blaisdell to a door half way down the narrow hall.

Five minutes later, once more on the street, he was walking home with Benny. It was Benny who broke the long silence that had immediately fallen between them.

"Say, Mr. Smith, I'll bet ye you'll never be rich!" Mr. Smith turned with a visible start.

"Eh? What? I'll never be—what do you mean, boy?" Benny giggled cheerfully.

"Well, really, indeed!" Mr. Smith laughed lightly. "That does look as if there wasn't much chance for me, doesn't it?"

"Yes, sir," Benny spoke soberly and with evident sympathy. He spoke again after a moment, but Mr. Smith did not seem to hear at once.

"My Dear Ned: Well, I'm here. I've been here exactly six hours, and already I'm in possession of not a little Blaisdell data for my

Author of Pollyanna and Just David

—er—book. I've seen Mr. and Mrs. James, their daughter Bessie, and their son, Benny. Benny, by the way, is a gushing geyser of current Blaisdell data which, I foresee, I shall find interesting, but embarrassing, perhaps, at times. I've also seen Miss Flora, and Mrs. Jane Blaisdell and her daughter, Mellicent.

There's a "Poor Maggie" whom I haven't seen. But she isn't a Blaisdell. She's a Duff, daughter of the man who married Rufus Blaisdell's widow, some 30 years or more ago. As I said, I haven't seen her yet, but she, too, according to Mrs. Frank Blaisdell, must be a gushing geyser of Blaisdell data, so I probably soon shall see her. Why she's "poor" I don't know.

As for the Blaisdell data already in my possession—I've no comment to make. Really, Ned, to tell the truth, I'm not sure I'm going to relish this job, after all. In spite of a perfectly clear conscience, and the virtuous realization that I'm here to bring nothing worse than a hundred thousand dollars apiece, with the possible addition of a few millions on their devoted heads—in spite of all this, I yet have an uncomfortable feeling that I'm a small boy listening at the keyhole.

CHAPTER IV. In Search of Some Dates. Very promptly the next morning Mr. John Smith and his two trunks appeared at the door of his new boarding place, Mrs. Jane Blaisdell welcomed him cordially. She wore a high-necked, long-sleeved gingham apron this time, which she neither removed nor apologized for—unless her cheerful "You see, mornings you'll find me in working trim, Mr. Smith," might be taken as an apology.

Mellicent, her slender, young self enveloped in a similar apron, was dusting absentedly, with a casual "Good morning, Mr. Smith," as she continued at her work. Even the placing of the two big trunks, which the shuffling men brought in, won from her only a listless glance or two. Then, without speaking again, she left the room, as her mother entered it.

"There!" Mrs. Blaisdell looked about her complacently. "With this couch-bed with its red cover and cushions, and all the dressing things moved to the little room in there, it looks like a real sitting room in here, doesn't it?"

"It certainly does, Mrs. Blaisdell." "And you had 'em take the trunks in there, too. That's good," she nodded, crossing to the door of the small dressing room beyond.

"I thought you would. Well, I hope you'll be real happy with us, Mr. Smith, and I guess you will. And you needn't be a mite afraid of hurting anything. I've covered everything with mats and tidies and spreads."

"Yes, I see." A keen listener would have noticed an odd something in Mrs. Smith's voice, but Mrs. Blaisdell apparently noticed nothing.

"Yes, I always do—to save wear and soiling, you know. Of course, if we had money to buy new all the time, it would be different. But we haven't. And that's what I tell Mellicent when she complains of so many things to dust and brush. Now make yourself right at home, Mr. Smith. Dinner's at 12 o'clock, and supper is at 6—except in the winter. We have it earlier then, so's we can go to bed earlier. Saves gas, you know. But it's at 6 now. I do like the long days, don't you? Well, I'll be off now, and let you unpack. As I said before, make yourself perfectly at home, perfectly at home."

Left alone, Mr. Smith drew a long breath and looked about him. It was a pleasant room, in spite of its cluttered appearance. There was an old-fashioned desk for his papers, and the chairs looked roomy and comfortable. The little dressing room carried many conveniences, and the windows of both rooms looked out upon the green of the common.

"Oh, well, I don't know. This

Average Increase in Food Prices for Year 7 Per Cent. Washington, Aug. 15.—Food price figures made public today by the bureau of labor statistics show further increases in June, the greatest advance being 32 per cent for potatoes.

An average increase of 7 per cent in food prices is shown for the year ended June 15, the greatest among 28 articles listed being 35 per cent for round steak. Although the price of flour declined 17 per cent during the year, bread increased 2 per cent.

Albert W. Jefferis FOR CONGRESS REPUBLICAN PRIMARY, AUG. 20

FOR COUNTY SURVEYOR VOTE FOR Peter A. Edquist Formerly County Surveyor

N. P. DODGE FOR CONGRESS "The greatest step toward good government that has ever been taken in Omaha was taken when the Dodge election law went into effect."

Smokeless Coal Shortage Alarming to Navy Officials. Washington, Aug. 15.—Shortage of by-production coal, essential to steel production, including the smokeless variety essential to the navy, has reached such alarming proportions, it was learned today, that the government may have to curtail so-called lesser industries more drastically.

Visit American Camps. Paris, Aug. 15.—American camps and depots here were visited by the

of this grade of coal from those industries which may use other grades. The fuel administration and war industrial board are joining forces not only to stop private hoarding, but to develop additional coal fields.

Canadian Wheat Crop Short. Ottawa, Aug. 15.—Canada's wheat crop this year is 232,800,000 bushels, or 1,742,850 bushels less than last year's crop, according to a report of the Dominion bureau of statistics, compiled from returns of correspondents. Crops are expected to yield 416,000,000 bushels, an increase of 13,000,000 over last year.

HAYDEN'S THE CASH STORE

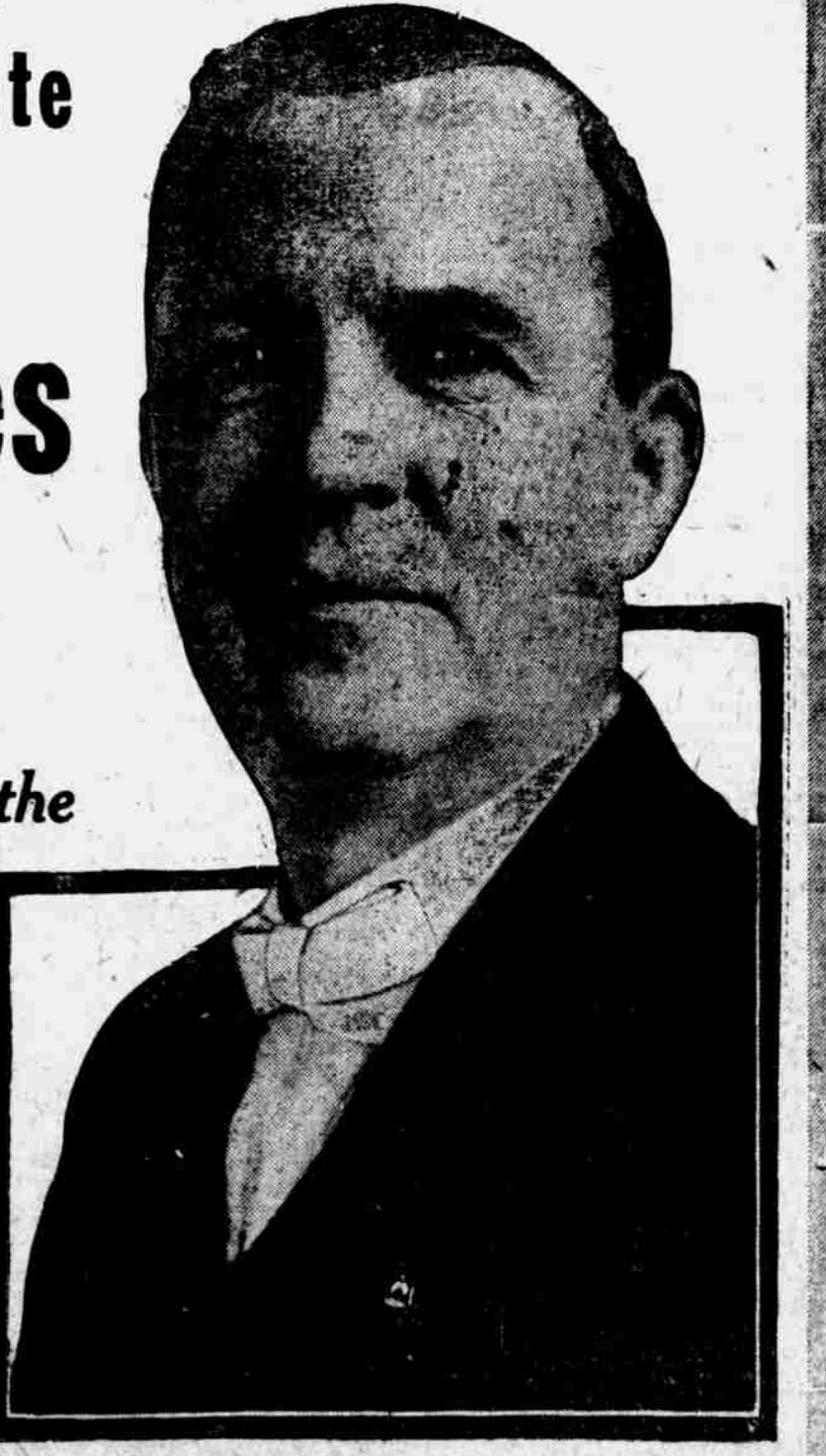
Bargains Friday in the Women's and Misses' and Children's Ready-to-Wear Section. Main Floor Annex. 125 Ladies' and Misses' Silk Dresses in Taffetas, Messalines, Foulards and Poplins, with or without Georgette sleeves. Several styles to select from in plain colors, stripes and conventional patterns. Worth up to \$12.50, Friday. \$7.95

100 Summer Dresses for Ladies and Misses, sold at \$5.00, \$6.00, to \$7.50, Friday \$3.00. Small Lot of Women's and Misses' Summer Dresses, mused from handling, choice \$1.50. 5 Doz. White Wash Skirts, all sizes sold at \$1.50 and \$2, Friday 89c.

Sale of Baby Shoes in the Annex Friday. 200 Pairs Baby Shoes, black with white tops and pink tops, Friday 10c. Hundreds of White Kid Baby Shoes, elegant values, Friday, Annex 39c.

Table with multiple columns listing various food items and their prices, including flour, sugar, coffee, and other staples.

VOTE FOR WILLIS E. REED (Attorney-General, State of Nebraska) Democratic Candidate FOR United States Senator Subject to the decision of the democrats of Nebraska at the primaries. His Record as Attorney-General of Nebraska the past four years speaks with greater and more favorable force than volumes of printed matter. STRICTLY AN AMERICAN



The "Kaiserites" and the "Bolsheviks" Are Trying to Defeat RICHARD L. METCALFE for the Democratic Nomination for UNITED STATES SENATOR Every one-hundred per cent American, regardless of birthplace or blood, should help nominate Metcalfe at the PRIMARIES TUESDAY, AUGUST 20th