SOUTH SIDE

AUGUST CATTLE **RECORD BROKEN** IN SOUTH OMAHA

Wonth's Run Exceeds Best Previous Record for the Same Month by More Than 14,000 Head.

The month's run of cattle at the Omaha yards has a.o.cn ... records A this month amount to 157,866 head or 25,000 more than year ago and

14,000 more than the previous anner August run of 1910, when 143,-322 were received. The increase in cattle receipts so far this year as compared with the sam. e. ht months of the year 1917 now amounts to over a quarter of a million head.

The run of sheep was next to the largest August receipts on record, the total for the month being 400,000 head or 136,000 more than a year ago. The sheep record was made in August 1915 when 413,133 head The auto truck has become a popu-

this month, 21,196 head being the total for August.

Although this is the largest number of hogs received at Omaha in any single month by auto truck, the July record of 21,150 head coming by that route falls little short of the record.

Red Cross Supplies Class Will Start Work Next Week

Red Cross work will start in the Library hall on the South Side, Friday, September 6, when a surgical dressing class will be held from 1 to 5 p. m. The hospital supplies class will start September 9. Further information in regard to classes can be secured by calling Mrs. Like.

Sales Girls Wanted for permanent work. Apply to Mgr. Wiig Brothers, Twenty-fourth and N streets.

South Side Brevities

John Loye left Friday afternoon with the contingent leaving Omaha for Camp Dodge, Ia., for military training.

Olen Fowler, aged 4 years, fell down stairs at his home, 4610 South Twentieth street, last night and sustained a depressed fracture of the skull. He was taken to the South Side hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Bergquist and their hree children returned home last night rom a visit of six weeks in Estes Park. Solo. Miss Bertha Hoden, who accompanied hom there, remained in the west and will such in Montana.

John Edwin Campbell, son of Mr. and Mrs. P. M. Campbell, 4634 South Twentieth street, is at home on a jon-day furlough. He endisted in June, 1917, with the hospital corps at the Oreat Lakes training station and is now in Detroit. Mr. Campbell has lived in Omaha all his life and was formerly in the employ of the contract department of the Nebraska Power company.

Ben Welch Had 'Em All Going in His Military

Pat Kearney, Jack Barton, Frank ed to leave the matter up to the police Murphy, George Alexander and a comely chorus with lots of "pep."

The entire show is filled with Bryant, a pretty divorcee, daughter

her vocalistic ability in the second in St. Louis May 18, 1916. act when Izzie made each sing a L. McCormick, 1916 S

encores and won much applause on her other numbers.

Ben Welch surprised the audience n real Italian style.

steel costumes of the chorus were a distinct novelty. They scintillated in the footlights, instilling a martial spirit into the scene, that went big

Frankie Martin, as soubrette, had he and the Bryant woman were marmore than the usual amount of pep.

Rohlff Theater Announces

Change in Sunday Program Announcement is made by the gram has been changed and in place of May Allison there will be shown my Wehlen in "The Outsider." Miss Wehlen is shown in a charming ye story and opportunity has been riven her for rare dramatic acting. The action of the play never stops for a moment and there are bright bits of humor built into the story that bring many a laugh from the audience.

A.: ther Bee Employe Will Join Fornes With the Navy

Albert E. Perley, linotype machinist with The Bee, has gone to Chicago to take a six weeks' course in Armour Institute of Technology, preparatory to a prospective appointment as a merchant marine engineer officer.

Mr. Perley has had five years' ex-perience in the line of work which he will re-enter. Col. R. N. Perley, nations were accepted and have been a brother, is in the Philippines training natives in the science of artillery. R. O. Perley, another brother, is in

Three Sons of Methodist Preacher Now in Service



The theory that all preachers' sons turn out bad is disproven in one case. lar means of shipping hogs to market as is demonstrated by the large number shipped to the Union stock yards Uncle Sam in the present war. at least, by the fact that three sons of a former pastor of an Omaha church are now in the service of

The minister in question is Rev. E. E. Hosman, pastor for six years of the Walnut Hill Methodist church, and the three sons are Private David Fay Hosman, with the chemical war service gas defense at Astoria, L. I .: Sergt. Paul D. Hosman, 108th United States engineers corps, Co. D., with the mapping section of the British army headquarters in France, and Second Lt. Everett M. Hosman, at Vancouver Barracks, Wash.

Mr. Hosman, after leaving this city. was district superintendent for six years, with headquarters at Norfolk, and is now pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal church of Grand Isl-

Paul Hosman is a graduate of the Norfolk High school, and was a student in the University of Illinois when he enlisted.

Everett Hosman is a graduate of the Lyons High school, Nebraska university and the University of Chicago. He was serving as a camp secretary of the Young Men's Christian association at Camp Funston when he entered the military service. David Hosman graduated from the Omaha High school and the Univer- are now serving their country had sity of Wisconsin. He was first as- a large acquaintance in Omaha.



sistant chemist in the laboratory of the Blue Valley Creamery company of Chicago at the time of his enlist-

Mr. Hosman and his three boys who

A load of 68 head of hoge brought to the Union stock yards Friday by the firm of Gun, Dick and Robinson of Kearney, averaged 226 pounds in weight and netted the shippers the neat sum of \$4,216.68. HUSBANDS NOW BASKS IN JAIL

the Auto Man, With a Charge of Adultery to Meet.

As a sequel to a wife's alleged perfidy, the love of two men for the the Scott Tent and Awning comsame woman-both of whom claim pany, working on war contracts, took Show at the Gayety to be her lawfully wedded spousethe meeting of the two claimants in Ben Welch had 'em going at the the Dodge hotel Friday night where Gayety Saturday evening. As Izzie, the woman and one of the men had the Hebrew, he had a capacity house registered as husband and wife, Leroy laughing two-thirds of the time. The Pomeroy, a show and circus follower other third he wasn't on. His able is now in the city jail on the charge assistants are Dolly Morrissey, of adultery. He was arrested on a Frankie Martin, Evelyn Cunningham, warrant Saturday. They have decid-

Bryant, a pretty divorcee, daughter snappy comedy, new costumes and of Mrs. Curtis Aarms, 3108 South lilting songs. Each member of the Eighteenth street. Pomeroy, the man chorus had a chance to demonstrate under arrest, asserts he married her

L. McCormick, 1916 South Sixteenth street, who also claims to be Evelyn Cunningham put over the Lucille's husband, filed the inform song, "I Want a Doll," with three tion that led to Pomeroy's arrest. Lucille's husband, filed the informa-

Lucille Fickle.

According to the stories of both by a five-second change from the role men Lucille was fickle; nothing seem-of Hebrew to Italian. He made a real ed to appease her desire. Pomeroy Italian too, and sang an Italian song says they lived happily until within a few months ago when a big storm Irene Perry distinguished herself broke and he sent her to Omaha. by being the only member of the Here she met McCormick and mar-chorus to hold Izzie's hand. The ried him without first procuring a audience showed their appreciation of divorce from her spouse, Pomeroy this feat by bringing her back for alleges. A few days ago she and mother song.

Pomeroy registered as husband and wife at the Dodge hotel. This was company in true military style with brought to the attention of McCor-the song, "America is Coming." The mick and he began an investigation. Photo of Certificate.

According to the police Pomeroy doesn't tell a straight story, and they are inclined to doubt the story that photograph of the marriage certifiand ink. It is badly faded and the dates are hardly readable. It is alleged that Pomeroy and the Bryant woman were never married, although

they posed as husband and wife. McCormick says that Lucille de serted him after six weeks of wedded bliss and up until Friday night he didn't know where she was. In the close. The pledge was administered meantime he had filed a suit for divorce. Friday night he telegraphed member of the shipping board. to St. Louis authorities asking verification of the Pomeroy-Bryant marriage. The answer was not satisfactory and he caused Pomeroy's arrest. Lucille, both men assert, could oldest brother in one of the straighten out the problem but she battles on the western front. has disappeared.

Two More Subscriptions

For Milk Fund Received Two more contributions of \$5 have ing two men left the balloon school field at 9 o'clock Saturday morning been received for The Bee's Milk and made a spectacular flight over the city, remaining in the air for sevseveral weeks ago and no more con- eral hours.

PLEDGE LOYALTY

Actor Arrested on Complaint of 250 Workers Say They Are Ready to Work Overtime to Aid U. S. to Win War.

> At noon yesterday 250 employes of a solemn pledge to remain on the job, to do a full week's work each week, and to work overtime, if necessary,

> until the close of the war. The resolution followed a meeting in the loft room of the factory at Fifteenth and Harney streets, at which Capt. G. E. Y. Seddon of the First Canterbury company, New Zealand forces of the British army spoke under auspices of the Shipping board in an effort to speed up war work.

The captain brought a personal message from the allied front to the war workers here and he told the men and women in his audience they were in the reserve line of trenches and were taking as effective a part in the winning of the war for democracy and the peace of the world as the men in the front line trenches.

Workers Aid Morale.

He told them their efforts, when inspired by patriotic impulse to give the best that is in them to increasing output and keeping it coming in steady volume, added to the morale of the men at the front.

"You remember what happened on July 4, when the Americans went over the top with the Australians at Chateau Thierry," he said. "That was the turning point of the fight on the allied front and the presence of the Yanks, with their indomitable be true. It just can't be true!" fighting, their dash and courage, started the present glorious offensive and added to the morale of the British and the French, giving them the

will to victory." "You men and women here are adding to that morale every day you work and let this thought inspire ried in St. Louis, although he has a you in your every endeavor. Do not think that your added efficiency will cate with the dates written in by pen be to increase the business prestige of your bosses, but remember you are doing it as reserves in the home trenches for the boys over there."

women in the employ of the company While in Omaha Captain Seddons, who was in the big battle of the Somme from 1916 to the present year, received word of the death of his oldest brother in one of the recent

Fort Omaha Balloon Tries

to Follow Airplane Suit A balloon from Fort Omaha carry-

Officers at the balloon school say turned over to the visiting nurses. The contributions came from Gust Kronberg of Herman, Neb. and Rev. Charles F. Sheldon of Perry, Ia.

that free flights are a part of the regular we miss you, terribly—honestly we miss you, terribly—honestly we miss you, terribly—honestly we shine. And Mellicent is, too. Poor child! She's been a potato-top in a cat," giggled Benny; "but pa says cellar all right. But now—Have early in the morning and the balloons that makes me feel bad—about the "I have—and a very charming sight"

"You wait ill you find what there is to the first says and I in Collin out and get some subject to the child! She's been a potato-top in a child! She's been a potato-top in a cookie, wouldn't you, Mr. Smith?"

Charles F. Sheldon of Perry, Ia.

"You wait till you find what there is the collin out and get some subject to the child. She's been a potato-top in a child! She's been a potato-top in a cat," giggled Benny; "but pa says cellar all right. But now—Have a cookie, wouldn't you, Mr. Smith?"

OH, MONEY! MONEY! Soy Eleanor H. Porter

Copyright, 1918, by Eleanor H. Porter and money, I mean—and that is that she by The Public Ledger Co.

By Permission of Houghton Mifflin Co. All didn't have some, too. But mother's going to give her some. She says proudly. "Well, she's goin' to be that she is that she was," smiled Mr. Smith.

"Ain't she, now?" The father beamed proudly. "Well, she's goin' to be that she was," smiled Mr. Smith.

THE STORY THUS FAR: THE STORY THUS FAR:
Stanley G. Fulton, muitimillionaire, masquerading as John Smith, genealogist, is busily engaged in watching relatives to whom he has directed his iswyer to send checks for \$100.000 apiece. Sudden wealth has different effects on the beneficiaries, Mr. Smith goes to board at the home of Miss Maggle Duff, whose father marries the mother of the Biaisdelis. She is not one of the beneficiaries.

the beneficiaries.

Mr. Smith is boarding with the Duffs.

Mr. Smith is boarding with the Duffs.

He has just told Mrs. Blatsdell that the Duff home is a delightful home to live in.

Mrs. Blatsdell, familiarly known as Mrs. lattic, is giving a party when this install-

CHAPTER XIII (Continued).

"Oh-h!" subsided the man, "That is why it distresses me to see my daughter so carried away with the mere idea of spending. I thought I'd taught her differently," sighed the

"Perhaps you taught her-too well. But I wouldn't worry," smiled Mr. Smith, as he turned away.

Deliberately then Mr. Smith went in search of Mellicent. He found her in the music room, which had been cleared for dancing. She was surrounded by four young men. One held her fan, one carried her white scarf on his arm, a third was handing her a glass of water. The fourth was apparently viriting his name on her dance card. The one with the scart Mr. Smith recognized as Carl Pennock. The one writing on the dance program he knew was young Hibbard Gaylord.

Mr. Smith did not approach at once. Leaning against a window casing near by, he watched the kaleidoscopic throng, bestowing a not too conspicuous attention upon the group

about Miss Mellicent Blaisdell. cheeks matched the rose of her gown. and her eyes sparkled with happiness. So far as Mr. Smith could see, she dispensed her favors with rare impartiality; though as he came toward them finally, he realized at of some sort afoot. He had not quite reached them when, to his surprise, Mellicent turned to him in very evident relief.

"There, here's Mr. Smith," she cried gayly. "I'm going to sit it out with him. I shan't dance it with either of

"Oh, Miss Blaisdell!" protested young Gaylord and Carl Pennock, ab-

But Mellicent shook her head. "No. If you will both write your names down for the same dance, it is nothing more than you ought to ex-

"But divide it, then. Please divide

head again merrily. I shan't be satisfied with anything -but to sit it out with Mr. Smith. Thank you, Mr. Smith," she bowed, as she took his promptly offered arm. And Mr. Smith bore her away followed by the despairing groans of the two disappointed youths and the taunting gibes of their companions.

"There! Oh, I'm so glad you came," sighed Mellicent. "You didn't mind?" "Mind? I'm in the seventh heaven!" avowed Mr. Smith with exaggerated gallantry. "And it looked like a real

Mellicent laughed. Her color deep-

"Those boys-they're so silly!" she pouted. "Wasn't one of them young Pen-

"Yes, the tall, dark one."

"He's come back, I see." She flashed an understanding look nto his eyes.

"Oh, yes, he's come back. I wonder if he thinks I don't know-why!" "And-you?" Mr. Smith was smiling quizzically.

She shrugged her shoulders with a demure dropping of her eyes. "Oh, I let him come back-to a certain extent. I shouldn't want him to

think I cared or noticed enough to keep him from coming back-some." "But there's a line beyond which he may not pass, eh?"

happy!" she breathed, ecstatically. "I'm very glad."

In a secluded corner they sat down on a gilt settee. "And it's all so wonderful, this-all -I want to cry all the time. And and by, in the future that I was going to have-anything that I wanted. And now to have them like this, all at bered he'd got us. Do you?" once, everything I want-why, Mr.

Smith, it doesn't seem as if it could "But it is true, dear child; and I'm so glad-you've got your five-pound box of candy all at once at last. And I hope you can treat your friends to unlimited soda waters."

"Oh, I can! But that isn't all. Listen!" A new eagerness came to her yes. "I'm going to give mother a present-a frivolous, foolish present, such as I've always wanted to, I'm going to give her a gold breastpin with an amethyst in it. She's always wanted one. And I'm going to take my own money for it, too-not the money that father gives me, but some Frequent applause greeted the captain's remarks and every man and my baby-bank. Mother always made me save most every cent I got took the prescribed pledge at its you see. And I'm going to take now for this pin. She won't mind if I do spend it foolishly now-with all the rest we have. And she'll be so pleased with the pin!"

"And she's always wanted one?"
"Yes, always; but she never thought she could afford it. But now! I'm going to open the bank tomorrow and believe Mr. Fulton himself ever took more joy counting his millions than I shall take in counting those quarters and half-dollars tomorrow."

"I don't believe he ever did." Mr. Smith spoke with confident emphasis, yet in a voice that was not suits steady."

"I don't believe in don't believe in takin' some comfort as you go along—not that I've taken much in times."

yet in a voice that was not quite steady. "I'm sure he never did." "What a comfort you are, Mr.

she is, and-But Mellicent did not finish her sentence. A short, sandy-haired youth do and she's goin' to have all the fancame up and pointed an accusing fincy flumadiddles to wear she wants." ger at her dance card, and Mellicent said yes, the next dance was his. But laughed Mr. Smith. she smiled brightly at Mr. Smith as she floated away, and Mr. Smith, well content, turned and walked into the have to. But I've saved all my life an' adjoining room.

He came face to face then with Mrs. You see if I don't.' Hattie and her daughter. These two ladies, also, were pictures of radiant loveliness—especially were they on my side, anyhow. I wish-You radiant, for every beam of light found couldn't talk my wife 'round to your an answering flash in the shimmering way of thinkin', could you?" he shrugged with a whimsical smile, "My iridescence of their beads and jewels and opalescent sequins. wife's eaten sour cream to save the

"Well, Mr. Smith, what do think of my party?" As she asked the question Mrs. Hattie tapped his shoulder with her fan.

"I think a great deal-of your party," smiled the man. "And you?" He turned to Miss Bessie

Bess'e smiled mischievously into her apples she ever saw. Now I tell her mother's eyes, shrugged her shoulders and passed on into the music room. "As if it wasn't quite the finest thing Hillerton ever had-except the

Gaylord parties, of course," bridled Mrs. Hattie, turning to Mr. Smith. "That's just daughter's way of teasing me-and, of course, now she is where she sees the real thing in entertaining -she goes home with those rich girls in her school, you know. But this is a nice party, isn't it, Mr. Smith?"

"It certainly is." "Daughter says we should have wine; that everybody who is anybody has wine now-champagne, and cigarets for the ladies. Think of it-in Mellicent was the picture of rad- Hillerton! Still, I've heard the Gay-iant loveliness. The rose in her lords do. I've never been there yet, lords do. I've never been there yet, though, of course, we shall be invited now. I'm crazy to see the inside of their house, but I don't believe it's much handsomer than this. Do you? But there! You don't know, of course. You've never been there, any more once that there was a merry wrangle than I have, and you're a man of sim- and make a show place of it. But Jim ple tastes, I judge, Mr. Smith." She held out and had his way. There ain't smiled graciously. "Benny says that nothin in it but books and chairs and Aunt Maggie's got the nicest house he a couch and a big table; and they're all ever saw, and that Mr. Smith says old-except the books-so Hattie so, too. So, you see, I have grounds don't show it much, when she's showfor my opinion."

Mr. Smith laughed.

"Well, I'm not sure I ever said just that to Benny, but I'll not dispute it. Miss Maggie's house is indeed wonderfully delightful-to live in."

"I've no doubt of it," conceded Mrs. Hattie complacently. "Poor Maggie! She always did contrive to make the most of everything she had. Then to the left—the directions But she's never been ambitious for it," they begged. "We'll be satisfied." really nice things, I imagine. At least "I shan't be!" Mellicent shook her she always seems contented enough her, then drew a blissful sigh. "Oh, Mr. Smith, you don't know-you can't | know what it is to me to just look around and realize that they are all pushed open the door.

mine-these beautiful things!" "Then you're very happy, Mrs.

Blaisdell?" "Oh, yes. Why, Mr. Smith, there isn't a piece of furniture in this room that didn't cost more than the Pennocks's-I know, because I've been there. And my curtains are nicer too, and my pictures, they're so much brighter-some of her oil paintings are terribly dull-looking. And my Bessie-did you notice her dress tonight? But, there! You didn't, of course. And if you had, you wouldn't have realized how expensive it was. What do you know about the cost of women's dresses?" she laughed archly. "But I don't min I telling you. It was \$150, a hundred and fifty dollars. and it came from New York. I don't believe that white muslin thing of Gussie Pennock's cost fifty! You

know Gussie?" "I've seen her." "Yes, of course you have-with Fred. He used to go with her a lot., of the distant violins seemed to sing He goes with Pearl Gaylord more now. There, you can see them this minute, dancing together-the one in the low-cut, blue dress. Pretty, too, isn't she? Her father's worth a million, I suppose. I wonder how mean. "There certainly is!—but let's not talk of him. Oh, Mr. Smith I'm so She spoke musingly, her eyes, following the low-cut blue dress. "But, then, maybe I shall know, some

a little," he admitted. "But, you see, time-from Cousin Stanley, I mean," there were so many I'd always she explained smilingly, in answer to wanted, and when the chance camethe question she thought she saw bewell, I just bought them; that's all." this! Why Mr Smith, I'm so happy I hind Mr. Smith's smoked glasses. "Oh, of course, there's nothing sure read them.' that's so silly-to want to cry! But I about it. But he gave us some, and if do. So long-all my life-I've had to he's dead, of course, that other let-I should say, thanks to Mr. Stanley G. Fulton," he laughed, with some wait for things so. It was always by ter'll be opened in two years; and I don't see why he wouldn't give us the embarrassment. "I wish Mr. Fulton rest, as long as he'd shown he rememcould know-how much I do thank him," he finished soberly, his eyes Mr. caressing the rows of volumes on the

"Well-er-as to that-" Smith hesitated. He had grown shelves. "You see, when you've wanted something all your life..." He strangely red.

"Well, there aren't any other relations so near, anyway, so I can't help thinking about it, and wondering," she interposed. "And 'twould be millions, not just one million. worth 10 or 20, they say. But, then, we shall know in time.'

"Oh, yes, you'll know-in time." agreed Mr. Smith with a smile, turning away as another guest came up to his hostess.

Mr. Smith's smile had been rather forced, and his face was still somewhat red as he picked his way through the crowded rooms to the place where he could see Frank Blaisdell standing alone, surveying the scene, his hands in his pockets. "Well, Mr. Smith, this is some show, ain't it?" greeted the grocer as

Mr. Smith approached. "It certainly is." "Gee. I should say so-though I can't say I'm stuck on the brand myself. But, as for this money business. do you know? I'm as bad as Flo. I can't ense it we'- that it's true. Gosh! Look at Hattie, now. Ain't she swingin' the style tonight?"

plaining, the guest almost as eagerly watching and listening. And in the kindling eye and reverent fingers that I've taken much in times past of the man handling the volumes, Mr.

"Good! I'm glad to hear it."
"Well, I am. Why, man, I'm just Smith," smiled Mellicent, a bit misti- like a potato-top grown in a cellar, Blaisdell," he said somewhat awkly. "You always understand so! And and I'm comin' out and get some sun-

POLICE BELIEVE **NEW GANG AUTO** THIEVES AT WORK

Cars Now Being Stolen at the Rate of Two Per Day: Police Officials Vigilant.

right along now. She's goin' where she

wants to go and do what she wants to

"Good! I'm glad to hear that, too."

'Well, she is. This savin' an' savin'

is all very well, of course, when you

by jingo, I'm goin' to spend now!

"Thank you. I'm glad to have one

sweet all her life an' she hain't learned

is every time, as I do, she'll not only

enjoy every apple she eats but she'll

havin' to urge my wife to spend mon-

That ain't no name for the way she

That's his den. He told Hattie it was

the only room in the house he'd ask

for, but he wanted to fix it up for him-

self. Hattie, she wanted to buy all

sorts of truck and fix it up with cush-

ions and curtains and Japanese gim-

cracks like she saw in a den in a book

in' off the house. You'll find him there

all right. You see if you don't. Jim

always would rather read than eat,

and he hates shindigs of this sort a

ded Mr. Smith, as he turned away.

"All right: I'll look him up," nod-

Deliberately, but with apparent care-

lessness, strolled Mr. Smith through

James Blaisdell sprang to his feet.

Well, never mind what I thought.

"Thank you, if you don't mind."

Mr. Smith dropped into a chair and

"Ain't it great?" beamed Benny

"It's 'most as nice as Aunt Maggie's,

ain't it? And I can eat all the cookies

here I want to, and come in even if

my shoes are muddy, and bring the

"It certainly is-great," agreed Mr.

Smith, his admiring eyes sweeping the

To Mr. Smith it was like coming

nto another world. The deep, com-

fortable chairs, the shaded lights, the

leaping fire in the hearth, the book

lined walls-even the rhythmic voices

"Dad's been showin' me the books

he used ter like when he was a little boy like me," announced Benny.

"Hain't he got a lot of 'em?-books, I

Mr. James Blaisdell stirred a little

"I suppose I have-crowded them

'And you have the time now to

"I have, thank- Well, I suppose

stopped with an expressive gesture.

"You don't care much for-that,

then, I take it," inferred Mr. Smith,

with a wave of his hand toward the

worse than a party, and that's two parties," piped up Benny from his

"Dad says there's only one thing

Mr. Smith laughed heartily, but the

"I'm afraid Benny is-is telling tales

"Well, 't is out of school, ain't it?"

maintained Benny. "Say, Mr. Smith

did yer have ter go ter a private

school when you were a little boy?

Ma says everybody does who is any-

body. But if it's Cousin Stanley'

money that's made us somebody,

had ter go ter that old school."

into the circle of his arm.

some of the new books.

wardly, after a time.

wished he'd kept it at home-'fore

"Oh, come, come, my boy," remon-

strated the father, drawing his son

neither kind nor grateful; besides, you

don't know what you're talking about.

Come, suppose we show Mr. Smith

From case to case, then, they went,

the host eagerly displaying and ex-

Smith caught some inkling of what

"You must be fond of-books, Mr.

those books meant to Jim Blaisdell.

other looked still more discomfited.

out of school," he murmured.

of peace and quietness and rest.

"He certainly has."

in his chair.

distant violins.

seat on the rug.

Sit down, won't you?"

looked about him.

boys in, too.'

room again.

little worse 'n I do."

sails into Jim's little pile."

The other shook his head.

Mr. Smith laughed.

asked.

ey, while my sister-in-law here-

"I hope you will."

Police are of the opinion that a recently organized gang of automobile thieves has begun operations in Omaha. The automobile squad has been ordered to double its vigilance and endeavor to make things so interesting for the gangsters that they will be afraid to look at an automobile -let alone stealing it.

Three auto thefts within two days gives the impression that the number of thefts during September will eclipse yet that if she'd eat the sweet to begin | those of August, and the automobile

with she wouldn't have no sour cream squad will redouble its efforts. It -'t wouldn't have time to get sour. is thought that the gangsters have An' there's apples, too. She eats the a "fence" outside of the city where specked ones always; so she don't the stolen cars are taken, remodeled never eat anything but the worst there | and sold to innocent persons at about "Oh, it'll do-for Hillerton," Miss is. An' she says they're the meanest half value. One of the cars now being held at the station shows that it she'll only pick out the best there has been worked over. All number plates have been removed and other ones substituted, the wheels have think they're the nicest apples that been replaced and the whole machine ever grew. Funny, isn't it? Here I am repainted. The original color was pea green. Several other changes have been made, which completely

Talk about ducks takin' to the water! disguises the car. Whether the stolen cars were taken over the Douglas street bridge to a "fence" somewhere in Iowa, or to some upstate town is a matter of con-"By the way, where is Mr. Jim?" he

jecture to the police. Louis Group, Louisville, reported to the police last night that his auto-"Hain't seen him-but I can guess mobile had been taken from the corwhere he is, pretty well. You go down ner of Sixteenth and Douglas streets that hall and turn to your left. In a little room at the end you'll find him.

late Saturday afternoon. A bold auto thief made away with an auto truck belonging to the Puritan laundry, 2810 Farnam street, in broad daylight Saturday afternoon. The truck was standing in front of the building and the driver was in the office picking out a load of bundles to be delivered. The words "Puritan Laundry" were painted in large letters on both sides of the

is in these books, my son," smiled his father. "You'll love them as well as I do, some day. And your brother-" He paused, a swift shadow on his face. He turned to Mr. Smith. "My boy, Fred loves books, too. He was in here—a little while ago. But he could not stay, of course. He said he had to go and dance with the girls-his mother expected it."

"Ho! Mother! Just as if he didn't want ter go himself!" grinned Benny derisively. "You couldn't hire him ter were not hard to follow, and the door stay away-'specially if Pearl Gayof the room at the end was halfway lord's 'round.

"Oh, well, he's young, and young feet always dance when Pan pipes,' explained the father with a smile that was a bit forced. "But Pan doesn't With a gentle tap and a cheerful always pipe, and he's ambitious-Fred "Do you allow intruders?" Mr. Smith The man turned eagerly to Mr. Smith again. "He's going to be a lawyer-you see, he's got a chance "Er-I-oh, Mr. Smith, come in, now. He's a fine student. He led his come right in!" The frown on his face gave way to a smile. "I thought

class in high school, and he'll make good in college, I'm sure. He can have the best there is now, too, without killing himself with work to get it. He's got a fine mind, and—" The man stopped abruptly, with a shamed laugh. "But-enough of this. You'll forgive the 'fond father,' I know. I always forget myself when I'm talking of that boy-or, rather, perhaps it's that I'm remembering myself. You see, I want him to do all that I want-

ed to do-and couldn't. And-"Jim, Jim!" It was Mrs. Hattie in the doorway. "There, I might have known where I'd find you. Come, the guests are going, and are looking for you to say good night. Jim, you'll have to come! Why, what'll people say? They'll think we don't know anything-how to behave, and all that, Mr. Smith, you'll excuse him I know."

"Most certainly," declared Mr Smith. "I must be going myself, for that matter," he finished, as he followed his hostess through the door-

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

CHIROPRACTIC



For health a man will search the world over, but to find it and save money he 'need only go to the chiropractor to find the cause of his ailment and have it adjusted. If the nerves are right, the man is right. If the nerves

Health Talks

are wrong, so is the man. Thousands of people need spinal adjustments, but do not know what they are or what they have done or what they will do for suffering

humanity. To those that are suffering from either acute or chronic diseases, I can truthfully state that I can locate the cause of their trouble. If given a fair trial, I can remove the cause and the re-

sult will be health. Do not be discouraged because you have tried several other methods without success. All my patients have had the same experience and 90 per cent of them have been relieved.

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