

LOCATES MOTHER AFTER FOUR DAYS IN DESERT SANDS

Four days by camel from Damascus, in a little desert village nestled in the blazing sands, lived the Syrian mother of an American soldier, waiting, yearning for word from her son who had gone to far-off America.

George Hamway, the son, enlisted with the American colors when this country went to war, and fell fighting in the Argonne, leaving to the mother a \$5,000 government insurance policy. The address of the mother was vague. She lived in the heart of the desert, four days from Damascus—that was the only address George knew.

The task of finding the mother was given to the Red Cross mission in Palestine, and the search was started immediately. Strange by-paths of that land of mystery—the great desert—were visited by Red Cross workers, and at length the mother was found.

She was taken to Damascus by camel, accompanied by witnesses establishing her identity, and after much palaver it was explained that the American government would make remittances to her which meant comparative affluence for her declining days.

Use for Fat Ones.

"And that stout son of yours. What is he doing?"

"Oh, he's a hammock tester."

No Case for a Dime.

"What did you give that beggar?"

"A dollar."

"A dollar! I should think a dime would have been enough."

"A dime! The poor man said he was hungry and needed something to eat. The least I could do was to give him enough to buy a cup of coffee and a roll."

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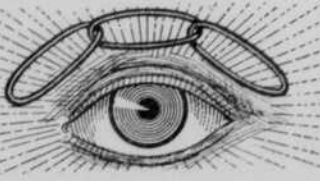
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Terms \$25 per month; modern
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A Freak of Fortune

By RALPH HAMILTON

(Copyright, 1919, by the Western Newspaper Union.)

"A penny for your thoughts, Wilbur," spoke pretty Erna Barton, and the somber face of Wilbur Gray, evidencing a mood of profound abstraction, brightened up magically, as it always did when this charming girl was beside him.

"Am I sure of the compensation offered?" challenged the young man lightly.

"There!" and Erna pressed an old battered copper coin into his hand. "Now confess, sir! Not only do I reward you with the conventional penny, but I present what may be a rare coin."

"So rare and old that its inscription is fairly undecipherable," replied Wilbur. "It seems to wear the green and grime of the centuries."

"I found it among a lot of relics of the olden, olden time that poor dear grandfather so cherished," explained Erna. "He also left some old pieces of delaware and ancient firearms."

"I shall keep the coin always, Erna," said Wilbur. "I hope it will be a guardian of good fortune."

"But what about the pay?" inquired Erna, archly. "I bought your thoughts—what were they?"

"Well, Erna," answered Wilbur, his glance softening and replete with sentiment, "I was thinking how dearly I loved you when I came home for the holiday vacation."

Erna's fair golden head dropped, but she drew nearer to him on the porch seat.

"And how much more I love you now," continued Wilbur seriously. "And when I come home next summer I hope I can add to it all by asking you to become my wife."

"I hope so," said Erna spontaneously, lifting her clear, honest eyes to meet his own, "but you must not think of that until you are sure that little Eva and I will not be a burden to you. All grandfather has left us is this little place, and some money is owing on that."

"I hope to be able to clear up everything and more," spoke Wilbur confidently. "Send your sweet, best wishes after me when I go back to work in the city, that I may find some way of earning more money than I do now."

"Be patient, dear," soothed Erna encouragingly. "Our ship is sure to come in some day, and it will be the more precious for the waiting."

Wilbur was employed in a brokerage office. Opportunity came to him through this business connection of making money, but he had no capital to invest. About two weeks after his return to the city a close friend, Paul Warfield, dropped into his room at his boarding house.

"I wish I had a thousand dollars, Wilbur," he said. "I've got a tip that would make me a fortune in a month."

Wilbur smiled incredulously. He had always kept away from tips and speculative propositions generally, and, besides, he realized that Warfield was a good deal of a dreamer.

"Don't laugh at me, Wilbur," said Paul. "This is no wild fantasy, but a sure thing."

"Some stock on the boom, eh?"

"Nothing of the sort. It's a sure prospect, with a sound, substantial basis. It's land—land that never decays, never burns up, never wears out. Wall street can't play with it."

"Land with a gold mine on it, I suppose?" intimated Wilbur quizzically.

"No, Wilbur, it's an eight-acre strip and last week on the next forty a prospector made a strike. He sealed the well, and is trying to keep his discovery quiet until he can interest some capitalist to buy up all the other land in the vicinity. The very choicest is the piece I have a chance to buy. My old aunt is willing to invest half of the money required. Couldn't you raise the other five hundred in some way, Wilbur?"

"Oh, yes, sure; certainly!" derided Wilbur. "See," and he emptied his pocket of the few coins it held. "I might buy a hundredth part of an acre," and just then one of the coins slipped through his careless fingers and rolled against Paul's foot.

The latter picked it up to restore it to its owner. Then with a profound stare and a voluble: "Hello! Where did you ever get that?" He held close to the light the copper penny Erna Barton had given to Wilbur. He rubbed it, took out a magnifying glass and added: "Say did you know that you have a treasure?"

"What do you mean?" questioned Wilbur.

"Why, that this is a Clarendon penny of the period of King Stephen, probably one of the rarest coins in the world, centuries old. Will you let me take it to an old collector I know? I'll be back in an hour."

The hour was just up when Paul, excited and breathless, returned. "One of the only two known!" he fairly shouted. "The other is in the British museum. I have an offer of six hundred dollars."

"Take it!" cried Wilbur impulsively, "and use five hundred dollars of it for your wonderful speculation."

Which turned out just as Paul had predicted. There was a later division of twenty thousand dollars' profits, and Wilbur Gray went back to his native village to make Erna Barton the happiest girl in the world.

OH, YES, THEY LOVED MOTHER

But One Can't Help Feeling the Jones Family Might Have Shown It in Different Way.

Mr. Smith, hearing music and singing at his neighbor's house, decided he would drop in and see how they were.

Mr. Jones welcomed him and ushered him into the parlor where his daughter was playing the piano and and his son singing. Mr. Smith begged them to continue. They consented.

The first song they selected was "Mother." They sang this very feelingly and then father joined in on the chorus. This was followed by "Mother Machree" and others of like sentiment on songs about mother—how true they were, how dear and how they loved to sing them.

Then, as Mrs. Jones hadn't appeared yet, Mr. Smith inquired about her state of health.

"Oh," said Mr. Jones, "she's well enough. She's in the kitchen doing the dishes, but after she has finished and has taken in the wood she'll join us."—Judge.

DIDN'T HELP TO GET CLOSE

Excellent Reason Why Old Gentleman Could Not Decipher the Letters on the Card.

The old man was applying at the eye hospital for some spectacles and the doctor was making a test of his eyes.

A card was fixed on the wall twenty feet away from where the old man was sitting, and the doctor asked him: "Can you read that, my man?"

"No, sir," said the old man, "I can't."

The doctor told him to go nearer. "Well, can you read it now?"

Again the old man replied, "No, sir."

The doctor angrily pulled him forward till his nose almost touched the placard.

"Well, can you read it now?"

"No, sir," said the old man sadly, shaking his head. "You see, sir, I never learnt to read!"

BROUGHT HIM BACK TO EARTH

Literal Suggestion Made by Old Souze Was Not Exactly the Answer Orator Desired.

The literary society was meeting in Old Fellows' hall. Rev. Josiah Dobson presided. Hon. James Bolivar McHenry, the noted orator from the adjoining county, was speaking on "The Peace Table," and the audience was rapt in respectful attention.

"And that was what they conceded," he concluded. "I ask you, fellow citizens, what does this nation need? What is her necessity, as she leaves the far western shore and steps proudly across the Pacific, and in the eye of the world lays the hand of democracy upon the brow of the Orient? What, I repeat, does she need?"

"Rubber boots," hiccoughed the town souze.

To Abolish Tomorrow.

A movement to abolish tomorrow is now in order. Among all the things that cause trouble to humanity in general, tomorrow is probably the worst offender.

Nothing happens tomorrow in just the way we expect, and in most cases dread. The time we spend in wondering what tomorrow will do, and in worrying about it in advance, if applied today would fortify us against the unexpected more than anything else. Tomorrow is the most uncomfortable place there is to dwell in. Yet most of us live in it most of the time.—Life.

Good Can Openers.

A young man from Muncie visited in Indianapolis last month. He had been the guest at several small home dinners and was telling two young women of the splendid meals he had been having. "How splendid!" one of them said. "After hearing about all those good dinners I am almost ashamed to ask you to come to see us, but we want you anyway."

The eyes of the other twinkled. "If we can't show you what good cooks we are," she laughed, "we can prove that we're mighty good can openers."

Not Definite Enough.

The most particular woman in town went into an east side grocery the other day. A basket of beautiful white eggs were on the counter and she stepped over to examine them. "Are they fresh?" she asked the grocer.

"Yes," he answered. "We just got them from the country this morning."

"Well, that isn't definite enough," retorted the woman. "Before I buy any eggs I must know just when they were laid."—Indianapolis News.

Could Understand Them.

Robert was visiting me and he went into the library one rainy day to get a book. He picked up a book that happened to be a French book. I said: "I am afraid you can't read that book, Robert. You better take one written in English."

"Oh," he said, "it isn't so bad. You see the pictures are in English."—Chicago Tribune.

A Cure for the Ill.

First Office Boy—I told the boss to look at the dark circles under my eyes and see if I didn't need a half day off.

Second Office Boy—What did he say?

First Office Boy—He said I needed a bar of soap.—Philadelphia North American.

RED CROSS NEED OF MONEY TOLD

Work Must Be Carried on Across the Waters and in the United States.

PEACE PROGRAM PLANNED

Enrollment Is a Vote of Confidence in the Future and an Appreciation of Tasks Accomplished.

The American Red Cross is preparing to launch its third Roll Call, to be held from Nov. 2 to 11, for 20,000,000 annual members and \$15,000,000.

The first question that will arise is:

"Why does the Red Cross need money? The war is over."

National headquarters of the American Red Cross has answered this question, and has outlined graphically the reasons why it is necessary to raise \$15,000,000 for its international, national and local work.

In brief the answer is as follows:

Because: The actual war work is not completed. The Red Cross cannot lay down its responsibilities to the American soldiers, sailors or marines until everyone of them has been released from service, recovered from illness or wounds or receiving proper care, or back in the place in the world from which the war snatched them.

Because: The American Red Cross is planning to launch a comprehensive program for peace times, designed to prevent the needless waste of human lives through preventable diseases and accidents in America; continue and broaden its home service work and public nursing, first aid, home hygiene and Junior Red Cross activities.

Because: By a recent act of Congress medical, surgical and dietary food supplies valued at \$35,000,000 were turned over to the Red Cross by the government, the supplies having been purchased for use with the American forces. These supplies are scattered throughout Europe, many of them far from the places where they are most needed. The prompt and efficient distribution and handling of these supplies means the maintenance

of a force of trained workers where the supplies are and where they are most needed.

Because: Pestilence and starvation have gripped many European countries because of the war. These countries are unable to cope with their own difficulties, and the only force organized with facilities capable of stepping into the breach and bringing order from chaos is the Red Cross. Typhus is sapping the man strength of many countries, and the American Red Cross is using every available power to check it.

Because: The Red Cross must be prepared to meet emergencies arising from disasters at home and abroad.

The Red Cross membership must be maintained at its present high standard. Every enrollment is a vote of confidence in the past performances of the American Red Cross and a reaffirmation of the belief in the principles for which it has stood in the past and its plans for the future.

The Red Cross, having committed itself to a definite and comprehensive program, cannot turn back, and to go forward it must have as general a membership as possible and ample funds to provide for any contingency.



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Although I make a lot of breaks
I'm living for experience—
I have a right to my mistakes.



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Comedy

SUNDAY—
MAE MARSH
in
"ALL WOMAN"
BOUND and GAGGED
Pathe News
Billy West Comedy

MONDAY—
MUTT AND JEFF
in
"MAID'S REVENGE"

TUESDAY—
MUTT AND JEFF
in
"DOWN AND UPSTAIRS"

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"WHOM THE GODS WOULD DESTROY"
Positively the first time this wonderful production shown for less than 25 or 50 cents.

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