

MEDICAL

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FILE, FISTULA CURED. Dr. E. R. Tarry cures piles, fistula and other rectal diseases without surgical operations. Cure guaranteed and no money paid until cured. Write for book on rectal diseases and testimonials.

RUPTURE successfully treated without a surgical operation. Call or write Dr. Frank H. Wray, 206 Bee Blvd.

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Grown up like him when he comes to your house or stays away. If you have a little money he is more likely to come.

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FURNITURE, pianos and notes as security
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ESTABLISHED 1892. SIXTH FLOOR (ROOF)
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Lowest rates. Private loan booth. Harry
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WATTLES SUGGESTS
USE OF FOREIGNERS

Says Chinese and Japs Employed for War Period Would Relieve Agricultural Labor Scarcity.

To meet the labor shortage on the farms of Nebraska and to insure proper planting and harvesting of crops next year, Gurdon W. Wattles, federal food administrator for Nebraska, suggests the importation of foreign labor. Mr. Wattles would have this labor brought in for the period of the war, when it could be returned to the foreign countries, if deemed advisable.

Mr. Wattles points out the advisability of bringing in Chinese and Japanese by saying the United States must meet the problems of feeding the allies.

"If we are to be looked upon as the granary of the world, and asked to supply the allies with foodstuffs, it is evident we must be properly equipped to fulfill this all important mission," said Mr. Wattles.

We are seriously handicapped in our efforts through so many men having been taken from the field of agricultural pursuits. We must fill the places of these men and we must fill them with men who are able to furnish the necessary labor.

"Experience has shown that we cannot depend upon men in other walks of life for many reasons. Many will not go to the farm; others are wholly incapable when they do go."

"With millions of Chinese, Japanese, and other foreign laborers available, under certain conditions, I am of the opinion that some method should be devised whereby to secure their services during the war or as long as necessary. They can be returned afterwards, if advisable, but the immediate question is to get them and keep production normal and also to meet increased production now demanded."

The red-faced young man on the other side of me had been leaning over listening to our conversation, so I asked him how it happened he was enlisting the day after Thanksgiving. I started something, for he was very talkative.

Goes to Dance.

"I went to a Thanksgiving dance at Bennington Thursday night and some of those drafted boys were there in their uniforms and they copied the whole parade. Even my girl sort of neglected me for them, so thinks I, my corn is about picked and there's no one depending a whole lot on me, so I guess I'll enlist. When I told my girl about it, she promised something that I had been arguing with her about for six months—guess you know what I mean—so now I'm going to end this business as quick as I can."

My seat was getting warm, so I moved to the seat near two other farmer boys. Incidentally a few statistics I compiled showed about 20 per cent of those waiting were married, and about 50 per cent farmers. "Are you going to enlist?" I inquired of one of them.

"That depends," declared a pink-cheeked son of the soil. "What I want to do is to be examined now and then come in for active training about December 14."

"What luck did you have?" I persisted.

"Well, the sergeant wanted to know why I was waiting until the last minute, so I told him my tale. You see I have been farming for myself and have a lot of cattle and grain, and I don't want to sell out if I can't pass the physical examination."

Looked at His Feet. He just took a look at my teeth and feet, and said you'll do, so I guess I'll go home and hold out grandly. I was just sitting here thinking how much I might raise on the outfit. The sergeant said everybody that came in December 12 would be examined and shipped out the day after that they expected to shut up shop."

Sergeant Hanson sat peacefully in his office and looked full of vital information, so I braced him with: "How does it come the government is accepting married men now?"

"We put them on the staff," he said.

"Oh, is that so? A married man can get on the commanding officer's staff! Fine. I always did like staff work," beamed encouragingly.

Married Men Protected.

"By that I mean they are generally assigned to hospital work, held construction and other more or less non-combatant branches."

"Oh, that's it. Well, sergeant, it sounds like some of these other recruiting tales I have heard, you know, \$9.99 per month, etc. See you later, Sarge."

Out in the corridor a newcomer was sitting in "Recruit row." Major Frith, boss of the bureau, was headed his way, so I breezed along to eavesdrop on the conversation.

SAY YOU WANT TO
JOIN ARMY: UNCLE
WILL DO THE REST

Prospective Recruit Wanders Down Where the Officers Are Making Tests and Relates His Experiences.

By ROBERT R. D. WEIGEL.

"There is a good story down at the recruiting station, go down and enlist!"

I thought the city editor was exacting a pretty high price for a good yarn, but I realized the great metropolitan daily could easily exist with yours truly in the army.

It was Thanksgiving day, too, but a reporter doesn't have an awful lot to be thankful for—so what were the odds?

I decided at any rate, if join the army I must, I would find out something about the troubles of other fellows, who are signing up to make the kaiser wiser.

As I trudged to Fifteenth and Dodge, I had mental pictures of Fort Logan, Fort Sam Houston and the battle-torn fields of Alsace-Lorraine. Pooch, pooh, they had no terrors for me.

I had heard fellows say how good it makes one feel to wear a khaki uniform these days—from personal experience I know they afford every freedom of movement, and people have lots of respect for them. When a fellow decides to join the army, he is nursing a sort of devil-may-care spirit anyway, and a supreme confidence that everything will come out all right in the wash.

Get Cold Chills.

Another thing, conditions are undoubtedly upset for young men these days, and it sort of relieves your mind to "get your feet wet" and let Uncle Sam do your worrying for you. Anyway, that's how I felt and my orders were to get all the thrills.

I wasn't going to enlist without getting in on the ground floor. I walked around to the Fifteenth street entrance of the federal building, and spied Corporal Lane and his squad. I wanted to appear sort of "hors de combat" so he would select me as possibly timber, but he looked the other way and I passed him and the army—but not forever.

All the way around the block I went and sure enough, there he was again. He saw me and I saw him. (First feeling—chills.)

Inside the federal building corridor,

I quickly noted that lonesomeness would not be one of the attacking feelings. About 100 fellows were sitting or standing waiting their turn at the little desk where the enlisted men take your beretton, and put you at ease.

Coon and Chickens.

Looking in, I turned around and sought an empty chair. Next to me sat R. B. Ward, farmer boy, who had just been in, and when I asked him what they wanted to know, he said:

"Oh, your age, your name, your occupation, what branch you want to get into and when you want to leave."

Well, I replied, the cavalry or quartermaster's department seem to give you the longest lease on life, so I guess that's where I will head in. No chance. Ward informed me that these two branches were already full and no more recruits for them would be accepted.

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Abe Lincoln's Cook Dies at Age of 106

Oakland, Cal., Dec. 2.—Mrs. Daffy Summers, said to be the oldest colored woman in California and a former cook in the employment of Abraham Lincoln, died here today, aged 106 years. She is survived by two great-great-great-grandchildren and three other generations. She was born in Alabama.

CHANTICLEER AND "BIDDY" GO HOME TO ROOST

Omaha Poultry Show Closes Successful Event, Distributing Prizes and Encouraging Fanciers.

Sounding their shrill barnyard notes and scratching about in their straw-laden pens as if eager to get out of sight of the curious spectators, hundreds of prize winning fowls sent forth venting farewell cock-a-doodle-doo in gratification of the success of the Omaha Poultry show, which closed Saturday.

The show was pronounced a big success by President S. E. Munson and Secretary A. L. Edson in the sale of birds and from an educational standpoint.

Intense interest was shown in the rabbit and pet stock division of the exhibition.

Prof. Peters, who was sent from Washington in the interest of the national food conservation committee to attend the poultry show, yesterday afternoon.

Double Poultry Output.

He said:

"The government expects poultry raisers to double their poultry output at any means during the coming days. More people are urged to raise chickens. Unless we co-operate with the government in its wishes, we may one day find ourselves confronted with eatless days in place of meatless or wheatless days."

"It may come to a stage when the government will compel people to raise poultry in order to supply the increasing demand of meats."

Following the meeting, committee of five men, authorized by the food, conservation committee at Washington, was appointed who will work in co-operation with Prof. Peters to foster the raising of poultry. They are L. P. Reger, Harry Knutesen, Alva Reigel, O. C. Ufford and S. E. Munson.

Sweepstakes Prizes.

Mrs. Anna Morgan, 4821 Capitol Avenue, claimed the silver cup, a sweepstakes prize. Honors were awarded to her for the following:

First and third, cock; first, fourth;

second, hen; second and third, cock-

erel; second, pullet; and first, pen.

John Skinner of Blair, Neb., won the following prizes: First, cockrel; first, pullet; second, hen, and second,

cock.

Mrs. Billy Leet Obtains Divorce and \$45,000

Mrs. "Billy" Leet obtained a divorce from her husband at a special session of the court November 13, at Carrollton, La., on charges of non-support and general misconduct.

The suit was not contested. Mrs. Leet receives her maiden name of Anne Robertson and \$45,000 alimony.

Mrs. Leet is a sister of Mrs. Fred Hamilton and is staying with her while in the city. Another sister, Mrs. George Campbell, lives in Anchorage, Alaska.

Christmas Boxes for South Side Naval Boys Abroad

Girls of the Endeavor society of the Wheeler Memorial church assisted by Mrs. William Barclay and Mrs. George Carley posted a box of sweets to each of the boys who are on the honor roll of the church who are now beyond seas in the service of the flag. Some of the boys are in France, some are on battleships, and one is in the West Indies, and one in Honolulu. The gifts bring a Christmas greeting from the church to the members who are in foreign lands.

Miss Ella Hayes of Grand Island is the guest of the Misses Walsh.

Miss Catherine Heafey is visiting friends in Lindsay.

Mrs. P. H. McMahon is visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank McMahon at Dixon.

Joe Dworak is visiting friends in West Point.

Steam-heated apartment in Scarpe block, \$22.50. E. H. Benner Co. D. \$406.

Steam-heated apartment in Scarpe block, four rooms \$25. E. H. Benner Co. D. \$406.

715 S. 24th St., South Side, near post office. E. H. Benner Co. D. \$406.

Miss Mercedes Breen returned Thursday from a week's visit with her sister, Mrs. Lloyd Cummings of Lincoln.

J. J. Welch has gone to Chicago on a short business trip.

Mr. George MacDonald, 3732 South Twenty-ninth street, is entertaining her mother, Mrs. MacDonald, of St. Joseph, Mo.

Court Konsulent, 192, Degree of St. Elizab-

thursday afternoon.

William M. Wheeler of Lincoln is visiting the home of his brother, Rev. R. L. Wheeler, at the Wheeler Memorial church.

The Misses Anna and Josephine Flanagan will entertain at the Flanagan club at the home of the former, 3419 F street, Wednesday evening.

There will be a special meeting of Bee Hive Lodge No. 154, Ancient Free and Accepted Masons, Monday evening, December 3, at 8 o'clock in the hall, Twenty-fifth and N streets.

The women of St. Martin's Episcopal church will have a sale of food and of useful and fancy articles in the Glasgow building, Twenty-fourth and M streets, Tuesday evening.

Division No. 8 of the Ancient Order of Hibernians will hold their next regular meeting at McCrank's hall, Twenty-first and O streets, Monday evening.

The Ladies' Aid society of Grace Methodist church will be entertained at the home of Mrs. Fred Lush, Twenty-sixth and C streets, Thursday evening at 8 o'clock.

Karel Kliek, Forty-seventh and G streets, reported to the South Side police that some one broke the rear window of his house and stole a rifle, a rifle, a shotgun and a cent in cash.

Karel Kliek, a man and was at work at the time the thief