

NEED OF REFORM IN CITY LICENSE BUREAU, URE SAYS

Movie Shows, Ice Wagons, Pool Halls and Peddlers Operate Without Permits, Probe Reveals.

An investigation into the affairs of the city license department has revealed a deplorable condition, according to Commissioner Ure of the accounts and finance department.

Samuel Freed, the new license inspector, has been told that he will be expected to get results. He has taken hold of the work and is now checking up those who have failed to comply with the license requirements.

Twenty motion picture theaters were operating without licenses when the new administration took charge. A few were licensed during the last two weeks.

Many ice wagons, pool halls and peddlers are operating without licenses. "Some of these peddlers were told before election that they would not be required to take out licenses this year," Commissioner Ure stated.

Extreme Cruelty Charge Made Against E. A. Dworak

Charges of extreme cruelty, and that he threatened to kidnap her child, are made by Marie Dworak in suit for divorce against Egnance Anton Dworak of the Dworak-Ure Auditing company, filed in district court.

She charges that Dworak called her vile names, threatened her, and also threatened to kidnap their 3-year-old child, Arthur. She further recites that on June 7 Dworak, in company with a strange man, attempted to carry out his threat to kidnap the boy.

She alleges he is capable of earning \$300 a month, and that he has property worth \$5,000. She asks suitable alimony. She also requested an order restraining Dworak from molesting her. It was granted by Judge Day.

Frank Martin Rearrested On Daylight Holdup Charge

Frank Martin, alias "Big Wally," alleged member of a bandit gang which gave battle to Omaha detectives on the night of January 30, 1918, following the holdup of the Malashock jewelry store, was rearrested Friday morning on a warrant sworn out for alleged complicity in the daylight holdup. With his partners, Byrle Kirke, Sam Stone, Thomas McKay and Harry Williams, "Big Wally" was held for trial for the murder of Frank Rooney, city detective, who was killed in the gun fight.

Martin pleaded not guilty before Police Judge Madden and was bound over to district court under \$5,000 bond.

Jackies From Great Lakes Here on Recruiting Mission

Five jackies from the Great Lakes naval training station are in Omaha to enlist tradesmen in the navy. The men have permission to enlist the men at special pay and to give them high ratings and petty officerships. A. R. Nickson, chief machinists mate, is in charge of the recruiting party. The navy needs tradesmen of all kinds, carpenters, painters, plumbers and machinists. For the first time in the history of the navy men past 35 years of age will be accepted for special work. The men will be put in the public works department and will be stationed permanently at the Great Lakes station.

"Fight or Work" is Order of City Commissioner Ure

"Fight or work," is the brief order issued by City Commissioner Ure of the accounts and finance department. "This goes for the city clerk's office and other branches of the department," he explained.

Mr. Ure added that he found a clerk, under the old order of things, copying petitions three times with pen and ink, whereas one operation on a typewriter with duplicate sheets would have done the work. He states that ordinances passed during the city clerkship of Tom Flynn are still being copied and that the work is years behind.

Jamaica Ginger Promotes Wide Variety of Emotions

Jamaica ginger has the necessary ingredients to promote hate, fight, disturbance, insanity and foolishness, according to Bert Mitchell, East Omaha, who appeared in police court Friday morning to answer a charge of disturbing the peace.

"I was just drinking a little ginger, judge," Bert said. "And I'll tell ya, it doesn't 'zactly mek ya happy, but man alive! she sure do burn ya and sets ya crazy."

Bert was relieved of \$10 and costs by order of the court.

Clarks, Neb., Editor Tells of Nonpartisan League Affair

J. I. Long, editor of "The Enterprise," at Clarks, Neb., stopped over in Omaha Friday on his way to visit a brother in Iowa. Mr. Long, who is chairman of his local council of defense, figured a few days ago in connection with the case of B. A. Felver, who operated in Merrick county for the Nonpartisan league.

"We gave Felver safe conduct three miles out of Clarks and the citizens of our town were not identified with a later attempt to lynch Felver. We are a law abiding people in Clarks and accept any insinuations to the contrary," Mr. Long stated.

Divorce Decrees Are Granted in District Court

Five divorce decrees were granted in district court Friday as follows: George M. Beck from Marie Beck on grounds of cruelty; Frank O. Engle from Margaret Englebreiten on grounds of infidelity; Blanch L. Nelson from William B. Nelson, abandonment and nonsupport; Dottie Nelson from Charles Blake, cruelty; and N. Frederick from Fred E. Frederick, cruelty, drunkenness and abandonment.



Harry Lauder in the War Zone

A Minstrel in France Tells His Personal Experiences on the Western Fighting Front

CHAPTER XVII. Busiest Spot on Earth.

These Canadians, who were now my hosts, had located their guns in a pit triangular in shape. The guns were mounted at the corners of the triangle and along its sides. And constantly, while I was there they coughed their short, sharp coughs and sent a spume of metal flying toward the German lines. Never have I seen a busier spot. And remember, until I had almost fallen into that pit, with its sputtering, busy guns, I had not been able to make even a good guess as to where they were! The very presence of this work shop of death was hidden from all save those who had a right to know of it.

It was a masterly piece of camouflage. I wish I could explain to you how the effect was achieved. It was all made plain to me; every step of the process was explained, and I cried out in wonder and in admiration at the clever simplicity of it. But that is one of the things I may not tell. I saw many things, during my time at the front, that the Germans would give a pretty penny to know. But none of the secrets that I learned would be more valuable, even today, than that hidden battery. And so—I must leave you in ignorance as to that.

The commanding officer was most kindly and patient in explaining matters to me.

"We can't see hide nor hair of our targets here, of course," he said, "any more than Fritz can see us. We get all our ranges and the records of all our hits, from Normabell."

I looked a question, I suppose.

"You called on him, I think—up on the Pimple. Major Normabell, D. S. O."

That was how I learned the name of the imperturbable major with whom I had smoked a pipe on the crest of Vimy Ridge. I shall always remember his name and him. I saw no man in France who made a livelier impression upon my mind and imagination.

"Aye," I said. "I remember. So that's his name—Normabell, D. S. O. I'll make a note of that."

My informant smiled.

"Normabell's one of our characters," he said. "Well, you see he commands a goodish bit of country there where he sits. And when he needs them he has aircraft observations to help him, too. He's our pair of eyes. We're like moles down here, we gunners—we but he does all our seeing for us. And he's in constant communication—he or one of his officers."

I wondered where all the shells the battery was firing were headed for. And I learned that just then it was paying its respects particularly to a big factory building just west of Lens. For some reason that had been marked for destruction, but it had been reinforced and strengthened so that it was taking a lot of smashing and standing a good deal more punishment than anyone had thought it could—which was reason enough, in itself, to stick to the job until it

factory was nothing more than a heap of dust and ruins.

The way the guns kept pounding away at it made me think of firemen in a small town drenching a local blaze with their hose. The gunners were just as eager as that. And I could almost see that factory, crumbling away. Major Normabell had pointed it out to me, up on the ridge, and now I knew why. I'll venture to say that before night the eight-inch howitzers of that battery had utterly demolished it, and so ended whatever usefulness it had for the Germans.

It was a cruel business to be knocking the towns and factories of our ally, France, to bits in the fashion that we were doing that day—there and at many another point along the front. The Huns are fond of saying that much of the destruction in northern France has been the work of allied artillery. True enough—but who made that inevitable? And it was not our guns that laid waste a whole countryside before the German retreat in the spring of 1917, when the Huns ran wild, rooting up fruit trees, cutting down every other tree that could be found, and doing every other sort of wanton damage and mischief their hands could find to do.

"Hard lines," said the battery commander. He shrugged his shoulders. "No use trying to spare shells here, though, even on French towns. The harder we smash them the sooner it'll be over. Look here, sir."

He pointed out the men who sat their telephone receivers strapped over their ears. Each served a gun. In all that hideous din it was of the utmost importance that they should hear correctly every word and figure that came to them over the wire—a part of that marvelously complete telephone and telegraph system that has been built for and by the British army in France.

"They get corrections on every shot," he told me. "The guns are altered in elevation according to what they hear. The range is changed, and the pointing, too. We never see old Fritz—but we know he's getting the visiting cards we send him."

They were amazingly calm, those laddies at the telephones. In all that hideous, never-ending din, they never grew excited. Their voices were calm and steady as they repeated the orders that came to them. I have seen girls at hotel switchboards, expert operators, working with conditions made to their order, who grew infinitely more excited at a busy time when many calls were coming in and going out. Those men might have been at home, talking to a friend of their plans for an evening's diversion, for all the nervousness or fussiness they showed.

Up there, on the Pimple, I had seen Normabell, the eyes of the battery. Here I was watching his ears. And to finish the metaphor, to work it out, I was listening to its voice. Its brazen tones were giving voice continually. The guns—after all, every thing else led up to them. They were the reason for all the rest of the ma-

chinery of the battery, and it was they who said the last short word.

There was a good deal of rough joking and laughter at the battery. The Canadian gunners took their task lightly enough, though their work was of the hardest—and the most dangerous, too. But jokes ran from group to group, from gun to gun. They were constantly kidding one another, as an American would say, I think. If a correction came for one gun that showed there had been a mistake in sighting after the last orders—if, that is, the gunners, and not the distant observers, were plainly at fault—there would be a good-natured outburst of chaffing from all the others.

But, though such a spirit of lightness prevailed, there was not a moment of loafing. These men were engaged in a grim, deadly task, and every once in a while I would catch a black, purposeful look in a man's eyes that made me realize that, under all the light talk and laughter there was a perfect realization of the truth. They might not show, on the

Germany and Austria in Break in Kitchen Quarrel

Germany and Austria broke friendly relations and sought to mix things in general, on a small scale, Friday morning, when George Schory, of German descent, Douglas hotel, and Annie Hrazdira, Bohemian, became involved in fist combat in the kitchen of the Lincoln Inn. When Annie threw George's coat on the floor, every kind of kitchen tool, from a meat chopper to cleavers, started going.

In police court they renewed their strife verbally. George sought the friendship of the police judge by rattling off a series of German phrases. Annie jabbered in the Bohemian tongue. Babylon was depicted in true sense, and the judge set the case over for a week to profound on the mysteries of languages.

Soldiers Naturalized One Hour Before Departure

Federal Judge Woodruff made an additional trip to Fort Crook Friday morning to naturalize a group of soldiers less than an hour before they entrained for Camp Funston. As soon as Naturalization Agents Smele and Boyster of St. Louis finish preliminary clerical work, 130 soldiers at Fort Omaha will be made citizens in the regular court room at the federal building.

surface, that they took life and their work seriously. Ah, no! They preferred, after the custom of their race, to joke with death. (Continued Tomorrow.)

8,000 GALLONS OF CIDER SEIZED BY OMAHA POLICE

Huge Quantity of Liquor Branded as Non-Intoxicating Taken From Local Firm by Officers.

More than 8,000 gallons of cider and fruit cordials, branded as non-intoxicating, were confiscated by police Friday morning in the Apple Blossom Cider company, 801-805 Jones street. Harry J. Schifferle, Ross S. Skelton, Joseph Zipfel and Echo Zipfel, heads of the company, were arrested upon a charge of unlawful possession of intoxicating liquor. Officers of the morals squad made the raid upon advice from state agents at Lincoln, who had analyzed a quantity of the cider.

The analysis of the cider at Lincoln showed that it contained 3 per cent of alcohol, according to a telegram received by the police.

Police say this is the largest quantity ever confiscated in Nebraska. The alleged liquor was manufactured in Memphis, Tenn., and sent here to be distributed to jobbers of the central states.

GREAT EXCITEMENT

Our office is getting to be the busiest spot in Omaha.

People are constantly coming in asking for information regarding our plan of developing our wonderful High Island property.

Every one to whom we are explaining our \$30 quarter-acre proposition admits there never was a safer or better opportunity of making tremendous profits from a small investment.

We do not believe there is a man or woman in this vicinity who would be afraid to invest as little as \$30 for quarter-acre tracts when the fortune-making possibilities are fully understood.

You will never quit kicking yourself if you do not come in immediately and arrange to purchase tracts. Payments if desired.

This is not a stock jobbing scheme in any sense of the word.

We are merely selling quarter-acre tracts to raise drilling fund to develop the greatest prospective oil land in the Gusher Coastal Oil District of Texas, where 28,000,000 barrels of oil were produced last year.

You own your tracts, receiving one-tenth of oil from wells drilled thereon, and also share in our profits from all wells drilled, both at High Island and on our proven Humble Lease, where we already know we have the oil.

Be fair enough to let us send you free illustrated bulletin with U. S. Government geological reports, maps and full explanation.

Gulf Coast Development Company

740 First National Bank Bldg. Phone Tyler 398. Omaha, Neb.

HELD IN HIGH FAVOR BY FOLKS WHO ARE FOND OF GOOD THINGS TO DRINK

The more particular your palate, the more pronounced your preference for

GUND'S BEVERAGE

THE EVERY DAY SOFT DRINK

All the goodness nature tucked away in the ingredients from which it is made has been developed to the highest form of tastefulness, a full delicacy of flavor.

To be had wherever soft drinks are sold and that is everywhere.

THE GUND COMPANY
La Crosse, Wis.

KATSKEE
Brokers Co.,
Dist., Omaha.
Phone Doug. 4623.
14th & Leav'orth

PHOTOPLAYS.

RIALTO
15th & Douglas
Presents
Dorothy Dalton
in "The Matings of Marcella"

PHOTOPLAYS.

Strand
18th & Douglas
JACK PICKFORD
in "HIS MAJESTY BUNKER-BEAN."

AMUSEMENTS.

EMPRESS

LAST TIMES TODAY.

GARDEN BELLES
In the Garden of Love.

VALENTINE VOX
The Ultra-Humorous, in His Classic, "THE CLUBMAN"

NEAL ABEL
The Man With the Mobile Face.

WILSON & VAN
Entertainment, "As You Like It"

EDITH STOREY
—In—
"The Treasure of the Sea"

Muse

Virginia Pearson
—in—
"FIREBRAND"
A love that survived the fires of hate.

BRANDEIS THEATRE

TODAY Matinee, 2:30; Evening, 8:30; & SUNDAY Social Performance Saturday Morning 10:30 School Children 10c; Adults 25c

UNITED STATES OFFICIAL WAR FILMS

Patrols & Sailors Five Sunday Matinees Auspices of the U. S. Government.

Pershing's Crusaders

"FOLLOW THE FLAG TO FRANCE"
Prices: 25c, 50c, Reserved Seats.
This Space Contributed by Rotary Club

KRUG PARK

See Those Wonderful High-Diving Horses

BLUE BELLE
and
DEW DROP

plunge into a 10-foot tank of water from a height of 40 feet.

A BIG FREE FEATURE ATTRACTION FOR YOU.

Great interest is shown in the Dancing Contests.

RIDE THE GIANT COASTER.

It's Lots of Fun.
Watch for the Diving Horses and the Diving Girls at 3 and 9 p. m.
Admission to park, 10c.

Hupp ALWAYS A GOOD SHOW — 1508 HARNEY

Admission 10 Cents.
PRISCILLA DEAN in "The Two-Souled Woman"

LOTHROP 24th and Lothrop

Last Times Today, **CHARLIE CHAPLIN**, in "A DOG'S LIFE."

SUBURBAN 24 & Ames Cal. 2841
DOROTHY PHILLIPS, in "THE GRAND PASSION."

MANAWA PARK
Across Beautiful Lake Manawa

HAMILTON 40th and Hamilton
CHARLES RAY in "HIS MOTHER'S BOY."

Keep Your Eye On THE BEE. Improving Every Day.

See the Eclipse --from--
MANAWA PARK
Across Beautiful Lake Manawa

See the Eclipse
--from--
MANAWA PARK
Across Beautiful Lake Manawa

City Clerk Hunter is Now Hailed as "Grandpa Billy"
City Clerk Hunter is now "Grandpa Billy." A son was born on Thursday to his daughter, Mrs. Glen L. Hurd, of Spencer, Ia. Mrs. Hurd was known here as Beulah Hunter. The new boy will be named William.

CENTRAL
Howard St., Between 15th and 16th

This Good Value Column Will Save You Real Dollars On These Useful Items Illustrated

This Fumed Oak Porch Rocker, for \$2.75

This hanging wicker chair, 16-in. length, rustic, for 45c

Plant Box, metal, 29-in. length, for95c

This nicked Percolator for\$1.15

This Curtain Stretcher for95c

Garden Weeder, a good one 39c

A Reliable Gas Iron \$1.95

Mattress Boxes.... \$3 to \$8.75

With proper care this rug will last a long time

36x80 Axminster Rugs, for \$3.75
27x54 Velvet Rugs, for \$2.75
Bissell's Sweepers, up from \$3.75
A Good Invaluable Sweeper, for \$1.95

WE SAVE YOU MONEY...THERE ARE REASONS

CENTRAL
H. R. BOWEN, President.