

SOUTH SIDE PIERSON STARTS CLEANUP DRIVE ON SOUTH SIDE

New Inspector of Sanitation Proposes to Enforce Ordinance Regarding Sewer Connections.

H. D. Pierson, recently appointed inspector of sanitation for the South Side, has received orders from Commissioner Ringer and Health Commissioner Manning to enforce the city ordinance providing for the removal of vaults and the establishment of sewer connections wherever such connections can be made.

"Conditions with respect to the vaults are frightful and should not be tolerated," Mr. Pierson said. "They are a menace to the health of the whole community in which they are located. We are going to enforce the ordinance to the letter and compel property owners to remedy the situation or stand prosecution." Notices are being served on property owners to this effect.

The garbage situation, which until recently caused South Side residents considerable annoyance, has been greatly improved under Mr. Pierson's supervision.

War Savings Societies To Be Organized at Yards

A public meeting will be held under the auspices of the Omaha Live Stock Exchange in Exchange hall Friday afternoon at 3 o'clock for the purpose of organizing war savings societies among the business interests of the stock yards. The meeting will be called by President W. B. Tagg of the Omaha Live Stock exchange, in accordance with President Wilson's proclamation declaring a national war savings day on June 28.

C. E. Corey, county director of war savings societies, will explain how the societies should be organized. It is expected that each office in the exchange building will organize a society, which will report to the county director.

Serbian Loads Up on Booze; Attacks Woman and Is Jailed

Drago Ignostovic, Serbian laborer, 2811 R street, became intoxicated Thursday afternoon and attacked Mrs. Police, an Italian woman, living at 5233 South Twenty-fourth street, as she was boarding a street car at Twenty-eighth and R streets.

Mrs. Police told the officers that she had never seen the man before. Her clothing was torn and she was in a hysterical condition when she came to the police station.

When Patrolman Dvorak arrived Ignostovic showed fight, but overpowered and brought to the station where he was charged with assault and battery and resisting an officer.

Selects to Report.

Local exemption board No. 2, South Side, has ordered all registrants called for service in the last call to report at its office in the city hall, South Side, at 9 o'clock Monday morning, June 24.

South Side Brevities

Initiation of candidates will be held at Boholok lodge Friday night at Odd Fellows' hall.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. True, 1235 Missouri avenue, have received word of the arrival of their son, Merrill, in Omaha.

W. R. Fitzgerald has returned from a 10-day visit with relatives in Dubuque and Fort Dodge. Mrs. Fitzgerald will remain two weeks longer.

Telephone South 958 and order a case of Oms or Lactonade, the healthful, refreshing Home Beverage, delivered to your residence. Omaha Beverage Co.

Lloyd Hamilton and Herbert Rathback, recently graduated from South High school, left Thursday for Fort Logan, Colo., where they will enter the radio service of the 1st artillery.

Lillian Clay, 1516 Webster street, and Sam King, proprietor of a Chinese restaurant, 1516 Webster street, were fined \$100 and costs each in police court Thursday on charge of illegal sale of liquor.

After a lapse of two weeks, farmers have again begun to send in hogs to be sold for the benefit of the Red Cross. They have been too busy with farm work during the last two weeks to pay attention to anything else. On Wednesday a load arrived from Thurston, Neb., and netted the local Red Cross chapter \$2,171.07. Thursday a load of 42 head arrived from furness, Wis., netting \$2,970.84. This was the second load of Red Cross hogs to come from Wisnau.

B. C. Foley Is Selected For Superintendent of Municipal Buildings

B. C. Foley, who has been engineer for 10 years in the city hall, was appointed superintendent of the municipal building Thursday afternoon by Mayor Smith.

The mayor resumed charge of the city hall by reason of the effect of the Butler referendum which not only suspends proposed transfer of the asphalt plant from street to public improvements department, but holds up various changes which were contemplated in the assignment of departments.

Under the ordinance which is involved by the referendum the city hall was to have been in Commissioner Zimman's department. Mr. Zimman announced that his policy would be to abolish the position of city hall superintendent as not being essential.

Funeral Friday of Omaha Woman Killed by U. P. Train

The funeral of Mrs. Thomas W. Cox, 2874 Ida street, who was killed by a Union Pacific train at Cheyenne, Wyo., Sunday night, will be held Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock from Hoffman's funeral home. Burial will be in Fair View cemetery, Council Bluffs.

Mrs. Cox, accompanied by her 10-year-old son, Marvin, had just alighted from an Omaha train when she stepped in front of another train. She was killed instantly.

Mrs. Cox was a member of the Prettiest Mile club and was a Red Cross worker in this city. She is survived by her husband and by two sons, Marvin and Ralph. Ralph is in the United States army at Camp Cody, Cheyenne, Wyo.

"Dreamland Adventures"

By Daddy—"The Invisible Fairy" A complete, new adventure each week, beginning Monday and ending Saturday.

CHAPTER IV. The Weeping Fighters.

(Peggy, made invisible by Camouflage Perfume, goes to Birdland to reform the Giant of the Woods and enlist him in patriotic farm work. She saves him from a rattlesnake and finds him in a penitent mood. When he seizes hold of her, the birds come to her rescue.)

THE Giant let go of Peggy's hand as the birds attacked him. He had hard work protecting his eyes and face from their sharp beaks. Peggy was afraid that some of the birds might get hurt and quickly called off their assault.

"Stop! Stop!" she cried loudly, so that she could be heard above the tumult of their wings. "I'm safe! Let him alone!"

The birds obeyed quickly. They had a deep fear of the Giant of the Woods and had dared attack him only because of their love for Peggy. They weren't going to let her get hurt. But now that she was safe they got out of the reach of the Giant as fast as they could fly.

The Giant's face was badly pecked. It was even bleeding in spots. The Giant himself was so astonished that he didn't seem to mind his hurts.

"Geewhilkler!" he thundered. "Of all the preposterous convolutions of a hypochondriacal mentality this is the most irritating!"

"You stop that swearing this instant!" ordered Peggy, "or I'll have you ducked in the river."

"Why, my dear invisible good fairy, that isn't swearing," protested the Giant of the Woods. "I'm using perfectly proper dictionary expletives just to keep from swearing."

"Well, it sounds awful," argued Peggy.

"That's just it," insisted the Giant. "It sounds awful and it has the same effect as swearing, but it doesn't do any harm—like beer with the alcohol taken out."

"But why do you do it, then?" "Because I used to be a real ripping swearer," explained the Giant, "until Billy Belgium made me ashamed of myself."

"Who is Billy Belgium?" asked Peggy.

"Why, he is the Belgium orphan I adopted."

"That must be the curly-headed boy I saw kissing you when the Wild Geese kidnaped you."

"The very one!" exclaimed the Giant. "He's the finest kind of a lad and he is mighty fond of me, too. He heard me swear once. He didn't

think I'd do a thing like that and it hurt him so much I made up my mind never to swear again. He showed me just how bad it was. Swearing didn't mean much to me then, but it does now; and I know how it used to sound to other persons when I cut loose. So when I feel like swearing I just fill my mouth with big dictionary words and then there isn't any room left for swear talk."

"Then you were innocent when we gave you that ducking," cried Peggy, remembering how the Wild Geese had soused him in the lake.

"Oh, I was innocent that time; but I had sworn so much in the past that I guess I deserved it," laughed the Giant.

"We weren't fair to you then, and maybe we aren't fair to you now," mused Peggy. "Why did you grab me?"

"Why, I did it accidentally; and then I was so surprised to find a real hand where I saw only empty air that I just hung on."

"Oh, I'm sorry," apologized Peggy. "It was all my fault that the birds hurt you. They just answered my call for help."

"That's all right," grinned the Giant. "I've been so mean to them in the past that they're only paying me back a little."

"Why, you really are reformed!" "You bet I am!" declared the Giant. "Thanks to you and to Billy Belgium."

"That makes me glad," cried Peggy. "Come on! We'll get a job so you can work for America and freedom."

Impulsively she placed her hand in that of the Giant. He squeezed it so tenderly that at once she placed full trust in him.

"Just a minute," said the Giant. "These are war times and we have to be saving. I'm going to put that rattlesnake away and save his skin. I can mount it and get money for it."

He put the snake in a box and started along with Peggy. Again she put her hand in his, and again came that gentle pressure. The birds hardly knew what to make of this; but they had the utmost trust in Peggy's wisdom and felt that what she did was right. At the same time they flew along close behind and were ready for any hostile move the Giant might make.

Peggy began to feel tired. It was hard keeping up with the Giant—he took such long steps. The Giant seemed to know this.

"Getting tired?" he asked. "A little," replied Peggy.

The Giant let go of her hand, and the first thing Peggy knew his long arms were swinging her high in the air. Then she came down safely on the Giant's shoulder. The birds rushed at the Giant as they saw him pick Peggy up, but they fell back when Peggy gleefully waved them away. It was a lot of fun to ride on the Giant's shoulder—he was so tall and big and strong.

Soon they came out of the woods and upon the road. Down the road a short distance was a splendid looking farm with fine buildings and neat fences.

"That would be a fine place to work! See if you can get a job there," she advised the Giant. "I'll wait here."

As the Giant strode along toward the farm, Peggy heard the sound of sobbing coming from behind a hedge. Peering over the top she saw two big

boys, regular young men, crying as if their hearts would break.

"Why, what big babies!" thought Peggy. Then she remembered how she had misjudged the Giant. Perhaps she was misjudging them.

"What's the matter? Can I help you?" she asked. The boys didn't look up. They kept their heads down, while their bodies shook with their big sobs.

"Can't you tell me?" coaxed Peggy. "We want to fight for our country, one of them answered.

"Why don't you, then?" she asked. "Because we have to stay here and work the farm."

"That big farm across the road?" asked Peggy.

"No, this farm here," answered the boy. "Father is poor and can't hire any one to take our places. So we

must stay here when our country needs every able-bodied young man to fight in France."

"Oh, wait! Wait! Maybe I can help you."

The boys looked up curiously, then disappointedly. They saw only the empty air, for Peggy, invisible to them, was speeding down the road, hoping, as she ran, that the Giant hadn't already hired himself.

50-50 PROPOSITION

Half our profits from all wells drilled on our 1,000 acres of Oil Land at High Island, Texas, and from all wells drilled on our proven leases in the heart of the Famous Humble Gusher Oil Field will be divided proportionately among purchasers of \$30 quarter-acre tracts of our High Island property.

We are simply selling \$30 quarter-acre tracts in order to quickly raise drilling fund to drill on both properties, and we are meeting with splendid success.

High Island is geologically approved by the U. S. Government geological experts, and we positively believe we will be successful in bringing in even greater gushers than have been brought in in practically every county adjoining.

Even should we fail to bring in a single drop of oil at High Island, we should be certain to make splendid profits for our \$30 tract purchasers from our proven lease, where we already know we have the oil.

It doesn't require nerve, just good common sense, to decide to invest as little as \$30 where your investment is so safe, and where the prospects of making you independent are unlimited. You can buy as many tracts as you want. One whole acre only costs you \$120.

Send at once for free bulletin, with government reports, maps and full particulars.

Orders will be accepted for a short while, one-third down, balance in 30 and 60 days.

Operating under permit, in compliance with the laws of this state.

Gulf Coast Development Company

Tyler 398. 740 First National Bank Building, OMAHA, NEB.

Simple Simons Signs.



Complete the letters of Simon's sign—they will spell the name of a famous American president. (Answer given tomorrow).

Answer to previous puzzle—RUBENS.

weights, will meet here July 4, in a wrestling bout for the championship of the world. Articles of agreement were signed here today.

MRS. ED. SHEEREN GAINED TWENTY- THREE POUNDS

Suffering of Twelve Years
Standing Now Ended and
She Feels Pine.

"I have had a long, hard struggle with ill-health, but by the help of Tanlac I have at last overcome my troubles, and have actually gained twenty-three pounds in weight besides."

"Nearly twelve years ago," she continued, "I had a very severe spell of typhoid fever, which left my nerves all shattered, and my stomach in an awful condition. My food would not digest, but would just lay in my stomach and sour and ferment and make trouble for me. I would often get up in the mornings, nauseated and was constantly belching up particles of undigested food. My nerves were so torn up that I could hardly sleep, and I suffered with headache night and day. I had a continual pain across my back and all down one side of my body, and was down in bed all last summer, unable to turn my hands to a thing. I suffered until I was almost distracted."

"I got down to where I weighed only one hundred and thirty-four pounds and kept getting thinner and weaker all the time. I made up my mind from what I read in the papers about Tanlac to try it, and it has done me more good than I ever expected. My appetite is splendid now, and I can eat just anything I want without feeling a sign of indigestion or sour stomach. My nerves are strong and steady, I sleep like a child every night, and get up in the mornings feeling fine. I have not felt the pain in my back and side since shortly after I began taking Tanlac, and it has built me up until now I weigh one hundred and sixty-seven pounds, making an actual gain of twenty-three pounds. I, of course, think Tanlac is the grandest medicine in the world. I have the best of reasons for praising it, and hope others will take it and find relief."

Here is another instance of the wonderful reconstructive powers of Tanlac, and Mrs. Sheeren is only one of many thousands who have taken it with the same gratifying results. Tanlac proved of great benefit to her simply because it contains certain medicinal properties, which enrich the blood and promotes a healthy appetite for nourishing food, thus helping to build up health and strength in the natural way. Tanlac has been very successful in overcoming nervousness and sleeplessness, not from a quieting effect on the nerves, but by strengthening the nerves and body and bringing back the normal state of health through its effect on the appetite and nutrition of the body.

Tanlac is sold in Omaha by Sherman & McConnell Drug Co., corner Sixteenth and Dodge streets; Sixteenth and Harney; Owl Drug company, Sixteenth and Farnam streets; Harvard Pharmacy, Twenty-fourth and Farnam streets; northeast corner Nineteenth and Farnam streets, and West End Pharmacy, corner Forty-ninth and Dodge streets, under the personal direction of a special Tanlac representative.—Advertisement



(Mrs. Wilson is assisting at the daily rites performed before the altar of her grand-son, Master John Edward Phillips, Jr.)

Give Him A Fair Start

MRS. WILSON: Why, Molly, you don't give that poor little tyke a cathartic every day, do you?

MOLLY PHILLIPS: This isn't a cathartic, mother. It's Nujol. It was the only thing I could use while the baby was nursing; I was terribly constipated, you know, just after he was born.

MRS. WILSON: Well, that's to be expected, I guess. I remember the trouble I had when you were born, dear.

MOLLY: Oh, mother, I was in awful shape. I tried everything. And everything failed. All the laxatives and cathartics I was taking began to affect the baby. He had colic and lost weight. My milk really seemed to poison him. Then the doctor ordered the Nujol treatment. You know the body doesn't absorb Nujol at all and consequently Nujol doesn't affect the milk,—it passes

smoothly along the intestines, softening and clearing out the food waste as it goes. It was an ideal treatment for my condition.

MRS. WILSON: Does it work quickly?

MOLLY: No—it depends on the individual. It took me several days, but since then I've been regular as clockwork. That's one of the best things about it. There's no griping, no violent action—isn't it funny, mother, that some people don't feel they are getting results unless they get disturbance and rough treatment in the process! You would never know you had taken Nujol—it's so gentle. It simply softens the contents of the bowels and prevents the drying out and collecting of poison matter in the 'colon'—the large intestine. That's where almost all disease breeds you know.

MRS. WILSON: How do you feel after taking it?

MOLLY: Oh, nothing but good effects—because there are no drugs in Nujol. That's why it can be taken regularly. You don't have to set aside a day to recover from it every time.

MRS. WILSON: Do you give it to the baby regularly now?

MOLLY: Yes, indeed, he's already started. Every baby is born with a natural kink in his bowels—it has to straighten out naturally, and Nujol prevents any obstruction there. It rather helps Nature to help herself. The doctor approves, and this sample of the youngest generation is going to grow up thinking Nujol inside is just as important as his morning bath outside—which it is. And mother, look here!

MRS. WILSON: Yes, Molly? MOLLY: See how well he takes it!

For your own protection insist that the druggist give you the genuine Nujol, in a sealed and capped bottle, bearing the Nujol trademark in red—never otherwise. Nujol is absolutely pure and harmless. Inferior substitutes may give unpleasant results. Genuine Nujol sold by all druggists in the U. S. and Canada.

Send 50 cents and we will ship new kit size bottle to U. S. soldiers and sailors anywhere. Write for attractive free booklet on the Nujol treatment: Section 5, Nujol Dept., Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey), Bayonne, N. J.

"Regular as Clockwork"

