

9,000 PROFIT BY WAGE BOOSTS ON NEBRASKA LINES

More Than 2,500 in Omaha to Receive Salary Increases by New McAdoo Rail Order.

Railroad shopmen of Omaha are in high spirits over the increase in wages coming to them as a result of the order of Director General McAdoo.

The McAdoo order affects more than 9,000 persons in Nebraska, about 2,500 of whom are residents of Omaha. Not all of the people affected are men, for in the shops of the Union Pacific here and the Burlington at Havelock many women are employed.

In the Union Pacific shops in Omaha 2,000 will receive the wage increase. Employees in other shops on the line number 4,000, about 1,800 of whom are at Grand Island and North Platte.

In the Burlington shops in Omaha 200 persons are engaged, with about 2,300 in the Havelock and Alliance shops.

The Northwestern employs 250 persons in the local and other shops of the Nebraska lines.

The Missouri Pacific employs 300 persons in the Omaha and the Falls City shops, while the Rock Island has 150 in its Fairbury shops.

According to the McAdoo order, the increased wage is to be retroactive and is to date from January 1, this year.

"Dreamland Adventures"

By DADDY. Peggy's Bird Circus. A complete, new adventure each week, beginning Monday and ending Saturday.

CHAPTER V. Sambo Takes the Stage. (Peggy, aided by her Birds, gives a show to cheer up soldiers about to start for France.)

PEGGY didn't have to tell the Birds what to do next. They acted as if they had been doing circus stunts all their life, and went ahead with a performance that astonished Peggy and delighted the soldiers. Ben and Bill played everything they could think of on the accordion and mouth-organ, while the soldier orchestra in the pit tried to keep up with them. And for every piece they played the Birds had something different to offer.

When they swung into dance music, Blue Heron and his companion Herons did the oddest minuet Peggy had ever seen, filled with stately bows and long, slow steps. When they broke into a jig Mr. and Mrs. Bob Olink bobbed up and down in an aerial clog. They tried a bit of opera, only to have the Canaries and Mocking Birds carry the air and strut around the stage like real prima donnas. They switched to circus kind of music and Judge Owl began to turn somersaults, the others following him, most of them on the stage, but some high in the air.

Peggy ran to the wings to dress General Swallow and Miss Purple Swallow in her dotage clothes. There was the recreation director clapping his hands enthusiastically. "This beats any circus I've ever seen," he declared warmly. When General Swallow and Miss Purple Swallow were dressed Ben and Bill played a love song, and the two birds acted it out as prettily as though they were two human lovers. He put his wing tenderly around her as they strolled along, and when he kissed her the soldiers giggled and made a music sound that drowned out the music of the orchestra.

In the midst of the show Judge Owl strutted out to the footlights, and before Peggy could stop him, began to hoot one of his poems:

"When you journey o'er the foam, Leaving all of us at home, Chase the Hun as you would sin Cross the Rhine right to Berlin. The soldiers couldn't understand Owl language, but they laughed so much at the Judge's queer hoots that Peggy wrote out his poem on a blackboard. The soldiers yelled in glee as they read the words. One of them started to sing them, making up the melody as he went along. In a minute the whole crowd was following and Judge Owl found that he had composed a popular song. It encouraged him so much that he went right on with the second verse:

"When you get to old Potsdam, Having smashed its guard kerlam, Fill Von Hindenburg with lead. Stand the kaiser on his head." As the soldiers sang this verse Judge Owl flopped over and stood on his head. All the other Birds tried to do the same and the audience roared its approval. Peggy felt that the show was making an immense hit.

Now there came a loud tapping at one of the windows. Every one turned that way and a young soldier threw the window open. In flew an army that made Uncle Sam's boys blink in astonishment. "Cro-a-k! Cro-a-k! Cro-a-k!" cried the invaders in a hoarse battle cry. "It's General Croaker and his Frog Army," cried Peggy, fairly bubbling over with pleasure. The Frogs were mounted on dashing kildeers, which flew around the theater in military formations before alighting on the stage. There the frogs dismounted and went through a hopping drill that caused the soldiers to laugh and to applaud.

Sambo in the orchestra began to chuckle to himself. Peggy saw him reach out his hand towards the Frogs several times and then draw back. After their drill the Frogs began to play leapfrog, to turn double and triple somersaults and do a round of sensational tumbling stunts, for all the world look a troop of circus acrobats. One of them in doing a string of triple somersaults landed in the footlights. Quick as a flash Sambo leaped to his feet, grabbed the Frog and held him up.

"Frog Legs, yum, yum! Just like chicken!" he shouted. Peggy gasped with dismay and started to run to the Frog's rescue. But Blue Heron was the before her. He had seized the padded drumstick again and he brought it down upon Sambo's head with a vigorous wham! Sambo's

Life Story of EDWARD A. RUMELY

Man Who Bought the New York Mail for the Kaiser

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(A series of articles sketching the career of Dr. Edward A. Rumely, who has been arrested on a charge of having bought the New York Evening Mail with money furnished by the German government and of having used it for German propaganda.)

By FRANK STOCKBRIDGE. (Former Managing Editor of the Evening Mail.)

"That's agreed," said Dr. Rumely. "I am going back to New York in a day or two, and I expect to have the whole deal closed in a couple of weeks. I'll write you when it is settled."

Again I confided in my wise old friend. He shook his head. "It doesn't smell good to me," he said, "but if they are going to try any funny business you can do more good on the job than on the outside. Better go along, but watch your step."

A month passed without word. Then Dr. Rumely telephoned me from Rolling Prairie that he was making progress and that I should hold myself in readiness for a quick call to New York. There was some exchange of letters and telegrams in the next two or three weeks; then he called me up from New York by telephone and said the deal was closed and that he wanted to get the best possible man as auditor and business manager. Whom could I suggest?

It happened that I had lunched that day with Frank M. Lambin, formerly auditor of the Chicago Tribune. I told Mr. Rumely Lambin would be the very man if he would come with us. He asked me to write him at once all I knew about Lambin, which I did. A few days later he came to Chicago and again I met him at the Union League club, this time for luncheon. Here he introduced me to Horace Brand, the editor and publisher of the Illinois Staats Zeitung, the oldest German daily in Chicago, which has recently suspended publication. He had been talking to Mr. Brand about his New York venture, for when he left us to go to the telephone Mr. Brand began to talk to me about it. We both agreed that Dr. Rumely would know a great deal more about the newspaper business

shout was turned to a howl and he let the Frog go. Again Blue Heron brought down the drumstick and Sambo dodged just in time to get a slam on the ear. The audience yelled its approval.

"Hey there, you Heron. What are you trying to do, steal my comedy stuff?" cried a rough voice. Peggy looked toward the window. There was Bally Sam. She had forgotten all about him in the excitement of starting the show. "Let me in! I'll show you how to be funny!" he he-hawed.

"Come around to the stage door," ordered Peggy. Bally Sam disappeared, and in a moment made a grand entrance upon the stage. He was walking on his hind legs, while behind him, with his forehoofs upon his back, was a goat. Behind the goat, also walking on his hind legs, was a fierce looking English bulldog. The three paraded around the stage.

"Didn't I tell you I was a circus mule," he-hawed Bally Sam to Peggy as he passed her. "I'm going to do a lot of funny stunts. I brought along Billy Goat and Johnny Bull. They are company mascots and good pals of mine."

Johnny Bull growled menacingly. Presently Peggy made out he was giving her a warning.

"There's a fellow back on the stage we'd better keep our eye on," he said. "He looks like a Hun to me."

Peggy looked back, and sure enough there among the stage hands was a villainous looking chap, who was scowling out at the American soldiers as if he hated every one of them. She would probably have paid more attention to him, but just then Bally Sam started his stunts. He walked over to Sambo's corner and looked down at the negro. Sambo was still rubbing his head.

"Come up on the stage," he-hawed Bally Sam. But, of course, Sambo didn't understand. He just made a face at Bally Sam.

"Ah didn't come here to see no mules an' dogs act," he said sulkily. Bally Sam winked at the audience, then winked at Johnny Bull. Johnny jumped over the footlights and down into the orchestra pit. Sambo, with a howl of fear, leaped upon his seat. As he did so Bally Sam leaned over, caught his shirt in his teeth, and dragged him over the footlights. Johnny Bull followed right after, showing threatening rows of teeth, beside him pranced Billy Goat.

"Gracious!" thought Peggy. "I wonder what's going to happen."

(In the next chapter Bally Sam shows what he would do to a Hun, and also proves himself a hero.)

very shortly than he had yet learned. The doctor was returning to New York that evening. He wanted me to sound out Lambin and find out whether he would come to New York. Lambin finally on my persuasion agreed to come along for a limited period; he had, however, committed himself to another concern and could not hope to stave them off for more than three or four months. A few days later Dr. Rumely returned to Chicago, I introduced Lambin to him, and on Monday, May 6, 1915, Dr. Rumely, Lambin and myself started for New York together.

The conversation on the train was almost exclusively on details of newspaper business management. Lambin, doing most of the talking and Dr. Rumely questioning him. The doctor explained he had all his financial arrangements made, but would not be in a position to close with either of us until some final step, which he did not explain, had been taken. Meantime he wanted us in New York for conferences with Mr. McClure and himself, and to look over the Mail plant and help him pick out a site for a new building.

Dr. Rumely had a suite of rooms at the Manhattan hotel. He invited Lambin and myself to put up with him, but Lambin preferred another hotel and I decided to stop at a friend's apartment. For a couple of days, however, we spent most of our time sitting around the Manhattan talking with Mr. McClure, watching Dr. Rumely dash in and out or hold long conferences with bearded gentlemen of ample girth, of whom there

would be excellent circulation builders. As we took our leave, Dr. Rumely asked Lambin and myself to have breakfast with him the following morning. "Be here promptly at 8 o'clock," he said. We promised.

Telephoned to Doctor's Room. At 8 o'clock on Wednesday morning Lambin and I met in the hotel lobby and telephoned up to the doctor's room. He came down at once, but instead of turning toward the dining room led us to the Forty-third street entrance to the hotel. He called a taxicab and motioned us into it. "To the Ritz-Carlton," he ordered the chauffeur. It was raining hard and the car moved slowly. The doctor jumped out first as it stopped at the Madison avenue entrance to the Ritz and led the way with the air of one familiar with the route to an elevator. The elevator deposited us in the lobby of a private suite. A liveried servant stood by a door. Dr. Rumely handed him his card and spoke sharply to him in German. I caught the word "Excellenz."

"There seem to be a lot of Germans around here," I remarked, "and one or two men whom I know to be international crooks. Why does Dr. Rumely stay here? Is he getting the money for the paper from German sources?"

"It is all coming from Americans, he assures me," Mr. McClure replied. "I would not be with him if it were not. I have known the doctor a long time, and I believe him to be perfectly honest. I am willing to accept his assurance that it is all American money. I think you can rely on that."

On Tuesday evening we had a long conference in Dr. Rumely's rooms at the hotel. Mr. McClure, Lambin and myself discussed the newspaper business from various standpoints, and Mr. McClure particularly talked about certain features which he thought

The servant took the card inside. A moment later he opened the door and bowed us in. We passed through a hall, where we left our hats, to a dining room. The table was laid for six. A round, bearded man and a tall, thin man with an upturned mustache, who clicked his heels together when he bowed, welcomed us.

Dr. Rumely greeted them obsequiously, then introduced Lambin and myself to Dr. Dernburg and Captain Albert. (In his next article Mr. Stockbridge tells what happened at breakfast with the kaiser's American publicity agent and the paymaster of the German embassy.)

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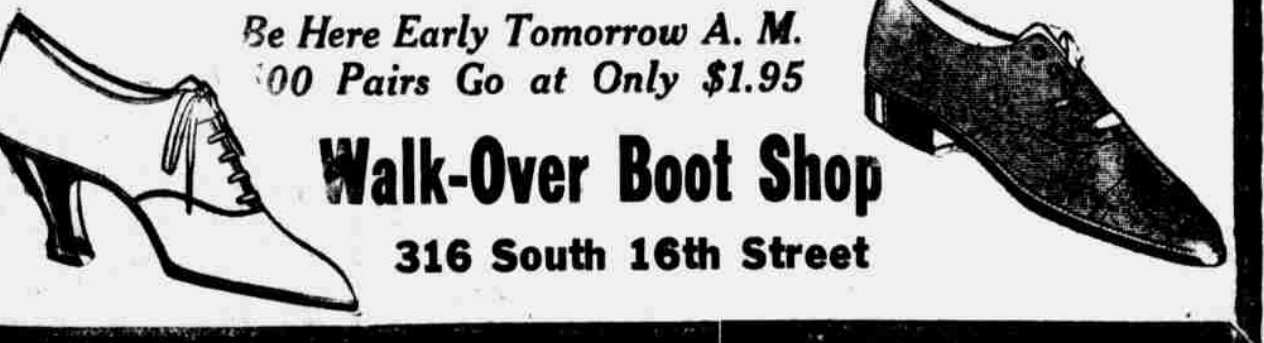
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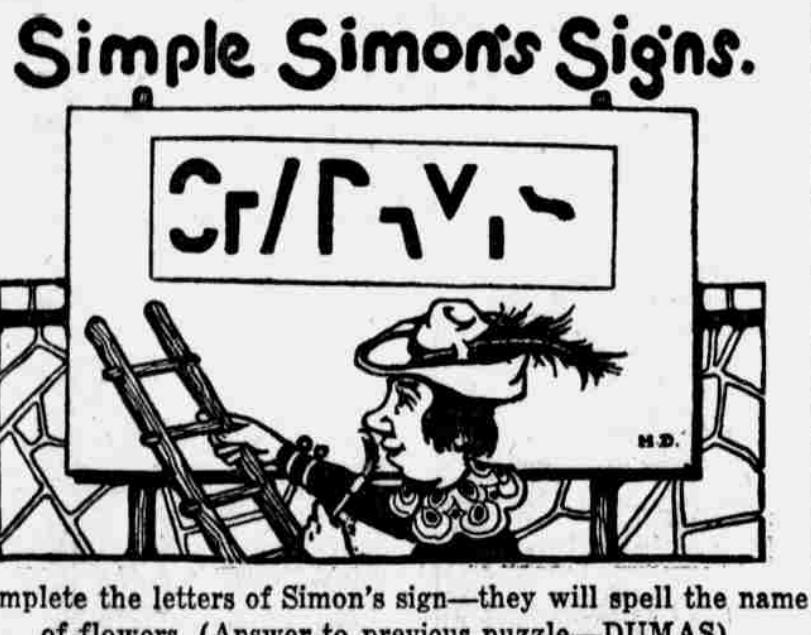
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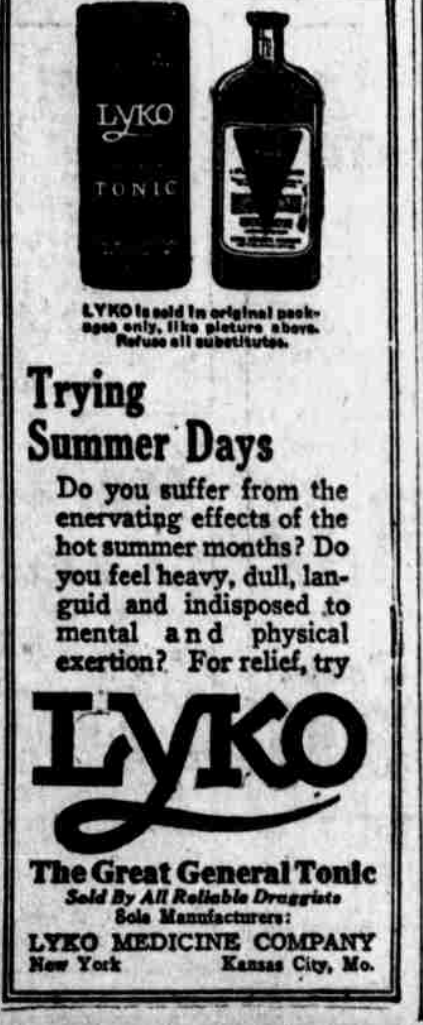
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