

TWENTY-FIVE MEN HELD IN JAIL BY FEDERAL AGENTS

Many Alleged Slackers Succeed in Proving Status and in Obtaining Release From Custody.

Of the 71 alleged slackers caught in the federal net Thursday night when federal, state county and city officers, assisted by the local home guard unit, business men and others, spread a drag net all over Douglas county and instituted one of the greatest slacker raids ever attempted anywhere in the country, but 25 of them remain in custody of the Department of Justice. They are being held in the county jail. Proper credentials were shown Friday by 46 of the men and they were ordered released.

All day long Friday, mothers, fathers, brothers, sisters, aunts, uncles and even sweethearts besieged the office of Special Agent Eberstein in an almost frenzied effort to get registrants released from jail, and many a young man with otherwise good intentions was taught a lesson that will remember during the rest of the war and that is: "Always have your registration credentials with you, for you do not know when you will be called upon to show them to some officer."

Twenty-five Are Held. Twenty-five are being held at the county jail while their status is being investigated. As soon as they can show that they have been properly registered and have complied with the other rules of the selective service act they will be given their liberty. It is thought, however, that very few of them will be able to qualify and, according to instructions from the War department, they will be inducted into the army. Following is a list of those still in custody:

- Elmer Brooks, 2511 N Twenty-sixth. James Walters, 2831 Howard. Charles Smith, 1413 North Eighteenth. Will Morris, North Twenty-fourth. Bud Peice, 1214 South Thirty-first. Amy Ladd, Thirtieth and Howard. Gus Jumbro, 291 G. Creeta Trojkorsh, 5235 South Twenty-fourth. Mike Nuelick, 6515 South Thirty-third. Claude Ashby, O'Brien hotel. Enoch Peterson, 2519 Fort. Lawrence Williams, 204 Paul. Jim Winkler, 1217 G. John Porter, Thirtieth street. Laskaris H. Nicholson, 207 South Fourth. Stephen Waters, 4622 South Twenty-third. Mack, South Side. Arthur Johnson, 1818 South Thirtieth. Roy B. Thompson, 1318 Corby. Sex Waters, 507 South Thirtieth. Mike Collins, 2028 Pierce. Joe Frazee, 523 South Twenty-fourth. Angelo Confalone, 107 North Forty-first. Edward F. Ellis 2011 Cass. Elix Swinton, Darlington, S. C.

Search to Continue. According to Special Agent Eberstein the search will continue for several days, or at least until the department is satisfied that the slackers have been gathered in. A large per cent of those being held are negroes.

Fewer Automobiles Stolen, Is Report of Detectives

According to Acting Chief of Detectives Dunn automobile thieves have decreased their operation to an average of one car a day. The detective department has the situation pretty well in hand, he says, and the numerous arrests of auto thieves during the past few days has put a quietus on auto thefts in Omaha. Friday, W. J. Kirtland, 722 Brandeis theater building, reported that his car had been taken from the corner of Fourteenth and Jackson streets. Later the car was recovered by Mr. Kirtland in Bemis park.

Douglas County Boys to Report for Army Service

The following named Omaha and Douglas county boys have been notified by the local exemption boards to report for army service during the five days beginning August 26: W. F. Maack, William Rose. R. B. Falsoner, L. J. Silver. E. C. Wenger, G. R. Green. C. E. Peterson, F. J. Beloved. W. F. Fegers, M. Anderson. W. H. Kincaid, Albin Adamson. G. N. Desler, Rinaldo Sibilla. H. C. Eicke, F. J. Craig. B. Lundgren, Joe Mieswa. William Thompson, Arthur Hoerath. Jake Williams.

Omaha Printers Lay Plans For Picnic in Elmwood

Omaha union printers are planning for a basket picnic for Sunday at Elmwood park. While it is arranged for by a committee of Omaha Typographical union No. 190, it will be an individual affair, each member bringing his own basket and sugar. The entertainment will be for all, and with wives, sweethearts, children and friends, the afternoon will be made a pleasant one.

Suppress Slav Movement.

Washington, Aug. 16.—Information from Swiss sources transmitted in an official Rome dispatch today says the Austrian government has decided to take the most severe measures in an effort to repress the Jugo-Slav movement.

One-Night Cuticura Treatment for Red Rough Hands. Soak hands for some minutes on a hot water bath. Dry and gently rub them with Cuticura Ointment until it creams. Wipe off surplus ointment with tissue paper. Nothing better than these super-creamy emollients for red, rough, chapped or irritated hands. A boon to young housewives. Sample Each Free by Mail. Address post-card, Cuticura, Dept. 124, Boston. Sold everywhere. Price, 25c. Ointment 50c and 50c. Tablets 25c.

OH, MONEY! MONEY! By Eleanor H. Porter

Copyright, 1918, by Eleanor H. Porter and by the Public Ledger Co. All Rights Reserved. THE STORY THUS FAR. Stanley G. Fulton, multimillionaire, tells his lawyer, Edward D. Norton, that he is going to give three of his heirs, unknown to him, \$100,000 apiece and intends to be in their home town, Hillerton, when they get the money. Whether they get the balance of his estate will depend upon how they use the first legacy. The fact is then advertised that Fulton is going to South America. Just at that time "Mr. John Smith" appears in Hillerton. He says he is a remote connection of the Blaisdell family (the Fulton heirs) and he is there to get material for a book on their history. He meets the Fulton heirs, James Blaisdell, a real estate agent; Frank Blaisdell, a grocer; and Eliza Blaisdell, a dressmaker. Mrs. James Blaisdell is a social climber; Mrs. Frank Blaisdell believes a penny saved is a penny gained. Everywhere John Smith goes he hears of "Poor Maggie." Maggie Duff is the daughter of the mother of the Blaisdells. She has sacrificed herself to her loving and grouchy father and is imposed on by the women of the Blaisdell family. Mr. Smith goes to room with Mrs. Frank Blaisdell. He likes the daughter of the house, Mellicent, who has been denied all pretty things because of her mother's aversion to her. Mr. Smith visiting Mrs. James Blaisdell, meets poor Maggie. She is 45 years old, but she is light as a girl and good to look at.

CHAPTER IV (Continued) It was that afternoon that Mr. Smith began systematically to gather material for his Blaisdell book. He would first visit by turns all the Miller-ton Blaisdells, he decided; then, when he had exhausted their resources, he would, of course, turn to the town records and cemeteries of Hillerton and the neighboring villages. Armed with a pencil and a very businesslike looking notebook, therefore, he started at 2 o'clock for the home of James Blaisdell. Remembering Mr. Blaisdell's kind permission to come and ask all the questions he liked, he deemed it fitting to begin there. He had no trouble in finding the house, but there was no one in sight this time, as he ascended the steps. The house, indeed, seemed strangely quiet. He was just about to ring the bell when around the corner of the veranda came a hurried step and a warning voice. "Oh, please, don't ring the bell! What is it? Isn't it something that I can do for you?" Mr. Smith turned sharply. He thought at first from the trim, slender figure, and the waving hair above the gracefully poised head that he was confronting a young woman. Then he saw the silver threads at the temples and the fine lines about the eyes. "I am looking for Mrs. Blaisdell—Mrs. James Blaisdell," he answered, lifting his hat. "Oh, you're Mr. Smith. Aren't you Mr. Smith?" She smiled brightly, then went on before he could reply. "You see, Benny told me. He described you perfectly. The man's eyebrows went up. 'Oh, did he? The young rascal! I fancy I should be edified to hear it—that description.' The other laughed. Then, a bit roguishly, she demanded: 'Should you like to hear it—really?' 'Certainly should. I've already collected a few samples of Benny's descriptive powers.' 'Then you shall have this one. Sit down, Mr. Smith.' She mentioned him to a chair, and dropped easily into one herself. 'Benny said you were tall and not fat; that you had a wreath of light hair round a bald spot, and whiskers that were clipped as even as Mr. Pen-nock's hedge; and that your lips, without speaking, said, 'Run away, little boy, but that your eyes said, Come here.' Now I think Benny did pretty well. 'So I judge, since you recognized

me without any difficulty," rejoined Mr. Smith a bit dryly. "But—you see you have the advantage of me. Benny hasn't described you to me." He paused significantly. "Oh, I'm just here to help out Mrs. Blaisdell. She is ill upstairs—one of her headaches. That is why I asked you not to ring. She gets so nervous when the bell rings. She thinks it's callers, and that she won't be ready to receive them; and she hurries up and begins to dress. So I asked you not to ring." "But she isn't seriously ill?" "Oh, no, just a headache. She has them often. You wanted to see her?" "Yes. But it's not important at all. Another time, just as well. Some questions—that is all." "Oh for the book, of course. Oh, yes, I have heard about that, too." She smiled again brightly. "But can't you wait? Mr. Blaisdell will soon be here. He's coming early so I can go home. I have to go home." "And you are—?" "Miss Duff. My name is Duff." "You don't mean—'Poor Maggie'?" (Not until the words were out did Mr. Smith realize quite how they would sound. "Er—ah—that is—") He stumbled miserably, and she came to his rescue. "Oh, yes, I'm—'Poor Maggie.'" There was an odd something in her expressive face that Mr. Smith could not fathom. He was groping for something—anything to say, when suddenly the little woman at his side sprang to her feet. "Oh, Hattie, you came down!" she exclaimed as Mrs. James Blaisdell opened the screen door and stepped out on to the veranda. "Here's Mrs. Blaisdell now, Mr. Smith." "Oh, it's only Mr. Smith!" With a look very like annoyance Mrs. Blaisdell advanced and held out her hand. She looked pale, and her hair hung a bit untidily about one ear below a somewhat twisted pyramid of puffs. Her dress, though manifestly an expensive one, showed haste in its fastenings. "Yes, I heard voices, and I thought some one had come—a caller. So I came down." "I'm glad—if you're better," smiled Miss Maggie. "Then I'll go, if you don't mind. Mr. Smith has come to ask you some questions, Hattie. Good-bye!" With another cheery smile and a nod to Mr. Smith, she disappeared into the house. A minute later Mr. Smith saw her hurrying down a side path to the street. "You called to ask some questions?" Mrs. Blaisdell sank languidly into a chair. "About the Blaisdell family—yes, but perhaps another day, when you are feeling better, Mrs. Blaisdell." "Oh, no." She smiled a little more cordially. "I can answer today as well as any time—though I'm not sure I can tell you very much, ever." "I think it's fine you are making the book, though. Some way it gives a family such a standing, to be written up like that. Don't you think so? And the Blaisdells are really a very nice family—one of the oldest in Hillerton, though of course, they haven't much money." "I ought to find a good deal of material here, then, if they have lived here so long." "Yes, I suppose so. Now, what can I tell you? Of course, I can tell you about my own family. My husband is in the real estate business. You know that, didn't you? Perhaps you see The Real Estate Journal. His picture was in it a year ago last June. There was a write-up on Hillerton. I was in it, too, though there wasn't much about me. But I've got other clippings with more, if you'd like to see them—where

Don't you think so? But maybe you're a bachelor?" "Yes, I'm a bachelor." "Are you, indeed? Well, you miss a lot of course—home and wife and children. Still you gain some things. You aren't tied down, and you don't have so much to worry about. Is your mother living, or your father?" "No—I have no—near relatives." Mr. Smith stirred a little uneasily, and adjusted his book. "Perhaps now, Mrs. Blaisdell, you can give me your own maiden name?" "Oh, yes, I can give you that!" She laughed and bridled—li-consciously. "But you needn't ask when I was born, for I shan't tell you, if you can. My name was Hattie Snow." "Harriet, I presume," Mr. Smith's pencil was busily at work. "Yes—Harriet Snow. And the Snows were just as good as the Blaisdells, if I do say it. There were a lot that wanted me—oh, I was pretty then, Mr. Smith." She laughed, and bridled again self-consciously. "But I took Jim. He was handsome then, very—big dark eyes and dark hair, and so dreamy and poetical-looking; and there wasn't a girl that hadn't set her cap for him. And he's been a good husband to me. To be sure, he isn't quite so ambitious as he might be, perhaps. I always did believe in being somebody, and getting somewhere. Don't you? But Jim—he's all ways for hanging back and saying how much it'll cost. Then to one he doesn't end up by saying we can't afford it. He's like Jane—Frank's wife, where you soared, you know—only Jane's worse than Jim ever thought of being. She won't spend even what she's got. If she's got 10 dollars, she won't spend but 5 cents, if she can help it. Now, I believe in taking some comfort as you go along. But Jane—greatest saver I ever did see. Better look out, Mr. Smith, that she doesn't try to save feeding you at all!" she finished merrily. "I'm not worrying!" Mr. Smith smiled cheerily, snapped his book shut and got to his feet. "Oh, won't you wait for Mr. Blaisdell? He can tell you more, I'm sure." "Not today, thank you. At his office, some time, I'll see Mr. Blaisdell," murmured Mr. Smith, with an odd haste. "But I thank you very much, Mrs. Blaisdell," he bowed in farewell. (Continued Tomorrow)

I've poured and been hostess, and all that, you know." Mr. Smith took out his notebook and pencil. "Let me see, Mrs. Blaisdell, your husband's father's name was Rufus, I believe. What was his mother's maiden name, please?" "His mother's maiden name? Oh, 'Elizabeth.' Our little girl is named for her—Bessie, you know—you saw her last night. Jim wanted to, so I let him. It's a pretty name—Elizabeth—still, it sounds a little old-fashioned now, don't you think? Of course, we are anxious to have everything just right for our daughter. A young lady soon coming out, so—won't be too particular. That's one reason why I wanted to get over here on the West Side, I mean. Every body who is anybody lives on the West Side in Hillerton. You'll soon find that out."

"No doubt, no doubt! And your mother Blaisdell's surname?" Mr. Smith's pencil was poised over the open note book. "Surname? Mother Blaisdell's? Oh, before she was married, I see. But, dear me, I don't know. I suppose Jim will, or Flora, or maybe Frank—though I don't believe he will, unless her folks kept groceries. Did you ever see anybody that didn't know anything but groceries like Frank Blaisdell?" The lady sighed and shrugged her somewhat heavy shoulders with an expressive glance. Mr. Smith smiled understandingly. "Oh, well, it's good—to be interested in one's business, you know." "But such a business!" murmured the lady, with another shrug. "Blaisdell's surname?" "No. But Jim—Oh, I'll tell you who will know, she broke off interestedly; "and that's Maggie Duff. You saw her here a few minutes ago, you know. Father Duff's got all of Mother Blaisdell's papers and diaries. Oh, Maggie can tell you a lot of things. Poor Maggie! Benny says if we want anything we ask Aunt Maggie, and I don't know but he's right. And here I am, sending you to her, so soon!" "Very well, then," smiled Mr. Smith. "I don't see but what I shall have to interview Miss Maggie, and Miss Flora. Is there nothing more, then, that you can tell me?" "Well, there's Fred, my son. You haven't seen him yet. We're very proud of Fred. He's at the head of his class, and he's going to college and be a lawyer. And that's another reason why I wanted to come over to this side—on Fred's account. I want him to meet the right sort of people. You know it helps so much! We think we're going to have Fred a big man some day." "And he was born, when?" Mr. Smith's pencil was still poised above an almost entirely blank page. "He's 17. He'll be 18 the 10th of next month." "And Miss Bessie, and Benny?" "Oh, she's 16. She'll be 17 next winter. She wants to come out then, but I think I shall wait—a little, she's so very young; though Gussie Pen-nock's out, and she's only 17, and the Pen-nocks are some of our very best people. They're the richest folks in town, you know." "And Benny was born—when?" "He's 8—or rather 9, next Tuesday. Dear me, Mr. Smith, don't you want anything but dates? They're tiresome things, I think—make one feel so old, you know, and it shows up how many years you've been married."

Clynes Says There is No Such Things as German Conscience

London, Aug. 16.—The military machine of Germany, the aggressor in the war, now is badly battered and the autocratic designs of Prussian militarism are held in the grip of allied arms representing the democratic nations of the world, said John R. Clynes, food minister, at the first annual conference of the National Federation of General Workers, of which he is president, in London today. Labor must fight for the principle and spirit of democracy or surrender to the kaiser's notion of "rule by divine" right, claimed for his throne. Mr. Clynes said he had never believed in any claim for or appeal to what has been called the German moral conscience. Negotiations for peace are impossible until unmistakable signs are given by Germany that the principles for which labor is fighting are to take the place of autocracy in force. Only the German people, he said, could destroy kaiserism and Prussian militarism, but the speaker believed that the allied armies had to fight on to convince the German people that they must do it themselves.

BELL-ANS Absolutely Removes Indigestion. Druggists refund money if it fails. 25c

Teuton Airplanes Make Raid on Paris; Few Victims

Paris, Aug. 16.—Several bombs were dropped in the Paris region late last night by German airplanes, says an official statement issued early today. There were only a few victims. "Sounds of engines having been re-

ported by lookout posts in the region north of Paris, the alarm was given at 10:52 o'clock (Thursday). The enemy airplanes were violently shelled by the defense batteries. Several bombs were thrown in the Paris region. There were a few victims and some material damage. "All clear" was sounded at 12:36 o'clock Friday morning."

BERG SUITS ME 1415 Farnam St. 1415 Farnam St. The Season's Last Call Prepare for another day. Styles next season will be the same. BUT PRICES—? All Hot Weather Suits REDUCED \$10.00 and \$12.00 Suits \$15.00 and \$18.00 Suits \$8.50 \$12.50 \$20.00 and \$25.00 Suits \$17.50 MANHATTAN SHIRT SALE 25% OFF ON BATHING SUITS \$2.00 Shirts.. \$1.65 2.50 Shirts.. 1.85 3.00 Shirts.. 2.15 3.50 Shirts.. 2.85 4.00 Shirts.. 3.15 10.00 Shirts.. 7.65 13.50 Shirts.. 8.35 STAR AND B SPECIAL SHIRT \$1.50 Shirts.. \$1.15 \$2.00 Shirts.. 2.15 3.00 Shirts.. 2.15 5.00 Silk... 3.45 6.50 Silk... 4.95 7.50 Silk... 5.95 8.50 Silk... 6.45 10.00 Silk... 7.95 Straw Hats and Toys 95c and \$1.25 at two prices. Bangkoks and Panamas \$2—\$3—\$4 Berg Clothing Co.

BURGESS-NASH COMPANY "EVERYBODY'S STORE" Friday, August 16, 1918 STORE NEWS FOR SATURDAY Telephone Douglas 2100 Saturday---the Last Day of Our Sensational Sale of Mina Taylor Aprons \$1.29 In the Downstairs Store THE last call—and you must not miss that call, for a sale of Mina Taylor aprons like this comes but once in a long time. Therefore, you must look ahead, anticipate your needs, and that means aprons—and buy a goodly supply for future as well as the present wear. These include apron-dress, bungalow, middy, Red Cross, Etc. Made of gingham, percale, chambray and linonette. All colors are represented as well as all sizes. NO C. O. D.'S, NO PHONE ORDERS AND NO EXCHANGES. Burgess-Nash Co.—Down Stairs Store

End-Of-Season PANTS SALE At this time of the year we accumulate many odds and ends from our Suit stocks and others left from our regular season assortments. Your choice of hundreds of them Saturday at big reductions. KHAKI TROUSERS and pants of other materials, specially suitable for garden work and hard usage. All sizes. A remarkable snap at, the pair..... \$1.48 ALL \$2.50 LINES in the entire store will be found in this group. Wholesale prices today are higher than our Clearance Sale price. Your choice..... \$1.98 ALL \$3.50 LINES, including worsteds, serges, cassimeres, in plain shades, stripes and checks. An opportunity no man can afford to overlook. In the August Clearance at..... \$2.48 \$4.50 AND \$5.00 LINES—A great choice of fine qualities, suitable for dress wear. These include the finest fabrics in complete range of sizes. Your choice..... \$3.48 Men's Oxfords, Worth to \$7.50, for \$2.95 All our Men's Oxfords in both black and tans. High-grade shoes in popular leathers, with a full range of sizes. Values up to \$7.50. All in the clearance at.. Palace CLOTHING COMPANY COR. 14th & DOUGLAS