

INDIANS GIVE UP LIFE OF EASE TO WORK FOR NATION

Omaha Redskins Hear Call of Great White Father to Lend Aid in Time of Need.

Thousands of dollars in wealth was represented in 75 Winnebago and Omaha Indians who arrived in Omaha at 6:10 Saturday evening and left at once for Chicago en route to the government powder plant at Nitro, W. Va., to take positions as day laborers. Stalwart braves in silk shirts and neatly pressed trousers, owning hundreds of acres in land on the reservations at Walthill and Winnebago and with substantial bank accounts composed the party. Harry Cohn of the Thompson-Sterrett Construction company of St. Louis, which is building the plant, was in charge of the party.

Harry Snowball, John Big Bear, John White Bear and Forest Creek are some of the Redskins who have substantial allowances from the government, and who own high-powered automobiles, but who have volunteered to work as day laborers to help construct the huge ammunition plant in the new city of Nitro. A party of 70 white men recruited from Thurston county accompanied the Indians to take jobs themselves at the plant.

Carlisle Graduates. Many of them have received good educations at government Indian schools like Carlisle and Haskell. Some of the Indians wanted to follow the example of their fellow Redskins on the reservation who are working as laborers at the South Side packing houses and who make the week-end to the reservation in their own automobiles.

A party of 48 Indians from the reservation was taken in a special train several weeks ago to Wyoming to engage in government work. John Tonrich of the United States Co-operative Employment bureau, which handles all the men placed in government jobs, was in charge of the party.

"Taps" Sounded for Franklin D. Miller, Civil War Veteran

Franklin Deloss Miller, aged 75 years, of 2436 Patrick avenue, passed away at the Swedish Mission hospital about 1 p. m., last Wednesday, following an operation occurring the previous night.

During the civil war, Mr. Miller enlisted and served in Company G, 150th Ohio volunteer regiment. In 1867, at Norwalk, O., he married Mary Wright, later moving to Albion, Neb. Twenty-eight years ago he moved to Omaha. By this marriage he is survived by seven children, the four sons being Burd of Minneapolis, Hiram and Clinton of this city, and Forest of Salt Lake City, Utah.

The three daughters are Mrs. Lulu Hoffman and Mrs. Effie Dimazzo of this city, and Mrs. Mable Stocking of Salt Lake City. Another daughter, Leora, and Mrs. Miller, the mother of this large family, passed on some years ago.

In 1904 Mr. Miller married Columbia Criser. She and two step-children survive him as well as 10 grandchildren and one grandchild.

Mr. Miller was a very devoted member of the North Side Christian church. For his age he was a remarkably active man, working at his trade as a carpenter day after day, his latest work having been done on various buildings at Fort Omaha, he being a member of the carpenters' union. He possessed a high tenor voice and for years has been a much beloved and appreciated member of the choir at the church he attended. He was also a member of the Menomah chorus.

The funeral services occurred Friday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock at the North Side Christian church, the burial being in the Grand Army of the Republic circle at Forest Lawn cemetery.

Six Divorce Petitions Are Filed in One Hour Saturday

Divorce court proceedings took a sudden spurt Saturday noon and within an hour six petitions were filed with the clerk. Those seeking the severance of marital ties were: Olivia Henrys against Melvin W., alleging cruelty; Helen Wiseman against Charles W., alleging cruelty and desertion; Emma Utterback against William, alleging cruelty and desertion; Dave Ella McAdams against Arthur, alleging cruelty and desertion; Ida S. Mills against Oscar W., alleging cruelty and non-support, and Maud Buckingham against Clinton, alleging cruelty and non-support.

Minne Lusa Children Are to Have School of Their Own

School children of Minne Lusa are to hold a celebration over securing a school of their own. The school board has come to their rescue and, although it could not build a school house at this time, it did the next best thing and moved an old building onto a lot owned by the city and there school will be held this winter. It is located on Twenty-eighth and Whitmore. Children of this district have heretofore had to walk across Miller park to the Miller Park school, which was quite a walk for some living on the north side.

OH, MONEY! MONEY! MONEY! By Eleanor H. Porter

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THE STORY THUS FAR. Checks for \$100,000 apiece have been received by Frank Blaisdell, James Blaisdell and Flora Blaisdell from a cousin Stanley G. Fulton, a multimillionaire. A letter received with the money from Edward D. Norton, his lawyer, says Mr. Fulton went to South America with instructions that the checks be sent six months after his departure. There is another letter to be opened in two years in the event of Fulton not being heard of before that time. The fortunate recipients of unexpected wealth are debating the advisability of wearing mourning for Fulton, presumably dead.

CHAPTER IX (Continued). Her mother sighed sympathetically. "Poor Maggie! How she is left out—always!"

"But we can give her some of ours, mother—we can give her some of ours," urged the girl. "It isn't ours to give—yet," remarked her mother a bit coldly. "But, mother, you will do it," implored Mellicent. "You've always said you would, if you had it to give."

"And I say it again, Mellicent, I shall never see her suffer, you may be sure—if I have the money to relieve her. But—she stopped abruptly at the sound of an excited voice down the hall. Miss Flora, evidently coming in through the kitchen, was hurrying toward them.

"Jane—Mellicent—where are you? Isn't anybody here? Mercy me!" she panted, as she reached the room and sank into a chair. "Did you ever hear anything like it in all your life? You had one, too, didn't you?" she cried, her eyes falling on the letter in her brother's hand. "But 't ain't true, of course!"

Miss Flora wore no head-covering. She wore one glove (wrong side out), and was carrying the other one. Her dress, evidently donned hastily for the street, was unevenly fastened, showing the topmost button without a buttonhole.

"Mr. Smith, say it's true," triumphed Mellicent. "How does he know? Who told him 't was true?" demanded Miss Flora.

So almost accusing was the look in her eyes that Mr. Smith actually blinked a little. He grew visibly confused.

"Why—er—ah—the letter speaks for itself, Miss Flora," he stammered. "But it can't be true," reiterated Miss Flora. "The idea of a man I never saw giving me a hundred thousand dollars like that!—and Frank and Jim, too!"

"But he's your cousin—you said he was your cousin," Mr. Smith reminded her. "And you have his picture in your album. You showed it to me."

"I know it. But my sakes! I didn't know he knew I was his cousin. I don't s'pose he's got my picture in his album! But how did he know about us? It's some other Flora Blaisdell, I tell you!"

"There, I never thought of that," cried Jane. "It probably is some other Blaisdells. Well, anyhow, if it is, we won't have to pay that inheritance tax. We can save that much."

"Save! Well, what do we lose?" demanded her husband appreciatively. "At this moment the rattling of the front-door knob and an imperative knocking brought Mrs. Jane to her feet.

"There's Hattie, now, and that door's locked," she cried, hurrying into the hall. When she returned a moment later Harriet Blaisdell and Bessie were with her.

There was about Mrs. Harriet Blaisdell a new, indescribable air of commanding importance. To Mr. Smith she appeared to have grown inches taller.

"Well, I do hope, Jane, now you'll live in a decent place," she was saying, as they entered the room, "and not oblige your friends to climb up over a grocery store."

"Well, I guess you can stand the grocery store a few more days, Hattie," observed Frank Blaisdell, dryly. "How long do you s'pose we'd live any of us—if 't wa'n't for the grocery stores to feed us? Where's Jim?"

"Isn't he here? I told him I was coming here, and to come right over himself at once; that the very first thing we must have was a family conclave, just ourselves, you know, so as to plan what to give out to the public."

"Er—ah—Mr. Smith was on his feet, looking somewhat embarrassed; "perhaps, then, you would rather I were not present at the—er—family conclave."

"Nonsense!" scouted Frank Blaisdell. "Why, you are one of the family; it seems so," cried Mellicent. "No, indeed, Mr. Smith don't go," smiled Mrs. Hattie, pleasantly. "Besides, you are interested in what concerns us, I know—for the book; so, of course, you'll be interested in this legacy of dear Cousin Stanley's."

Mr. Smith collapsed suddenly behind his handkerchief, with one of the choking coughs to which he appeared to be somewhat addicted.

"Ain't you getting a little familiar with 'dear Cousin Stanley, Hattie?" drawled Frank Blaisdell. Miss Flora leaned forward earnestly.

"But, Hattie, we were just saying, fore you came, that it couldn't be true; that it must mean some other Blaisdells somewhere.

"Absurd!" scoffed Harriet. "There couldn't be any other Frank and Jim and Flora Blaisdell, in a Hillerton, too. Besides, Jim said over the telephone that that was one of the best law firms in Chicago. Don't you suppose they know what they're talking about? I'm sure I think it's quite the expected thing that he should leave his money to his own people. Come, don't let's waste any more time over that. What we've got to decide is what to do. First, of course, we must order some expensive mourning all around."

"Mourning!" ejaculated an amazed chorus. "Oh, great Scott!" spluttered Mr. Smith, growing suddenly very red. "I never thought—" He stopped abruptly, his face almost purple. "But nobody was noticing Mr. Smith. Bessie Blaisdell had the floor. "Why, mother, I look perfectly horrid in black, you know I do," she was wailing. "And there's the Gaylords' dance just next week; and if I'm in mourning I can't go there, nor any-

where. What's the use in having all that money if we've got to shut ourselves up like that, and wear horrid, stuffy black, and everything?"

"For shame, Bessie!" spoke up Miss Flora, with unusual sharpness for her. "I think your mother is just right. I'm sure the least we can do in return for this wonderful gift is to show our respect and appreciation by going into the very deepest black we can. I'm sure I'd be glad to."

"Wait!" Mrs. Harriet had drawn her brows together in deep thought. "I'm not sure, after all, that it would be best. The letter did not say that dear Cousin Stanley had died—he just hadn't been heard from."

"In that case, I don't think we ought to do it. And it would be too bad—that Gaylord dance is going to be the biggest thing of the season, and of course if we were in black—No, on the whole, I think we won't, Bessie. Of course, in two years from now, when we get the rest, it will be different."

"When you—what?" It was a rather startled question from Mr. Smith. "Oh, didn't you know? There's another letter to be opened in two years from now, disposing of the rest of the property. And he was worth millions, you know, millions!"

"But maybe he—er—Did it say you were to—get those millions then?" "Oh, no, it didn't," said Mr. Smith. Mrs. Harriet Blaisdell's smile was a bit condescending. "But of course we will. We are his kinsmen. He said we were. He just didn't give it all now because he wanted to give himself two more years to come back in, I suppose. You know he's gone exploring. And, of course, if he hadn't come back by then, he would be dead. Then we'd get it all, Oh, yes, we shall get it, I'm sure."

"Oh-h!" Mr. Smith settled back in his chair. He looked somewhat nonplussed. "Humph! Well, I wouldn't spend the millions—till I'd get 'em, Hattie," advised her brother-in-law dryly.

"I wasn't intending to, Frank," she retorted with some dignity. "But that's neither here nor there. What we're concerned with now is what to do with what we have got. Even this will make a tremendous sensation in Hillerton. It ought to be written up, of course, for the papers, and by some one who knows. We want it done just right. Why, Frank, do you realize? We shall be rich—rich—and all in a flash like this! I wonder what the Pennocks will say now about Mellicent's not having money enough for that precious son of theirs! Oh I can hardly believe it yet. And it'll mean—everything to us. Think what we can do for the children. Think—"

"Aunt Jane, Aunt Jane, is ma here?" Wide open banged the front door as Benny bounded down the hall. "Oh, here you are! Say, is it true? Tommy Hooker says our great-grandfather in Africa has died 'er left us a million dollars, an' that we're richer 'n Mr. Pennock or even the Gaylords, or anybody! Is it true? Is it?"

"His mother laughed indulgently. "Not quite, Benny, though we have been left a nice little fortune by your cousin, Stanley G. Fulton—remember the name, dear, your cousin, Stanley G. Fulton. And it wasn't Africa, it was South America."

"And did you all get some, too?" panted Benny, looking eagerly about him. "We sure did," nodded his Uncle Frank, "all but poor Mr. Smith here. I guess Mr. Stanley G. Fulton didn't know he was a cousin, too."

He joked, with a wink in Mr. Smith's direction. "But where's Aunt Maggie? Why ain't she here? She got some, too, didn't she?" Benny began to look anxious.

"His mother lifted her eyebrows. "No, you forget, my dear. Your Aunt Maggie is not a Blaisdell at all. She's a Duff—a very different family."

"I don't care, she's just as good as Blaisdell," cut in Mellicent; "and she seems like one of us, anyway."

"And she didn't get anything?" beamed Benny. "Say," he turned valiantly to Mr. Smith, "shouldn't you think we might have given Aunt Maggie a little of that money?"

"I should, indeed!" Mr. Smith spoke with peculiar emphasis. "I guess he would if he'd known her!"

"I'm sure he would!" Once more the peculiar earnestness vibrated through Mr. Smith's voice. "But now he's dead, an' he can't. I guess if he could see Aunt Maggie he'd wish he hadn't died 'fore he could fix her up just as good as the rest."

"I'm very sure he would!" Mr. Smith was laughing now, but his voice was just as emphatic and there was a sudden flame of color in his face.

"Your Cousin Stanley isn't dead, my dear—that is, we are not sure he is dead," spoke up Benny's mother quickly. "He just has not been heard from for six months."

"But he must be dead or he'd have come back," reasoned Miss Flora, with worried eyes; "and I, for my part, think we ought to go into mourning, too."

"Of course, he'd have come back," declared Mrs. Jane, "and kept the money himself, unless he supposed he knew what he'd written in that letter, and don't you suppose he'd have saved those \$300,000 if he could? Well, I guess he would! The man is dead. That's certain enough."

"Well, anyhow, we're not going into mourning till we have to." Mrs. Harriet's lips snapped together with firm decision.

"Of course not. I'm sure I don't see any use in having the money if we've got to wear black and not go anywhere," pouted Bessie.

"Are we rich, then, really ma?" demanded Benny. "We certainly are, Benny."

"Richer 'n the Pennocks?" "Very much."

"An' the Gaylords?" "Well—hardly that—her face clouded perceptibly—"that is, not until we get the rest—in two years."

She brightened again. "Then, if we're rich we can have everything we want, can't we?" Benny's eyes were beginning to sparkle.

"Well—" hesitated his mother. "I guess there'll be enough to satisfy your wants, Benny," laughed his Uncle Frank.

Benny gave a whoop of delight.

"Then we can go back to the East Side and live just as we've a mind to, without carin' what other folks do, can't we?" he crowed. "Cause if we are rich we won't have to keep tryin' to make folks think we are. They'll know it without our tryin'."

"Benny! The rest were laughing; but Benny's mother had raised shocked hands of protest. "You are incorrigible, child. The East Side, indeed! We shall live in a house of our own, now, of course—but it won't be on the East Side."

"And Fred'll go to college," put in Miss Flora eagerly. "Yes; and I shall send Bessie to a fashionable finishing school," bowed Mrs. Harriet, with a shade of impotence.

"Hey, Bess, you've got to be finished," chuckled Benny. "What's Mell going to do?" pouted Bessie, looking not altogether pleased. "Hasn't she got to be finished, too?"

Mellicent hasn't got the money to be finished—yet," observed Mrs. Jane tersely. "Oh, I don't know what I am going to do," breathed Mellicent, drawing an ecstatic sigh. "But I hope I'm going to do—just what I want to, for once!"

"And I'll make you some pretty dresses that you can wear right off, while they're in style," beamed Miss Flora.

Frank Blaisdell gave a sudden laugh. "But what are you going to do, Flo? Here you've been telling what everybody else is going to do with the money."

A blissful sigh, very like Mellicent's own, passed Miss Flora's lips. "Oh, I don't know," she breathed in an awestruck voice. "It don't seem yet—that it's really mine."

"Well, 'tisn't," declared Mrs. Jane tartly, getting to her feet. "And I, for one, am going back to work—in the kitchen, where I belong. And—well, if here isn't Jim at last," she broke off, as her younger brother-in-law appeared in the doorway.

"You're too late, pa, you're too late! It's all done," clamored Benny. "They've got everything all settled."

The man in the doorway smiled. "I knew they would have, Benny; and I haven't been needed, I'm sure—your mother's here."

Mrs. Harriet bridled, but did not look displeased. "But, say, Jim," breathed Miss Flora, "ain't it wonderful—ain't it perfectly wonderful?"

"It is, indeed—very wonderful," replied Mr. Jim. "A babel of eager voices arose then, but Mr. Smith was not listening now. He was watching Mr. Jim's face, and trying to fathom its expression.

A little later, when the women had gone into the kitchen and Mr. Frank had clattered back to his work down stairs, Mr. Smith thought he had the explanation of that look on Mr. Jim's face. Mr. Jim and Benny were standing over by the fireplace together.

"Pa, ain't you glad—about the money?" asked Benny. "I should be, shouldn't I, my son?"

"But you look—so funny, and you didn't say anything, hardly."

There was a moment's pause. The man, with his eyes fixed on the glowing coals in the grate, appeared not to have heard. But in a moment he said:

"Benny, if a poor old horse had been climbing a long, long hill all day with the hot sun on his back, and a load that dragged and dragged at his heels, and if he couldn't see a thing but the dust of the road that blinded and choked him, and if he just felt that he couldn't go another step, in spite of the whip that snapped. Get there—get there! all day in his ears—how do you suppose that poor old horse would feel if suddenly the load, and the whip, and the hill and the dust disappeared, and he found himself in the green pasture with the cool gurgle of water under green trees in his ears—how do you suppose that poor old horse would feel?"

"Say, he'd like it great, wouldn't he? Pa, you didn't tell me yet if you like the money."

The man stirred, as if waking from a trance. He threw his arm around Benny's shoulders. "Like it? Why, of course, I like it, Benny, my boy! Why, I'm going to have time now—to get acquainted with my children!"

Across the room Mr. Smith, with a sudden tightening of his throat, slipped softly into the hall and thence to his own room. Mr. Smith, just then, did not wish to be seen.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Operating Departments Omaha Roads on Eight-Hour Basis

All employees in the operating departments of the local railroads are now on an eight-hour day basis, with pay for overtime. The same is true in the traffic departments of most of the roads. This applies to clerks, as well as with train and shopmen.

The eight-hour day in most of the offices has come with government control and operation of the roads. With clerks and other employees the day starts at 8 in the morning and ends with 5 o'clock in the afternoon. Overtime, under the government rule, is paid on the basis of the eight-hour day. For instance, if an employe works two hours of overtime, credit is given for one-fourth of a day's work.

Northwestern traffic people are the only ones in the employ of the Omaha roads not on the eight-hour basis. They are expecting a bulletin next week, fixing their hours and the compensation.

Hastings Now Corps School

Washington, Aug. 24.—Twenty-seven additional educational institutions were named today by the War department as having qualified to accept men for the students' army training corps for training as technical experts, line officers, officers in technical branches and noncommissioned officers. They include Hastings (Neb.) college.

Borglum Piano School

2661 Douglas Street August M. Borglum, Madame Borglum (Pupils of Wager Swayne) Solfege-Schvarts Method, Paris Harmony—Public Performances FALL TERMS OPENS SEPTEMBER 9.

HOME FURNISHERS TO OMAHA AND THE GREAT WEST FINAL WEEK OF THE BIG AUGUST FURNITURE SALE at the Union Outfitting Company

ONLY SEVEN MORE DAYS LEFT OF THIS BIG SALE. ALL THE REMAINING SAMPLES AND THE BALANCE OF THE SMALL LOTS MUST BE DISPOSED OF THIS WEEK. IF YOU WOULD SAVE FROM 10 TO 50 PER CENT ON QUALITY HOME FURNISHINGS. BUY NOW AND, AS USUAL YOU MAKE YOUR OWN TERMS.



HOME OUTFITS Three Rooms Furnished \$99 Complete \$99 YOUR OWN TERMS

AUGUST SALE OF DINING-ROOM FURNITURE

Every complete dining room suite including the period styles, have been reduced for this sale, so it will not be difficult for you to choose the particular design that is especially suited for your home. Many beautiful suites in golden and fumed oak; others in rich mahogany and American walnut. Complete suites priced at \$51.50, \$67.50, \$76.50, \$87.50, \$102.50, \$124.50.



AUGUST SALE Living Room Rockers

We have gone through our entire stock of wood and upholstered rockers and have reduced the price on many of them, including even those in solid mahogany and genuine leather upholstery. Sale prices \$6.50, \$9.75, \$12.50, \$16.50, \$19.50 and \$22.50

AUGUST SALE OF COMPLETE BEDROOM SUITES

The bedroom furniture you will find at this store is the kind that will add a real note of distinction to your home. It is built by the foremost manufacturers of good furniture in America today, and is in itself a standard of value and quality. During this August sale we offer complete suites at \$59.50, \$68.50, \$82.50, \$97.50, \$122.50 and \$137.50.



Rugs of Quality

Brighten your home with a new rug at these reduced prices: Velvet Rugs, in 27x54 inch sizes, August sale price \$22.25

BUY A DRESSER for that Spare Bedroom During This sale.

Many samples and small lots of dressers still remain for your selection. Finishes are golden and fumed oak, walnut, mahogany, ivory and birds-eye maple. Sale prices are \$14.95, \$17.50, \$22.50, \$27.50, \$32.50 and \$39.50.

Operating Departments Omaha Roads on Eight-Hour Basis

All employees in the operating departments of the local railroads are now on an eight-hour day basis, with pay for overtime. The same is true in the traffic departments of most of the roads. This applies to clerks, as well as with train and shopmen.

MANY BEAUTIFUL Library Tables to Choose From.

A new library table will give the living room a different appearance. Many designs in fumed and golden oak, walnut and mahogany. Many samples at greatly reduced prices—the prices are \$7.95, \$10.50, \$13.75, \$17.50, \$22.50 and \$27.50.

AUGUST SALE KITCHEN CABINETS.

Every home should have a kitchen cabinet installed in it. They save much time, much labor and many steps. Entire sample line greatly reduced during this sale. Prices are \$17.50, \$22.50, \$27.50, \$32.50, \$36.50, \$44.50.

EVERYDAY HOUSEHOLD VALUES

Tabourettes, made of solid oak, golden or fumed finish. .27c Folding Stepladder Stools, always, useful, sale price. .79c Folding Ironing Boards, strongly made, our price. . . \$1.35

AUGUST SALE OF RUGS

Brighten your home with a new rug at these reduced prices: Velvet Rugs, in 27x54 inch sizes, August sale price \$22.25

Wilton Velvet Rugs, in 27x54 in. sizes, August sale price \$32.25

Velvet Rugs, in 36x72 inch sizes, August sale price \$46.65

Axminster Rugs in 36x72 inch sizes, August sale price \$68.98

Bedroom Rugs, in 6x9 ft. sizes, August sale price \$7.95

Seamless Velvet Rugs, a splendid full seamless rug, suitable for dining room or living room, size 7-6x9 ft., sale price, at \$19.85

Seamless Brussels Rugs, in choice patterns and designs, and in 9x12 ft. sizes, sale price \$28.50

Wilton Velvet Rugs, an extra high quality rug of a very fine texture and in beautiful patterns, size 9x12 ft, sale price \$39.50

Columbia Grafonolas

This genuine Columbia Grafonola with patented reproducer, only \$20.00

UNION OUTFITTING CO S.E. COR. SIXTEENTH AND JACKSON STREETS THE PEOPLES' STORE OPPOSITE HOTEL ROME