

3,000 PIES ARE GIVEN TO OMAHA SOLDIER BOYS

Apple Pies, Raspberry Pies, Custard Pies, Lemon Pies, All Are Distributed with Lavish Hand.

Yesterday was a red letter day in the history of Uncle Sam's soldier boys billeted in the different military and sailor boys billeted in the different military camps and recruiting stations in Omaha.

It is pie day and the patriotic women of Omaha have given from their harders over 3,000 pies to tickle the alimentary and gustatory functions of men in both branches of the service who indulged in one great pie spree.

This is in response to the call issued by the Community Service league which was inspired to assist for one day at least the intense pie hunger of the soldiers and sailors within our gates.

If there is anything that the healthy American youth wearing the khaki uniform of their country yearn for more than home and mother, the two things sacred in their hearts, it is the next great American home institution, and that is pie.

Symbolic of Home.

Pie to them is symbolic of all of the luxuries of home they have sacrificed for patriotic service in camp and the sympathetic mothers of Omaha, who have an understanding of the grown-up appetites of these youths, have responded nobly to the call that has been made upon them.

Every pie of the thousands that were baked by Omaha women for the soldier and sailor lads had in its material elements the indefinable ingredient of mother love. It expressed itself in the lightness, flakiness and crispness of the crust, and the delicious flavoring of the filling—for the women put into each pie the love in their hearts, the enthusiasm of their minds and the sympathy of their souls, all of which will subtly suggest itself to the feasting lads and will be a benediction to them should they be victims of that haunting nostalgia of homesickness that comes to the cheeriest of them at times.

Pies of All Kinds.

There were apple pies that spoke of New England training and old-time kitchens, raspberry and gooseberry pies with just the tang to satisfy the palate, glorified custards, lemon and coconut confections that will haunt the stomachic memory because of their sublimated perfection of flavor; apricot and peach pies made from sacred recipes of the old south, and loganberry pies perfected in a newer generation, yes, and even the old-fashioned huckleberry, as sacred to the New England Yankee as the gilded codfish on the dome of the Massachusetts statehouse.

All these were gathered from thousands of Omaha kitchens to satisfy the appetites of home-loving boys called to the stern duties of war. Every one was a triumph. Every one spoke of the efforts of each Omaha housewife to do herself in a labor of love.

And every one was consumed with perfect satisfaction by some soldier and sailor boy.

Oh Boy! Oh Joy! Where do we go from here? It doesn't matter, as long as the memory of Omaha pies go with them to inspire them of thoughts of home and the fact they are protectors of the thousands of American home fires on which pies are baked.

Camp Dodge Officers Will Enter Fall Endurance Ride

Arthur Thomas, manager of the Chamber of Commerce Publicity bureau, will start Thursday morning to go over the route of the long distance test for horses under saddle, carrying full army equipment. The route extends from Kansas City to Omaha by way of Lincoln and the ride is arranged by the Army Horse association which has for its object the breeding and raising of the best types of horses for army use. The ride will be made in late September. Mr. Thomas just returned from Camp Dodge, where he interested the cavalry officers in the project and it is likely that some of the horses there will be entered.

Hold Funeral Services for Mrs. Elizabeth Hughes

Funeral services of Mrs. Elizabeth Hughes, 50 years old, wife of T. B. Hughes, 310 North Twenty-sixth street, who died Tuesday, will be held Thursday morning at 8:30 o'clock from the residence to St. John's church at 9 o'clock. Interment will be at Holy Sepulcher cemetery. Beside her husband she is survived by three sons, Raymond, Ambrose and Clement, and two daughters, Misses Irene and Marie Hughes, all of Omaha.

Services for Boy Killed by Elevator Shaft Fall

Funeral services for Raymond Carlin, 14-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Carlin, 4223 North Thirty-sixth avenue, who was instantly killed Tuesday, when crushed by an elevator at the McGraw Electrical company, 1210 Harney street, where he was employed, will be held Thursday afternoon at 2 o'clock at the home. Interment will be in Forest Lawn cemetery. He is survived by his parents and one brother.

May Employ Women Mail Clerks to Fill Vacancies

Twenty mail clerks are needed at the Omaha postoffice and Postmaster Fanning has issued an S. O. S. call for men past the draft age to apply. School boys, who have been doing the work during the summer, are resigning to enter school. The pay is 40 cents an hour and the work is not hard. Mr. Fanning wants men for the jobs, but he declares that if he can't get men, he'll employ women.

Nearly \$200 Netted from Circus at Kountze Park

The net receipts of the recent Kountze park playground circus were \$196.20, divided equally between the Red Cross and the municipal guard camp fund.

OH, MONEY! MONEY!

By Eleanor H. Porter

Author of "Pollyanna."

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THE STORY THIS FAR.

Checks for \$100,000 have been received by Frank Blaisdell, James Blaisdell and Flora Blaisdell from the estate of Stanley G. Fulton, multimillionaire. Fulton is supposed to be in South America, and his relatives incline to the belief that he is dead. As a matter of fact, he is in their home town, Hillerton, masquerading as John Smith, genealogist, interested in data concerning the Blaisdell family.

CHAPTER XII.

The Toys Rattle Out.

Early in December Mrs. Hattie, after an extended search, found a satisfactory home. It was a somewhat pretentious home, not far from the Gaylord place. Mrs. Hattie had it repapered and repainted throughout, and two new bathrooms put in. (She said that everybody who was anybody always had lots of bathrooms.) Then she set herself to furnishing it. She said that, of course, very little of their old furniture would do at all. She was talking to Maggie Duff about it one day when Mr. Smith chanced to come in. She was radiant that afternoon in a handsome silk dress and a new fur coat.

"You're looking very well—and happy, Mrs. Blaisdell," smiled Mr. Smith as he greeted her.

"I am well, and I'm perfectly happy, Mr. Smith," she beamed. "How could I help it? You know about the new home, of course. Well, it's all ready, and I'm ordering the furnishings. Oh, you don't know what it means to me to be able at last to surround myself with all the beautiful things I've so longed for all my life!"

"I'm very glad, I'm sure," Mr. Smith said the words as if he meant them.

"Yes, of course, and poor Maggie here, she says she's glad, too—though I don't see how she can be, when she never got a cent, do you, Mr. Smith? But poor Maggie, she's got so used to being left out—"

"Hush, hush!" begged Miss Maggie.

"You'll find money isn't everything in this world, Hattie Blaisdell," growled Mr. Duff, who, today, for some unknown reason, had deserted the kitchen cook stove for the living room baseburner. And when I see what a little money does for some folks I'm glad I'm poor. I wouldn't be rich if I could. Furthermore, I'll thank you to keep your sympathy at home. It ain't needed nor wanted—here."

"Why, Father Duff," bridled Mrs. Hattie indignantly, "you know how poor Maggie has had to—"

"Er—but tell us about the new home," interrupted Mr. Smith quickly, "and the fine new furnishings."

"Why, there isn't much to tell yet—about the furnishings, I mean, I haven't got them yet. But I can tell you what I'm going to have." Mrs. Hattie settled herself more comfortably, and began to look happy again.

"As I was saying to Maggie, when you came in, I shall get almost everything new—for the rooms that show, I mean—for, of course, my old things won't do at all. And I'm thinking of the pictures. I want oil paintings, of course, in gilt frames." She glanced a little disdainfully at the oak-framed prints of Miss Maggie's walls.

"Going in for old masters, maybe," suggested Mr. Duff, with a sarcasm that fell pointless at Mrs. Hattie's feet.

"Old masters?" "Yes—oil paintings."

"Certainly not." Her chin came up a little. "I'm not going to have anything old in my house—where it can be seen. For once I'm going to have new things—all new things. You have to make a show or you won't be recognized by the best people."

"But, Hattie, my dear," began Miss Maggie, flushing a little, and carefully avoiding Mr. Smith's eyes, "old masters are—very valuable, and—"

"I don't care if they are," retorted Mrs. Hattie, with decision. "If they're old, I don't want them, and that settles it. I'm going to have velvet carpets and the handsomest lace curtains that I can find; and I'm going to have some of those gold chairs, like the Fennocks have, only nicer. There are awfully dull, some of them. And I'm going to buy—"

"Humph! Pity you can't buy a little common sense—somewhere," snarled old man Duff, getting stiffly to his feet.

"Oh, father!" murmured Miss Maggie.

"Oh, I don't mind what Father Duff says," laughed Mrs. Hattie. But there was a haughty tilt to her chin and an angry sparkle in her eyes as she, too, arose. "I'm just going, anyway, so you don't need to disturb yourself, Father Duff."

"But I am using it," argued Mrs. Jane, earnestly. "I think I'm making the very best possible use of it when I put it where it will earn more. Don't you see? Besides, what does the Bible say about that man with one talent that didn't make it earn more?"

"With a jerk Mr. Smith turned on his heel and renewed his march. "I think the only thing money is good for is to exchange it for something you want," observed Miss Maggie sententiously.

"There, that's it!" triumphed Mr. Smith, wheeling about. "That's exactly it!"

Mrs. Jane sighed and shook her head. She gazed at Miss Maggie with fondly reproving eyes.

"Yes, we all know your ideas of money, Maggie. You're very sweet and dear, and we love you; but you are extravagant!" demurred Miss Maggie.

"Yes, you use everything you have every day; and you never protect a thing. Actually, I don't believe there's a tidy or a linen slip in this house."

"(Did Mr. Smith breathe a fervent "Thank the Lord!" Miss Maggie wondered.) "And that brings me right up to something else I was going to say. I want you to know that I'm going to help you."

Miss Maggie looked distressed and raised a protesting hand; but Mrs. Jane smilingly shook her head and went on.

"Yes, I am. I always said I should, if I had money, and I shall—though I must confess that I'd have a good deal more heart to do it if you weren't quite so extravagant. I've already given you Mr. Smith to board."

"Oh I say!" spluttered Mr. Smith. But again she only smilingly shook her head and continued speaking.

"And if we move, I'm going to give you the parlor carpet, and some rugs to protect it."

"Thank you; but, really, I don't want the parlor carpet," refused Miss Maggie, a tiny smouldering fire in her eyes.

"And I shall give you some money, too," smiled Mrs. Jane, very graciously—"when the interest begins to come in, you know. I shall give you some of that. It's too bad you should have nothing while I have so much."

"Jane, please!" The smouldering fire in Miss Maggie's eyes had become a flame now.

"Nonsense, Maggie, you mustn't be so proud. It's no shame to be poor. Wasn't I poor just the other day? However, since it distresses you so, we won't say any more about it now. I'll go back to my own problems. Then you advise me—you both advise me—to move, do you?"

"I do, most certainly," bowed Miss Maggie, still with a trace of constraint.

"And you, Mr. Smith?"

"(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)"

MARRIAGE LOSES ITS CHARM AFTER DOUBLE WEDDING

Annulment Proceedings Filed by Young Girl Three Days After Ceremony is Performed.

Under the guiding advice of her mother the glamour of married life has lost its charm for Mrs. Herman H. Mohring, who until last Sunday was Miss Alice G. Robinson. She and her mother, Mrs. Rose Robinson as plaintiffs, filed a petition for annulment of the marriage in district court Wednesday morning.

This is a sequel to a double marriage, started last Saturday when John M. Braley and Herman H. Mohring appeared in the marriage license clerk's office. Braley gave his age as twenty-one years and procured a license to wed Miss Edna Robinson, 24. Mohring gave his age as 19 years and said his near-bride, Miss Alice Robinson, sister of Edna, was 18 years old. Braley was appointed guardian of the younger man, in order that Mohring might secure a license.

Hitch in Plans

They left the office, intending to have the double marriage solemnized the same day. A "hitch" in the plans—mainly in the form of the girl's mother—developed and it was not until Sunday that the "big moment" arrived. All four were married by Rev. H. H. Tancock of Trinity Cathedral.

Now the annulment petition appears. It recites that Mrs. Mohring was but 15 years old at the time of her marriage; that the girl did not have her parents' consent and that the couple has not lived together. It is asked that the marriage be dissolved and that Mrs. Mohring's maiden name be restored.

Hold Brother of Man Guilty of Statutory Crime on Like Charge

Ben Sheldon, brother of William Sheldon, convicted several weeks ago of a statutory offense committed in Waterloo, Neb., against Verona Rhoades, 12 years old, and sent to the penitentiary under a 10-year sentence, is now held in Fremont under a similar charge, with the same young girl, according to Gus Miller, probation officer. Mr. Miller will go to Fremont Thursday and return Sheldon to Douglas county. Mr. Miller says that Sheldon and the little girl were arrested after passing a night in a Fremont hotel.

Conscientious Objector to Be Tried by Court Martial

Deputy United States Marshal Quinley will go to Camp Funston, Kan., Wednesday night to be present as a witness at the court martial of Joseph Blalock, conscientious objector to army service, who was arrested in Omaha several weeks ago. Blalock will be tried by court martial at 6 o'clock Thursday night.

Chevalier Misnamed Alleges Friend Wife in Divorce Petition

Hypolite Chevalier does not live up to the full meaning of his name, according to the divorce petition filed in district court Wednesday by his wife, Dollie M. Chevalier. But she opines that Hypolite might be classed as a "feudal knight," one of the various descriptions of a chevalier given by the dictionary.

As alleged proof of her contentions of cruelty on the part of Hypolite, as set forth in the petition, Dollie cites two specific instances. She alleges that in 1915 Hypolite threw a burning lamp at his spouse, and again in 1916, she alleges that Hypolite threw carbolic acid at her face. She does not state in her petition whether "Hyp's" arm was true to form or whether the missiles hit their mark.

Visiting Nurses Keep Aviary for Two Pigeons

The sweet charity and loving care of the Visiting Nurses extends even to the "fowls of the air." About a week ago a pair of pigeons, house hunting a little late this year, found the soft earth of a window box in the city hall and decided that it would make a pleasant home. Food and water are provided by the nurses, who are all deeply interested in their self-invited guests and anxiously awaiting the arrival of the young squabs. Roast squab! Well, most certainly not.

Two Alleged Bootleggers Will Face Federal Charge

Ralph Nice and Wallace Hikes of Omaha who were arrested in Nebraska City by state agents on charges of illegal possession of liquor, were fined in the state court and will be brought to Omaha to answer federal charges of illegal transportation of liquor. Twenty-five cases of bootleg whiskey which the men had when arrested were confiscated.

HOW TO ACQUIRE HAIR BEAUTY

You can enjoy a delightful shampoo with very little effort and for a very trifling cost, if you get from your druggist's a package of Cantrox and dissolve a teaspoonful in a cup of hot water. This makes a full cup of shampoo liquid, enough so it is easy to apply to all the hair instead of just the top of the head. Your shampoo is now ready. Just pour a little at a time on the scalp and hair until both are thoroughly covered by the daintily perfumed preparation that thoroughly dissolves and removes every bit of dandruff, excess oil and dirt. After rinsing the hair dries quickly with a fluffiness that makes it seem heavier than it is, and takes on a rich luster and a softness that makes arranging it a pleasure.—Adv.

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Be sure to get the genuine Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment, and Cuticura Post-Care. Sold everywhere. Soap 5c. Ointment 25c and 50c. Talcom 5c.

WALK ERECT AT EIGHTY

Because a man or woman is old does not mean that they must walk along bent over and supported with a cane. A man can be as vigorous and healthy at eighty as at twenty. He can aid the organs of the body in performing their functions.

All diseases, whether of a malignant or weak character, tend to rob our vitality. You must counteract disease in its incipient stage if you would live a happy and useful long life.

GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules, a 200-year-old preparation that is used all over the world, contains soothing oils combined with strengthening and refreshing herbs. These capsules are a prescription and have been and are still being used by physicians in daily practice. They have proven their merit in relieving backache, kidney and bladder complaints and all ailments arising from an excess of uric acid in the system.

GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules are sold at all reliable druggists. They are guaranteed to do everything as claimed or money refunded. Don't be misled by false imitations. Look for GOLD MEDAL on every box.—Adv.



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Quality That Is More Than Paint Deep

Scientific carefulness marks the manufacture of every detail of every Briscoe part—makes for high quality throughout every inch of the car.

The "Car with the Half-Million Dollar Motor" must make good because it is made good.

Building it complete in the ten big Briscoe factories the owner gets more for his money.

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"IT'S THE FINEST ON EARTH," SAYS THIS LINCOLN MAN

Took Medicine All His Life Without Results—Tanlac Brings Relief.

"I have taken many kinds of medicines in my life, but Tanlac is the only one that ever reached my trouble and gave me relief," said R. H. Beatty, who is employed by the Plater-Yale Mfg. Co., and lives at 1845 Q street, Lincoln, the other day.

"Ever since I was a boy," he continued, "I had attacks of hay fever every summer that made me miserable from the first of August till frost. My head would ache and I was sneezing constantly and felt so mean and no account I was hardly fit for anything. Then my stomach would go back on me, my appetite fall off and my food disagree with me and cause me many hours of distress. I would suffer awfully with rheumatic pains all over my body, and when these attacks came on every year I would get so run-down that I would lose around twenty pounds in weight. I got so I actually dreaded for summer to come, for although I tried everything I could hear of to get relief, nothing did me any good.

"Two years ago I read in a paper where Tanlac was helping others, and although I did not expect it to relieve my hay fever I thought I would try it for my indigestion, so I got me a bottle. Well, I only took two bottles that year, but they certainly put my stomach in good shape and I had no trouble at all with indigestion. My rheumatism was relieved also and, best of all, I never had a single symptom of that awful hay fever, neither did I lose a pound in weight, where I had always fallen off around twenty before. Last summer when I felt myself going down and losing weight, I took Tanlac again and with a good appetite and digestion I got through all right, perfectly free from rheumatic pain and my old trouble, hay fever, besides receiving twenty pounds I had lost. This summer I tried the same treatment for the third time and with the same gratifying results as before. I haven't had a sign of my old troubles now, and from the good it has done me I consider Tanlac the finest medicine on earth."

Tanlac is sold in Omaha by Sherman & McConnell Drug Co., corner 16th and Dodge streets; 16th and Harney streets; Owl Drug Co., 16th and Farnam streets; Harvard Pharmacy, 24th and Farnam streets; northeast corner 19th and Farnam streets; West End Pharmacy, 49th and Dodge streets, under the personal direction of a Special Tanlac Representative, and in South Omaha by Forrest & Meany Drug Co.—Adv.

A WAR TIME DRINK

New thousands are using Instant Postum

instead of coffee because of its great practicability these times.

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