

**Miscellaneous**  
FOR RENT AND SALE  
HOUSES, COTTAGES AND APARTMENTS  
PORTER & SHOFFER  
202 E. 15th St. Douglas 5013

**REAL ESTATE—Business Property**  
BUSINESS property and investments  
W. T. TURLEY & SON  
629 First National Bank Bldg.

**REAL ESTATE—EXCHANGES**  
HAVE you an improved farm, detached house, apartment building or business property valued from \$2,500 up that you wish to exchange? We can give part cash and give you several valuable parcels of property in city of Superior, Wis., five blocks from Duluth Superior Harbor and within easy reach of steel industries all clear of encumbrance. Exchange must be on cash value basis. We prefer clear property but will consider all good business property. State cash price, amount mortgage and full details with correct legal description. No inflated price concessions here.

**REAL ESTATE—SUBURBAN**  
Benson.  
**FINE BENSON HOME**  
Consisting of 7 rooms and bath, strictly modern in every respect, will be sold for \$3,500; \$500 cash and balance in 5 down payments, all finished in oak; fine location; close to car and school.

**DUNDEE, \$7,000**  
**HIGH-CLASS STUCCO**  
Very well built home, near 50th and Chicago streets, with large living room, dining room and kitchen on first floor; three bedrooms and sleeping porch on second floor; two rooms finished in the attic; attractive bathroom; full basement; garage and cement driveway. Price right; terms can be arranged.

**GLOVER & SPAIN**  
Douglas 3562. 919-29 City National.  
6-ROOM new stucco, modern home, Dundee, 1367 N. 50th Ave. Three sleeping rooms oak floors, full basement. Monthly payments. Phone Walnut 3200.

**REAL ESTATE—OTHER CITIES**  
FOR SALE—Meats and grocery business in a Nebraska town with 1,400 population; own all butcher and grocery store equipment; rent building; 200 acres of land; slaughter house well equipped; reason for selling. Write Omaha Bee Box 1858.

**REAL ESTATE—WANTED**  
GOOD Omaha income property for clear western land near Nebraska farm.  
Mr. Pease 311 Brandegee Theater Bldg.

**FINANCIAL**  
**Real Estate, Loans and Mortgages.**  
CITY AND FARM LOANS  
\$ 4% and 6% Per Cent.  
J. H. DUMONT CO. Execs. Bldg.

**ARMY AND NAVAL**  
FOR SALE—400 acre tract in Nebraska farm, 200 acres improved, 200 acres unimproved.  
Next excursion September 14.  
HARLEY J. HOOKER,  
240 First Nat'l Bk. Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

**WYOMING LANDS**  
FINE level 1/4 section "Golden Prairie" district, 12 1/2 miles northwest of Pine Bluffs; 125 acres under cultivation; all fenced and cross fenced; well on place; 240 head all sides; fine Private Life Ins. Co. Harry Newell, 215 Lincoln Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

**FARM LAND WANTED**  
FARMS WANTED.  
Don't let your farm with us if you want to be P. SNOWDEN & SON.

**Horses—Live Stock—Vehicles.**  
FOR SALE  
12TH AND JACKSON STS.

**TEN GOOD DELIVERY HORSES**  
WEIGHING AROUND 1,200 LBS.  
Apply afterwards.  
**PETERSEN & PEGAU,**  
BAKING CO.  
12TH AND JACKSON STS.

**ARKANSAS LANDS**  
OUR next excursion to McGehee, Ark. W. S. FRANK, 231 NEVILLE BLDG.

**Colorado Lands**  
140 PER ACRE  
Choice, level section, Lincoln county, Colorado; lies level as a floor and soil is a dark, fertile loam, in the Colorado rain belt. Go out and see the crops growing here. Worth \$25 per acre. Price, \$10; \$4,000 cash payment required. Write to Hoover, 454 Omaha National Bank Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

**IMPROVED quarters, half sections or larger.** Lincoln county, Colo., bargains. Easy terms. Good crops. Write John L. Maurer, Arthur, Colo.

**Minnesota Lands**  
HARGAIN—240 acres; 60 miles from Minneapolis; 120 acres cultivated; all good corn land; 80 acres fine meadow land; 80 acres pasture; some excellent hard maple in the woods; fair set buildings; near railway and store. Price, \$47,500; cash, \$2,500; cash balance five years, 6 per cent. Schwab Bros., 1023 Plymouth Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

**Maryland Lands**  
Maryland water from farm. Mild climate. Carl's Real Estate Co., Baltimore, Md.

## American Casualty List

The following casualties are reported by the commanding general of the American expeditionary forces: Killed in action, 51; missing in action, 57; wounded severely, 121; died of wounds, 14; died of disease, 5; wounded, degree undetermined, 88. Total, 330.

**Killed in Action.**  
Capt. Orville L. Anderson, Great Falls, Mont.  
Lt. Joseph W. Emery, Jr., Quincy, Ill.  
Lt. Gerald F. Kelly, Marietta, O.  
Lt. Lee H. Wall, St. Louis, Mo.  
Lt. Charles T. Gardner, Louisville, Ky.  
Sgt. William Lessing, Marshfield, Wis.  
Sgt. James Sebo, Dayton, O.  
Sgt. Roy Vingers, La Crosse, Wis.  
Corp. Albert Edward Withersell, Saginaw, Mich.  
Joseph Adams, Chicago, Ill.  
Homer A. Armstrong, Philadelphia, Ore.  
Wells Armstrong, Ridgefield, Wash.  
Gay C. Burton, Casper, Wyo.  
Daniel F. Callahan, New Haven, Conn.  
Charles Joseph Carr, Philadelphia, Pa.  
Moses J. Collette, Spencer, Mass.  
Stanley Corry, Brownstown, Wis.  
Thomas H. Schooley, New York, N. Y.  
Walter H. Cressy, Custer, Wash.  
Thomas F. Cunningham, Fairfield, Mont.  
John F. Galloway, Dayton, Ohio.  
Walter Frederick Etua, Bay City, Mich.  
James Fields, Kermit, W. Va.  
Fred Furbach, Milwaukee, Wis.  
James E. Goldring, Fort Plain, N. Y.  
Alfred Gross, Shawano, Wis.  
Charles E. Higgins, Canada.  
John J. Johnson, Fort Plain, N. Y.  
Albert Lams, Superior, Wis.  
Herman Lettichow, Milwaukee, Wis.  
Angelo Soule, Tabernash, Cal.  
Leo Sznepanski, Auburn, Mich.  
Jean B. Hourcanton, San Francisco, Cal.  
Leonard A. Knutton, Sister Bay, Wis.  
Antonio Lebraccio, Cottage Lane, Concord, Mass.

**Wounded.**  
Douglas McCloskey, Carson City, Mich.  
Homer A. Armstrong, Philadelphia, Ore.  
Murray Mason, Blanchardville, Wis.  
Herman Otto Pardoe, Bay City, Mich.  
Charles E. Pechin, Crystal City, Mo.  
Edward C. Perkins, Lonsdale, Mich.  
Peter Brosius, Scranton, Pa.  
George J. Rutter, Seattle, Wash.  
John H. Schooley, New York, N. Y.  
Edward Vanhecke, Chicago, Ill.  
Ira W. Walker, Thorndale, Tex.  
Edward W. Waller, Dallas, Pa.  
Peter Wirgeles, Chicago, Ill.  
Julius Wozniak, Westfield, Mass.  
John J. Dred of Wounds.

**Missouri Lands**  
GREAT BARGAINS—45 down, \$5 monthly buy 40 acres good fruit and poultry land, near town, southern Missouri; price only \$220. Address Box 252-C, Springfield, Mo.

**Nebraska Lands**  
We have several very attractive properties for sale in Dawson, Keya Paha and Brown counties. These are places that will have a large demand for the coming year. All recommended as being good buys. Send for list and photos stating as to your wants. Keya Paha, Neb.

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## CONSERVATION TO BE KEYNOTE FOR NEXT YEAR

Large Task Faces Americans in Face of Great Crops, Is Opinion of State Food Administrator.

"The new wheat regulations, putting the entire allied world on a parity in the use of this commodity, is typical democracy and are the last proof that the allies have pooled everything to win the war," says Gurdon W. Wattles, federal food administrator for Nebraska, yesterday upon his return from an extended visit to the western coast.

"It is fairness to all—the man fighting in the trenches and the civilian who is backing him up with his last dollar and his last effort. The great crops of the present year have made it possible to bring about this arrangement and it is a change which will be welcomed throughout the allied world.

"Best of all it assures ample wheat products to the allies—sufficient to carry through this great struggle.

**Will Outline Program.**  
Mr. Wattles will leave tomorrow evening for Washington, where he has been called to attend a meeting of the food administrators of the various countries of the world.

"After this meeting the program for the coming year will be well outlined," says he. "And on my return

## Lamb Wins Medal When He Helps Woman and Child Across Street

Thomas Lamb, deputy election commissioner, qualified as a traffic cop on Saturday afternoon when he played a heroic role at Seventeenth and Harney streets, with a woman and her "cheedil" in the scene.

He observed a little mother with her infant in a perambulator, trying to make the crossing between the Keeline building and Boyd theater, through two lines of automobiles. The machines were lined westward on Harney street for several blocks without a break, returning from the aviation field.

The little mother stood timidly in the middle of the street, fearing to venture between the oncoming automobiles. None heeded her presence until Mr. Lamb happened along and took charge of the situation. He raised his right hand a la traffic cop and in a commanding manner brought the long line to a stop while the mother and her tiny charge were safe on the other side of the intersection. Mr. Lamb lifted her buggy over the curb and then motioned to the automobiles to proceed.

I hope to be able to formulate plans which will necessitate little changes. Mr. Hoover will outline the conditions existing here and abroad and will offer plans which will enable America to meet its requirements next year. And America's duty next year, even in the face of these large crops, will be the greatest she has ever been called upon to perform.

We must furnish the greater portion of the foods needed by the allies and in addition we must maintain our army, which will aggregate 3,000,000 by the middle of the year.

"But America will do it and she will do it through voluntary conservation."

## "Dreamland Adventures" By DADDY—"Jerry the Clown"

A Complete, New Adventure Each Week, Beginning Monday and Ending Saturday

**CHAPTER I.**  
The Circus Runaways.  
In previous adventures Peggy has met the birds, Billy Belgium, Binky Sam, the army mule, and other interesting characters.

**"TA-DA-DUM! Ta-da-dum! Ta-da-deel Boom!"** blared a rattly-bang circus band somewhere among the tawny tents which overnight had transformed the creek valley into a marvelous land of enchantment. Peggy, lying on the shabby, grassy hilltop, found the music wonderfully fascinating. Its dishing, rapid time, its occasional weird twists conjured up in her mind visions of spangled performers flying through the air, of daring riders dancing on the backs of racing horses, of smoozsaunting acrobats, of clowns provoking gales of laughter, of strange animals bringing the romance of faraway places. How she would like to be with the crowds flowing into the main tent for the afternoon performance.

"If only daddy hadn't been called out of town today, I'd be down there now," she sighed. "But I'll be a good sport, as he asked me to be, and not complain. Perhaps the next circus will be twice as nice."

"Are circuses really and truly nice?" asked General Swallow, who without being noticed by Peggy, had swooped down from the sky to visit with her.

"They are as nice as movies, and magic exhibitions, and vaudeville and musical shows all mixed together," answered Peggy enthusiastically.

"Huh! That isn't as nice as watching the clouds dance at sunset or seeing the sunbeams frolic at dawn," declared General Swallow.

"Where is Mrs. Swallow?" inquired Peggy.

"Woman's curiosity—she's trying to peek into the top of the tent," he replied with a wink.

Peggy pointed down to a gang of boys gathered close to the canvas.

"Man's curiosity," she winked back at him. "See those boys trying to get a squirt at the elephants?"

"Wish I could squirt at them," hooted Judge Owl, poking his head out of a tree and putting on the goggles which Peggy had given him in a previous adventure. "And if I could I'd crowd them all to the ground."

"Who is Jerry the Clown?" inquired Peggy.



**"ARE CIRCUSES REALLY AND TRULY NICE?" ASKED GENERAL SWALLOW.**

Sam, stammered Peggy, all taken aback.

"Nothing of the sort," brayed Circus Mike. "He has a white spot over his left eye, and I have one over my right. Any one ought to be able to see that it's utter nonsense."

"He is more polite, too," commented Peggy severely. "He'd never talk so rudely to a little girl."

"What are you Princess Peggy, the girl who talks animal and bird language?" asked Circus Mike.

"I am Princess Peggy."

"Then I'll forgive you for mistaking me for that rascally brother of mine, this is Nanny Goat and Boston Bull, my chums. We are running away from the circus and taking Countess Alice along because she happened to be on my back when we started."

"Why are you running away?" asked Peggy, to whom the circus was so wonderful she couldn't conceive of any one wanting to escape from it.

"We're on a strike, because our act is so dull and because Jerry and Clown has become so cross to late."

"Who is Jerry the Clown?" inquired Peggy.

# OH, MONEY! MONEY! MONEY!

by Eleanor H. Porter

Author of "Pollyanna."  
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**THE STORY THUS FAR.**  
Stanley G. Fulton, multimillionaire, is maneuvering in Hillerton as John Smith, a generalist, interested in data concerning the Blaisdell family. He is busy watching relatives he has suddenly made wealthy.

Mr. Smith boards at the house of Miss Maggie Duff, whose father married the mother of the Blaisdells, but who has inherited none of the Fulton wealth. They have been attending a party given by Mrs. James Blaisdell.

**CHAPTER XIII (Continued).**  
FIVE minutes later he had found Miss Maggie, and was making his adieux.

Miss Maggie, on the way home, was strangely silent.

"Well, that was some party," began Mr. Smith, after waiting for her to speak.

"It was, indeed."  
"Quite a house!"  
"Yes."  
"How pretty Miss Mellicent looked!"  
"Very pretty."

"I'm glad at last to see that poor child enjoying herself."  
"Yes."  
Mr. Smith frowned and stole a sideways glance at his companion. Was it possible? Could Miss Maggie be showing at least a tinge of envy and jealousy? It was so unlike her! And yet—

"Even Miss Flora seemed to be having a good time in spite of that turreneal black," he hazarded, again.

"And I'm sure Mrs. James Blaisdell and Miss Bessie were very radiant and shining."  
"Oh, yes, they shone."  
Mr. Smith bit his lip and stole another sideways glance.

"Er—how did you enjoy it? Did you have a good time?"  
"Oh, yes, very."  
There was a brief silence. Mr. Smith drew a long breath and began again.

"I had no idea Mr. James Blaisdell was so fond of—er—books. I had quite a chat with him in his den."  
No answer.  
"He says Fred—"

"Did you see that Gaylor girl?" Miss Maggie was galvanized into sudden life. "He's perfectly bewitched with her, and she—that ridiculous dress—and for a young girl! Oh, I wish Hattie would let those people alone!"

"Oh, well, he'll be off to college next week," soothed Mr. Smith.

"Yes, but whom with? Her brother!—and he's worse than she is, if anything. Why, he was drunk tonight, actually drunk, when he came! I don't want Fred with him. I don't want Fred with any of them."

"No, I don't like their looks myself very well, but—fancy young Blaisdell has a pretty level head on him. His father says—"

"His father worships him," interrupted Miss Maggie. "He worships all those children. But into Fred—into Fred he's pouring his whole love and devotion. You don't know. You don't understand, of course, Mr. Smith. You haven't known him all the way, as I have." Miss Maggie's voice shook with suppressed feeling.

"Jim was always the dreamer. He fairly lived in his books. They were food and drink to him. He planned for college, of course. From boyhood he was going to write—great plays, great poems, great novels. He was always scribbling—something. I think he even tried to sell his things, in his teens; but, of course, nothing came of that—but rejection slips."

"At 19 he entered a college. He was going to work his way. Of course, we couldn't send him. But he was too frail. He couldn't stand the double task, and he broke down completely. We sent him into the country to recuperate, and there he met Hattie Snow, fell head over heels in love with her blue eyes and golden hair and married her on the spot. Of course there was nothing to do then but to go to work, and Mr. Hammond took him into his real estate and insurance office. He's been there ever since, plodding, plodding, plodding."

"I hope he will. But—I wish those Gaylor had been at the bottom of the Red Sea before they ever came to Hillerton," she fumed with sudden vehemence as she entered her own gate.

**CHAPTER XIV.**  
From Me to You With Love.  
It was certainly a gay one—that holiday week. Beginning with the James Blaisdells' housewarming, it was one continuous round of dances, dinners, sleigh rides and skating parties for Hillerton's young people, particularly for the Blaisdells, the Pennocks and the Gaylor.

Mr. Smith, at Miss Maggie's, saw comparatively little of it all, though he had almost daily reports from Benny, Mellicent, or Miss Flora, who came often to Miss Maggie's for a little chat. It was from Miss Flora that he learned the outcome of Mellicent's present to her mother.

The week was past, and Miss Flora had come down to Miss Maggie's for a little visit.  
Mr. Smith still worked at the table in the corner of the living room, though the Duff-Blaisdell records were all long ago copied. He was at work sorting and tabulating other Blaisdell records. Mr. Smith seemed to find no end to the work that had to be done on his Blaisdell book.

As Miss Flora entered the room she greeted Mr. Smith cordially, and dropped into a chair.  
"Well, they've gone at last," she panted, handing her furs to Miss Maggie; "so I thought I'd come down and talk things over. No, don't go, Mr. Smith," she begged, as he made a move toward departure. "I haven't come to say nothin' private; besides, you're just like one of the family, anyhow. Keep right on with your work, please."

Thus entreated, Mr. Smith went back to his table, and Miss Flora settled herself more comfortably in Miss Maggie's easiest chair.  
"So they're all gone," said Miss Maggie cheerily.

"Yes; an' it's time they did, to my way of thinkin'. Mercy me, what a week it has been! They had to be out a minute, not one of 'em, except for a few hours' sleep toward mornin'."

"But what a good time they've had!" exclaimed Miss Maggie.  
"Yes. And didn't it do your soul good to see Mellicent? But Jane—Jane nearly had a fit. She told Mellicent that all this gawdy was nothing but froth and flimsiness and vexation of spirit. That she knew it because she'd been all through it when she was young, and she knew the vanity of it. And Mellicent—what do you suppose that child said?"

"I can't imagine," smiled Miss Maggie.  
"She said she wanted to see the vanity of it, too. Pretty cute of her, wasn't it? Still it's just as well she's gone back to school, I think myself. She's been repressed and held back so long, that when she did let loose, it was just like cutting the puckering string of a bunched-up ruffle—she flew in all directions, and there was no holding her back any where; and I suppose she has been a bit foolish and extravagant in the things she's asked for. Poor dear, though, she did get one setback."

"What do you mean?"  
"Did she tell you about the present for her mother?"  
"That she was going to get it—yes."

Across the room Mr. Smith looked up suddenly.  
"Well, she got it." Miss Flora's thin lips snapped grimly over the terse words. "But she had to take it back."

"Take it back!" cried Miss Maggie. "Yes. And it was a beauty—one of them light purple tones with two pearls." Mellicent showed it to me on the way home from the store, you know. And she was so pleased over it! 'Oh, I don't mind the saving! all these years now,' she cried, 'when I see what a beautiful thing they've let me get for mother.' And she went off so happy she just couldn't keep her feet from dancing."

"I can imagine it," nodded Miss Maggie.  
"Well, in an hour she was back. But what a difference! All the light and happiness and springiness were gone. She was almost crying. She still carried the little box in her hand. 'I'm takin' it back,' she choked. 'Mother doesn't!'"

"Don't like that beautiful pin?" says I. "What does she want?"  
"Oh, yes, she liked the pin, said Mellicent, all teary; she thinks it's beautiful. But she doesn't want anything. She says she never heard of such foolish goings-on—paying all that money for a silly, useless pin. I—told her 't was a present from me, but she made me take it back. I'm on my way now back to the store. I'm to get the money if I can. If I can't, I'm to get a credit slip. Mother says we can take it up in forks and things we need. I—told her 't was a present, but—' She couldn't say another word, poor child. She just turned and almost ran from the room."

**Woman Suffers Broken Leg**  
When She Falls Six Feet  
During a family row early Saturday morning Will Dawsis, negro, 2505 Pacific avenue, struck his wife several times and knocked her off a porch about 6 feet from the ground. She suffered a broken leg. The police were notified and Police Surgeon A. J. Edstrom ordered her removed to the Lister hospital.

Dawsis, the woman told the police, was beating their 13-year-old daughter and when she interfered he turned on her. According to the police Dawsis is a "hard-boiled" negro and makes a practice of abusing his family.

**Red Cross to Provide Mourning Brassards**  
Washington, Sept. 1.—The American Red Cross will provide mourning brassards for relatives of men killed in France, according to announcement made today. The brassards, which are to be substituted for general mourning were suggested and designed by the woman's committee of the Council of National Defense. The idea has been endorsed by President Wilson.

The brassards consist of a band of black broadcloth with a gold star to be worn on the left sleeve. They will be free to widows and parents and sold at cost to other relatives.

"That was last night. She went away this morning, I suppose. I didn't see her again, so I don't know how she did come out with the storkman."

"Too bad—too bad!" sympathized Miss Maggie. (Over at the table Mr. Smith had fallen to writing furiously, with vicious little jabs of his pencil.)

"But Jane never did believe in present giving. They never gave presents to each other even at Christmas. She always called it a foolish, wasteful practice, and Mellicent was always so unhappy Christmas morning."

"I know it. And that's just what the trouble is. Don't you see? Jane never let 'em take even comfort, and now that they can take some comfort, Jane's got so out of the habit, she doesn't know how to begin."

"Careful, careful, Flora!" laughed Miss Maggie. "I don't think you can say much on that score."  
"Why, Maggie Duff, I'm taking comfort," bridled Miss Flora. "Didn't I have chicken last week and turkey three weeks ago? And ain't I ever skimped the butter or hunt for cake rules with one egg now? And ain't I going to Niagara and have a phonograph and move into a fine place just as soon as my mourning is up? You wait and see!"

"All right, I'll wait," laughed Miss Maggie. Then, a bit anxiously, she asked: "Did Fred go today?"  
"Yes, looking fine as a fiddle, too. I was sweeping off the steps when he went by the house. He stopped and spoke. Said he was going in now for real work that he'd played a long enough. He said he wouldn't be good for a row of pins if he had many such weeks