

# BOHEMIAN CLUB EXPECTS TO MEET NEXT IN BERLIN

## Eleven Left in Bachelor Club Quit to Enter Big Game with Hun Capital as Objective.

The Bohemian Bachelors' club, which for the past three years has been holding regular meetings in Bohemian Turner hall, has abandoned its gatherings in Omaha to hold its next meeting in Berlin.

This was the decision of the 11 members at the last regular meeting of the organization.

Several years ago 40 young men of Bohemian nativity or parentage who had grown up together in Omaha, and most of them were the same age, organized the Bohemian Bachelors' club.

They held regular meetings at the Bohemian Turner hall and there was seldom a member absent from any of the meetings. They also held many pleasant social entertainments and outings and their hospitality became famous in local Bohemian circles.

War came and found this organization intensely patriotic. A large portion of the membership enlisted in the Fifth and Sixth Nebraska regiments in the hope of getting to France early in the game. Others volunteered in the regular army and navy and still others responded to the draft call.

At the last meeting only 11 responded to roll call. A canvass of ages was made and it was found that all present were subject to draft call and a resolution was prepared and adopted discontinuing the meetings until all surviving members could meet in Berlin after the victorious Yanks march into the stronghold of the Hohenzollerns to get the kaiser's goat.

The officers of the club are Frank Riha, president; Oldrich Jelen, vice president; Joe Peska, treasurer; Anton Stransky, secretary. The secretary went overseas with Pershing and last week was reported among those who were severely wounded.

## Funeral Services Are Held for Late Mrs. Georgia Cook

Funeral services for Mrs. Georgia Cook, 63 years old, who died Monday at her home, 811 North Forty-second street, were held at the residence Wednesday afternoon at 3 o'clock. The body will be sent to Burlington, Ia., her former home, for burial. She is survived by her mother, Mrs. Augusta Leach, and one son, Louis B. Stewart, of Omaha.

# OH, MONEY! MONEY!

by Eleanor H. Porter

Author of "Pollyanna."

Copyright, 1918, by Eleanor H. Porter and by The Public Ledger Co. All Rights Reserved.

**The Story Thus Far.**  
Stanley G. Fulton, multimillionaire, is masquerading in Hillerton as John Smith, a penniless, interested in data concerning the Blaisdell family. As a matter of fact, he is busy watching relatives he has suddenly made wealthy. And he is already showing a lot of interest in Miss Maggie Duff, who has received none of his wealth.

**CHAPTER XV.**  
**In Search of Rest.**  
June brought all the young people again. It brought, also, a great deal of talk concerning plans for vacation. Bessie—Elizabeth—said they must all go away.

From James Blaisdell this brought a sudden and vigorous reprimand. "Nonsense, you've just got home!" he exclaimed. "Hillerton'll be a vacation to you all right. Besides, I want my family together again. I haven't seen a thing of my children for six months."

Elizabeth gave a silvery laugh. (Elizabeth had learned to give very silvery laughs.) She shrugged her shoulders daintily and looked at her rings.

"Hillerton? Hol you wouldn't really doom us to Hillerton all summer, daddy?"

**CHAPTER XV (Continued.)**  
"What's the matter with Hillerton?"

"What isn't the matter with Hillerton?" laughed the daughter again.

"But I thought we—we would have lovely auto trips," stammered her mother apologetically. "Take them from here, you know, and stay overnight at hotels around. I've always wanted to do that; and we can now, dear."

"Auto trips! Pooh!" shrilled Elizabeth. "Why, mumsy, we're going to the shore for July, and to the mountains for August. You and daddy and I. And Fred's going, too, only he'll be at the Gaylord camp in the Adirondacks part of the time."

"Is that true, Fred?" James Blaisdell's eyes, fixed on his son, were half-winked, half-accusing.

"Fred stirred restlessly. "Well, I sort of had to, governor," he apologized. "Honest, I did. There are some things a man has to do! Gaylord asked me, and—hang it all, I don't see why you have to look at me as if I were committing a crime, dad!"

"You aren't, dear, you aren't," stuttered Fred's mother hurriedly; "and I'm sure it's lovely you've got the chance to go to the Gaylords' camp. And it's right, quite right, that we

should travel this summer, as Bessie—Elizabeth—suggests. I never thought; but, of course, you young people don't want to be hived up in Hillerton all summer!"

"Bet your life we don't, mother," shrugged Fred, carefully avoiding his father's eyes, "after all that grind."

"Grind, Fred?"

But Fred had turned away, and did not, apparently, hear his father's grieving question.

Mr. Smith learned all about the vacation plans a day or two later from Benny.

"Yep, we're all goin' away for all summer," he repeated, after he had told the destination of most of the family. "I don't think ma wants to, much, but she's goin' on account of Bess. Besides, she says everybody who is anybody always goes away on vacations, of course. So we've got to. They're goin' to the beach first and I'm goin' to a boys' camp up in Vermont. Did you know that?"

Smith shook his head.

"Well, she is," nodded Benny. "She tried to get Bess to go—Gussie Pennock's goin'. But Bess—my, you should see her nose go up in the air! She said she wa'n't goin' where she had to wear great coarse shoes an' horrid middy-blouses all day, an' build fires an' walk miles an' eat bugs an' grasshoppers."

"Is Miss Mellicent going to do all that?" smiled Mr. Smith.

"Bess says she is—I mean, Elizabeth. Did you know? We have to call her that now, when we don't forget it. I forget it, mostly. Have you seen her since she came back?"

"No."

"She's swingin' an awful lot of style—Bess is. She makes dad dress up in his swallow-tail every night for dinner. An' she makes him and Fred an' me stand up the minute she comes into the room, no matter if there's 40 other chairs in sight; an' we have to stay standin' till she sits down—an' sometimes she stands up I know she does. She says a gentleman never sits when a lady is standin' up in his presence. An' she's lecturin' us all the time on the way to eat an' talk an' act. Why, we can't even walk natural any longer. An' she says the way Katy serves our meals is a disgrace to any civilized family."

"How does Katy like that?"

"Like it! She got mad an' gave notice on the spot. An' that made ma 'most have hysterics—she did have one of her headaches—cause good hired girls are awful scarce, she says. But Bess says, 'Pooh! we'll get some from the city next time that know their business, an' we're goin' away all

summer, anyway, an' won't ma please call them 'maids,' as she ought to, an' not that plebeian 'hired girl.' Bess loves that word. Everything's 'pebeian' with Bess now. Oh, we're havin' great times at our house since Bess—Elizabeth—came!"

Benny, tossing his cap in the air, and dancing down the walk much as he had danced the first night Mr. Smith saw him a year before.

The James Blaisdells were hardly off to shore and camp when Miss Flora started on her travels. Mr. Smith learned all about her plans, too, for she came down one day to talk them over with Miss Maggie.

Miss Flora was looking very well in a soft gray and white summer silk. Her forehead had lost its lines of care, and wrinkles. Miss Flora was actually almost pretty.

"How nice you look!" exclaimed Miss Maggie.

"Do I?" panted Miss Flora, as she fluttered up the steps and sank into one of the porch chairs.

"Indeed, you do!" exclaimed Mr. Smith admiringly. Mr. Smith was putting up a trellis for Miss Maggie's new rosebush. He was working faithfully, but not with the skill of accustomedness.

"I'm so glad you like it!" Miss Flora settled back into her chair and smoothed out the ruffles across her lap. "It isn't too gay, is it? You know the six months are more than up now."

"Not a bit!" exclaimed Mr. Smith. "No, indeed!" cried Miss Maggie. "I hoped it wasn't," sighed Miss Flora happily. "Well, I'm all packed but my dresses."

"Why, I thought you weren't going till Monday," said Miss Maggie.

"Oh, I'm not."

"But—it's only Friday now!"

Miss Flora laughed shamefacedly. "Yes, I know, I suppose I am a little ahead of time. But you see, I ain't used to packing—not a big trunk, so—and I was afraid I wouldn't get it done in time. I was going to put my dresses in; but Miss Moore said they'd wrinkle awfully, if I did, and, of course, they would, when you come to think of it. So I shan't put those in till Sunday night. I'm so glad Miss Moore's going. It'll be so nice to have somebody along that I know."

"Yes, indeed," smiled Miss Maggie. "And she knows everything—all about tickets and checking the baggage, and all that. You know only going to be personally conducted to Niagara. After that we're going to New York and stay two weeks at some nice hotel. I want to see Grant's Tomb and the Aquarium, and Miss Moore wants to go to

Coney Island just as I have to Niagara."

"I'm glad you can take her," said Miss Maggie heartily.

"Yes, and she's so pleased. You know, even if she has such a nice family, and she's been awful nice to me lately, I used to think she didn't like me, too. But I must have been mistaken, of course. And 'twas so with Miss Benson and Miss Pennock, too. But now they've invited me there and have come to see me, and are so interested in my trip and all.

Why, I never knew I had so many friends, Maggie. Truly, I didn't!"

Miss Maggie said nothing, but there was an odd expression on her face. Mr. Smith pounded a small nail home with an extra blow of his hammer. "And they're all so kind and interested about the money, too," went on Miss Flora, gently rocking to and fro. "Bert Benson sells stocks and invests money for folks, you know, and Miss Benson said he'd got some splendid-payin' ones and he'd let me have some, and—"

"Flo, you didn't take any of that Benson gold-mine stock?" interrupted Miss Maggie, sharply.

Mr. Smith's hammer stopped, suspended in midair.

"No; oh, no! I asked Mr. Chalmers and he said better not. So I didn't." Miss Maggie relaxed in her chair, and Mr. Smith's hammer fell with a gentle tap on the nail-head. "But I felt real bad about it—when Miss Benson had been so kind to offer it, you know. It looked sort of—of ungrateful, so."

"Ungrateful!" Miss Maggie's voice vibrated with indignant scorn. "Flora, you won't—you won't invest your money without asking Mr. Chalmers' advice first, will you?"

"But I tell you I didn't," retorted Miss Flora, with unusual sharpness, for her. "But it was good stock, and it pays splendidly. Jane took some. She took a lot."

"Jane!—but I thought Frank wouldn't let her."

"Oh, Frank said all right, if she wanted to, she might. I suspect he got tired of her teasing, and it did pay splendidly. Why, it will pay 25 per cent, probably, this year, Miss Benson says. So Frank give in. You see, he felt he'd got to pacify Jane some way, I s'pose, she's so cut up about his selling out."

"Selling out!" exclaimed Miss Maggie.

"Oh, didn't you know that? Well, then I have got some good news!" Miss Flora gave the satisfied little wriggle with which a born news-lover always prefaces her choicest bit of information. "Frank has sold his grocery stores—both of 'em."

(Continued Tomorrow)

## Boy and Girl Cannery Go to State Fair at Lincoln

The Chamber of Commerce contributed \$125 to send two canning clubs, composed of boys and girls from Omaha, to the state fair. They are under direction of Joe Ihm, city garden director, and made the trip to the fair Wednesday. They expect to pick up some new ideas on canning there.

## Son of Former Chancellor of German Empire Killed

Paris, Sept. 4.—The son of Dr. Clemens Delbrueck, former German imperial vice chancellor, has been killed on the battle front, according to a dispatch printed by the Zeitung of Zurich.

**BELLANS**  
FOR INDIGESTION  
6 BELLANS  
Hot water  
Sure Relief

**HAY FEVER**  
**ASTHMA**  
AVOIDED - BELIEVED  
**ASTHMADOR**  
Best Treatment NOW Money Back Guarantee

## FACT NUMBER TWO ABOUT HOME BUILDERS' PLAN

Home Builders' invested funds are in mortgages on new properties built by it for reliable people.

Home Builders loans no money except on new property which it constructs.

Home Builders' mortgages are in demand by mortgage investors because they are gilt-edge investments.

Home Builders' Preferred Shares alone are issued to the public.

Home Builders' Reserve and Surplus Funds and the entire Common Stock stand as guarantee behind the Preferred Shares.

Home Builders' ex-shareholders, who wanted their money, converted their shares into cash through the American Security Company promptly.

Home Builders solicits your idle money and guarantees you 6% payable July 1 and January 1.

### Home Builders

INCORPORATED  
American Security Company,  
Fiscal Agents,  
Omaha, Neb.

C. C. Rohrbough, President. C. C. Shimer, Secretary.

See the **CADILLAC** at the **STATE FAIR** Lincoln, Neb.

# Reward

Do you know this man?

Height: 6 ft. 1 inch  
Weight: 145 lbs.  
Face: Thin  
Features: Prominent

Description: When last seen was on his way to hospital. Used to weigh 185, had florid complexion, good appetite and enthusiasm for work. Six months ago began to have irregular bowel movements. Took pills. Lost weight—still irregular. Took salts—violent results. Had medical examination: doctor diagnosed case as self-poisoning, due to clogged, decaying, food-waste in large intestine; said pills and purges had weakened the intestinal muscles so they would not function. Man protested violently that he was not sick. Doctor replied that he had been sick since first bowel irregularity. Prescribed complete rest and the Nujol Treatment. Said if he had cultivated regular habits with Nujol he would have had no trouble—now, however, he was an easy mark for the poisoning he was allowing in his own body.

REWARD: For restoration of this man to regularity, Nature offers reward of health, and return to normal weight and keenness.

If you are the man, apply at the nearest drug store for one bottle of

Regular as Clockwork

Warning: NUJOL is sold only in sealed bottles bearing the Nujol Trade Mark. Insist on NUJOL. You may suffer from substitutes.

Nujol Laboratories  
STANDARD OIL CO. (NEW JERSEY)  
50 Broadway, New York

## PILES FISTULA CURED

Rectal Diseases Cured without a severe surgical operation. No Chloroform or Ether used. Guaranteed. **PAY WHEN CURED.** Free illustrated book on Rectal Diseases, with names and testimonials of more than 1,000 prominent people who have been permanently cured.

R. E. R. TARRY - 240 Bee Building, Omaha, Neb.

# Benson & Thorne

The Store of Specialty Shops

THURSDAY—A Style Display of  
Newest Fall Tailored Suits

\$25.00 \$35.00 \$45.00

FASHION Authorities say: "A Suit Season." Anticipating the coming vogue we have assembled for your viewing and selection a wonderful collection of replicas and adaptations of the most exclusive suit models originated by foremost Fashion Creators.

The illustrations are exact copies made from the garments featured in our Suit Shop. Among the materials employed in the making of these suits are—  
**Poplin — Serge — Burella — Silvertone**

Rows of buttons, narrow belts, novel collar ideas, slash pockets, buckles, fancy seaming with arrow heads, irregular jacket lengths, military pockets, rows of braiding and snugly fitting cuffs are important style details of these suits.

Sizes for Women, Misses and "Little Women"

Suits cut on correct lines for the woman who demands the ultra in regular sizes—for the young miss who wears fashionable yet typical of youth apparel, and for the woman with the slender, girlish figure who wears small sizes.