## ANOTHER BLUFFS BOY KILLED ON FRONT IN FRANCE

Colonel Matt Tinley Advises Mr. and Mrs. Pierce of Their Son, Lloyd, of Kenealogist. Company L.

Another letter from Colonel Matt Tinley to the parents, announces the death of another Company L boy on the French front. He is Lloyd the parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. long do you say this has been going Pierce, 3226 Avenue F, contained the first intimation they had of the death of their son.

In his letter to Mr. and Mrs. Pierce, then Colonel Tinley says:

"No one outside of this terrible affair can comprehend the heroism of our young men, so we know that any man dying on the field of battle was a hero though unrecognized as such by popular ceremony.

Died Facing the Enemy.

a most wonderful cause. His life work was done and he has been call- of despair. ed to his reward. His resting place in France will be tenderly cared for laughs, and says: by our beloved friends, the French, come out all right in time. Young until such time as our grateful gov- folks will be young folks! ernment will transfer the remains to our homeland."

To Mrs. Holmes whose son was killed, Colonel Tinley, when he ad- him to ride in his car once, to my vised her, wrote:

There is nothing I can say to lessen your sorrow, but I want you to dell has-a car?" know you are not suffering aloneand were he given his choice today move somewhere every minute. He's he would say, 'I will remain here.' Each of us has an allotted span of that?" life, a certain mission, and when that is fulfilled we are called, Oliver's life work was done, and well done. We are all selfish enough to want to keep our loved ones, but viewed rightly, we would have to say, 'Thy will be done, it is better so.

Word Picture of Son.

"You are a wonderful woman, a wonderful mother, and God will bless you. My prayer is that He may screngthen you for this burden."

picture of their boy: The sad tiding no doubt reached you long ago and the first hard twinge has passed, leaving that for- his lavish supply of golf clubs, and forn hopeless feeling. But are you told him what a "bully time" he was hopeless-each and every young man having these days. He told him, too, with us has been living his life well all about his western trip and said knowing that we don't know the day there was nothing like travel to nor the hour. It is marvelous to me broaden a man's outlook. He said a how seriously all the boys take life—
they are happy-go-lucky, but they all
realize that at any hour they may cannot feel entirely hopeless. Our loved ones have merely reaped their reward. Their life work is done.

by all with his familiar name of 'Tug,' and was due for promotion on account of his courses and the said of garage they found a store should be run, he said.

When they came back from garage they found a store should be run, he said. on account of his courage and abil-

## Eleven Negroes Arrested

blers, all negroes, were in the base- terested in violins, she said. ment indulging in their favorite pas-The appearance of the police caused a scattering and two of the minutes; then Mr. Smith saw that his crowd crawled into a hole under the glance was shifting more and more floor. When the police began to frequently and more and more unhaptalk about shooting into the hole pily to Mellicent and Hibbard Gay-the "shines" got cold feet and yelled lord, talking tennis across the room. for mercy. They crawled out when ordered to do so by Captain Briggs. Railey Jackson, the proprietor, es-

### Liberty Quartet to Sing

At Krug Park on Tuesday In securing Millie Ryan's Liberty quartet as an added attraction to their outing and picnic to be given at New Krug park Tuesday night for the benefit of Father Flannagan's in dustrial home for boys, the Joan of Are club, under whose auspices the outing is given, have been enabled to sell several hundred additional tickets. Miss Ryan and her quartet are too well known in Omaha to need an introduction to the public.

Metropolitan Police Will Organize a Union of Their Own

The Public Safety Union is the latest Omaha organization of workingmen to apply to the American Federation of Labor for a charter. This union will consist entirely of policemen and detectives of Omaha. Saturday forenoon 22 members of the department met in the Labor Temple and formed a temporary organization. Just as soon as they get their charter the organization will be perfected and officers elected.

#### Lodge Notes.

Omaha Tent, No. 75, will have their regular meeting on Monday evening Sept. 9. Much important business will come before the Tent to be acted The fall campaign is now on and all members should make it a point to be present at the reviews every Monday evening.

Degree of Honor. On Wednesday night, September 4, the following were elected as officers of Banner court No. 540 of the court of honor: Chancellor, R. C. Tubbs; past chancellor, J. L. Goodman; vice chancellor, R. Westopher; chaplain, Marie Miller; recorder, A. R. Hollenberger; conductor, Edna O'Keeffe; Mae Miller; sentinel, Julius Miller; directors, R. Westopher, Julius Miller and Gus Miller; music-ian, Nellie Schindler, Wednesday night, September 11, State Manager H. A. Smith will be present to present to the court the state banner, which they won in the first few months of their existence. All members are requested to be present, and have a good time, refreshments will be served. If you are a member of the order don't miss this.

# OH, MONEY! MONEY! Sign Eleanor H. Porter

THE STORY THUS PAR. He is most interested in the young peo-ple, sons and daughters of those on whom he bestowed wealth. Mellicent, daughter of irank Blaisdell, is a favorite of his.

CHAPTER XVI-(Continued.) "Nothing-nothing, Miss Maggie," replied the man. Then, with business-

"Why, especially since they all came home two weeks ago. knew nothing of Donald Gray till

"Where does Carl Pennock come Miss Maggie gave a gesture of de-

justice, Mellicent doesn't give himmany chances."

spair.

"What does her father say to all "Your boy died like a man facing this? How does he like young a beast of an enemy and fighting in Gray?"

Miss Maggie gave another gesture "He says nothing-or, rather, he 'Oh, well, it will

"But does he like Gray? He knows him, of course. "Oh, yes, he likes him. He's taken

knowledge. "His car! Then Mr. Frank Blais-

"Oh, yes, he's just been learning to we all join you. Through these past run it. Jane says he's crazy over it, weeks our boy has been enjoying the and that he's teasing her to go all the bliss of heaven, free from this strife, time. She says he wants to be on the taken up golf, too. Did you know

"Well, no, I-didn't."

"Oh, yes, he's joined the Hillerton Country club, and he goes up to the links every morning for practice." "I can't imagine it, Frank Blaisdell spending his mornings playing golf!" 'You forget," smiled Miss Maggie, Frank Blaisdell is a retired business man. He has begun to take some pleasure in life now. "Humph!" muttered Mr. Smith, as

he turned to go into his own room. Mr. Smith called on the Frank Mr. and Mrs. Dunn got this word Blaisdells that evening. Mr. Blaisdell took him out to the garage (very lately a barn) and showed him the shining new car. He also showed him a store run down as his had done since he had left it. Donovan didn't known any more than a cat how such

When they came back from the garage they found callers in the living room. Carl Pennock and Hibbard Gaylord were chatting with Mellicent. Almost at once the doorbell

rang, too, and Donald Gray came in In Raid on Crap Game with his violin and a roll of music. Mellicent's mother came in also. She A squad of detectives in charge of greeted all the young men pleasantly Captain Briggs raided Railey Jack-son's place, 2124 North Twenty-fourth street late Saturday night and captured 11 crapshooters. The gam- tions about his music. She was so in-

Mr. Smith apparently lost interest in young Pennock's fish story then, At all events, another minute found him eagerly echoing Mrs. Blaisdell's interest in violins, but with this difference: violins in the abstract with with him; and he must hear it at well.

Mrs. Jane herself could not have told exactly how it was done, but she knew that two minutes later young Gray and Mellicent were at the piano, he, shining-eyed and happy, drawing a tentative bow across the strings; she, no less shining-eyed and happy, giving him "a" on the piano,

Mr. Smith enjoyed the music very much-so much that he begged for another selection and yet another. Mr. Smith did not appear to realize that Messrs, Pennock and Gaylord were passing through sham interest and frank boredom to disgusted silence. Equally oblivious was he of Mrs. Jane's efforts to substitute some other form of entertainment for the violin playing. He shook hands very heartily, however, with Pennock and Gaylord when they took their some what haughty departure a little later and strange to say, his interest in the music seemed to go with their going; for at once then he turned to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Blaisdell with a very animated account of some Blaisdell data he had found only the week be-

He did not appear to notice that the music of the piane had become nothing but soft fitful snatches with a great deal of low talk and laughter between. He seemed interested only that Mr. Blaisdell, and especially Mrs. Blaisdell, should know the intimate history of one Ephraim Blaisdell, born in 1720, and his 10 children and 49 grandchildren. He talked of various investments then, and of the weather. He talked of the Blaisdells' trip, and of the cost of railroad fares and hotel life. He talked-indeed, Mrs. Jane told her husband after he left that Mr. Smith had talked everything under the sun and that she nearly had a fit because she could not get one minute to herself to break in upon Mellicent and that horrid Gray fellow at the piano. She had not supposed Mr. Smith could talk like that. She had never remembered he was

such a talker! The young people had a tennis match on the school tennis court the next day. Mr. Smith told Miss Maggie that he thought he would drop around there. He said he liked very

much to watch tennis games. Miss Maggie said yes, that she liked to watch tennis games, too. If this was just a wee bit of a hint, it

Copyright, 1918, by Eleanor H. Porter and quite failed of its purpose, for Mr. rides, enjoying the crisp October air Miss Maggie blushed and said yes.

By Permission of Houghton Mifftin Co Smith did not offer to take her with and the dancing sunlight on the reds yes, indeed! And that night, he said very decidedly. And by the Miss Maggie blushed and said yes.

By Permission of Houghton Mifftin Co Smith did not offer to take her with and the dancing sunlight on the reds yes, indeed! And that night, he shaped the subject indeed and browns and yellows of the Miss Maggie gazed at herself in the him. He changed the subject, indeed, and browns and yellows of the Miss Maggie gazed at herself in the

Miss Maggie herself, in the afternoon, with an errand for an excuse, walked slowly by the tennis court. She saw Mr. Smith at once-but he many dates that needed verifyingdid not seem at all interested in the playing. He had his back to the court, parts of the surrounding country. in fact. He was talking very ani-Pierce. Colonel Tinley's letter to like alertness he lifted his chin. "How matedly with Mellicent Blaisdell. He ticing that Mr. Smith was getting was still talking with her-though on the opposite side of the courtwhen Miss Maggie went by again on

her way home. Miss Maggie frowned and said something just under her breath about "that child-flirting as usual!" Then she went on, walking very fast, and without another glance toward the tennis ground. But a little far-"Oh, he comes in anywhere that he can find a chance; though, to do her perceptibly, and her head lost its proud poise. Miss Maggie, for a reason she could not have explained herself, was feeling suddenly old, and weary, and very much alone.

To the image in the mirror as she took off her hat a few minutes later in her own hall, she said scornfully: "Well, why shouldn't you'feel old? You are old. You are old!" Miss Maggie had a habit of talking to herself in the mirror-but never before had she said anything like this to herself.

An hour later Mr. Smith came home to supper.

how did the game go? queried Miss Maggie, without look-

"Game? Go? Dhy, I don't remember who did win finally," he answered. Nor did it apparently occur to him that for one who was so greatly interested in tennis, he was curiously in-

It did occur to Miss Maggie, how

The next day Mr. Smith left the houses soon after breakfast, and contrary to his usual custom, did not mention where he was going. Miss Maggie was surprised and displeased. More especially was she displeased because she was displeased. As if i mattered to her where he went, she told herself scornfully.

The next day and the next it was

much the same. On the third day she "Where's Mr. Smith" demanded lane, without preamble, glancing at

the vacant chair by the table in the Miss Maggie, to her disgust, could feel the color burning in her cheeks,

but she managed to smile as if "I don't know, I'm sure. I'm not Mr. Smith's keeper, Jane.' "Well, if you were, I should ask

nt," retorted Mrs. Jane tartly. "What do you mean?" "I mean he's been hanging around Mellicent almost every day for a

you to keep him away from Melli-

Miss Maggie flushed painfully. "Nonsense, Jane! He's more than twice her age. Mr. Smith is 50 if he's

"I'm not saying he isn't," sniffed

Jane, her nose uptilted. "But I do say, 'No fool like an old fool!"
"Nonsense!" scorned Miss Maggie again. "Mr. Smith has always been fond of Mellicent, and-and interested in her. But I don't believe he cares for her-that way."

"Then why does he come to see her and take her auto riding, and hang around her every minute he gets a Gray waxed eloquent and seemed chance?" snapped Jane. "I know how wonderfully pleased-for about five he acts at the house, and I hear he scarcely left her side at the tennis match the other day.'

"Yes, I-" Miss Maggie did not finish her sentence. A slow change came to her countenance. The flush receded, leaving her face a bit white.

"I wonder if the man really thinks he stands any chance?" spluttered Jane, ignoring Miss Maggie's unfinished sentence. "Why, he's worse than that Donald Gray. He not only her became a violin in the concrete hasn't got the money, but he's old, as

"Yes, we're all-getting old, Jane." Miss Maggie tossed the words off But after Mrs. Jane had gone she went to the little mirror above the mantel and gazed at herself long and fixedly.

"Well, what if he does? It's nothing to you, Maggie Duff!" she muttered under her breath. Then resolutely she turned away, picked up her work, and fell to sewing very fast.

Two days later Mellicent went back to school. Bessie went, too. Fred and Benny had already gone. To Miss Maggie things seemed to settle back into their old ways again then. With Mr. Smith she took drives and motor

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Stanley G. Fultan, multimillionaire, is masquerading in Hillerton as John Smith, genealogist. As a matter of fact, he is busy studying relatives he has suddenly series countenance. so abruptly, that Miss Maggie bit her autumnal foliage. True, she used to glass, she looked so happy that she lip and flushed a little, throwing a wonder sometimes if the end always appeared to be almost as young as swift glance into his apparently justified the means—it seemed an ex-

and all to verify a single date. And she could not help noticing that Mr. - Smith appeared to have dates that were located in very diverse Miss Maggie also could not help novery little new material for his Blaisdell book these days, though he still worked industriously over the old, retabulating and recopying. She knew this, because she helped him do itthough she was careful never to let him know that she recognized the names and dates as old acquaintances

To tell the truth, Miss Maggie did not like to admit, even to herself, that Mr. Smith must be nearing the end of his task. She did not like to think of the house-after Mr. Smith should have gone. She to'l herself that he was just the sort of homy boarder that she liked, and she wished she might keep him indefinitely. She thought so all the more when

he long evenings of November brought a new pleasure; Mr. Smith fell into the way of bringing home books to read aloud; and she enjoyed that very much. They had long talks, too, over the books they read. one there was an old man who fell in love with a young girl, and married her. Miss Maggie, as certain parts of this story we'e read, held for himself. her breath, and stole furtive glances ing up from the stocking she was into Mr. Smith's face. When it was Miss Maggie talked with Mr. Smith sighed Miss Maggie, as they ascended

finished she contrived to question on the way home-yet it was the very with careful casualness, as to his opinion of such a marriage.

Mr. Smith's answer was prompt and unequivocal. He said he did not believe that such a marriage should take place, nor did he believe that in real life it would result in happiness. Marriage should be between similar age, tastes, and habits, he said very decidedly. And

> CHAPTER XVII. An Ambassador of Cupid's

Christmas again brought all the young people home for the holidays. brought also a Christmas party at James Blaisdell's home. It was a very different party, however, from the house-warming of a year before

To begin with the attendance was and gambled. much smaller; Mrs. Hattie had been very exclusive in her invitations this She had not invited "everywho ever went anywhere." There were champagne, and cigarettes for the ladies, too.

As before Mr. Smith and Miss Maggie went together, Miss Maggie, who had not attended any social gatherings since Father Duff died, yielded to Mr. Smith's urgings and said that she would go to this. But Miss Maggie wished afterward that she had not gone-there were so many, many features about that party that Miss Maggie did not like.

She did not like the champagne nor the cigarets. She did not like Bessie's showy low-cut dress nor her supercilious' airs. She did not like they're living. He doesn't like-so the look in Fred's eyes nor the way much fuss and show and society." he drank the champagne. She did not the Jane's maneuvers to bring Mellicent and Hibbard Gaylord into each other's company-nor the way Mr. the newness of the money was worn Smith maneuvered to get Mellicent off. Of all these, except the very last, doesn't.

last that was uppermost in her mind except, perhaps, Fred. She did not speak of Fred, but because that, too, was so much to her, she waited until

the last before she spoke of it. "You saw Fred, of course?" she began then. "Yes." Short as the word was it

Maggie's fearful ears. She turned to him quickly. "Mr. Smith, it-it isn't true, is it?"

"I'm afraid it is." "You saw him-drinking then?" "Yes, I saw some, and I heardmore. It's just as I feared. He's got in with Gaylord and the rest of his set at college and they're a bad lotdrinking, gambling, no good."

"But Fred wouldn't-gamble, Mr. Smith! Oh, Fred wouldn't do that. And he's so ambitious to get ahead! Surely he'd know he couldn't get anywhere in his studies if-if he drank 'It would seem so.'

"Did you see his father? I saw him only a minute at the first and he didn't look well to me, either."

"Did he say anything about-Fred?" a lot about him and was so proud and happy in his coming success. This time he never mentioned him; but he tressed. She was also very much puzlooked-bad.'

"What did he talk about?" in what he did say. He was very different from last year.'

"Yes, I know. He is different," sighed Maggie. "He's talked with me quite a lot about-about the way Mr. Smith frowned.

get over all that by this time, after

"I hoped she would. But—she oesn't. It's worse, if anything,"

the steps at her own door. Mr. Smith frowned again.
"And Miss Bessie-" he began disapprovingly, then stopped. "Now, Miss Mellicent-" he resumed, in a very different voice.

But Miss Maggie was not apparently listening. With a rather loud rattling of the door knob she was

carried a volume of meaning to Miss pushing open the door.

Yes. Short as the word was pushing open the door.

Why, how hot it is! Did I leave that damper open?" she cried, hurrying into the living room.

And Mr. Smith, hurrying after, evil dently forgot to finish his sentence Miss Maggie did not attend any more of the merrymakings of that holiday week. But Mr. Smith did. It seemed to Miss Maggie, indeed, that Mr. Smith was away nearly every minute of that long week-and it was a long week to Miss Maggie. Even the Martin girls were away many of the evenings. Miss Maggie told her-self that that was why the house seemed so lonesome.

But though Miss Maggie did not participate in the gay doings, she heard of them. She heard of them on all sides, except from Mr. Smith-and on all sides she heard of the devotion "Not a word-and that's what wor- of Mr. Smith to Miss Mellicent. She ries me the more. Last year he talked concluded that this was the reason why Mr. Smith himself was so silent. Miss Maggie was shocked and dis-

zled. She had supposed that Mr. Smith understood that Mellicent and "Oh, books, business-nothing in young Gray cared for each other, and particular. And he wasn't interested she had thought that Mr. Smith even approval of the affair between them. Now, to push himself on the scene in this absurd fashion, and try "to cut. everybody out," as it was vulgarly termed-she never would have believed it of Mr. Smith in the world. And she was disappointed, too. She liked Mr. Smith very much. She had "But I thought-Mrs. Hattie would considered him to be a man of good sense and good judgment. And had he not himself said, no so long ago, that he believed lovers should the same age, tastes and habits? And yet here now he was-

(To Be Continued.)

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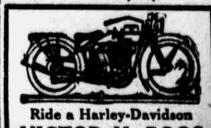
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