

UNCLE SAM WANTS FRUIT STONES IN GAS MASK MAKING

Omahans Are Asked to Save All Fruit Pits and Nut Shells for Boxes at Omaha Stores.

Fruit stones and nut shells will help win the war. Hayden Bros. have received a letter from the Gas Defense division of the Chemical Warfare service of the United States requesting that they establish some means for Omaha people to deposit their fruit stones and nut shells so they will be available for the government.

Here is a quotation from the letter telling how they are used:

"To make gas masks effective we must have carbon; and carbon now is being made from peach pits or stones, apricot, cherry, plum, prune and olive pits, date seeds, and nut shells. Two hundred peach stones or seven pounds of nut shells will make a carbon enough for one mask—think of that! And then know that one mask will save an American soldier's life."

Hayden's have placed a large box covered with bunting in the basement where people may leave their fruit stones and nut shells. This practice has already been established in the east and Macy's, one of New York City's largest department stores, has a hogshead painted red, white, and blue and placed at the main entrance of their store for this purpose.

"This is another way in which loyal Omahans can help Uncle Sam's soldiers to win," says Al King.

A hogshead placed outside the entrance to the Burgess-Nash store to receive fruit stones and nut shells has been filled five times by patrons of the store and passers-by.

"We hope to fill the hogshead many times yet," says A. L. Green, one of the officials of the Burgess-Nash company.

58 Candles to Light Pershing Birthday Cake at Big Auction

The Pershing birthday cake will probably be lighted up by 58 candles. This refers to the real cake. The imitation cake, which will be drawn through the streets on a float, will be lighted by 58 incandescent lights in imitation of candles.

The real cake is to be kept under a tent on the platform at the court house, and at the right moment the tent will be taken away, so that the eyes of the crowds may see the sight—a cake, five feet two inches in diameter and three feet high!

One slice of it will be sent to General Pershing and the rest will be auctioned off, piece by piece, for the benefit of the Salvation Army fund. Little boxes have been prepared in which people can carry home the cake.

Another feature is that the float containing the cake will be drawn through the streets in the parade by 50 men instead of by horses. This was announced by Exalted Ruler Charles Docherty of the Elks.

Overhead Signs Are Banned During Week of Ak-Sar-Ben, Ruler

The mayor and city commissioners announced that they will not permit temporary overhead signs during Ak-Sar-Ben week. A recent ordinance against these signs will not be suspended for the fall festivities.

Captain Kingsbury Sent to Camp John Wise, Texas

Capt. J. J. Kingsbury, formerly in charge of military police at Fort Omaha, has been transferred to Camp John Wise, Texas.

Feakins Called to Boston by Railroad War Board

Fred L. Feakins, assistant general freight agent of the Missouri Pacific in charge of the Omaha office, has been commended for railroad war work. He has been instructed to forthwith report in Boston to take an important position in the railroad traffic department. For the present, at least, J. O. Phillippi, commercial agent, will be in charge of the Omaha office.

Duval Changes Jobs Here With the Milwaukee Road

For the first time in more than 35 years the Milwaukee road is without a general agency. As a war measure and in the interest of economy the office is abolished and Eugene Duval, former general agent becomes city passenger and freight agent. Bill Bock, former city passenger agent, is now a traveling salesman for the Megeath Coal company, with South Dakota as his territory.

150 at Central and 100 at Commerce High in New Draft

Principal Masters of Central High school hopes that the government will make it possible for 150 of the 18-year-old boy students of his school to continue their studies and receive military training here under federal supervision. There are 100 students at High School of Commerce subject to registration on Thursday.

Isaacson Is Given Party Before Entering Service

J. J. Isaacson, who will leave his position as superintendent of public recreation to enter military service, was given a party on Monday at the Municipal beach cottage by men of the park and playground department. Mr. Isaacson expects to depart on Wednesday for Camp Grant.

OH, MONEY! MONEY!

By Eleanor H. Porter

Author of "Pollyanna."

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THE STORY THIS FAR

Stanley G. Fulton, multimillionaire, is masquerading in Hillerton as John Smith, genealogist. As a matter of fact, he is busy studying relatives he has suddenly made wealthy.

He is most interested in the young people and daughters of those on whom he bestowed wealth. Mollie, daughter of Frank Blaisdell, is a favorite of his.

It was in February that a certain metropolitan reporter, short for feature articles, ran up to Hillerton and contributed to his paper the following Sunday, a write-up on "The Blaisdells One Year After," enlarging on the fine new homes, the motor cars, and the luxurious living of the three families. And it was three days after this article was printed that Miss Flora appeared at Miss Maggie's breathless with excitement.

"Just see what I've got in the mail this morning!" she cried to Miss Maggie, and to Mr. Smith, who had opened the door for her.

With trembling fingers she took from her bag a letter and a small picture evidently cut from a newspaper.

"There, see," she panted, holding them out. "It's a man in Boston, and these are his children. There are seven of them. He wrote me a beautiful letter. He said he knew I must have a real kind heart, and he's in terrible trouble. He said he saw in the paper about the wonderful legacy I'd had, and he told his wife he was going to write to me, to see if I would help them—if only a little, it would aid them that much."

"He wants money, then?" Miss Maggie had taken the letter and the picture rather gingerly in her hands.

Mr. Smith had gone over to the stove suddenly—turn a damper, apparently, though a close observer might have noticed that he turned it back to its former position almost at once.

"Yes," palpitated Miss Flora. "He's sick, and he lost his position, and his wife's sick, and two of the children, and one of 'em is lame, and another's blind. Oh, it was such a pitiful story, Maggie! Why, some days they haven't had enough to eat—and just look at me, with all my chickens and turkeys and more pudding every day than I can stuff down!"

"Did he give you any references?" "References! What do you mean?" He didn't ask me to hire him for anything."

"No, no, dear, but I mean—did he give you any references, to show that he was—was worthy, and all right?" exclaimed Miss Maggie patiently.

"Of course he didn't. Why, he didn't need to. He told me himself how things were with him," rebuked Miss Flora indignantly. "It is all in the letter there—read it for yourself."

"But he really ought to have given you some reference, dear, if he asked you for money."

"Well, I don't want any reference. I believe him. I'd be ashamed to doubt a man like that! And you would, after you read that letter, and look into those blessed children's faces."

"Besides, he never thought of such a thing—I know he didn't. Why, he says right in the letter there that he was so ashamed that he had to now."

Mr. Smith made a sudden odd little noise in his throat. Perhaps he got choked. At all events, he was seized with a fit of coughing just then.

Miss Maggie turned over the letter in her hand.

"Where does he tell you to send the money?"

"It's right there—box four hundred and something; and I got the money order, just as he said."

"You got one! Do you mean that you've already sent this money?" cried Miss Maggie.

"Why, yes, of course. I stopped at the office on the way down here."

"And you sent—a money order?" "Yes." He said he would rather have that than a check."

"I don't doubt it! You don't seem to have—delayed any."

"Of course I didn't delay! Why, Maggie, he said he had to have it at once. I was going to be turned out—turned out into the streets! Think of those seven little children in the streets! Wait, indeed! Why, Maggie, what can you be thinking of?"

"I'm thinking you've been the easy victim of a professional beggar, Flora, retorted Miss Maggie, with some spirit, handing back the letter and the picture.

"Why, Maggie, I never knew you to be so—so unkind," charged Miss Flora, her eyes tearful. "He can't be a professional beggar. He said he wasn't—that he never begged before in his life."

Miss Maggie, with a despairing gesture, averted her face.

Miss Flora turned to Mr. Smith.

"Mr. Smith, you—you don't think so, do you?" she pleaded.

Mr. Smith grew very red—perhaps because he had to stop to cough again.

"Well, Miss Flora—I'm sorry, but I'm afraid I shall have to agree with Miss Maggie here, to some extent."

"But you didn't read the letter. You don't know how beautifully he talked."

"You told me; and you say yourself that he gave you only a postoffice box for an address. So you see you couldn't look him up very well."

now if I didn't give some of it to—all to these others. And I'm going to—I'm going to!" she reiterated, as she fled from the room.

As the door shut crisply, Miss Maggie turned and looked at Mr. Smith. But Mr. Smith had crossed again to the stove and was fussing with the damper. Miss Maggie, after a moment's hesitation, turned and went out into the kitchen, without speaking.

Mr. Smith and Miss Maggie saw very little of Miss Flora after this for some time. But they heard a good deal about her. They heard of her generous gifts to families all over town.

"Oh, yes—and that's what's the trouble. They're too nice. She feels smothered and oppressed—as if she were visiting somewhere, and not at home. She's actually afraid of her maid. You see Miss Flora has always lived very simply. She isn't used to maids—and the maid knows it which, if you ever employed maids, you would know is a terrible state of affairs."

"Oh, but she—she'll get used to that in time."

"Perhaps," conceded Miss Maggie, "but I doubt it. Some women would, but not Miss Flora. She is too inherently simple in her tastes. Why it's as bad as always living in a hotel!" she wailed to me last night. "You know on my trip I was so afraid always I'd do something that wasn't quite right, before those awful waiters in the dining rooms, and I was anticipating so much getting home where I could eat natural—and here I've got one in my own house!"

Mr. Smith frowned, but he laughed, too.

"Poor Miss Flora! But why doesn't she dismiss the lady?"

"She doesn't dare to. Besides, there's Hattie. She says Hattie is always telling her what is due her position, and that she must do this and do that. She's being invited out, too, to the Pennocks' and the Bensons'; and they're worse than the maid, she declares. She says she's never to 'run in and see people, and she loves to go to places and spend the day with her sewing; but that these things where you go and stand up and eat off a jiggly plate, and see everybody, and not really see anybody, are a nuisance and an abomination."

"Well, she's about right there," chuckled Mr. Smith.

"Yes, I think she is," smiled Miss Maggie; "but that isn't telling me how to make her contented."

"Contented! Great Scott!" snapped Mr. Smith, with an irritability that was as sudden as it was apparently causeless. "I didn't suppose you had to tell any woman on this earth how to be contented—with a hundred thousand dollars!"

"It would seem so, wouldn't it?" "You mean—you'd like the chance to prove it? That you wish you had that hundred thousand?"

"Oh, I didn't say—that," twinkled Miss Maggie mischievously, turning away.

It was that same afternoon that Mr. Smith met Mrs. Jane Blaisdell on the street.

"You're just the man I want to see," she accosted him eagerly.

"Then I'll turn and walk along with you, if I may," smiled Mr. Smith. "What can I do for you?"

"Well, I don't know, you can do anything," she sighed; "but somebody's got to do something. Could you—do you suppose you could interest my husband in this Blaisdell business of yours?"

Mr. Smith gave a start, looking curiously disconcerted.

"B-Blaisdell business?" he stammered. "Why, I—I thought he was—interested in motoring and golf."

"Oh, he was, for a time; but it's too cold for those now, and he got sick of them, anyway, before it did come cold, just as he does of everything. Well, yesterday he asked a question—something about Father Blaisdell's mother; and that gave me the idea. Do you suppose you could get him interested in this ancestor business? Oh, I wish you could; it's so nice and quiet, and it can't cost much—not like golf clubs and caddies and gasoline, anyway. Do you think you could?"

"Why, I—I don't know, Mrs. Blaisdell," murmured Mr. Smith, still a little worriedly. "I—I could show him what I've found, of course."

"Well, I wish you would then. Anyway, something's got to be done," she sighed. "He's nervous as a witch. He can't keep still a minute. And he isn't a bit well, either. He ate such a lot of rich food and all sorts of stuff on our trip that he got his

stomach all out of order; and now he can't eat anything, hardly."

"Humph! Well, if his stomach's knocked out, I pity him," nodded Mr. Smith. "I've been there."

"Oh, have you?" Oh, yes, I remember. You did say so when you first came, didn't you? But Mr. Smith, please, if you know any of those health fads, don't tell them to my husband. Don't, I beg of you! He's tried dozens of them until I'm nearly wild, and I've lost two hired girls already. One day it will be no water, and the next it'll be all he can drink; and one week he won't eat anything but vegetables, and the next he won't touch a thing but meat—and it's fruit that goes with meat or cereals. Well, never mind. Whatever it is, he's done it. And lately he's taken to inspecting every bit of meat and groceries that comes into the house. Why, he spends half his time in the kitchen, nosing 'round the cupboards and refrigerator; and, of course, no girl will stand that! That's why I'm hoping, oh, I am hoping, that you can do something with him on that ancestor business. There, here is the Bensons, where I've got to stop—and thank you ever so much Mr. Smith, if you will."

"All right, I'll try," promised Mr. Smith dubiously, as he lifted his hat. But he frowned and he was still frowning when he met Miss Maggie at the Duff supper table half an hour later.

"Well, I've found another one who wants me to tell how to be contented, though afflicted with \$100,000," he greeted her gloweringly.

"Is that so?" smiled Miss Maggie. "Yes. Can't \$100,000 bring any one satisfaction?"

Miss Maggie laughed, then into her eyes came the mischievous twinkle that Mr. Smith had learned to watch for.

"Don't blame the poor money," she said then demurely. "Blame—the way it is spent."

CHAPTER XVIII. Just a Matter of Begging.

True to his promise, Mr. Smith "tried" Mr. Frank Blaisdell on "the ancestor business" very soon. Laboriously he got out his tabulated dates and names, and carefully he traced for him several lines of descent from remote ancestors. Painstakingly he pointed out a "Submit," who had no history but the bare fact of her marriage to one Thomas Blaisdell, and a "Thankful Marsh," who had eluded his every attempt to supply her with parents. He let it be understood how important these missing links were, and he tried to inspire his possible pupil with a frenzied desire to go out and dig them up. He showed some of the interesting letters he had received from various Blaisdells far and near, and he spread before him the genealogical page of his latest "Transcript," and explained how one might there stumble upon the very missing link he was looking for.

But Mr. Frank Blaisdell was openly bored. He said he didn't care how many children his great-grandfather had, nor what they died of, and as for Mrs. Submit and Miss Thankful, the ladies might bury themselves in the "Transcript," or hide behind that wall of dates and names till doomsday, for all he cared. He shouldn't disturb 'em. He never did like figures, he said, except figures that represented something worth while, like a day's sales or a year's profits.

And, speaking of grocery stores, had Mr. Smith ever seen a store run down as his old one had since he sold out? For that matter, something must have got into all the grocery stores; for a poorer lot of goods than those delivered every day at his home he never saw—it was a disgrace to the trade.

He said a good deal more about his grocery store—but nothing whatever more about his Blaisdell ancestors; so Mr. Smith felt justified in considering his efforts to interest Mr. Frank Blaisdell in the ancestor business a failure. Certainly he never tried it again.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

THIS MAN SAYS HE NOW FEELS HAPPY LIKE A BOY AGAIN

Fahy Feels Thirty Years Younger Since Taking Tanlac.

"Honestly, I feel thirty years younger since I began taking this Tanlac and that carries me back to when I was a boy in knee pants," said M. J. Fahy, a switchman on the Missouri Pacific, living at 2008 T street, Lincoln, while in the Harley Drug store, recently.

"I have suffered from rheumatism in my muscles and joints," he continued, "for so long that I was getting to feel old before my time. My joints would swell all up and the muscles all through my body ached most all the time. I just suffered agony at times and could hardly raise my hand to button my collar on. My liver was nearly always sluggish; my appetite wasn't much good and I had that tired feeling all the time. I often felt discouraged because I looked like I would never get any better."

"But Tanlac has turned things about for me. I felt better soon after starting on it. My appetite picked right up. I enjoyed my meals more and my liver got to working better. Well, all the swelling and pain is gone now and getting rid of this rheumatism is the greatest treat of my life. My tired feelings are all gone, too. I sleep good and simply feel like a different man and there's nothing too good for me to say for Tanlac."

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; north-east 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.—Advertisement.

VENUS PENCILS
17 Degrees—All perfect
Set the standard by which all pencils are judged
American Lead Pencil Co.
210 Fifth Avenue New York

Beaton Says
After each meal—YOU eat one
EATONIC
(FOR YOUR STOMACH'S SAKE)
and get full food value and real stomach comfort. Instantly relieves heartburn, bloated, gassy feeling, STOPS acidity, food repeating and stomach misery. AIDS digestion; keeps the stomach sweet and pure.
EATONIC is the best remedy and only costs a cent or two a day to use it. You will be delighted with results. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Please call and try it!
Follow the Beaton Path, 15th and Farnam Sts., Omaha.

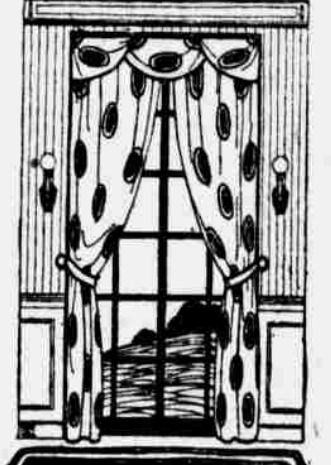
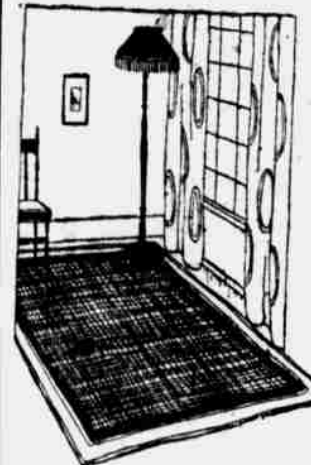
Cuticura Soap
IS IDEAL
For the Hands
Soap Co., Cincinnati 25 & 26, Tolson Bldg., Wash. D. C. Sample each mailed free by "Cuticura, Dept. E. Boston."

Brandeis Stores

\$100,000

Rugs and Draperies

We repeat some of the items in this offering, because they are well worth an encore at this time. You will find that an investment in Floor Coverings and Draperies now will insure your having what you want when you are ready to refit the home and that a tidy little saving will be yours in the bargain, between the prices now and those that will undoubtedly prevail later.



The Rugs:

Best Tapestry Brussels—Excellent for dining rooms and bedrooms; in nice all-over tans and browns; conventional designs and chintz patterns.

9x12 ft. size, regularly \$25.00, at...\$19.98

8x10 ft. 6 size, regularly \$20.00, at...\$15.98

Seamless Velvet Rugs—9x12 feet size, sold up to \$50.00, at...\$39.98

Axminster Rugs—The Rugs you want, in excellent patterns and colorings.

9x12 ft., reg. \$37.50.....\$34.50

8-3x10-6, reg. \$32.50.....\$29.98

6-9x9, reg. \$20.00.....\$18.50

Axminster Velvet and Body Brussels—Every Rug a decided bargain, though some are slightly soiled.

Your choice from this very exceptional lot, at.....\$19.98

Axminster Rugs—36x70 inches, regularly \$7.00, at.....\$3.98

Third Floor

The Draperies:

Marisettes, in white and ecru, 40 inches wide, good quality and worth 50c, special now, at...\$39c

Lace Curtain Nets, new patterns, in white and ecru, good quality, worth 59c, special now, at...49c

Scrim Curtains, 2½ yards long, hemmed and lace edges, 40 inches wide, worth \$2.25, special, a pair.....\$1.59

Plain and Figured Scrim, white and ecru, worth 35c, special...19c

Sunfast Madras Drapery Material, for over curtains, in blue, rose, green, brown and mulberry; worth \$2.75, a yard, at.....\$2.25

Drapery Material, 50 inches wide, for curtains and portieres, full line of colors, a yard...\$1.50 to \$6.75

Couch Covers, 54 inches wide, regular length, in Oriental patterns, exceptional at.....\$3.75 to \$4.75

Fireplace Furniture and Oil Heaters

To make the home cozy and comfortable for the Fall and Winter, we offer these suggestions—and prices are modest, too.

Fireplace Fittings—We have all the newest designs, including Burnt Brass, Swedish, Bronze and Black finishes, now ready for delivery—

Andirons, priced up from.....\$2.50
Fire Baskets, priced up from.....\$5.50
Fire Screens, priced up from.....\$7.00
Fire Sets, priced up from.....\$3.50

Perfection Oil Heaters

To carry with you from room to room, before the weather is quite cold enough to light the furnace, but when it is cold enough to have extra heat.

Plain finish Perfection Heaters.....\$5.65
Nickel finish Perfection Heaters.....\$6.75
Nickel and Blue finish Heaters.....\$8.50

We are also showing a full line of Coal Heaters and Ranges in various sizes.

Basement.

Special Announcement

to all High School Boys

We have been awarded the exclusive contract to supply the High School Cadet Uniforms. We desire to direct your attention to the fact that these are very unusual times and uniforms are extremely hard to obtain—therefore we request that you place your orders as soon as you can to insure prompt and satisfactory delivery.

The Uniform consists of coat, trousers and cap, \$20.75

Separate Pieces may be purchased this way:

Coat.....\$11.50
Trousers.....\$7.00
Cap.....\$2.25

Second Floor, Men's Bldg.



Buy New Victor Records

"Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning."

"Oh, Frenchy."

"A Rainbow From the U. S. A."

"Goodbye, Mother March."

"When Alexander Takes His Ragtime Band to France."

"I'm Gonna Pin My Medal on the Girl I Left Behind."

"Dear Old Pal of Mine," McCormack.

"Over There," by Caruso.

Main Floor—Pompeian Room

New Wall Papers To Brighten the Home

Bedroom Papers, all new with cut out borders, Wednesday Sale...11c

Paper for any room in the house, in light or dark effects. Worth double the money. Some have cut out borders. Specially priced in 2 lots, Wednesday...11c and 6½c

Beautiful New Tapestry Blends and all-over effects. Nice for parlor, dining room, living room or hall. Show with a suitable decoration, for Wednesday, roll...42c

A very choice line of Gilt Papers, all new, in all color effects. Each have a cut out border, Wednesday, roll...14c

A few odd Papers nice for kitchen attic or spare room, sold with borders to match, special...2½c

A group of the most dainty creations in bedroom paper ever shown. Each have a decorative band, and are specially priced, Wed., roll...14c

Plain 30-Inch Duplex Oatmeal Paper (the kind that won't fade), in all the new colors, with border and bands to match, for Wednesday, roll...18c

Washable Variegated Tile Papers—In new effects, with bands to match. Special, roll, Wednesday, 18c

Plain 30-Inch Oatmeal Papers—In tan, green, blues, grays and brown, with beautiful bands and borders to match, Wednesday, roll...12½c

Beautiful New Line of Pattern Oatmeals—In all the newest shades with borders to match, Wednesday...22½c