

U. S. Expenditures Drop \$500,000,000 Below Estimate

Prospects for Fiscal Year 1923 "Not So Good," With Deficit of \$485,000,000 Probable.

Washington, June 30.—The government balanced its budget for the fiscal year ending today, an accomplishment described by Under Secretary of the Treasury Gilbert as "no mean task."

As to the coming year the under secretary pointed to the possibility of a deficit greater than already estimated as he contended appropriations for next year have not been passed by congress.

The total gross debt of the United States was about \$22,950,000,000, a total reduction of over \$3,600,000,000 since its peak on August 31, 1919, he explained.

For the future, he asserted, liquidation of the public debt will have to be accepted chiefly from surplus revenue receipts.

Vanderlip Given Warm Welcome in Budapest

Vienna, June 30.—Frank Vanderlip, the American banker, received a warm welcome from the Chamber of Commerce of Budapest.

Dog Hill Paragraphs

That strange noise which some mistook for a hound dog howling and which issued from the stable...

Tuesday afternoon, turned out to be none other than our highly esteemed vocalist, Sidney Hocks, who is trying to learn to sing.

This morning Washington Hocks recalled the contest when a prize was given at the school house to the person who could keep a feather in the air the longest by blowing at it.

A FRIEND IN NEED A FRIEND INDEED

Writes Mrs. Hardee Regarding Lydia E. Finkham's Vegetable Compound

Los Angeles, Calif.—"I must tell you that I am a true friend to Lydia E. Finkham's Vegetable Compound."

When in Omaha Stop at Hotel Rome

Nowhere

By RUBY M. AYRES.

(Copyright, 1922.)

(Continued from yesterday.)

Oliver never thought anything worth getting so upset about, she rather despised emotional people.

Poor Mr. Green! He could have used no worse tactics with his address; she had merely laughed and turned on her heel.

Oliver finished her cigar and departed to her own room, she invited Violet to accompany her, but Violet refused; she said she wanted to be alone.

"Well, so long as you don't mean to do anything silly," Olive objected. She looked back at her friend from the doorway.

Violet sat pale and wan in a chair; her eyes were red and swollen; she twisted the damp ball of a screwdriver handle in her hands; she shrugged her shoulders and departed.

"I'll come down again soon," she said. When she had gone, Violet went over to the mirror; she smiled ruefully at her pitiful reflection; she bathed her face in cold water; then she brushed her hair and dressed to go out.

In the hall she encountered Mrs. Higgs. "Oh, Miss H'ingleby," said that woman. "Don't be late on now we'll get him back, you'll see, we'll get him back."

Violet could not trust herself to answer; she fairly ran into the street; she had no clear idea in her head as to where she was going, but her thoughts were full of Hastings—to get to him, tell him how she hated him! When she turned the corner of the road she saw his green-painted car coming toward her.

He did not see her; the car glided to a stop and Mrs. Higgs, Violet saw him get out and run up the steps to the door.

She raced back up the street—she felt like a fury; her heart hammered in her throat; her hands were clenched and she drew her breath in great gasps.

Mrs. Higgs had just opened the door when Violet reached it; she heard Hastings ask for "Miss H'ingleby," and Mrs. Higgs's ejaculation, "Here she is herself, sir."

Hastings turned sharply; he came eagerly down the steps; then her saw her standing face.

"Violet!" She waved him away, ignoring his outstretched hand. Mrs. Higgs had retreated to the kitchen; she had a steak frying on the fire for her best lodger.

"I wanted to see you," Violet spoke without looking at him. "Will you come in, if you don't mind; my room is very poor, but, of course, you know that already."

Hastings began to speak, but checked the words; he was a tactful man; he followed her silently up the three flights of stairs. He looked around the poorly furnished room with tender eyes.

"So this is where my little girl lives," he said. Violet was standing, looking away from him; she bit her lip till it bled to keep her self-control; she felt all broken and beaten.

Hastings was beside her in an instant. "Darling, what is the matter? Are you angry with me? What have I done?"

"I managed to get off tonight after all and thought you would not mind my coming around for you. I have told my mother and she wants me to bring you to see her. Violet!"

She had freed herself from his arms; she clutched at his coat with trembling hands. "Give him back to me; give him back to me!"

She was shaking all over, sobbing deep sobs that seemed to tear her slender figure. "Give him back to me; give him back to me; you don't love him like I do; you don't want him like I do. I'll do anything for you—anything—if you'll only let me have him."

Hastings stared down at her with

a mixture of fear and amazement in his eyes; he covered her shaking hands with his own. When he spoke his voice was very gentle; he might have been speaking to a frightened child.

"Violet, what do you mean? What is the matter? I don't understand; are you dreaming, little girl; tell me what you mean? Give who back to you? Tell me, explain to me; you know I'd give my life for you."

She stared at him with wild eyes, then burst out laughing. "Oh, you are clever," she said hysterically. "I thought I was clever enough, but I never was anything compared with you. But you need not act any longer; I know all about it—I always have known; you put that man Martin on to find Ronnie, and I answered the advertisement. Oh, I was a fool, a fool; but I wanted money for him. I hadn't any myself, and I've tried to be good to him, and he loved me as if I were his own mother. He won't be happy without me; give him back to me, only give him back to me, and I'll do anything for you. I'll work, I'll slave," she stopped, stifled with sobs. She would have fallen at his feet but for his upholding arms.

Hastings looked terribly alarmed; he pressed her head back to his shoulder. "Hush, hush," he said soothingly; he thought she was ill; he smoothed her hair with a hand that shook, he kissed her cheek, he called her endearing names; but she struggled fiercely against him; she wrenched herself away and stood holding to a chairback, her eyes blazing at him like a mad woman's.

"How dare you, how dare you," she panted at him. "You've lied to me and cheated me long enough and now you've successfully robbed me of all I ever wanted. We need not keep up the game. Do you think I ever really cared for you? Do you think I wanted to meet you, and go out with you? I hated and despised you all the time for your presumption in imagining I did. I only did it for Ronnie's sake, to keep Ronnie. I know you were trying to find him. I know all about the woman you deserted. I knew he was your child, and I thought—I thought if I could make you care for me you would let me keep him. I was a fool—a fool!"

Hastings went very white; for a moment he stared at her without speaking; he was beginning to understand slowly that she was perfectly aware of what she was saying; her last words had been only too clear to him; they held the stamp of truth; he knew she had meant them; the rest he did not consider.

"You mean that you—never cared in the least for me?" he asked; he spoke with difficulty—once or twice he moistened his lips as if his words were hard to frame. "You mean that you—were—just pretending—for some reason of your own? Is that what I am to understand?"

"Yes, I was just playing as you were; just playing; I thought I was winning, but I was mistaken; all along I was mistaken; you have won."

She snuck at Violet's door, but, getting no answer, climbed a further flight to Olive Hale. Olive was trying on a frock; she was twisting and turning in front of the glass critically.

Mrs. Higgs closed the door behind her and sat down heavily on a chair. "There's something the matter with Miss H'ingleby," she said impressively. "Did you see the car, Miss 'Ale?"

Miss Hale said, "What?" not very interestedly. The skirt did not hang so well as she had hoped; it gave her serious annoyance.

Mrs. Higgs explained. She could be graphic when she chose. She gave a very exaggerated account of Violet's visitor and his abrupt departure; she earnestly begged Miss Hale to accompany her downstairs to see if all was well.

Olive agreed with alacrity; she had heard the car in the street outside, but had not dreamed of connecting it with Mrs. Higgs's unpretentious abode. She ran down the stairs eagerly, followed by the landlady. She did not wait to knock at Violet's door; she turned the handle and entered, closing it sharply in the face of Mrs. Higgs's curiosity; occasionally she deemed it advisable

to keep Mrs. Higgs in her place. After a few moments she came out; Mrs. Higgs was sitting on the stairs, with an aggrieved expression in her one eye.

"She's all right," said Olive. "I've put her to bed; she's upset about the kid. It appears that the man who called was Ronald Hastings, the man who took him away this morning."

Mrs. Higgs bounced up from the shabby stair carpet. "That he never was," she said emphatically. "And I ought to know, asking your pardon, Miss, seeing that I saw him with my own eyes." Mrs. Higgs always alluded to her optic in the plural.

"It wasn't the same?" Olive asked the question sharply. "Are you quite sure it wasn't?"

"Sure! Don't I look sure?" demanded Mrs. Higgs with a sniff. "I've never seen the gentleman what came in the car this evening before—but I've seen the one what took Master Ronnie away, bless his pretty face; leastways I've seen his photo

and that's the one that's stood on Miss Ingleby's mantel shelf ever since she's bin 'ere."

Flourie Jones was feeling particularly happy and pleased with herself; her temper had distinctly improved; she was not nearly so ready to say sharp and unkind things; she was more obliging; she actually forgot to grumble when madame requested she should stay late at Violet's.

Madame wondered; she thought probably Flourie Jones was not well; she herself was always better tempered when she felt poorly; she judged other people accordingly.

As a matter of fact, the explanation was simple—Flourie Jones was in love, and her whole life seemed reconstructed in consequence.

She was on the wrong side of 30, and she had never before had a love affair of any shape or description. (Continued in The Bee Monday.)

But will the longer skirts put the "quit" in mosquitos?—Toronto Star.

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Praises Italian Police Milan, June 30.—Police Commissioner Richard Enright of New York, who arrived in Venice Wednesday from Rome, declared that the Italian police are splendidly organized and their system will be carefully studied before the opening of the international police congress, which is to be held in September.

To Head Chillicothe Camp. Washington, June 30.—Appointment of Edwin Grant Dexter of Calais, Me., as president of the vocational training school for disabled service men at Chillicothe, O., succeeding J. M. Fritchard, resigned, was announced today by Acting Director Rogers of the Veteran's bureau.

Open Saturday Evenings Until 9 O'Clock The Food Centers BETTER THINGS TO EAT 1914-16-18 Farnam Street Free Delivery of Orders to All Parts of the City. Phone AT. 4603. Meth Order Please. Thomson's Dairy Maid Creamery Butter... 35¢ Eggs, fresh checks and No. 1, in cartons, guaranteed... 20¢ Plain Creamery Butter, at 1 lb... 35¢ Fancy Tub Creamery, per lb... 36¢ Danish Pioneer Butter, per lb... 35¢ Best Wax Butter, per lb... 30¢ Wisconsin Creamery Butter, per lb... 35¢ Creamed Cottage Cheese, per lb... 15¢ Butter Milk, qt. 10¢ All You Can Drink for a Nickel. EXCEPTIONAL MEAT SPECIALS 1922 Milk Fed Spring Chickens, each 45¢ Fresh Dressed Roasting Chickens, lb... 17½¢ Pig Pork Loins... 16½¢ Young Yearling Mutton Legs, lb. 20¢ Steer Pot Roast, per lb... 11¢ Steer Boiling Beef, per lb... 4¢ Steer Shoulder Steak, per lb... 15¢ Young Veal Roast, per lb... 13½¢ Young Veal Breast, per lb... 9½¢ Rolled Veal Roast, per lb... 22½¢ Sugar Cured Bacon, per lb... 19½¢ Sugar Cured Picnic Hams, lb. 17½¢ No. 1 Skinned Hams, per lb... 29½¢ CIGARS Just inside the Door Gleaned, 10c value, 3 for... 25¢ Box of 50, \$2.75 2 Gleaned, 10c value and Honor... 50¢ Wellington Pipe, French, per lb... 40¢ value for... 40¢ Camel Cigarettes, per lb... 40¢ W. H. L. Smoking Tobacco, per lb... 40¢ CIGARS... \$1.25 FRUITS AND VEGETABLES Best Juley Sunlight Lemons, per dozen... 35¢ Tom Watson Texas Watermelons, per lb... 3¢ New Potatoes, per peck... 57¢ Imperial Valley Cantaloupes, 2 for... 25¢ Best Home Grown Beans, 3 lbs. for... 25¢ Also all kinds of Berries, Cherries, Peaches, Pears, Plums, Apples and Green Apples at Reasonable Prices.

The Grocer Who Sells Roberts Milk Does So for Only One Reason It costs him from one to three cents a quart more than other grades of milk. He knows Roberts Milk is a far BETTER Milk than he has ever been able to handle and is willing to sacrifice a part of his profit to gain your good will. He is a Good Grocer Who Sells Roberts Milk

Quaker BREAD IT'S MADE WITH MILK LET THE QUAKER BE YOUR BAKER

16th Douglas 5490 CENTRAL MARKET'S Everything for the Table 16th Harney 1796 "Come Once and You'll Come Always." We deliver your order of \$5.00 or over to any part of the city. Quality Meat Specials for Saturday Fancy Fresh Dressed Broilers, per lb... 45¢ Fancy Steer Pot Roast, per lb... 11½¢ Best Cuts Steer Shoulder Roast, per lb... 14½¢ Pig Pork Roast, young and lean, per lb... 17½¢ Genuine Lamb Shoulders, per lb... 10¢ Fancy Young Veal Roast, per lb... 17½¢ Young Veal Breasts, per lb... 10¢ Dold's Narrow Lean Breakfast Bacon, lb... 27½¢ Choice Smoked Picnic Hams, per lb... 16½¢ Fruits and Vegetables, Fresh and Delicious Large Sweet Cantaloupes, 10¢; 3 for... 25¢ Loganberries, per box... 20¢ Blackberries, per box... 17½¢ Extra fancy Apricots, per basket... 65¢ Fancy Peaches, per basket... 25¢ Large Market Basket Cherries... \$1.35 Extra fancy Tomatoes, 5 and 8 lbs. to basket at... 25¢ and 30¢ California Head Lettuce, each... 10¢ and 15¢ Ripe Watermelons, every one guaranteed, per lb... 3½¢ OUR GROCERY DEPARTMENT OFFERS SPECIAL VALUES FOR SATURDAY SHOPPING. Tall Cans Pink Salmon... 15¢ Large Oval Cans Del Monte Sardines in Mustard... 15¢ Tomato Sauce... 15¢ Shredded Wheat, per pkg... 11¢ Pkg. Assorted Advs... 15¢ Tall Cans Carotene Milk, can... 7½¢ Apple Blossom or Elder Milk, 2 for... \$1.25 Comb Honey... 15¢ Extra Fancy Tea for Ice Tea, per lb... 40¢ Central Special Coffee, per lb... 30¢ 8 lbs. for... 88¢ French Cake, Fluted Coconut Bars, 2 lbs... 39¢ Raspberry Dainties, a new English style cream filled Cookie with fresh fruit flavors. Graham Crackers, Vanilla Wafers, Cheese Wafers, 2 pkgs. for... 25¢ BUTTER, EGGS AND CHEESE FRESH DAILY Guaranteed Fresh Checked Eggs, carton of one dozen... 18½¢ Fancy pkg. Butter, per lb... 24½¢ Central Extra or Island Butter... 39½¢ Best Nut or Milano Margarine, lb... 20¢ Old Strong Yellow Cheese, lb... 15½¢ CANDIES Our delicious Chocolate Marshmallow Fudge, lb... 20¢ Cream Caramels, the kind that calls for more, lb... 30¢ AN OUTING SPECIAL IN PACKAGE GOODS Candies and Salted Nuts for Picnic. BAKERY DEPARTMENT. Potatoes Chops, per pkg... 10¢ per lb... 10¢

Merrell-Soule's Dry Milk Is the World's Standard of Quality Milk. And the milk comes from the finest herds of registered cows. Merrell-Soule's Dry Milk is used everywhere for household and infant needs. It is indorsed and approved by Federal and State Boards of Health. It is made from tested cow's milk, produced in the best dairy districts. It is the chosen product for government hospitals and institutions. Merrell-Soule's Milk is uniform in quality, and guaranteed to be richer and purer than the best of ordinary milks. Watch our Formula and you'll know just why Tip-Top and Hard Roll Breads are the best breads made. FLOURS—Occident... 35 Custom-made Gold Medal... 15 Custom-made Omar... 15 Petersen & Pegau Baking Company Hard Roll Bread Tip Top Bread