

Loans, Deposits Fall Off in City, Bank Call Shows

Slump in Deposits Attributed to Expenditures of Holiday Season—Bankers Are Optimistic.

A slight decrease from the call of September 6, is shown in the total loans and deposits of Omaha National and state banks at the close of business December 31. Total loans dropped from \$82,546,678 at the close of business September 6 to \$78,804,261 at the close of business December 31. Deposits were \$102,115,535 on September 6, as compared to \$97,214,297 December 31. The decrease in deposits reflects expenditures of the holiday season to a large extent, say the bankers, who are generally optimistic for the outlook during the ensuing months.

| Loans | Sept. 6 | Dec. 31 |
|-------------------|---------------------|---------------------|
| Omaha Nat. | \$11,589,767 | \$11,832,892 |
| First Nat. | 11,720,185 | 11,822,734 |
| Stock Yards Nat. | 1,009,218 | 1,426,928 |
| Nebraska Nat. | 1,429,714 | 8,216,669 |
| Live Stock Nat. | 246,555 | 4,242,473 |
| State Bank of Om. | 1,142,794 | 2,227,569 |
| Neb. Nat. | 2,044,782 | 2,363,172 |
| Packers Nat. | 2,810,220 | 2,499,729 |
| Omaha Sav. | 1,184,230 | 1,182,763 |
| Security State | 1,265,234 | 1,182,763 |
| American State | 1,184,230 | 1,182,763 |
| R. O. Savings | 776,457 | 780,062 |
| Union State | 1,259,255 | 1,072,334 |
| Bank of Benson | 282,862 | 282,862 |
| Farmers and Mer. | 804,472 | 731,062 |
| Bank of Florence | 449,782 | 415,187 |
| Comm. State | 122,267 | 104,954 |
| Peters Nat. | 1,168,988 | 1,231,867 |
| Total | \$82,546,678 | \$78,804,261 |

Assemble Grand Jury at Lincoln

Lancaster Judges Order Body Convened for Inquiry Into Blue Sky Violations.

Lincoln, Jan. 3.—The four district judges of Lancaster county yesterday ordered the summoning of a grand jury to investigate causes of business failures, alleged blue sky promotion methods and crime in the county.

The judges will assemble January 26. At the request of Attorney General Davis, a grand jury was called last October, but it was found that it could not be legally summoned at that time.

Town Rumors Blamed for Failure of Bank

Lincoln, Jan. 3.—(Special)—The Goodrich Bros. Banking company, Fairbury, one of the oldest banking institutions in the state, has been closed by the State Department of Trade and Commerce.

Town rumors had caused a drop in the bank's business until it was nearly nothing. A few months ago L. W. Goodrich, who had been president for years, was forced out by the directors in an effort to save the bank by new management. John Heasty, who had been vice president, was made president. W. H. Barnes became vice president. E. R. Allen and E. S. Goodrich were assistant cashiers.

Deposits are said to be about \$200,000. Department of Trade and Commerce officials said the \$100,000 capital stock will pay off the depositors, making it unnecessary to draw on the state guaranty fund.

State School Board Meets January 26, Hastings

Columbus, Neb., Jan. 3.—(Special)—The annual meeting of the Nebraska Association of School Boards and School Executives will be held at Hastings, Thursday and Friday, January 26 and 27. Headquarters will be at the Clarke hotel. Some of the topics to be discussed are:

1. How may the expenses of the schools be reduced without reducing their efficiency?
 2. Does education in Nebraska cost too much?
 3. What relationship should exist between the Board of Education and the superintendent of schools?
 4. Are additional sources of revenue for schools needed and available?
- Dr. Francis G. Blair, state superintendent of public instruction of Springfield, Ill., who is one of the most prominent educators and foremost speakers in America, is expected to deliver an address Thursday evening.

Road Conditions

(Furnished by Omaha Auto Club.)
Lincoln Highway—East—Roads good to Marshalltown; in the Cedar Rapids vicinity roads are better in much better shape than they have been for some time.
Lincoln Highway—West—Roads good to Grand Island and west.
O. L. H. Highway—Roads in fine shape to Lincoln and for some distance west; clearer between Imperial and Chase but this is in good condition.
Highland Park—Roads good.
S. Y. A. Road—Fine.
Cavender Highway—Roads good.
Omaha-Topoka Highway—Roads good.
O Street Road—In excellent condition.
George Washington Highway—Roads in good condition; this is the preferred route to Sioux City at the present time.
Black Hills Trail—Roads good to North.
King of Trails, North—Good to Missouri Valley; north to a little better than at several stretches.
King of Trails, South—Roads good to Hiawatha; Hiawatha to Leavenworth, roads a little rough; detour between Leavenworth and Kansas City due to road work.
River to River Road—In good condition to the Missouri.
White Pine Road—In good condition to the Missouri; detour near Casey in fair.
I. O. A. Short Line—Roads good.
New Grant Trail—Roads in poor condition to Glenwood; east of Glenwood roads are good.
Weather reported clear at every point including Columbus, Central City and Grand Island.

The Fortune Hunter

By RUTH AYRES.
(Continued From Saturday.)
"Now then, what have you got to say?" Fernie asked quietly. "It was a genuine offer made to stand by you and pay your debts. I'm not a poor man, though it suited me to pretend to be since I've lived in Somerton, and—blood's thicker than water!" he added awkwardly.

The Fortune Hunter turned to the window and stood looking into the garden for a moment without answering; then he replied slowly, as if he were carefully choosing his words:—
"It's kind of you, and I'm grateful, but—it won't do. I took the money, and I must pay it back." He laughed mirthlessly. "I can work if I like. I've navigated for months with the roughest of them."
"There'll be no need for you to work at all—when I'm gone," the old man said. "Come, come; you've got all your mother's obstinacy and she's right. I'm not fit for her or any other woman. I've nothing to offer her, not even a decent past. I'll go back to the road; I belong there. I'm glad it's all over—this business here. I couldn't have stood it much longer anyway."

He turned round and looked old Fernie up and down with a softened smile.
"Where do I get my bad strain from?" he asked, half-mirthfully, half in bitterness. "Not from my mother, I'll swear."
"No," Fernie agreed; "she was a good woman. If she hadn't been she might have found it easier to live with me. However—she cleared his throat loudly—that's all done with. I'm sorry you won't let me help you out; I should have found it a pleasure," he spoke awkwardly, avoiding his son's eyes. "But you can't prevent me from leaving you what I've got when I go," he added, "and as far as Mr. Harding and the rest of 'em here are concerned, they won't trouble you, John—I beg your pardon—that's not your name, I know." He rubbed his chin. "Do you know, that ever since you came down to my place the other night I've been trying to remember what it was, and blessing my soul if I can."

"My name is Robert," the Fortune Hunter said. Old Fernie laughed rather constrainedly.
"Bless me, so it is! We named you after the vicar who married us. I remember. Your mother thought the world of him. Dear me! How it all comes back!"
The clock on the shelf chimed, and the Fortune Hunter turned from his contemplation of the dark garden; it was 8:30.
He roused himself with an effort. "Well, I'll be getting along," he said. Fernie eyed a little. "Not tonight. Come home with me if you can't stay here."

The Fortune Hunter laughed. "Here?" he said eloquently.
"Come home with me then," the old man urged rather pathetically. "It's a small place, but you're welcome."
The Fortune Hunter shook his head.
"It's kind of you, but I'll be getting along." His eyes turned wistfully towards the door.
There was a moment's silence, then Fernie held out his hand. "I should like—" he began, but there was no need for him to finish, the Fortune Hunter took his hand in a warm grip.
"Goodbye, and—thank you," he said.
"And if there's ever anything I can do," the old man said huskily, "you know where to find me?"
Their hands fell apart, and the Fortune Hunter opened the door and went out into the hall.

If only he could see Anne just once more—just for one moment! But he knew he could not expect it; she had done with him for ever.
By force of habit he took his coat from the hallstand—the coat which was not his—and his hat and turned blindly to the front door.
He opened it, and the rush of night air smote his face with a flood of cold memory.
Never to see her again, never to hear her voice! His punishment was greater than he could bear.
"John!" The name was spoken

The words were only a whisper, but they beat against his heart as if they had been loud enough to fill all the spaces of the world, and for a moment he stood like a man turned to stone, not daring to look at her, not daring to believe that he had heard straight, until she said again: "Don't go! Oh, don't go."
He turned slowly round, his face marble white. "You don't understand what you're saying," he broke out hoarsely. "You don't know what it means. I'm a waster, a blackguard, everything Mr. Harding called me, and even if I were not—what have I got to offer you? Nothing! I've lied to you. I've deceived you."
"You said you loved me," she whispered.
"Loved you!" He caught his breath with a hard sound. Her hand stole up till it rested on his shoulder.
"Wasn't it—true?" she asked painfully.
He dared not trust himself to answer; he broke out again desperately. "I'm Fernie's son, and you always hated him!"
There was a long silence; then she said, so faintly that he hardly caught

the words: "I don't care whose son you are—I love you."
The Fortune Hunter looked away from her to the open door and the moonlit road; the blood was roaring in his ears; a thousand voices of temptation whispered at his heart.
Why go, when she loves you? Love and life and happiness are waiting for you here, if you will but take them.
He laughed aloud, as if the voices had been real. Love! Without trust, without truth? It could never be.
He broke out again wildly. "I can't. I've no right! Let me go! I'm not fit to touch you, I—"
Her hand fell away from his.
"And you were going—without a word to me?"
He faced her desperately. "What else could I do? You said you wished it. You said you hoped never to see me again, and you are right. I've had my glimpse of paradise, more than I deserve. Let me go."
"And what about me?" she said, as she had done once before that evening. He made a gesture of despair. "You!" he echoed brokenly. "My dear, what can I do for you?"
"You can stay with me."

She spoke bravely enough, then quite suddenly her courage seemed to fail; she swayed and would have fallen but for his arm.
He dropped his coat and half led, half carried her into the library. The fire had burned low and the room was empty when he put her gently into a chair and stood watching her with broken-hearted eyes.
(Continued in The Bee Tomorrow)

State Attorneys to Fight Motion of Accused Cashier
Lincoln, Jan. 3.—(Special)—Assistant Attorneys General Dorr and Chase went to Wahoo today to represent the state in a motion made by attorneys for Ray Lower, cashier of the defunct Valparaiso State bank, for a new trial on the ground that one of the attorneys for Lower had at one time represented a litigant who sued one of the jurors.
Owing to an error it has been stated in The Bee that Lower had pleaded guilty the first time he appeared for trial. He did not plead guilty, but was found guilty, after which he appealed to the supreme court. The court upheld this appeal and a second trial followed.

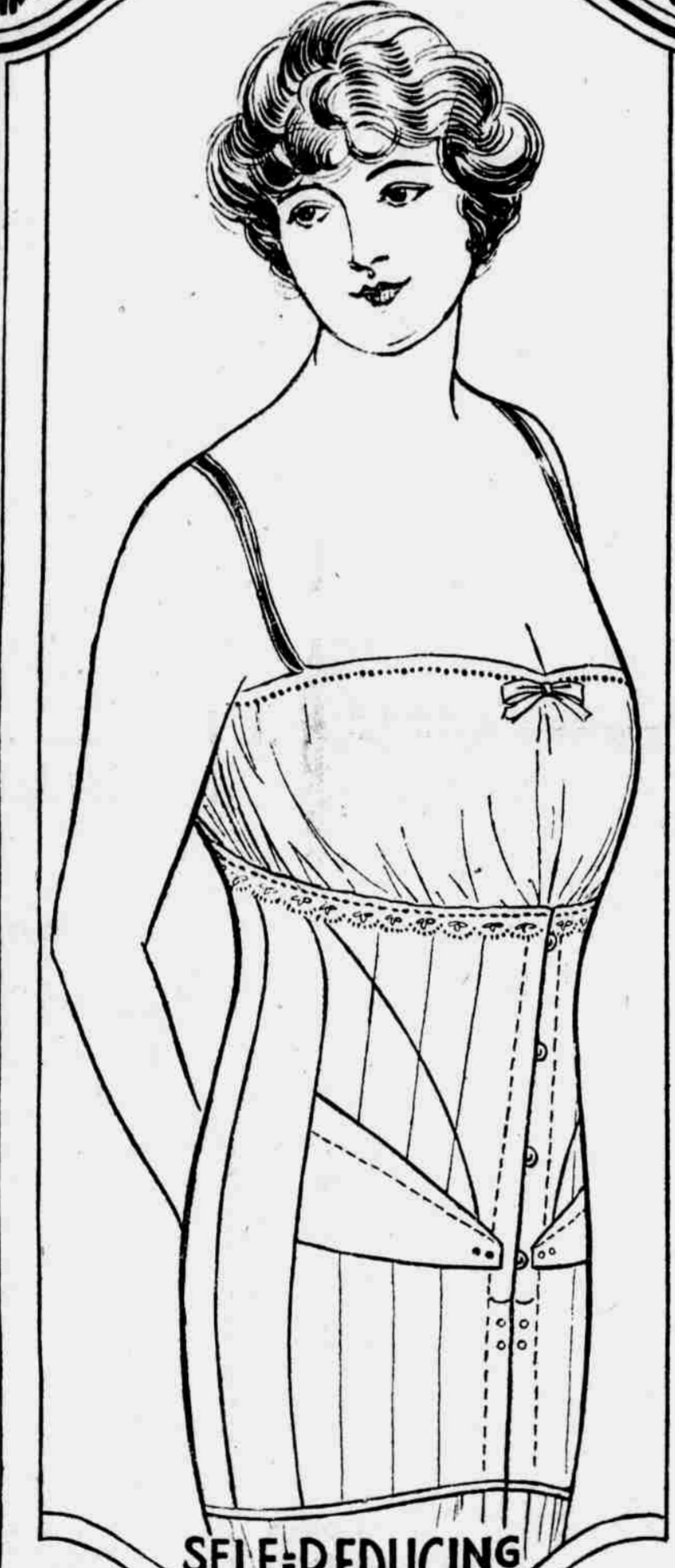
Actress Sister of Omahan Jumps to Death From Boat
Leaves Gay New Year's Party on Los Angeles Steamer Undetected; Absence Discovered Later.
San Francisco, Jan. 3.—(Special Telegram)—Leaving a gay New Year's dance at midnight on board the steamer Yale, enroute from Los Angeles here, Miss Betty Montgomery, a vaudeville actress, leaped to her death somewhere off the Santa Barbara coast.
Her absence was discovered the following morning, when her traveling companion, Mrs. M. W. Sheldon, of Kansas City, Mo., failed to find her in her stateroom and discovered a note which she had started to write

to "Howard," but which ended with this salutation.
According to Mrs. Sheldon, Miss Montgomery is a stage name and she did not know her friend's family name. Her brother, however, she said, lived in Omaha, while her parents live in Spokane, Wash.
An insurance policy found in Miss Montgomery's baggage at Los Angeles contained the name of Mrs. R. J. McNow of Omaha, as beneficiary.
R. Allen McNow, service manager for the Klops Printing company, living at 4132 13rd street, said Monday night that his sister bore the stage name of Betty Montgomery. She had been playing in vaudeville and the movies.
The family had been out of touch with her for several years. Mr. McNow said, hearing from her only at intervals.
He said also that the policy found in the baggage probably was made in favor of her mother, Mrs. R. J. McNow of Portland, Wash.
Centers of scientific research in the industry will be established by the British Society of Glass Technology.

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THE BRANDEIS STORE

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\$4 Nemo SELF-REDUCING CORSET

To meet the requirements of present conditions, this new Nemo Self-Reducing Corset is now put on sale at the Brandeis Store at a price way below the regular prices of Nemo Corsets; so they remain as they always have been, within the reach of every woman.

In quality, shape and durability No. 444 is in every respect equal to the best Nemo Self-Reducing Corset ever made.

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NO 444 SELF-REDUCING \$4.00



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