

### George Harvey Injured in Auto Crash at Cannes

#### U. S. Ambassador Narrowly Escapes Death in Accident—Injuries Not Serious, Physicians State.

Cannes, France, Jan. 9.—(By A. P.)—George Harvey, American ambassador to France, narrowly escaped death today in an automobile accident. Accompanied by Richard Crane, former American minister to Czechoslovakia, in whose car he was riding, and Wickham Steed, editor of the London Times, Ambassador Harvey was on his way for a round of golf.

The axle of the machine broke, and Mr. Harvey was thrown out, landing heavily on the road. He was able to arise, but was rushed back to his hotel in a dazed condition.

Physicians who were hurriedly summoned to his room, suffering from shock and from severe bruises on his back. His dazed condition after the accident lasted more than an hour. The physicians expressed the opinion that he would be confined to bed for several days and said he should not attempt to attend to any official duties.

Mr. Crane was uninjured, but Mr. Steed suffered from bruises and lacerations to the allied supreme council, at which Mr. Harvey was acting as observer for his government, sent expression of sympathy and congratulations at his escape. Premier Lloyd George of Great Britain visited the hotel in person to make inquiries.

The physicians of both Premier Lloyd George and Premier Briand, who attended Colonel Harvey, said shortly before noon that the ambassador's injuries were confined to severe shock and bruises.

#### Herrick to Act in Place.

Washington, Jan. 9.—(By A. P.)—Ambassador Harvey cabled the State department today from Cannes that he had been only slightly injured in an automobile accident, but said he had requested that Ambassador Herrick, at Paris, act as American observer temporarily at the Cannes conference in his place.

### 2 Young Girls Drowned While Skating on Lake

Southampton, L. I., Jan. 9.—Two little girls skated into an air hole in the middle of Lake Agawam and disappeared with a scream.

Charles Jenkins, 19, unstrapped his skates, plunged in and swam through broken ice to the two girls. Both clutched him about the neck. The boy could not save them or himself. Locked together, all three went down.

Soon men arrived with ropes and picks. One of these was James Buchheid, cafe keeper. When the bodies were dragged out Buchheid cried:

"My God, it's Marie!"

He had recognized his own 11-year-old girl. The other was Stella Largo. The father looked on in despair while pulmonologists were used for more than an hour without producing a sign of life.

### Four Moonshine Deaths in Chicago in One Day

Chicago, Jan. 9.—Four moonshine deaths within 18 hours, the last being a murder, rebounded in Coroner Peter Hoffman today asking Chief of Police Fitzmorris to instruct the police department that in each death where there is a possibility of illegal liquor having the leading cause of death should be made for the seller and that he be arrested.

"Moonshiners must answer for murder," said Coroner Hoffman.

The tragedies which aroused the coroner's ire were the shooting of moonshine-crazed Harry Autschback by his wife, Bertha, 52; the fatal stabbing of Mrs. Lillian Conden by her husband, Michael, and the deaths of Stephen Conly and Louis Durabond from drinking poison liquor.

### Woman Burglar Loots Home of Diamonds

A woman burglar is believed to have entered the home of Louis S. Clarke, secretary-treasurer of the Klocke Investment company, Sunday afternoon.

A man was her accomplice according to evidence of foot prints in the snow. He broke a glass in a rear door, entered and opened a window by which the woman then entered.

The jewelry taken included a man's platinum ring, \$500; woman's platinum ring, \$800; diamond brooch, \$300; cuff links, \$85; lavallier, \$200; brooch, \$50 and woman's watches and bracelets. The total value of jewelry stolen is \$2,500.

### Negro Freed on Dope Count Rearrested by U. S. Agents

Madison Brooks, negro, who was indicted by the last federal grand jury for violation of the Harrison act, but whose case was dismissed, was rearrested Sunday by narcotic agents, with a large sackful of morphine and cocaine capsules in his possession. He was taken at 902 Capitol avenue.

Fred Stokes, who has served one term already on a dope charge was scheduled to have a hearing before United States Commissioner Boehler yesterday.

### Turks Urged to Present Solid Front at Conference

Constantinople, Jan. 9.—Prior to his departure for Paris, General Pelle, French high commissioner, who has been summoned home to give the government his view on the Turkish question, handed the Porte a note from the French government urging the Turks, at the forthcoming conference, to present a united front and to avoid the error of having a divided delegation.

### She Stole His Watch

#### But he refused to call police. Why?

Ruby M. Ayres tells you in

### The Story of Ninette

You will find it one of the most fascinating, absorbing love stories ever written. Begin it today.

By RUBY M. AYRES. CHAPTER I. A Wait Is Born.

NINETTE was born in cheap lodgings on a dull road in the worst part of Balham.

The road ended in a cul-de-sac, and the cheap lodgings, which were at the back of the house, overlooked a yard belonging to a veterinary surgeon, where dogs howled and barked day and night.

She was so ill that nothing, not even Ninette's piteous wailing, could wake her from the stupor into which she had fallen, so ill that when the landlady, who meant well, but whose heart had grown hard from too much work and too little joyousness, came and bent over her and said sharply: "Goodness! rouse yourself, my girl, you can't die here!" she did not even trouble to raise her eyelids.

Her pale face was red enough by the time she had finished her meal, and his mournful eyes were fierce as they stared Mrs. Purton to scorn at him.

John Wheeler checked a smile. "Not in the least like auntie," he said severely. "She doesn't live in a shoe, and she hasn't got any children."

"You spoil that child, Mr. Wheeler," Mrs. Purton said somewhat severely. "What's going to become of her? I should like to know? Why, I'm bringing a lady of her!"

She spoke as if it were a crime to be a lady.

"Her mother was a lady," young Wheeler said.

Mrs. Purton tossed her head. "And a lot of good it did her!" she scoffed.

There seemed, however, no immediate danger of Ninette emulating her mother's undoubted refinement, for, in spite of Wheeler's attempts to check her, she still swore terribly whenever she lost her temper, and frequently came in from the street with a black eye or a cut lip, which she had received in a stand-up fight with a boy twice her size.

"She'll improve when she goes to school," John Wheeler told himself, but he was wrong.

The owner of the first school he sent her to, a prim maiden lady, gave up the task of educating her as hopeless at the end of the first fortnight.

"She terrorizes every girl in the school!" the prim lady told John Wheeler tremblingly. "I must really ask you to remove her."

"Here you loved me, Ninette," John said to the girl that night, "you would try to be good."

Ninette burst into tears.

"I do love you, I do!" she declared passionately. "But oh, all the girls there were such fools!"

But she took Wheeler's reproaches to heart, and tried hard to be good and interested at the new school he found for her.

She was 12 then, long-legged and gawky, but with a promise of great beauty, which Mrs. Purton deplored.

The very split of her mother, she is! And her mother was good-looking enough, if you put it that way. And much good her looks brought her, lying there in a nameless grave and nobody to shed a tear!"

But Wheeler was proud of Ninette's beauty. In his quiet way he had great plans for her future. He pictured her grown up and making a great marriage. He never lost hope that some day he would be able to find out who her mother really was, and if there were any relatives still living out of the way.

Out of his modest income he saved slowly for Ninette. He was a curiously friendly man, too shy to go about among people, too unambitious to wish to do more than just pay his way in the world, with a little to spare for the future of this girl who had been thrown across his path so romantically.

"What are you going to do with me when I leave school, Gosh?" Ninette asked him one day, when she had slipped upstairs while Mrs. Purton was out of the way.

In her odd time Ninette was supposed to help Mrs. Purton, but she hated housework and shirked it whenever she could.

"I loathe kitchens and greasy boards of memory," she said to Wheeler, "I'd rather go out and sweep a crossing!"

And it was apropos of that remark that she suddenly asked what he proposed to do with her when she grew up.

CHAPTER III. The Beginning of Trouble.

Josh peered at her over his glasses and shook his head.

"Auntie Purton says I ought to be taught to earn my own living," Ninette informed him. "She thinks if I were into Birds, the drapers, it would be nice."

to get on her nerves, and she was on the verge of wrapping it in a shawl and taking it off to the workhouse herself, when someone creaked down the stairs and knocked at the kitchen door.

The landlady said: "Oh, come in, exasperated, and her frowning face did not clear at all when the door opened and a tall, thin young man of uncertain age, with mournful eyes and a pale face, entered the room."

He shut the door behind him and hesitated a moment before he said nervously:

"The baby cries a good deal, Mrs. Purton."

Mrs. Purton frowned more heavily. "Have you only just discovered that, Mr. Wheeler?" she asked with sarcasm. "Where have you been, may I ask, that you haven't heard her yelling for the past four hours?"

The young man came further into the room till he stood beside the improvised cradle where Ninette lay. Even then she was a pretty baby, with quantities of soft dark hair, a rosebud of a mouth and perfect little dimpled hands that were waving wildly in the air.

The young man put forward a cautious finger and Ninette's diminutive fist closed about it.

"I shall have to take her to the workhouse after all," Mrs. Purton went on curtly. "Not that I've any opinion of the workhouse, poor thing, but what can I do? I leave from morning till night as it is, and the Lord knows that I can only just keep body and soul together. Folks should be more considerate—bringing babies into the world, poor lambs, as a'rel wanted, and not so much as leaving a penny piece to keep 'em with. I've no patience with such things, that I haven't."

The young man cleared his throat twice, nervously; then he turned round and looked full at Mrs. Purton. "If you—it's possible to find someone who will—will look after her till she's able to rough it a bit," he said jerkily, "I shall be pleased to—delighted to—pay."

His pale face was red enough by the time he had finished his meal, and his mournful eyes were fierce as they stared Mrs. Purton to scorn at him.

John Wheeler checked a smile. "Not in the least like auntie," he said severely. "She doesn't live in a shoe, and she hasn't got any children."

"You spoil that child, Mr. Wheeler," Mrs. Purton said somewhat severely. "What's going to become of her? I should like to know? Why, I'm bringing a lady of her!"

She spoke as if it were a crime to be a lady.

"Her mother was a lady," young Wheeler said.

Mrs. Purton tossed her head. "And a lot of good it did her!" she scoffed.

There seemed, however, no immediate danger of Ninette emulating her mother's undoubted refinement, for, in spite of Wheeler's attempts to check her, she still swore terribly whenever she lost her temper, and frequently came in from the street with a black eye or a cut lip, which she had received in a stand-up fight with a boy twice her size.

"She'll improve when she goes to school," John Wheeler told himself, but he was wrong.

The owner of the first school he sent her to, a prim maiden lady, gave up the task of educating her as hopeless at the end of the first fortnight.

"She terrorizes every girl in the school!" the prim lady told John Wheeler tremblingly. "I must really ask you to remove her."

"Here you loved me, Ninette," John said to the girl that night, "you would try to be good."

Ninette burst into tears.

"I do love you, I do!" she declared passionately. "But oh, all the girls there were such fools!"

But she took Wheeler's reproaches to heart, and tried hard to be good and interested at the new school he found for her.

She was 12 then, long-legged and gawky, but with a promise of great beauty, which Mrs. Purton deplored.

The very split of her mother, she is! And her mother was good-looking enough, if you put it that way. And much good her looks brought her, lying there in a nameless grave and nobody to shed a tear!"

But Wheeler was proud of Ninette's beauty. In his quiet way he had great plans for her future. He pictured her grown up and making a great marriage. He never lost hope that some day he would be able to find out who her mother really was, and if there were any relatives still living out of the way.

Out of his modest income he saved slowly for Ninette. He was a curiously friendly man, too shy to go about among people, too unambitious to wish to do more than just pay his way in the world, with a little to spare for the future of this girl who had been thrown across his path so romantically.

"What are you going to do with me when I leave school, Gosh?" Ninette asked him one day, when she had slipped upstairs while Mrs. Purton was out of the way.

In her odd time Ninette was supposed to help Mrs. Purton, but she hated housework and shirked it whenever she could.

"I loathe kitchens and greasy boards of memory," she said to Wheeler, "I'd rather go out and sweep a crossing!"

And it was apropos of that remark that she suddenly asked what he proposed to do with her when she grew up.

CHAPTER III. The Beginning of Trouble.

Josh peered at her over his glasses and shook his head.

"Auntie Purton says I ought to be taught to earn my own living," Ninette informed him. "She thinks if I were into Birds, the drapers, it would be nice."

Wheeler made a little grimace. He knew Bird's, the drapers, a small dark shop that smelled of American cloth and bales of unbleached calico, and he could not imagine Ninette standing behind its counter measuring out yards of ribbon.

"There's plenty of time," he said. "How old are you?"

Wheeler made a little grimace. He knew Bird's, the drapers, a small dark shop that smelled of American cloth and bales of unbleached calico, and he could not imagine Ninette standing behind its counter measuring out yards of ribbon.

"There's plenty of time," he said. "How old are you?"

"Fourteen. Lots of girls have left school long before they are 14," said Ninette happily.

"That's because their people can't afford to keep them on, perhaps," he answered.

She looked at him with her dark head on one side.

"Can you afford it, then?" she asked.

"Yes," said Josh firmly.

Ninette got up and threw her arms round his neck.

"You're the loveliest man in the world," she said.

Wheeler blushed.

He loved Ninette's affection, and she loved his.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

**RUB RHEUMATIC, ACHING JOINTS AND STOP PAIN**

Instant relief with a small trial bottle of old "St. Jacobs Oil."

Rheumatism is "pain" only. Not one case in fifty requires internal treatment. Stop drugging! Rub soothing, penetrating "St. Jacobs Oil" right into your sore, stiff, aching joints, and relief comes instantly.

"St. Jacobs Oil" is a harmless rheumatism liniment which never disappoints and cannot burn the skin.

Linger! Quit complaining! Get a small trial bottle of old, honest "St. Jacobs Oil" at any drug store, and in just a moment you'll be free from rheumatic pain, soreness and stiffness. Don't suffer! Relief awaits you. "St. Jacobs Oil" is just as good for sciatica, neuralgia, lumbago, backache, sprains.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

**Public Is Amazed at Continued Enormous Demand for Tanlac**

appetite, sleeplessness at night and terribly dejected feelings, state that they have been entirely relieved of these distressing symptoms and restored to health and happiness by taking Tanlac.

Tanlac has never been advertised as a cure-all or that it would perform unheard-of wonders. The advertising has been clean, straightforward and conservative. Actual facts and figures have been stated and state in a true, businesslike way that he commanded the confidence of all the conservative claims set forth.

The enormous demand for Tanlac is due to merit alone, for no amount of advertising would continue to sell any article that does not possess real merit. Unless full value underlies the article advertised, the advertising will ultimately fall of its own weight.

Your can fool some of the people some of the time, but you can't fool all of the people all of the time."

Tanlac has been well advertised, it is true, but such a large and rapidly growing demand could not be brought about by advertising alone. It is what the people themselves say that counts. One bottle of Tanlac is sold in a neighborhood through advertising, but ten more are sold in that same community as a result of the sale of that first bottle, and that is why Tanlac has succeeded. People are always willing to talk about their ailments, but they are more than glad to tell others of the medicine that helped them. It is something they could not keep to themselves if they tried, for the impulse to sympathize with your fellow man and want to help him is one of the strongest, as well as one of the biggest, things in human nature.

That is the reason why the people of every section of the United States and Canada have become so speak of Tanlac as the World's Greatest Tonic. And that is the reason why the demand for this remarkable medicine has grown to such proportions, that it is almost impossible to keep dealers supplied.

Tanlac is sold in Omaha by the Sherman & McConnell Drug Co. and by leading druggists everywhere.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

**Queen of Sheba**

STARTS SUNDAY at the SUN

The love romance of the most beautiful woman in the world has never known.

Gorgeous Beyond Words

The costumes worn by Miss Betty Blythe are historically correct and only prudes will be offended.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

**Empress**

Shows Now Running in Rotation

SHOWING TODAY

GEORGE MELFORD PRODUCTION

**THE SHEIK**

AGNES AYRES and RUDOLPH VALENTINO

ADVERTISEMENTS.

**Rustic Garden**

TOMORROW NIGHT

Big Novel Feature Prize Waltz

On a Two-Inch Plank

CARL LAMP'S ORCHESTRA

ADMISSION 40c—Includes Tax

ADVERTISEMENTS.

**SUN**

Today and All Week

**"A Man's Home"**

From the lady of fashion to the simple daughter of the woods, from the millionaire sportsman to the wilderness outlaw—

THIS PICTURE WILL APPEAL

Also Showing LARRY SEMON in his latest.

**"The Bell Hop"**

ADVERTISEMENTS.

**MOON**

Today—11—1—3—5—7—9

Matinee, 25c; Evening, 35c

D. W. Griffith's First and Greatest Success,

**BIRTH OF A NATION**

Musical score played by augmented Moon Orchestra.

Direction Robert Caspden.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

**Horlicks**

Safe Milk

For Infants & Invalids

NO COOKING

Quick Lunch at Home, Office, and Fountains. Ask for HORLICKS.

Avoid Imitations & Substitutes

ADVERTISEMENTS.

**RIALTO**

Now

**Queen of Sheba**

STARTS SUNDAY at the SUN

The love romance of the most beautiful woman in the world has never known.

Gorgeous Beyond Words

The costumes worn by Miss Betty Blythe are historically correct and only prudes will be offended.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

**Empress**

Shows Now Running in Rotation

SHOWING TODAY

GEORGE MELFORD PRODUCTION

**THE SHEIK**

AGNES AYRES and RUDOLPH VALENTINO

ADVERTISEMENTS.

**Rustic Garden**

TOMORROW NIGHT

Big Novel Feature Prize Waltz

On a Two-Inch Plank

CARL LAMP'S ORCHESTRA

ADMISSION 40c—Includes Tax

ADVERTISEMENTS.

**SUN**

Today and All Week

**"A Man's Home"**

From the lady of fashion to the simple daughter of the woods, from the millionaire sportsman to the wilderness outlaw—

THIS PICTURE WILL APPEAL

Also Showing LARRY SEMON in his latest.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

**Horlicks**

Safe Milk

For Infants & Invalids

NO COOKING

Quick Lunch at Home, Office, and Fountains. Ask for HORLICKS.

Avoid Imitations & Substitutes

ADVERTISEMENTS.

**RIALTO**

Now

**Queen of Sheba**

STARTS SUNDAY at the SUN

The love romance of the most beautiful woman in the world has never known.

Gorgeous Beyond Words

The costumes worn by Miss Betty Blythe are historically correct and only prudes will be offended.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

**Empress**

Shows Now Running in Rotation

SHOWING TODAY

GEORGE MELFORD PRODUCTION

**THE SHEIK**

AGNES AYRES and RUDOLPH VALENTINO

ADVERTISEMENTS.

**Rustic Garden**

TOMORROW NIGHT

Big Novel Feature Prize Waltz

On a Two-Inch Plank