

**Aladdin's Lamp**

By GENEVIEVE ULMAR

(© 1920, Western Newspaper Union.)

A bit of rare good fortune had come Ned Burton's way. His father's farm ran down to the river and at the little inlet one morning Ned came across an old house boat. It lay in shallow water, the hold had been staved in, but the cabin was intact, although the deck had been stripped of everything of value.

"It has been abandoned," Ned told his sister Arline. "and it's ours, isn't it? I have a famous idea. I'm going to get our crowd of boys to haul it clear ashore, prop it up, paint and repair it and we'll use it as a sort of river club house."

The young friends of Ned Burton entered with a vim and spirit into the project. Within a few days they had the old craft hauled free of the water line and set solidly on the sandy soil. It was a pretty spot, lined with trees and bushes, and for two weeks there was constant work on the interior of the cabin. Arline assisted in this. She wielded a paint brush quite as effectively as her brother and pieced some old carpeting in the home garage to make a rug for the cabin floor. She coaxed some old pieces of broken furniture from her mother, looped some curtains at the windows and felt almost as much interested in this shore palace as Ned himself.

Arline came into the cabin one afternoon to find Ned seated at its table with the parts of a hanging lamp before him. It had been a gorgeous article in its primitive perfectness. It had a globe with dangling crystals, pulled up and down on a chain, and prisms, and promised to become the principal ornament of the now cozy and neat appearing cabin.

"Why, where did you get it, Ned?" she questioned in wonderment.

"Fished way back in that cubby hole behind the closet," explained Ned. "The chain is broken and the globe was a piece out of it. It's a famous lamp and holds lots of oil. I'll bet it makes a great light," and he rubbed briskly at the tarnished metal. "Say, it reminds me of Aladdin's lamp. Maybe this is going to mend all our bad luck."

They had known bad luck, or called it that, in the past. Crops had been poor, an uninsured burn on the home place had burned down with some farm machinery it contained, and Ned had to stay away from school to help out. There were no parties or village festivities for charming Arline that year, but she cheerfully did her share of the work and hoped for better times.

The lamp was set in place, everything ready for a celebration of the event arranged, and Arline was alone in the cabin tidying it up for the expected guests who were to arrive in an hour. Ned had gone after them. Her work completed, Arline sat looking over a portfolio that Ned had found in the woods the day previous. He had come across it under a tree where some one had camped, for there was evidence of this fact in scattered food and the ashes of a fire. Ned had brought the article to Arline, expatiating all this.

The portfolio was made of fine leather and was apparently costly, and there in gilt letters on its exterior the initials V. D. Inside were some 20 pencil sketches, and one of them was that of Arline standing at the well of the old home. She was pleased, yet mystified at this, and more so at several roughly penciled sketches in which the same face and figure were canvases.

"The portfolio belongs to some artist on his summering jaunt," decided Arline. "He must have been near the house when I did not see him, and made that hurried sketch of me. Why has he been using it as a model for more ambitious pictures? Certainly I have no such beauty and grace as these exacting artists require for their canvases."

Just at that moment, although she was unaware of it, some one was viewing her through the open cabin window, attributing to her indeed just those characteristics of perfection. She made a perfect picture for painter, poet or lover at that moment. The bright light fell across her fair golden hair, setting it all a glimmer with radiance, her unique environment served to brighten the effect of her faintness and loveliness by contrast with her somewhat unusual surroundings. It was the eye of a painter that took all this in, that of Vane Darrell, and he reveled in the fascinating element of the scene.

She was his girl of the well whom he had sketched from a covert near the house a week ago in his casual summering stroll. The impression of that moment was lasting with him, and now it was intensified with gladness as he recognized his sketch portfolio on the table before this charming young lady. A meeting was inevitable, and after a few words of explanation Darrell was an invited guest for the occasion.

In the cabin of the renovated boat house he had met her. There he wooed and won her. There, too, on an occasion when the happy Arline first wore her engagement ring, Ned laid it all to his treasured "Aladdin's Lamp."

Much Milder.

"Don't you think the ouija board craze is passing?"

"I never thought the interest was sufficiently dignified to be called a craze," said Miss Cayenne. "It was only a foolishness."

**PUZZLE TO SCIENCE**

Origin of This Race Hangs on the Tale of a Snail.

Mystery of Migrations Stumps Hundred Experts Who Are in Quest of Polynesian Data.

Honolulu, T. H.—If certain varieties of snails in the Hawaiian islands could talk, tell whence they started their migrations and how they traveled from one island to another in the Pacific, the world would be close to the solution of the origin of the Polynesian race, according to scientists attending the Pan-Pacific scientific congress in session here.

Upward of a hundred of the most noted experts of most of the countries bordering the Pacific ocean have discussed the possible origin of the Polynesians during the sessions, and on one point they all agree—they don't know yet where the Polynesians originated.

Having failed to pry any information out of the snail, the scientists turned to the common or garden variety of chicken. This useful bird is believed to have been domesticated by the Polynesians about 1000 B. C. According to scientific data the chicken reached Egypt about 700 B. C. It is believed to have originated in southern Asia, but how did it get to Polynesia? Another impasse.

Begonia seeds and those of about 700 other plants found in the Hawaiian group furnished a little more information than either the snail or the chicken, according to the scientists. Ocean currents are said to have brought them here. Equatorial currents flowing across Central America from the Atlantic are believed to have forced the Pacific currents westward, carrying driftwood and seeds. The process of transportation and germination appears to have been fairly lengthy, since it is estimated that perhaps one seed arrived from the American continent and bore fruit within the period of a million years.

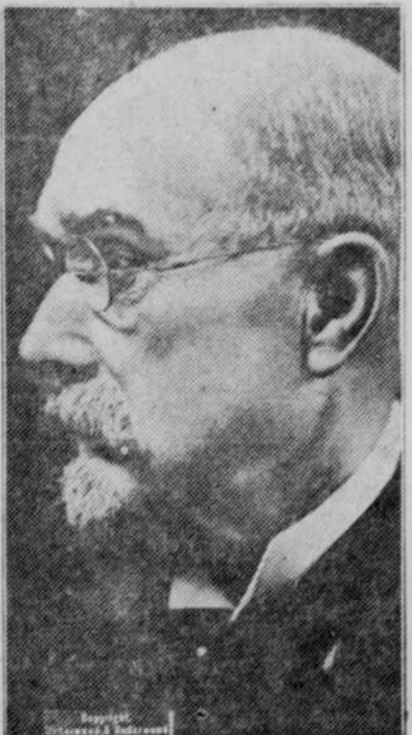
Grasshoppers furnished their quota to the discussion which terminated about where it had begun in the known facts that the Polynesian race came out of the unknown and, being a rapidly dying race, is fast passing to the uncharted shore where it was born.

**Eggs Proved Too Frail As Carriers of Whisky**

Eggs may be all right to ship whisky in, but the baggage smashers must handle such cases with care. At a station in West Virginia some of the eggs broke and a prohibition inspector found three cases of "doctored" eggs.

Each egg had been carefully "blown" from the shell. After whisky had been poured in, the aperture had been sealed with cement.

A. BARTON HEPBURN



A Barton Hepburn suggests the common-sense remedy of "work" as a cure for impending and existing evils.

**NEW JUMP IN IMMIGRATION**

Increase of 20,000 in Week Laid to Typhus and War in Europe.

Washington, D. C.—Immigration officials here profess to be mystified at the sudden increase in immigration which approximated 20,000 persons last week; and, it continued, would add 1,000,000 to the population of the country in a year. Louis F. Post, assistant secretary of the department of labor, said today no information has yet reached the department which will explain the situation.

"But I have a theory about it," said Mr. Post. "I am inclined to think that many of these people are coming here to get away from conditions at home and that the condition is only temporary. Only last week a ship was held up at quarantine with typhus aboard, and the war is not yet over in Europe. Either one of these conditions would naturally make a lot of people anxious to get away."

**The Strange Guest**

By PERCIVAL BROOKS

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"Come home," wrote Walter Dunn's truly loving wife. "We miss you. Never mind as to your failure in bettering things—they are good enough as they are, as long as we are together."

"Dear little woman!" enthused the recipient of the letter and his heart warmed and home, poor as it was, seemed a fine beckoning haven at that moment.

Hard as Nellie and he had worked on the little ten-acre patch of ground at the limits of Weston, they wound up at the end of every year in debt. They had enough to eat and that was about all. There were two little children, however. Father and mother did not mind wearing old mended clothes, but they deplored their inability to dress their children as those of their neighbors were attired.

"If we only had a little capital to invest in fertilizers and the machinery to do real farming, I wouldn't call the king my brother," Walter had asserted strenuously. "Why, the old stumps and rocks rooted out and a year given to preparing the land for real cultivation, and I'd show you results."

But they never yet had the money or the time to carry out Walter's plan. It was certainly practicable, for others with money had made grand successes. So, burdened with debt and the prospect ahead more forlorn and unpromising than ever, Walter had held a serious consultation with Nellie.

"I know no trade," he confessed. "The city is probably crowded with just such unsuccessful and disappointed fellows as myself, but it must offer some opportunities to a willing man."

He had come to Alton, a thriving little city, to try his luck. Three weeks' earnest effort to secure work went for practically nothing. He grew homesick for the wife and the little ones. He wrote so to Nellie. The answer to his letter decided him. He spent two hours at dusk strolling about the streets thinking it all over and decided to start back for home the next morning. There came a slight sprinkle of rain and, as he wore his best suit of clothing, Walter stepped back into the entrance of a broad doorway just above a fashionable restaurant. "Supper rooms upstairs," he read on an illuminating globe and it made him think of home, for his provider for the day had been light. He had but two dollars in his pocket and was saving of that, for it would take him only two-thirds of the way home.

As Walter stood under shelter a middle-aged man, opulence prevailing in dress, manner and ornament, came down the stairs, glanced along the street, then into the lower restaurant and then chanced to take Walter within his vision. He wore a light overcoat of peculiar pattern and this he removed as he re-entered the archway, half halted, studied Walter closely and then approached him.

"Young man," he spoke, "have you the time and inclination to partake of a very princely supper?"

"Why," replied Walter, smiling at the oddity of the circumstance, "I scarcely understand you."

"Very well. Some friends are gathered for a little banquet; others expected have not arrived. We are just thirteen as it is, and the superstitious ones won't sit down until we have filled the fourteen chair."

"I shall be glad to be at your service," said Walter simply, and a few minutes later found himself one of a party of men who suggested refinement and wealth. He who had invited him spoke an occasional word to him, but Walter did not intrude upon the general conversation.

"Such a meal!" he told Nellie afterward, and said it to himself. For two hours, as a truly hungry man, Walter reveled at a table of luxury and plenty. He thanked the man who had invited him when the repast was over and came down to the street alone like a man in a dream. He started at once for his boarding house. Half way down the block, just ahead of him, a man acting suspiciously stepped from a dark alley. The coat he wore at once attracted the attention of Walter. It was the one he had noticed on his recent friendly host. In a flash Walter decided that the turker had stolen the garment and had slipped out the rear way with it.

"Just a minute," my friend," he spoke, hurrying to the man and seizing him by the collar. "Stolen property, eh?" But the slick thief evaded attention by slipping out of the garment and dashing away.

Walter returned to the banquet room to tell his story. The owner of the coat excitedly rummaged the papers, revealing a large package of papers.

"My friend, you have done me a vast service. That package holds over ten thousand dollars in negotiable bonds. What can I do for you to repay your diligence and honesty?"

"I need a little money to pay part of my way home to my wife and children," replied Walter frankly.

"Wife and children? That sounds interesting to a lonely old bachelor. Come, sit down and tell me about it."

And because he of opulence was whole-hearted and sympathetic, and because Walter told the truth in his simple story, when he left the city Walter carried with him sufficient to carry out all his cherished farming plans, with his new friend an interested friend for life.

**Miraculous Bell.**  
A quaint-looking bell is known as the "Miraculous Bell of St. Paul" and is reported to be greatly venerated by the faithful folk of the Isle of Batz, France, to which spot it is reported to have been conveyed from England by a fish in the sixth century!

**South America Grows Any Crop.**  
It is claimed for South America that it has greater undeveloped resources than any other continent. Its soil can produce any crop grown on the earth and its mines of gold and silver and coal have been scarcely touched.

**Age of the Great Sphinx.**  
The age of the Great Sphinx in Egypt is unknown, but it is considered well established that it was in existence at the time of Cheops, and was repaired by him earlier than the year 800 B. C.

**Plain Truth.**  
One of the sublimest things in this world is plain truth.—Coleridge.

**Thought Horse Shoe Lucky.**  
The belief in the luck-bringing power of the horseshoe attained its greatest diffusion at the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century. Lord Nelson had a horseshoe nailed to the mast of the Victory; and in many towns it was not unusual to see half of the houses with horseshoes fastened over the door.

**Plain Truth.**  
One of the sublimest things in this world is plain truth.—Coleridge.

**He Was Right.**  
"Can any boy tell me the three foods required to keep the body in health?" There was a silence in the class till one youth held up his hand and replied: "Your breakfast, your dinner and your supper!"

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