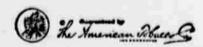


CIGARETTE

No cigarette has the same delicious flavor as Lucky Strike. Because Lucky Strike is the toasted cigarette.



Poison Obtained From Dead.

The favorite poison used by the Australian bushmen in warfare is obtained from certain portions of a putrefying corpse. It is said that a man wounded with a war-shaft poisoned with this awful venom dies of lock-Jaw almost immediately.

Sure Sign.

If a man can operate a cash register with sore fingers and never feel the pain he is the proprietor of the place,-Toledo Blade.

Hope is the mainspring that makes man's wheels go round.





CRACKERS AND CHEESE -always acceptable for lunches

and are especially good when the crackers are Iten's Fairy Sodas.

Just try grating some cream cheese on Iten's Fairy Soda Crackers, sprinkling a little paprika or cayenne, or adding a little prepared mustard, and then heating until the cheese just melts.

A can of Fairy Sodas in the pantry helps soive the daily food question in a satisfac-tory and economical way. your grocer for I-TEN'S FAIRY SODAS and be sure you get the genuine. 4

Modern Investments

You save and invest by mail. Distance a no bar. You buy of us a Farm First Mortagae Bond on Nebrasks farm land—or my other security equally good—on a Ten-Payment plan, and we pay you Six Per Cent interest on each payment to date of settle-ment.

LINCOLN TRUST COMPANY

The Prodigal Village

By Irving Bacheller

Copyright, 1920, Irving Bacheller

LIKE THE PRODIGAL SON

"I don't care the snap o' my finger whether I get your job or not. I feel like layin' off for the summer and takin' a

"Well, go ahead. I'll pay the bills.'

The first speaker is William Snodgrass, the village carpenter, and the second Mr. J. Patterson Bing, the rich man of Bingville, and their words give you a hint of what high wages, profiteering, H. C. L., unrest, gross materialism and other direct and indirect results of the world war did to this typical American community.

Of course The Prodigal Village is much like the prodigal son. It had to quit its joyriding in the course of time. And then it had to get back to "normalcy"-just as we all are getting back.

Irving Bacheller wrote this thoroughly American story. Enough said.

CHAPTER ONE

Which Introduces the Shepherd of the Birds.

The day that Henry Smix met and embraced Gasoline Power and went up Main street hand in hand with it is not yet forgotten. Their little journey produced an effect on the nerves and the remote future history of Bingville. They rushed at a group of citizens who were watching them, scattered it hither and thither, broke down a section of Mrs. Risley's picket fence and ran over a small boy. At the end of their brief misalliance, Gasoline Power seemed to express its opinion of Mr. Smix by hurling him against a telegraph pole and running wild in the park until it cooled its passion in the fountain pool. In the language of Hiram Blenkinsop, the place was badly "smixed up." Yet Mr. Smix was the object of unmerited criticism. He was like many other men in that quiet village-slow, deliberate, harmless and good-natured. The action of his intellect was not at all like that of a gasoline engine. Between the swiftness of the one and the slowness of the other, there was a wide zone full of possibilities. The engine had accomplished many things while Mr. Smix's intellect was getting ready to begin to act.

In speaking of this adventure, Htram Blenkinsop made a wise remark: "My married life learnt me one thing," said he, "If you are thinkin' of hitchin' up a wild horse with a tame one, be careful that the tame one is the stoutest or it will do him no good."

The event had its tragic side and

whatever Hiram Blenkinsop and other citizens of questionable taste may have said of it, the historian has no intention of treating it lightly. Mr. Smix and his neighbor's fence could be repaired, but not the small boy-Robert Emmet Moran, six years old, the son of the Widow Moran, who took in washing. He was in the nature of a sacrifice to the new god. He became a beloved cripple, known as the Shepherd of the Birds and altogether the most cheerful person in the village. His world was a little room on the second floor of his mother's cottage overlooking the big flower garden of Judge Crooker-his father having been the gardener and coachman of the judge. There were in this room an old pine bureau, a four-post bedstead, an armchair by the window, a small round nickel clock that sat on the bureau, a rubber tree and a very talkative little old tin soldier of the name of Bloggs who stood erect on a shelf with a gun in his hand and was always looking out of the window. The day of the tin soldier's arrival the boy had named him Mr. Bloggs and discovered his unusual qualities of mind and heart. He was a wise old soldier, it would seem, for he had some sort of answer for each of the many questions of Bob Moran. Indeed, as Bob knew, he had seen and suffered much. having traveled to Europe and back with the judge's family and been sunk for a year in a frog pond and been dropped in a jug of molasses, but through it all had kept his look of inextinguishable courage. The lonely lad talked, now and then, with the round, nickel clock or the rubber tree or the pine bureau, but mostly gave his confidences to the wise and genial Mr. Bloggs. When the spring arrived the garden, with its birds and flowers, became a source of joy and co spanionship for the little lad. Sitthat by the open window, he used to te to Pat Crowley, who was getting the ground ready for sowing. Later the slow procession of the flowers passed under the boy's window and

greeted him with its fragrance and But his most intimate friends were the birds. Robins, in the elm tree just and the window, woke him every the morning. When he made his

way to the casement, with the aid of | two ropes which spanned his room, they came to him, lighting on his wrists and hands and clamoring for the seeds and crumbs which he was wont to feed them. Indeed, little Bob Moran soon learned the pretty lingo of every feathered tribe that camped in the garden. He could sound the pan pipe of the robin, the fairy flute of the oriole, the noisy guitar of the bobolink and the little piccolo of the song sparrow. Many of these dear friends of his came into the room and explored the rubber tree and sang in its branches. A colony of barn swallows lived under the eaves of the old weathered shed on the far side of the garden. There were many windows, each with a saucy head looking out of it. Suddenly half a dozen of these merry people would rush into the air and fill it with their frolic. They were like a lot of laughing schoolboys skating over invisible hills and hollows,

With a pair of field glasses, which Mrs. Crooker had loaned to him, Bob Moran had learned the nest habits of the whole summer colony in that wonderful garden. All day he sat by the open window with his work, an air gun at his side. The robins would shout a warning to Bob when a cat strolled into that little paradise. Then he would drop his brushes, selze his gun and presently its missile would go whizzing through the air, straight against the side of the cat, who, feeling the sting of it, would bound through the flower beds and leap over the fence to avoid further punishment. Bob had also made an electric searchlight out of his father's old hunting jack and, when those redbreasted policemen sounded their alarm at night he was out of bed in a jiffy and sweeping the tree tops with a broom of light, the jack on his forehead. If he discovered a pair of eyes, the stinging missiles flew toward them in the light stream until the intruder was dislodged. Indeed, he was like a shepherd of old, keeping the wolves from his flock. It was the parish priest who first called him the Shepherd of the Birds.

Just opposite his window was the stub of an old pine partly covered with Virginia creeper. Near the top



"Mother," He Said, "I Love Pauline."

of it was a round hole and beyond it a small cavern which held the nest of a pair of flickers. Sometimes the female sat with her gray head protruding from this tiny oriel window of hers looking across at Bob. Pat Crowley was in the habit of calling this garden "Moran City," wherein the stub was known as Woodpecker Tower and the flower-bordered path as Fifth avenue, while the widow's cottage was always referred to as City hall and the weathered shed as the tenement district.

What a theater of unpremeditated art was this beautiful, big garden of the judge! There were those who felt sorry for Bob Moran, but his life was fuller and happier than theirs. It is doubtful if any of the world's travelers ever saw more of its beauty than

He had sugared the window-sill so that he always had company-bees and wasps and butterflies. The latter had interested him since the judge had called them "stray thoughts of God." He loved the chorus of an August night and often sat by his window listening to the songs of the tree crickets and katydids and seeing the innumerable firefly lanterns flashing among the flowers.

His work was painting scenes in the garden, especially bird tricks and attitudes. For this, he was indebted to Susan Baker, who had given him paints and brushes and taught him how to use them, and to an unusual aptitude for drawing.

One day Mrs. Baker brought her daughter Pauline with her-a pretty

blue-eyed girl with curly blonde hair, four years older than Bob, who was thirteen when his painting began. The Shepherd looked at her with an exclamation of delight; until then he had never seen a beautiful young maiden. Homely, ill-clad daughters of the working folk had come to his room with field flowers now and then, but no one like Pauline. He felt her hair and looked wistfully into her face and said that she was like pink and white, and yellow roses. She was a discov-

he dreamed of her at night. The little Shepherd of the Birds was not quite a boy. He was a spirit untouched by any evil thought, unbroken to lures and thorny ways. He was like the flowers and birds of the garden, strangely fair and winsome, with silken, dark hair curling about his brows He had large, clear, brown eyes, a mouth delicate as a girl's and teeth very white and shapely. The Bakers had lifted the boundaries of his life and extended his vision. He found a new joy in studying flower forms and in imitating their colors on

ery-a new kind of a human being.

Often he thought of her as he sat

looking out of the window and often

Now, indeed, there was not a happler lad in the village than this young prisoner in one of the two upper bedrooms in the small cottage of the Widow Moran, True, he had moments of longing for his lost freedom when he heard the shouts of the boys in the street and their feet hurrying by on the sidewalk. The steadfast and courageous Mr. Bloggs had said: "I guess we have just as much fun as they do, after all. Look at them roses."

One evening, as his mother sat reading an old love tale to the boy, he stopped her.

"Mother," he sald, "I love Pauline, Do you think it would be all right for me to tell her?" "Never a word," said the good

woman. "Ye see it's this way, my little son, ye're like a priest an' it's not the right thing for a priest." "I don't want to be a priest," said

he impatiently. "Tut, tut, my laddie boy! It's for God to say an' for us to obey," she

When the widow had gone to her room for the night and Bob was thinking it over, Mr. Bloggs remarked that in his opinion they should keep up their courage, for it was a very grand thing to be a priest after all.

Winters he spent deep in books out of Judge Crooker's library and tending his potted plants and painting them and the thick blanket of snow in the garden. Among the happiest moments of his life were those that followed his mother's return from the postoflice with the Bingville Sentinel. Then, as the widow was wont to say, he was like a dog with a bone. To him, Bingville was like Rome in the ancient world or London in the British empire. All roads led to Bingville. The Sentinel was in the nature of a habit. One issue was like unto another-as like as "two chaws off the same plug of tobaccer," a citizen had once said, Anything important in the Sentinel would have been as misplaced as a cannon in a meeting-house. Every week it caught the toy balloons of gossip, the thistledown events which were floating in the still air of Bingville, The Sentinel was a dissipution as enjoyable and as inexplicable as tea.

To the little Shepherd, Bingville was the capital of the world and Mr. J. Patterson Bing, the first citizen of Bingville, who employed eleven hundred men and had four automobiles, was a gigantic figure whose shadow stretched across the earth. There were two people much in his thoughts and dreams and conversation - Pauline Baker and J. Patterson Bing. Often there were articles in the Sentinel regarding the great enterprises of Mr. Bing and the social successes of the Bing family in the metropolis. These he read with hungry interest. His favorite heroes were George Washington, St. Francis and J. Patterson Bing. As between the three he would, secretly, have voted for Mr. Bing. Indeed, he and his friends and intimates -Mr. Bloggs and the rubber tree and the little pine bureau and the round nickel clock-had all voted for Mr. Bing. But he had never seen the great

Mr. Bing sent Mrs. Moran a check every Christmas and, now and then, some little gift to Bob, but his char-Ities were strictly impersonal. He used to say that while he was glad to help the poor and the sick, he hadn't time to call on them. Once Mrs. Bing promised the widow that she and her husband would go to see Bob on Christmas day. The little Shepherd asked his mother to hang his best pictures on the walls and to decorate them with sprigs of cedar. He put on his starched shirt and collar and silk tie and a new black coat which his mother had given him. The Christmas bells never rang so merrily.

Everyone on the make.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FAVOR NEW PRISON

HOUSE MEMBERS VOTE FOR NEW REFORMATORY TO BE BUILT FOR FIRST OFFENDERS

DISPUTE OVER LOCATION

Objectors to Building New Institution Near Penitentiary Succeed In Voting Down Emergency Clause-Means Delay

Lincoln.-Because the state reformatory bill has been amended to locate the new institution "near and in connection with" the state penitentiary, enough house members withheld their support from it on final passage to knock out the emergency clause. The bill passed, however, without the clause.

There were some who voted against it both times because they do not favor establishing a reformatory, for which \$300,000 is appropriated in the budget maintenance bill.

A considerable number of reformatory advocates want it entirely separated from the penitentiary and under different management. The majority, however, decided that the two institutions could be run under the same supervision, without having two sets of officials, two power plants and unnecessary duplication of other

Primary Bill Through House

The Douglas primary bill has passed the lower house by a vote of 53 to 43. It is conceded by members to be the only tampering with the direct primary that the house will stand for.

Under the provisions of this bill any person may file for a state office without paying a fee, by dropping his name or petition into the office of secretary of state. The latter certifies all of these names to each party state convention, held in May. The convention takes one ballot on each office, and the three highest are certified to the secretary of state. All others are eliminated and only the ones who have qualified pay fees.

House Objects to Senate Amendment On motion of Representative Moseley, the house declined to concur in a senate amendment to H. R. 73. which requires the governor to fill vacancies in the offices of United States senator, congressman, or member of the legislature by appointing persons of the same political affiliations as the previous incumbents. The speaker was authorized to name a conference committee on the bill.

Limit Stock Salesmen Fees

No more than 10 per cent can be paid for agents' commission and all other expense of selling stock in Nebraska under an amendment to the bureau of securities blue sky bill. which was adopted by nearly unanimous vote by the house. The limit fixed by the original bill was 15 per cent, but this was cut motion by Mr. Mears.

Railway Commission Changes Ruling The state railway commission has authorized the cancellation of the rule requiring that all boxes, drums and pails containing goods presented to railroads should bear the name and address of the shipper and a description of the contents. The interstate commerce commission does not require this, and the order will make the rule uniform.

Game Law Violators Fined Twenty-two hunters who violated the law in Nebraska the last two weeks have been fined in the state courts, and eleven of them, who shot birds out of season, are held for government authorities for violating the federal migratory law, it has been announced by State Game Warden George Koster.

Pass Movie Censorship Bill The movie censorship bill, passed the house by a vote of 60 to 35 after some of the opponents had failed to make good their threat or promise that the measure never will become a law. The bill was held back from third reading for the staging in the house of one last bitter struggle.

For Relief of Disabled Soldiers The American Legion bill providing fund of \$2,000,000 out of the state treasury, to be invested in Liberty bonds and other securities the income from which will be used in furnishing aid to disabled veterans of the world war and their dependents, went through the house on third reading by a vote of 90 to 3.

Committee Presents Banking Bill The sifting committee has reported out fourteen bills for the nouse to work upon. One of these is the co-operative bank bill. Another is the department's blue sky bill, signed by fifty-six members as introducers.

Five others are bills relating to procedure recommended by the state bar association. Another is H. R. 153, authorizing the sale of state school lands as fast as the leases expire.

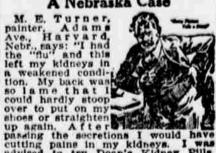
For Handling Bank Failures Appointment of J. E. Hart, secretary of the state department of trade and commerce, as receiver for the defunct Castetter bank of Blair, inaugurated a policy that the department will follow in future bank failures, as has been announced by Secretary Hart.

The department will not only ask that it be given the receivership, but Governor McKelvie, it is said, is planning to introduce a bill in the present session of the legislature to require this procedure.

Stop That Backache!

These agenizing twinges, that dull, throbbing backache, may be warning of serious kidney weakness—serious if neglected, for it might easily lead to gravel, dropsy or fatal Bright's disease. If you are suffering with a bad back look for other proof of kidney trouble. If there are dizzy spells, headaches, tired feeling and disordered kidney action, get after the cause. Use Dodn's Ktdney Pills, the remedy that has belved thousands. Satisfied users recommend Dodn's. Ask your neighbor!

A Nebraska Case



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