

# Nowhere

By RUBY M. AYRES.  
(Copyright, 1922)

(Continued from Yesterday.)

Hastings followed. He stood beside her in the roadway, a giant figure in his big mooring coat. Violet felt a sudden impulse longing to throw herself upon his mercy, to tell him what she had done and why she had done it. He looked so big and protecting, a man who would take a woman and all her troubles to his heart and comfort her and ask no questions, and yet—how had he treated Ronnie, his own son, and the dead flower girl, his wife?

She forced herself to smile up at him. "I have had such a lovely day. Thank you so much, good-bye."

She held her hand to him, but he ignored it. Passers stared interestedly at them, and at the big throbbing motor with its great lights glaring through the gray evening like dragon eyes.

"When will you meet me again?" asked Hastings. He spoke in the voice of a man who is determined. Violet felt that subterfuge would be useless. She answered desperately: "When you like—tomorrow evening."

She wanted to be rid of him. She thought if Martin saw them together he would guess her plan and do his best to thwart it.

Hastings was watching her quietly.

"I will meet you outside Violet's tomorrow evening," he said. He got back into the car and drove the leather rug round his knees. "I do not like leaving you here, but if you wish it—"

"I do wish it, please." He drove away without another word, and Violet turned to cross the road; it was nearly half past eight, and she wondered what Martin would think.

As she stepped off the curb someone touched her arm. She turned with a little start to find Leslie Martin at her elbow; his face was white and frowning, and there was almost an ugly expression in his eyes before which Violet shrank in dismay, for she knew that he must have seen her with Ronnie's father.

It is strange how small a thing will sometimes awaken in the heart of a man. Sometimes it is a tear, sometimes a smile, that seems to unlock the door of his heart and bid the little winged figure of Love creep in and take possession.

Hastings, much as he had been attracted by Violet Ingleby, had never realized whether his story were true or not until the day he drove her down into the country, until that moment when he heard her speak of "My Ronnie," and so with Leslie Martin until the moment when he saw her by the side of another man he had never dreamed that the symphony and pity he had felt for her had grown into a deeper and stronger feeling.

He had turned in his hurrying at the sound of the big car coming to a standstill at the curb outside Charing Cross station and he had seen Violet distinctly in the lamp-light.

He had seen Hastings, too, but he had had only eyes for the girl, and in that moment his whole being had been aflame with love and jealousy.

He had waited nearly half an hour under the station clock for her and finding she did not come had gone a little way along the road hoping to meet her it was while hurrying back that Fate forced the knowledge of his love for her upon him.

Martin was an insignificant man. His whole life was insignificant. All the years had been gray monotony and hard work, and as is so often the case with a man who has lived uneventfully, the realization of love for a woman seemed to come, as a terrible upheaval.

When he came up behind Violet as she attempted to cross the busy street he was conscious only of the pain at his heart and the raging jealousy.

Violet forced herself to smile. She tried to speak words of natural greeting, but to her own ears her voice sounded strained.

"I am so sorry to be late. I hope you have not waited for me long."

He did not answer. He looked at her by his side silently. Once he touched her arm to help her through the traffic.

By mutual consent they entered the small coffee shop. Violet drew off her gloves and leaned back in her chair with a little sigh. She was tired, agreeably tired, Leslie Martin, watching her with jealous eyes, thought she had never looked more charming. Her dainty face, in the shade of the big hat was alluring; the sweep of lashes on her flushed cheeks sent his pulses racing.

"Have you any news for me?" he asked her.

His voice was strained. He wondered what she would say were he what they the hours' neglect that drove his senses to lean across the table between them and take her face in his hands and kiss her lips.

By nature Martin was chivalrous to all women, but this evening some new strange force drove him. Even his hands were clenched on his knees beneath the table.

Violet did not answer for a moment, then—

"I shall have great news for you tomorrow, I hope," she said deliberately. "I am away from Ronald Hastings the old calculating determination had returned; she could think clearly and concisely. Already she knew what she would say to Hastings when they met the next day. She took courage from Martin's words. She did not believe after all that he had seen her in Hastings' car. She smiled confidently as she answered his question.

"He echoed her words slowly.

"Tomorrow, you hope! and in the meantime you consider our appointment so unimportant that you keep me waiting while you amuse yourself with another man?"

The words were unparadise. Violet raised her head haughtily. Her cheeks flushed an angry crimson.

"You forget yourself, Mr. Martin," she said coldly. "I quite fail to see what concerns you. I am sorry I spend my time. I am sorry if I have kept you waiting. I have already said so, and I think that ends the matter."

It was adding fuel to fire to answer him in such a way, but she was quite unconscious of the fact and of the emotions that drove the man to speak so. She thought he was angry because she was late. She was quite unprepared for the sudden movement he made stretching his hands across the table and seizing hers.

"You consider yourself above me, I know that," he said; and there was something infinitely pathetic in voice and eyes in spite of his anger. "You look down upon me. You have only been as kind as you have been to suit your own ends. I know that, too, but I love you. Ah, you may look angry, I love you and nothing can alter it. I've nothing to offer you, but I'd give my life to make you happy. I've done what little lay in my power already. Don't take your hand away from me; don't look at me like that. Is there no other man you care for?"

Violet wrenched herself free. There are some women to whom a man's touch is always offensive unless it happens to be the man she loves. She felt as if she could have struck Leslie Martin across the eyes as he sat staring at her with his whole aching heart in their miserable depths.

She rose to her feet. She was

breathless and panting as if she had been running; she was white to the lips with anger.

"How dare you speak to me so? Let me go this instant. I never wish to see you again; do what you like. I never wish to see you again!"

A couple of girls at the counter stared at them curiously. Violet had not raised her voice, but it was apparent by her face that she was strongly moved.

One girl opined to the other that she was "having a row with her young man," but neither of them was prepared to see Violet take up her gloves and hurriedly leave the shop without a backward glance.

Martin sat quite still where she had left him, and there was an ugly sneer upon his lips. Presently he rose, paid the bill for the two un-tasted coffees and left the shop.

He had fancied Violet would be waiting for him outside, but though he wandered about the station for more than an hour he saw no sign of her.

Violet had gone home in a feeling of utter despair and wretchedness. She spent two days with Mrs. Higgs in a taxi.

She cried herself weary on the way. It was only when the cab turned into the dingy street where all the houses looked alike that she realized she had behaved foolishly in quarreling with Martin and thought of Ronnie with a sudden throb of fear. What would Martin do now? Instinctively she guessed that he would go straight to Ronald Hastings and tell him of the child's whereabouts.

The driver went up the street at a crawl. He stopped with a jarring grunt of the brake outside No. 13. He thrust his head round and looked at Violet.

"This is the 'ouse, miss?"

"Yes."

Violet opened the door and stepped out. The face of the house was in darkness save for Olive Hale's window. Ronnie would be fast asleep, perhaps sleeping in her bed for the last time unless—unless she could manage to reach Ronald Hastings first.

He loved her; she knew that. Apart from his own confession she knew it, and once she could make him believe that she returned his love nothing Leslie Martin could say or do would make any difference.

She glanced at the small clock in the taxicab; it was 20 minutes past 9. She looked up at the face of the house again; nobody had heard her drive up; nobody had come to the door. With sudden impulse she re-entered the cab.

"Please drive me back to No. 218 Hyde Park."

The man looked supercilious. He resignedly turned his cab about. Violet had learned Hastings' address from madame. She thought nothing

## Grain Men Feted at King Ak's Den

### Contingent From Two States Also Enjoy Radio at Exchange Building.

A large contingent of Nebraska and Iowa grain men, guests of the Omaha Grain exchange, were initiated Monday night into the mysteries of bloodless card fighting, wireless and, as a grand climax, into the realm of King Ak at Ak-Sar-Ben den.

The round of entertainment for the grain merchants started at the exchange, where an elaborate "Dutch" luncheon was served. Cuthbert Vincent welcomed the visitors. Thomas Kimball then produced his fighting chickens, gloved their spurs and rang the gong. Much action followed. The visitors listened to wireless music under the supervision of Frank Taylor.

And thence to the Ak-Sar-Ben den, where nearly 2,000 Omaha members of the realm also assembled. It was cool in the den, as compared to Monday last week, and the Thespians, from the smallest pony chorus "girl" up, were on their proverbial toes. Maynard Swartz, singing "The Sheik of Araby," with the assistance of the chorus, won rounds of applause.

Bishop E. V. Shaylor and J. A. Linderholm were speakers. Total membership of the realm was given as 3,791. Sarpy county residents will be guests at the den next week. Samson also expressed the intention of entertaining male residents of the village of East Omaha on some Monday evening during the season. Charles Adams was chairman of the committee for entertaining the visiting grain men.

A "white elephant" can be turned into cash quickest by advertising it for sale in The Bee Want Ads.

## Business Bodies Asked to Aid in Curbing Coal Market

Washington, June 27.—Business organizations affiliated with the Chamber of Commerce of the United States were called upon today by Julius H. Barnes, president of the chamber, to lend their cooperation in the effort to prevent a runaway coal market by setting up machinery for co-ordinating the distribution of coal among their local industrial and individual consumers.

Each of the 1,400 Chambers of Commerce and trade associations was urged to appoint a fuel committee and make an immediate survey of the local coal situation.

Mr. Barnes said:

"In view of a possibility of the strike continuing until depletion of stocks becomes serious, I believe that in the general public interest this situation should be anticipated as much as possible."

## Important Dress Sale Wednesday

A special purchase of 300 fine Gingham and Voile Dresses will go on sale Wednesday at **\$4.95 and \$5.95**. Actually worth up to \$10.00. Don't Miss This Sale

**JULIUS ORKIN**  
1912 Douglas Street

ADVERTISMENT.

### 'TIZ' FOR TENDER, SORE, TIRED FEET

Ah! what relief. No more tired feet; no more burning feet, swollen, bad smelling, sweaty feet. No more pain in corns, callouses or bunions. No matter what ails your feet or what under the sun you've tried without getting relief, just use "TIZ."

"TIZ" draws out all the poisonous exudations which puff up the feet; "TIZ" is magical; "TIZ" is grand; "TIZ" will cure your foot troubles so you'll never limp or draw up your face in pain. Your shoes won't seem tight and your feet will never, never hurt or get sore, swollen or tired.

Get a box at any drug or department store and get relief for a few cents.

ADVERTISMENT.

### Only 4 Days

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By the scenic St. Lawrence route Sailing every day or so. Great fleet of magnificent passenger ships. Select your reservations early. No travel worries going by

**Canadian Pacific**

Further information from local representatives: R. S. Elworthy, Gen. Agt., S. S. Pass. Dept., 40 N. Dearborn St., Chicago. CANADIAN PACIFIC AGENTS EVERYWHERE

ADVERTISMENT.

### Free to Asthma and Hay Fever Sufferers

Free Trial of a Method That Anyone Can Use Without Discomfort or Loss of Time.

We have a method for the control of Asthma, and we want you to try it at our expense. No matter whether your case is of long standing or recent development, whether it is present as Hay Fever or chronic Asthma, you should send for a free trial of our method. No matter in what climate you live, no matter what your age or occupation, if you are troubled with asthma or hay fever, our method should relieve you promptly.

We especially want to send it to those apparently hopeless cases, where all forms of inhalers, douches, opium preparations, fumes, "patent smokers," etc., have failed. We want to show everyone at our expense that our method is designed to end all difficult breathing, all wheezing and all those terrible paroxysms.

This free offer is too important to neglect a single day. Write now and begin the method at once. Send no money. Simply mail coupon below. Do it today—you do not even pay postage.

FREE TRIAL COUPON  
FRONTIER ASTHMA CO.  
Room 345-6, Niagara and Hudson Sts., Buffalo, N. Y.  
Send free trial of your method to: \_\_\_\_\_  
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Do not forget to enclose this coupon.

ADVERTISMENT.

### Do You Know?

**Piles Fistula—Pay When Cured**

A mild system of treatment that cures Piles, Fistula and other Rectal Diseases in a short time, without a severe surgical operation. No Chloroform. Either or other general anesthetic used.

A cure guaranteed in every case accepted for treatment, and no money is to be paid until cured. Write for book on Rectal Diseases, with names and testimonials of more than 1,000 prominent people who have been permanently cured.

DR. E. B. TARRY, Specialist, 1024 Park Bldg. (Opp. Bldg.) Omaha, Neb.

ADVERTISMENT.

### Knotty Cords!

The cords of your telephone should not be twisted and should be kept dry, as either twisting them or getting them wet may cause the line to be "noisy" when you talk, interfering with your service.

Knotted cords have to be frequently replaced. This means expense for the telephone company in labor and material. All such expense must be paid out of the money we receive from users of our service—our only source of revenue.

To get the best and most economical service from your telephone, take good care of it.

**NORTHWESTERN BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY**

ADVERTISMENT.

### Free Trial of a Method That Anyone Can Use Without Discomfort or Loss of Time.

We have a method for the control of Asthma, and we want you to try it at our expense. No matter whether your case is of long standing or recent development, whether it is present as Hay Fever or chronic Asthma, you should send for a free trial of our method. No matter in what climate you live, no matter what your age or occupation, if you are troubled with asthma or hay fever, our method should relieve you promptly.

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Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
Do not forget to enclose this coupon.

ADVERTISMENT.

### A girl that cares for her looks cares for her hair—use Newbro's Herculicide

Sold by All Drug & Dept. Stores  
Sherman & McConnell Drug Co., Special Agent  
Bee Want Ads Produce Results.

## Borden's EAGLE BRAND Condensed Milk

The standard infant food for 64 years. It is just pure milk and pure sugar—the natural food when mother's milk fails.

ADVERTISMENT.

### U. S. Army Fliers Found Not Guilty of Slaying

Jacksonville, Fla., June 27.—Lieut. B. J. Tooper and Sergt. Kristjan Bredvad of the United States air service were found not guilty of a charge of first degree murder by a jury in federal court here.

The case grew out of the killing of F. B. Pitt at Punta Corda in April, 1921, and attracted wide attention because of a threatened clash between civil and military authorities over jurisdiction.

AFTER EVERY MEAL

# WRIGLEYS

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MINT LEAF FLAVOR

Satisfies the sweet tooth, and aids appetite and digestion. Cleanses mouth and teeth. A boon to smokers, relieving hot, dry mouth. Combines pleasure and benefit. Don't miss the joy of the WRIGLEY'S new P-K—the sugar-coated peppermint tid bit!

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WRIGLEYS CHEWING SWEET (10 TO PIECES)

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WRIGLEYS DOUBLE MINT CHEWING GUM (PEPPERMINT)

# Have you lost your Dog?

Dogs and other domestic animals stray off, get lost or are stolen every day. Very few cases indeed are there that the wandering animal is not worth an effort to recover.

Maybe some child is crying over the loss of a pet dog.

A few lines at small cost in the "Lost and Found" column of The Omaha Bee immediately starts a hunt for the lost animal that usually results in locating it and getting it back safe and sound. No matter what your loss may be, let a "Lost and Found" advertisement do the searching for you.

**Omaha Bee "Want" Ad Rates Are Reasonable**

Two Papers for the Price of One—  
**The Omaha Morning Bee THE EVENING BEE**

The Omaha Bee Want Ads bring the best results.

**NR TO-NIGHT Tomorrow Alright**

Night's Tonic—fresh air, a good sleep and an NR Tablet to make your days better.

Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) exerts a beneficial influence on the digestive and eliminative system—the stomach, liver and bowels.

Tonight—take an NR Tablet—its action is so different you will be delightfully surprised. Used for over 25 years.

Get a 25 Box

**Chips off the Old Block**

NR JUNIOR—Little NR's exerts a beneficial influence on the digestive and eliminative system—the stomach, liver and bowels. Its candy coating. For children and adults.

**Sherman & McConnell**