

Nowhere

By RUBY M. AYRES.
(Copyright, 1922.)

(Continued From Yesterday.)

"I don't know what you mean," she said. "I came home from business early and I've just got tea ready. Where is Ronnie?"

Mrs. Higgs burst into sobs.

"Hear her now!" she appealed to the man. "Hear her! Where is he, the precious—as if she don't know. It's too bad of her, Miss Hingleby, that it is, to make a joke of what's near broke me heart—"

Violet took a step forward. Her face was white.

"What are you talking about?" she asked hoarsely. "I only asked you where Ronnie is. Where is he, where is he?"

She seized Mrs. Higgs' arm and shook her with sudden frenzy. "Where is he, where is he?" she panted.

Mrs. Higgs screwed herself free. Her face was flushed with anger beneath the tears.

"Don't you go shaking me now," she shrieked furiously. "It's yer own fault sendin' the pretty dear away, 'im as you've no right to 'ave 'ad at all, that's my belief. Don't you go for to—"

Violet broke off, staring at Violet with her one eye wide.

"Oh, Miss Violet," she whimpered suddenly, "don't go for to tell me that you didn't say he was to go; don't tell me that I've let him go when I didn't ought—didn't yer know when? Oh, Lord a mercy, what 'ave I done?"

Violet clutched at the table with both hands. Everything seemed swimming before her eyes. When she spoke her voice sounded like a stranger's.

"You mean that Ronnie has—gone?" she asked with white lips.

"Is that—what you mean—Mrs. Higgs? Please tell me."

"They fetched him. They said as it was all right," sobbed the woman brokenly. "And he went off that ready and willin', the pretty love, the gentleman says as he was a'gon' to take him to you, Miss Hingleby."

"The gentleman? What gentleman?"

Mrs. Higgs wiped her one eye again.

"I ain't never seen 'im before, Miss, but he says it was quite all right; he give me 'all a sovereign, Miss, and he says that his name is Hastings—Mr. Ronald Hastings."

"Mr. Hastings, Mr. Ronald Hastings," Violet echoed Mrs. Higgs' tearful words in a vague, expressionless voice. She groped backward for a chair and dropped into it. She laughed mirthlessly.

She had been tormenting herself with misgivings for the part she had played with regard to this man, and all the time—all the time—it was she who had been fooled—he who had been fooling her!

For the moment she was utterly

without feeling. Ronnie was gone. The words beat against her brain like hammers, but they conveyed no meaning. Ronnie was gone, but her heart felt dead in her breast.

She would never kiss him again; never hold him in her arms; never hear his sweetly shrill voice calling to her. He had gone. He was no longer a part of her life. All that was left to her of him were the little shoes upstairs and the cheap toy engine with the string tied round the funnel.

She heard Mrs. Higgs talk about sending for the police and advertising, but her voice was far away and unreal. She was suddenly conscious that her head ached terribly. She wanted to get away, to be alone. She dragged herself up from the chair into which she had dropped, like a blind woman she felt her way across the kitchen.

Mrs. Higgs followed, talking with voluble earnestness.

"Oh, miss, don't take on so. The police'll get 'em back for yer. I've a cousin in the force, and he's mighty clever. Shall I go round and fetch him up 'ere for yer, miss?"

And yet it made her feel small, wanly. It was impossible to explain what she had no right to Ronnie, had never had a right to him. She had stolen him in the first place. He had only gone back to those who had a real claim on him.

Violet shook her head. She smiled, and yet it made her feel sick to think of him with Hastings—the man who had deserted his wife, disowned his child. It tortured her to believe that he would not be kind to the boy. The very thought of such a thing was like a brutal blow on her own body.

She walked on the stairs with dragging steps. She felt old and ill. She found herself speaking the boy's name over and over again. "Ronnie, Ronnie, Ronnie!"

She locked the door of the room and sat down on the worn rug beside the little empty pair of shoes. They still bore the shape of Ronnie's chubby feet. She lifted them and held them in her hand. She rocked herself to and fro in an agony.

"Ronnie, Ronnie, Ronnie!" she moaned.

Some one rapped at the door. Mrs. Higgs called her name sharply through the keyhole.

"Oh, go away, go away," said Violet. The floodgates about her heart were breaking. The realization of what had happened was slowly coming back to her, and with it—with it was a deadly hatred of the man who had done this thing—the man who had robbed her of all she loved in the world.

She scrambled to her feet, still holding the little shoes. She raised them to her lips, kissing them passionately. She looked round the empty room, so empty now without the patter of Ronnie's little feet, the incessant chatter of his voice, and it was Hastings who had deso-

lated her life, the man in whose arms she had lain, whose kisses she had taken. She felt she could have torn her lips as she remembered those kisses.

She had thought herself a good actress. She had many times known remorse for the part she played, but her skill had been nothing to his. He had known all along. He had triumphed over her.

She paced restlessly up and down the room. She felt as if she would go mad if action were denied her. Her brain worked like a tery wheel, plotting, planning, contriving.

She would get Ronnie back. Somehow she would get him back—her life would be starved without him. She dared not think of the terrible gap the loss of the child would make, the lonely nights, the silent homecoming, the always empty room.

Only the really lonely can appreciate the difference made by the love of a child, and Violet had at ways loved children; no little street arab was too ugly and dirty to win a smile from her; no child was too naughty to exhaust her patience and tenderness. She was a born mother. There are only too few such women nowadays.

The minutes ticked solemnly away. The untouched tea grew cold on the table. Presently Olive Hale climbed the stairs. She had had conversation with Mrs. Higgs in the kitchen. She stopped at Violet's door and knocked.

"Let me in," she said. Her usually careless voice was softened.

When Violet unlocked the door, Olive put a kindly arm about her. She was shocked at the pallor of the younger girl's face.

"It's no use locking yourself up here and brooding," she said sensibly. "The boy's gone, and the thing is to get him back."

She was very chagrined herself that fate had taken the cards out of her own hands, but she shrewdly saw that now the move was no longer hers, there was not much to

be lost by going over to the enemy, so to speak.

She helped herself to some of the bread and jam which Violet had cut for Ronnie. She talked between mouthfuls.

"You'd better go to the police. I'll come with you. It's a clear case of baby stealing. Who is the boy, Vi? You never told me where you got him from. What right have you got him?"

Violet rocked herself to and fro.

"Oh, I haven't any. I haven't any," she said in a stifled voice. "Except that I love him. Oh, you don't know how I love him—you don't know."

Olive chewed a crust. She could not understand any one being "mad or kids," as she called it.

"Well, if you haven't any real right to him," she said reflectively, "it rather complicates matters. Mrs. Higgs says that Ronald Hastings took him away. Is that right? What's he got to do with him?"

"He's his father," said Violet. She no longer cared who knew. She would not have cared had she known that Olive had long since discovered the secret she still diplomatically guarded. She felt she wanted a friend—some one to help and advise—and Olive was as good as any other.

"If it were me," said Olive presently when she had finished the crust, "I should just go round and have it out with Hastings. Can't you make a bargain with the man? Men don't really care for children, at least not the men I've known. What does he want him for? You don't tell me any details, and Mrs. Higgs is too busy sweeping with her one eye to be coherent. Of course, Ronnie was a nice looking little fellow," she added condescendingly.

Violet flung her head down on her own hands, but she shrewdly saw that now the move was no longer hers, there was not much to

sobbed stormily. "He was all I had to love, the only one in the world who loved me. I must have him back. I must, I must!"

Olive watched her friend reflectively. She was wondering what was the next best move to make. She took a cigaret from her bag and lit it.

"I should go and see Hastings myself," she said. "I—hang it all, Violet, do stop crying. You get on my nerves; and he wasn't your own child, after all. There are plenty more in the world, and I dare say he'd have been a regular nuisance to you later on, when you wanted to get rid of him."

The words were spoken with kindly intention, but they roused Violet to fury. She started to her feet, her pretty face all distorted with grief and anger.

"I should never have wanted to get rid of him. You're utterly heartless to suggest such a thing. I tell you I loved him better than my own life. I'd have stolen, and stolen gladly, to keep him. Go away—I hate you, I hate you, I wish I were dead. I wish I were dead."

Olive knocked her cigaret ash into a teacup; she had heard a woman rave before in a frenzy of passion, but not about a child. She was thinking of the occasion now, and of

the woman who had cast herself down on the ground in an abandonment of heartbreak—the woman had been her own sister, the one creature whom Olive had really cared for; she was dead now; the grass had grown and died for many summers and winters over her grave, but the wound her death had made in Olive Hale's heart was still open and bleeding.

She hid it from the world; she buried it beneath a cold exterior, but sometimes, in the darkness of night she would draw the bedclothes over her head to stifle her sobs when she remembered the sister who had received her deathblow from a coward's hand.

She rose now and went over to the window.

"Don't rave at me," she said presently, in an unusually subdued voice. "It won't do any good; if you want the child back that's not the way to get him. What sort of a man is Hastings?"

Violet laughed—a hard, merciless laugh.

"What sort of a man? Oh, he's good looking, and plausible; a man who makes you believe in him against your better judgment—until you find out that he's a liar and a cheat," the words came from between clenched teeth. "I hate him," she

added fiercely. "I hate him just now so much that I could—almost—kill him!"

(Continued in The Bee Tomorrow.)

Two More Plead Guilty in Case Over Bank Failure

Two more indictments in connection with the failure of the First National bank of Chappell, Neb., pleaded guilty to violation of the national banking law yesterday before Federal Judge Woodrough.

They are Guy C. and Charles C. Yegge, and one-time wealthy ranchers, near Chappell. They lost \$45,000 in the failure and are now bankrupt.

Sentence was deferred pending the trial of four others, F. A. Borling, Charles Babcock, Charles Wertz and Tom Johnson, also under indictment in the same case. Joseph W. Johnson pleaded guilty last week.

He and the Yegge brothers will testify for the government in the case against the other four.

Crowned Kiwanis Queen

Beatrice, Neb., June 29.—(Special.)—Mr. and Mrs. John Lang and daughter, Miss Margaret, who attended the Kiwanis convention at Toronto, Canada, has returned to their home at Wymore. Miss Lang was crowned queen of the Kiwanis while in attendance at the gathering.

New City Water Supply

Beatrice, Neb., June 29.—(Special.)—The city commissioners are making plans to connect the new well northwest of the city with the water mains from Zimmerman springs in order to relieve the present water shortage. The new well has a flow of about 200,000 gallons every 24 hours.

Your Luncheon Today Need Cost You But 35c

Your This evening need cost you but 35c, or 47c. Supper the only difference being the kind of meat you select at this meal.

We all know Mrs. Baker and therefore know that the foods are of the best.

Just one trial will convince you of the place to eat.

Mrs. Baker's Cafe

16th and Harney Streets

The Famous Oshkosh--424

The greatest wardrobe trunk value in years—Yale double safety all bar locking device—HIDDEN drawer lock—combination drawer and "Bonnet Box"—positively the greatest wardrobe trunk value on the market today. We'll be glad to prove it. The price—

\$49.50

Omaha Trunk Factory

1318 Farnam Street Opp. W. O. W. Bldg.

Orchard & Wilhelm Co.

SIXTEENTH AND HOWARD STREETS

Postponement of Our Semi-Annual Sale From July to August

That we may better prepare for our Semi-Annual Sale, we have decided to postpone this Real Furniture Event until August.

The Reasons:---

- Furniture Markets** During June and July the furniture markets of the country are open, offering many opportunities to merchants to purchase the latest productions at considerable saving in price. Our buyers have just returned from these markets, and their purchases will be shipped to us in time for our August sale. Because of the length of time necessary for shipment, we could not give our patrons the advantage of these purchases at a sale held in July.
- Invoice Period** immediately precedes the first of July. At this time many pieces are brought to light that we will close out at enormous reductions. These pieces could not be marked and prepared in time for a sale in July.
- July, "the Month of Vacations"** Many of our patrons have been unable to take advantage of our midsummer sales in July because the time conflicted with their vacations. Then, too, all of our sales people will have returned from their vacations in time for the August sale, refreshed and more than ever ready to be of helpful service.

For these reasons we believe August is the logical month for our Semi-Annual Sale.

Automobile Coverettes

In 3 Colors



For practically any make of gas car priced at from \$2.00 to \$4.50 a seat cover.

During the Month of July

In order to clear our floors for our August Sale—

In Our Exchange Department

on Third Floor we will offer furniture taken in exchange at prices to close out promptly.

In Our Clearance Department

Third Floor, we will place on sale odd pieces and discontinued suites at very marked reductions. During July any purchases in our Clearance Department will be billed August 31st if desired.

For the Tall, Frosty Summer Drinks

Unusually Attractive Lemonade and Ice Tea Sets



Six handled glasses with covered jug in blue and topaz glass with dark blue handles,

\$6.50

Vudor Porch Shades

virtually add another room to the house and add greatly to the enjoyment of your porch. Shown in 3 colors.

5x6	\$5.20	8x6	\$ 8.25
6x6	6.00	9x6	9.75
7x6	7.25	10x6	10.75

Stenciled, patchwork and crewel embroidered spreads for single and full-sized beds.

Full Size	\$6.75	Single Size	\$6.25
	\$8.25		\$7.55
	\$11.00		\$10.25
	\$13.00		\$12.00

Curtains to match any spread with connecting valances, \$4.50 to \$6.50 a set.

Exchange Department

offers opportunity to trade old furnishings for new. Let us figure with you.

Traveling? Smart Luggage

will add much to the pleasure of your vacation trip.

Hartmann Wardrobe Trunk No. 3000, made especially to our order—

Full size, with 11 hangers, including 3 princess and 2 cloak hangers.

Gibraltarized and strongly reinforced.

Round corners and cushion top.

Hat box, shoe box and iron holder box.

Laundry bag and dust curtain combined.

Angle iron braces on hanger side, steel yoke on drawer side.

The best value in Hartmann Trunks—\$49.

An especially complete line of Warren Hat Boxes, Traveling Bags and Taxi Suit Cases for the summer traveler.

Exceptional Values in Phonographs

Slightly Used in Demonstration

Modern designs, desirable finishes, mechanically perfect, absolutely guaranteed.

\$310.00 Brunswick, mahogany	\$225.00
125.00 Brunswick, fumed oak	90.00
150.00 Columbia, mahogany	115.00
150.00 Brunswick, fumed oak	135.00
275.00 Victrola, mahogany	250.00
275.00 Victrola, golden oak	250.00
275.00 Victrola, mahogany	250.00
175.00 Playerphone, golden oak	75.00
125.00 Playerphone, fumed oak	50.00
150.00 Playerphone, golden oak	75.00
50.00 Columbia, mahogany	30.00
50.00 Columbia, fumed oak	27.50

Summer Furniture

Attractive, Substantial, Comfortable—Featured Friday and Saturday at Interesting Reductions in Price



\$15 Chinese grass magazine chair, like illustration—\$9.75

Chinese peel hour glass chair, prettily trimmed in black, like illustration—\$10.00

\$16 Chinese grass arm chair or rocker, like illustration—\$9.85

\$13.50 Chinese peel chair or rocker, like illustration—\$9.50

4-passenger gliding lawn settees	\$15.00, \$18.00 and \$20.00
Heavy \$15.00 fumed oak 5-foot porch swing with chains	12.00
\$10.00 42-inch maple settee with double cane seat	6.95
\$2.95 maple porch rocker with double cane seat	1.95
\$11.00 6-foot bent wood settee in forest green	8.95
42-inch fumed oak porch swing complete with chains	3.00
Fumed oak arm rocker to match	3.50
\$52.00 heavy white enamel lawn bench	29.00
\$39.00 heavy white enamel arm chair to match	19.50
65c slat seat folding stools	.45
75c folding camp stool with wood back supports	.50

Holiday Specials for Home or for Outing, in Our Downstairs Store

Icy-Hots for the Fourth of July picnic, will keep liquids steaming hot or icy cold regardless of outside temperature, up from—\$1.35

Ice Cream Freezer, 2-qt., heavy galvanized, special—\$1.50

Herrick, the Aristocrat of Refrigerators, scientifically built to give a lifetime of satisfactory service, up from \$39.50

There's a Herrick to suit every need and every purse.

LOOK FOR

The Baking Powder that Gives the Best Service in Your Kitchen

CALUMET

The Economy BAKING POWDER

GUARANTEES Pure and Wholesome Foods

No Failures CALUMET Never Fails; Gives You Sweet, Palatable Foods.

Means a Big Saving of Time and Money.

You Save When You Buy It. You Save When You Use It.



Best by Test

No Waste A pound can of Calumet contains full 16 ounces. Some baking powders come in 12 ounce instead of 16 ounce cans. Be sure you get a pound when you want it.