

Nowhere

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

(Continued from Yesterday.)

"Paying concern, eh? Tons of money behind it. I say, Vi, if you'd care to take me again, I can get Ronald to make me a jolly decent allowance. He as good as promised to if I ever get married and settle down."

"Ronald!" Violet stared at him. "Ronald who?"

"Hastings, of course! You didn't know I was related to him, did you? No, neither did I till a year or so ago; jolly fine thing for me, too. I've had a few hundred out of him already. We're sort of cousins."

Two days dragged wearily away with no news of Ronnie or word from Hastings. Many times Violet made up her mind she would write to him, and beg fresh of him to let her have the child back, but she knew how useless it would be. She knew that any disinterested person would tell her that what she hoped was unreasonable and impossible, that the child was never hers, that she had not the smallest ghost of a right to him. She had not seen Suture since the afternoon when she met him in the tea-shop with Florrie Jones. She did not believe that Florrie Jones had seen him either. Her thin, sharp face looked miserable and shrewdly once more. She lost no opportunity of saying biting, sneering things. Her queenship was at an end. She was dethroned.

Lena Adams had gone away on a holiday. Madame's temper was uncertain. Things were far from pleasant at Violette's. Violet thought often of leaving, but she knew it meant starvation if she did. Sometimes she told herself she would be glad to die. She had lost all interest in life. It seemed aimless and gray. She felt like a runner who runs on hopelessly away from the goal.

On the third day Suture wrote to her. He wrote to Mrs. Higgs. Violet wondered vaguely how he had covered her address. He had not asked her for it. She supposed he had got it through Violette's, as Ronald Hastings had done.

It seemed strange that these two men should be related. She wondered what Ronald thought of his "sort of cousin." She wondered what Ronald had done with his son—if he ever took him out in the big green-painted car, if he were kind to him, if the boy were happy. She liked to think of Ronald Hastings' mother as she had once or twice seen her at Violette's—sweet faced, stately. She would be good to Ronnie, anyway.

She haunted the big house in Park lane in the evenings. She scanned the curtained windows, longing for a sight of the child's dear little face, but she never saw him. Once she fancied a curtain moved as if beneath the touch of a child's hand, but though she

waited breathlessly she saw nothing more.

Olive Hale came downstairs one morning with a paper in her hand. She gave it to Violet, pointing to a paragraph.

Violet read the lines listlessly.

"A marriage has been arranged, and will shortly take place, between Mr. Ronald Hastings, the young millionaire, who has recently so successfully launched the world-renowned firm of Violette's on its prosperous career, and Miss Mabel Clancey, daughter of the late John Clancey, and Mrs. Clancey, of Sloane square, S. W."

The paper fell from Violet's fingers. She laughed. She remembered the kisses Hastings had given her, and laughed again. Olive watched her curiously.

"Do you know Miss Clancey?" she asked, interestedly.

"At least I tried on some hats for her one day, but she went away without buying anything. She was very ill-tempered, I remember."

"Humph! She won't be a great success as a stepmother then, eh?"

"Violet started. She had forgotten Ronnie.

"What do you mean?" she asked. She sprang to her feet.

"Oh, she won't be kind to him. I know she won't be kind to him," she moaned. All the grief that had grown numb during the past few days seemed to spring to life again; she paced the room like one distraught. Olive watched her.

"Do you know," she said, suddenly, "Old Higgs says that it wasn't Hastings who took Ronnie away at all."

Violet hardly seemed to hear. Olive repeated her words more loudly.

"Higgs! What does Mrs. Higgs know about him?" Violet asked, distractedly. "I ought to know. I suppose, I know that he is Ronnie's father. Oh, Ronnie, Ronnie!" She did not cry; she only wrung her hands as if her grief were too deep for tears.

She thought of Mabel Clancey—selfish, overdressed, irritable. She would never love the boy. She would vote him a nuisance; would thrust him on one side. Her hatred against Ronald Hastings sprang afresh into flame. He was not fit to have such a son.

Olive stooped and picked up the paper.

"You look jolly ill," she said, bluntly. "If you don't take care, you'll be laid up. Here's a letter you haven't opened."

She took up the letter from Suture and tossed it across to Violet; she waited a moment, then left the room with a great click of high-heeled shoes.

Violet opened the letter listlessly. She did not want to read it; she cared nothing for what Suture might have to say to her.

"Dear Vi, Can you meet me somewhere this afternoon? I want to talk to you. To save you the trouble of answering, I'll be outside Violette's at 6:30 and wait. Ever yours, Alfred."

Violet threw the letter into the grate. She did not want to see him. He reminded her painfully of a past chapter in her life. She hated now to remember that it was the hurt that had driven her to London in order to drown her love for him. Love! Had she ever loved him? It seemed impossible now that she had.

She was late at business; Madame reprimanded her sharply; Florrie Jones made a sneering remark. She felt as if she could have turned and rushed from the place. She hated the show and face of the whole thing. She could gladly have torn the big-enameled creation from her head and trampled it under foot; but she went on obediently parading, and smiling, and prouetting in obedience to madame's instructions, while a faded-looking woman with dyed hair sat on the plush sofa and sipped coffee and made shrill criticisms.

Just as she was released the street door was opened by the attentive commissionaire and an elderly lady in rustling black silk came in. Violet knew at once who she was—Ronald Hastings' mother.

She came across the showroom slowly, leaning on her ebony stick, madame in close attendance. Violet stood staring at her listlessly. There was something so sweet and motherly about her. She felt as if she would have given the world to be able to fall on her knees beside her and sob out all the wretchedness of her heart.

She felt sick and weak; the room seemed whirling round her. She groped for something to hold on to, and fell.

When she opened her eyes she was lying on one of the plush couches. Madame bent over her with ill-concealed impatience in her black eyes. Hastings' mother stood beside her looking down at her with kindly compassion.

Violet struggled to her feet. She forced a shaky laugh.

"Oh, I am so sorry," she looked appealingly at madame. Mrs. Hastings spoke rather curtly.

"I think you should send this young lady home, madame; she is not fit for work."

Madame flushed; she hated correction. She bit her reddened lips to keep back the angry words that rose. She told Florrie Jones to see that Violet went home.

The two girls left the showroom together.

Florrie Jones sat watching while Violet changed her dress; suddenly she burst into bitter speech.

"So you've managed to take him away from me."

Violet did not answer, and the elder girl went on: "Oh, don't look so innocent. You made Lena miserable, and now you've broken my heart. He told me himself that he loved you, and that he would marry you if he could. He says you were engaged long ago, but you don't love anybody, with your big eyes and white face. Do you know," she

leaned forward, her teeth set, "I'll kill you if you marry him," she said. Violet laughed wearily.

"I don't want to marry him; I wouldn't if he asked me. I thought I liked him years ago; I was only 18, and it was all a mistake. You're quite welcome to him; I don't want him."

She turned listlessly to the door.

Florrie Jones flung after her. She caught her hand; she burst into wild sobbing.

"Oh, do you mean that; do you really mean it? If only I could believe you. You're so much younger and prettier than I am, but he did like me; he thought a lot of me until he met you again. Oh, say that you really mean that you don't want him."

Violet drew her hand away.

"It would be nothing to me if I never saw him again," she said coolly.

It was blazing hot out in the street; she felt sick and faint as she dragged her feet wearily along. She wondered if she were going to be ill; she did not care if it were so.

It seemed too much trouble to get on a bus. She walked on and on as if in a dream.

At the corner of a busy thoroughfare she had to stop for the traffic. As she stood waiting a big, green-painted motor chugged up to the curb; her heavy eyes met those of the man at the wheel—it was Ronald Hastings.

She felt the color receding from her cheeks; her heart seemed almost to stop beating. It was Hastings who looked away first, looked away as if she were an utter stranger to him, and not the woman who had once lain and wept against his heart—not the woman whose lips he had so passionately kissed.

Violet never knew how she got back to Mrs. Higgs'. She flung herself down, dressed as she was, on the bed, and lay there with closed eyes.

She tried to think of Ronnie, of the cool touch of his soft, little hands, but always the picture shifted and changed, and instead of his child face and rosy mouth she saw the grave eyes of Ronald Hastings as they had last looked into hers, and the close, stern fold of his lips.

It was late afternoon when Mrs. Higgs climbed the stairs and opened the door. She had come to draw the blinds against the sun; she imagined that even boards and a strip of cheap linoleum might fade. She screamed when she saw Violet.

The girl tried to raise her head, but fell back. She smiled faintly. "I wasn't very well, and they sent me home; but I shall soon be all right."

Mrs. Higgs suggested a cup of tea. When she brought it up she added a drop of strong brandy to it from her own private cupboard. Violet made a wry face, but the spirit did her good. She felt better afterward. When she was alone again she fell into a feverish sleep.

She was awakened later by Mrs. Higgs. It was evening, and a cool breeze blew through the open window. Mrs. Higgs was shaking her gently.

"There's a gentleman to see you, my dear," Mrs. Higgs could be kind when she chose. She was kind now. "I can't see him," said Violet fretfully. She guessed that it was Suture.

"Then no more you shall," said Mrs. Higgs stoutly. She departed with determination. A moment later she came back crestfallen. She carried a twisted note in her hand.

Violet took it and opened it resentfully. She wanted to be left alone; everything worried and teased her.

"See me for a moment," Suture had scribbled. "I will not go away until I have seen her."

"He won't go away," said Mrs. Higgs angrily. "I told him you was ill; but he was that pushing—"

(Continued in The Bee Tomorrow.)

Bee's Milk and Ice Fund Goes Over \$500 Mark

"Half-Way" Goal Reached in Annual Summer Drive for Poor Babies of City.

The Bee's Free Milk and Ice Fund for poor babies goes over the \$500 mark today. This is "half way" goal for this newspaper's annual summer fund, administered by the Visiting Nurse association.

A most gratifying feature of the Bee's appeal is the spontaneity of response from those who, though far removed from contact with the city's poor, are just as solicitous of their welfare as any one could wish.

Such a one is Elizabeth Roberts, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Roberts, wealthy grain man. From beautiful "Grey Rocks," their Fairacres home, the young miss sent her contribution of \$5, expressing the

hope it might benefit some needy little child.

The fund is as follows:

Previously acknowledged	\$481.33
Jack, Mary and Virginia Loomis	2.00
M. J. R.	1.00
No name	2.00
Elizabeth Roberts	5.00
No name	1.00
Total	\$492.33

Racing Car Driver Killed When Auto Runs Into Colt

San Luis, Obispo, Cal., July 3.—Enos Bello, a racing car driver, was killed and Luis Silva, his mechanic, was injured probably fatally when, as they were testing out their car on a speedway here yesterday, it struck a colt. The colt had walked across the track as the speeding car approached. The animal, thrown into the air, came down on the body of the automobile, breaking Bello's neck and causing Silva concussion of the brain.

Skipper 54 Years Old

San Francisco, July 3.—Capt. Klean Van Sterendorp, for 54 years a deep sea skipper, is dead here. He was born in Germany, and first came to San Francisco in 1854 on the Brig Hero, which had cruised the Sandwich islands. He retired from the sea 10 years ago.

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"Style Without Extravagance"

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It will pay you to be here early.

Every sale is final. Charges will be made for alterations.



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Wednesday, July 5th

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Twenty-third Semi-Annual Half-Price CLEARANCE

of our entire select stocks of

Women's and Misses' Spring and Summer

Dresses - Wraps Coats - Suits

It is the one garment selling occasion that has for season after season overshadowed all others. In point of assortments—character of garments and values it has no near rival.

Every garment bears the original price tag. You choose without reserve and simply pay one-half the marked price. You buy here with a full knowledge that you pay but 50 cents on the dollar.

There is positively not a single reservation in our vast stocks. No matter how recent a garment may have become a part of our stock it can now be bought at exactly half price.

All stock has been rearranged so as to facilitate easy selections.

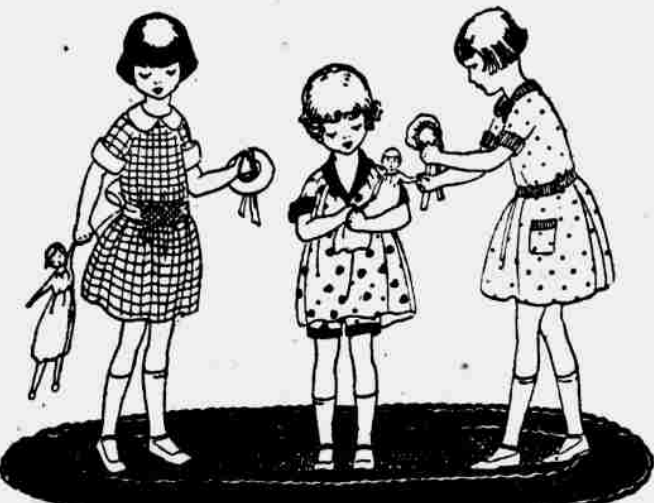
- Wash Dresses, \$5 to \$25, now \$2.50 to \$17.50
- Silk Dresses, \$15 to \$75, now \$7.50 to \$37.50
- 3-Piece Suits, \$50 to \$65, now \$25 to \$32.50
- Sport Suits, \$20 to \$45, now \$10 to \$22.50
- Sport Coats, \$25 to \$50, now \$12.50 to \$25.00
- Wrappy Coats, \$25 to \$100, now \$12.50 to \$50.00
- Silk Capes, \$20 to \$40, now \$10.00 to \$20.00

The thousands of Herzberg's out-of-town patrons will find this a most advantageous time to supply their every garment need.

Fourth Floor

HERZBERG'S

1519-21 Douglas Street



Wonderful Values in This July Clearance of Girls' Coats and Dresses

Girlie Nook calls to the parents of Omaha girls to partake of these rarest of values. Here are togs for the little lady without a rival in style, and at most ridiculously low prices

- 100 COATS
Sizes 3 to 6 and 7 to 14. The cleverest of styles. All colors. Many suitable for early fall wear.
- 100 SILK DRESSES
In beautiful new styles. Sizes 6 to 16 years. An opportunity to own two dresses now at the price of one.
- 500 DRESSES
Dainty summer tub frocks in all sizes to 16 years. Voiles, organdies, crepes, tissues and gingham.
- 200 SMALL DRESSES
For the little miss of 2 to 6 years. Irresistible styles in gingham with bloomers to match.

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Girls' Middies and Dresses 30%
We offer the unrestricted choice of our entire stock at a discount of

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