Freight on Farm Crops too High, Wallace Thinks

Secretary of Agriculture Says Transportation Part of Production so Far as Grower Is Concerned.

Kansas City, Mo., Oct. 23.—Lower freight rates and unhindered transportation are demanded by the farmers, Henry C. Wallace, secretary of agriculture, declared in an address here tonight.

Freight rates on agricultural products should be decreased, Secretary Wallace said, because they are too high with relation to the prices farmers get.

"Transportation is a part of production so far as agriculture is concerned," the secretary said. "The farmer pays the freight. He does not want the railroads to reduce freight rates so low that they cannot furnish efficient service. Service is important to the farmer. But the freight rates are now too high. The farmers want the railroad people to cut down their operating costs, to insist upon a fair day's work for a fair wage, to move their freight cheaper and thus be able to cut down rates."

Declaring that many growers of perishable products have gone bankrupt because they could not move their crops and that grain growers and livestock producers have lost "millions upon millions of dollars" in the last six months because railroad owners and railroad workmen could not agree, the secretary said:

"Some way must be found to break monopolies of both capital and labor and keep them at work. These quarrels between railroads and the workmen, which hang up freight movement, must be stopped in some way or other."

"Silly Pacifists" Are Scored by Weeks

New York, Oct. 23.—Fear that America is "drifting back to its short-sighted, careless and happy-go-lucky attitude of the early days of the European war," toward the "vitally important matter of preparedness" was expressed by Secretary of War Weeks, in an address before the New York post of the Army Ordnance association.

"I have no patience," he declared, with the groups of silly pacifists in this country, who are seeking universal peace through undermining with their insidious propaganda the ability of their own country to protect itself. What do these people see in the signs of the times to deceive themselves into believing that we can disarm while others arm? In what way has human nature changed since 1914?"

Authority on Physics Dies.

Amherst, Mass., Oct. 23.—Prof. Arthur L. Kimball, 66, of Amherst college, is dead at his home here. He had been a professor at the college for 31 years. He was author of text books of physics.

Marriage Licenses

The following persons were issued permits to wed:

August A. Fenger, 21, Omaha, and Luella Taylor, 21, Omaha.

Guiseppe Glarizio, 28, Omaha, and Maria C. Claes, 28, Omaha.

Henry L. Kerscher, over 21, Omaha, and Ellen M. Early, over 21, Omaha.

Try This Raisin Pie

Neighborhood bake shops and large modern bakeries in your town are baking raisin pies *for* you that will delight your men folks and save baking at home.

Your grocer or a bake shop will deliver a delicious one.

Try one. They are making them with—

Sun-Maid Raisins

Had Your Iron Today?

25 Ounces for 25¢

KC BAKING POWDER

No better made regardless of price.

MILLIONS OF POUNDS BOUGHT BY THE GOVERNMENT

Cuticura Talcum is Fragrant and Very Healthful

Sample free of Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. X, Malden, Mass. On everywhere.

THE SILENT DRAMA

Did you know that Buster Keaton, who is appearing in a burlesque on Yukon melodrama this week at the Rialto, has taken out a $5,000 insurance policy against smiling while working? It seems to prove that he isn't the glum fellow he looks to be. But even if he were a misanthrope he would have grinned to see American beauties growing in the Alaska snows, and he would probably have laughed right out loud when he saw the dog team assembled for him to drive. Keaton does some fine work with his facial muscles, however, and only shows his teeth once—in a fiendish sneer. The feature at the Rialto is Lorna Doone.

Movie Programs.

Moon—"When Romance Rides."
Strand—"East is West."
Sun—"My Wild Irish Rose."
Empress—"Dusk To Dawn."
Muse—"His Bridal Night."
Rialto—"Lorna Doone."
World—"Pilgrims of the Night."
Victoria—William S. Hart in "Traveling On."
Grand—Guy Bates Post in "The Masquerader."
Hamilton—"Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse."

AT THE THEATERS

THIS week at the Orpheum, being in celebration of the circuit's third of a century anniversary, the occasion was ushered in Sunday by an address in the afternoon and evening from Mayor Dahlman. Last evening was Rotarian's night and a congratulatory speech was delivered by Ira C. E. Aiken. One of the most impressive occasions of the week will be tonight when the Elks will attend the performance. Members of the lodge are to meet in the club rooms and go in a body to the theater. The Elks' band of thirty pieces will give a recital, and an address is to be delivered by Charles Docherty, past exalted ruler. On Wednesday evening the Lions club, after a dinner at the Fontenelle, will go to the Orpheum. The quartet of the club will sing. On Thursday evening the Council club are to follow with a similar function, and will go from the hotel to the theater. Friday is to be Omaha civic night. The boxes will be filled by the city commission, and Mayor Dahlman will deliver another address.

The biggest, best and most entertaining show for one dollar that has ever played this city is the claim of the "Carnival of Fun" the Shubert vaudeville unit at the Brandeis theater all this week. The company numbers 50 people and the presenting cast of principals includes a number of well-known stage favorites who are seen in leading parts in the smart revue which takes up the last half of the show. Its a production that has everything that one would expect to see and hear in a real first class musical comedy at top prices and the vaudeville includes such well-known artists as Clark and Verdi, the De-Wolf Girls, Alfred Latell and Elsie Yokes, The Six Romas, Clemens Helling company and Bell Jansen. Don't miss this show, it's the best dolar's worth of entertainment that you ever bought.

Fred Clark's big revue, "Let's Go," will be the attraction at the Gayety theater all week. There are several novel scenes in this musical production which are said to cause much comment wherever presented. One of these is "Dining Out" and in it a musical number giving the proper poem for a revue is given—ginger, pep and spice are all given as proper ingredients for a successful show while the girls are dressed as various articles of food and drink and inaugurate a new and novel idea in stage costumes. Collins and Pillard, famous comedians from "big time" vaudeville head the great cast of comedians. Ladies' matinee at 2:15 daily.

Pickard's Seals is the feature attraction now playing at the Empress. New tricks will be performed by this company and in all their feats these animals will display a keen enjoyment which shows they like their work as well as the audience does. Mumford and Stanley, top-notch singing comedians, keep the audience in an uproar while singing their latest comedy song entitled "A Nickel's a Nickel With Me." Mabel Harper, "The Funbeam of Vaudeville," injects much comedy into her program of songs by her personal magnetism and agreeable disposition. Kennedy and Nelson, "Those Speed Boys," present an acrobatic and tumbling act.

Births and Deaths.

Frank and Della Walker, 2819 Pratt street, girl.

W. C. and May Hoffman, 3421 South Twenty-seventh street, boy.

William and Elma Leptien, Sixteenth and Cass streets, boy.

Selwyn and Florence Jacobs, hospital, boy.

Roy and Helen Wright, hospital, boy.

Harry and Martha Avant, 2112 North Twenty-seventh avenue, girl.

Roland and Myra Filion, 2414 Wentworth avenue, boy.

Arthur and Bertha Kruger, 3812 North Forty-first street, twins, boys.

Howard and Rose Weale, 4321 North Thirty-sixth street, boy.

Roy and Margarette Malonay, 3117 North Fifty-ninth street, boy.

Clifford and Nellie Miller, 2149 North Sixty-fifth street, boy.

Jake and Ida Rosenblatt, hospital, girl.

Louis and Mary Cerola, 1117 Pierce street, girl.

Clarence and Edith Lussman, hospital, boy.

Marion and Angeline Smith, hospital, girl.

John and Marguerite Follis, 1421 South Fifteenth street, boy.

Frank and Attie Hopkins, 1112 North Twenty-first street, boy.

Hugh and Kate Polmer, hospital, boy.

Anton and Julia Kolm, 820 Poppleton avenue, boy.

Frank and Grace Davis, 3721 Marcy street, boy.

Samuel and Rose Salerno, 704 Pierce street, girl.

Jack and Clara Carlisle, 318 North Forty-fifth avenue, boy.

Alfred and Maude Lambert, hospital, boy.

Harold and Anna Graham, hospital, boy.

Frederick and Stella Clarke, hospital, boy.

Deaths.

[illegible]

SOULS for SALE

By RUPERT HUGHES.

(Continued From Yesterday.)

CHAPTER XXVI.

All day she sat in a dark room and ran a little projecting machine that poured forth moving pictures before her on a little private screen. She must watch out for typographical errors, a "to" for a "too," a slip of grammar, a mistake in an actor's or a character's name. Her common school education was good enough for this, though it was by no means so marvelous as Leva had told her employers it was.

Later Mem was permitted to study the films for blemishes, scratches, dust specks, bad printing, bad tinting, bad assembly, bad any one of a score of things.

There were five other young women besides Leva engaged at the same task, each with her little projection machine, and her little screen and her little picture racing ahead of her past the continual night of the laboratory. At one end of the projection room was a large screen for the laboratory chief to learned scientists and his assistants and occasional directors who came with problems of photography requiring immediate solution.

The conversation was in a foreign language to Mem, but the jargon grew gradually familiar and she kept an eager ear alert for information. She decided to master the trade in every detail.

It was fascinating at first—a strange and fairy business.

Like a chorus of girls at spinning wheels these maids sat and unrolled from the magic distaff romance unending and of infinite variety.

Mem was supposed to keep her mind on her own screen, but it was impossible not to glance at the other pictures. Now there was a glittering flood of water roaring almost audibly through a canyon, and in them a spun and tormented canoe that finally flung into the waves a fugitive woman and cast her on the rocks. Some one told her that so great an actress as Mary Alden has spent 30 minutes in those icy waters while they photographed the scene. This went by again and again in different "takes" by different cameras, as if Miss Alden had been killed and brought to life again repeatedly to respond to encores of death.

Over against this tremendous rush of nature there appeared suddenly a yet more thrilling cataract of human passions, a battle in a Chinese den, where frenzied criminals, Chinese and half-castes and policemen, struck and stabbed and shot and broke over one another's heads furniture of exquisite carving or hurtled from ornate balconies and splintered embroidered screens and jeweled idols; Lon Chaney leered and idled and let demoniac thoughts flicker across his mask.

Parallel with this flowed a torrent of luxury, a reception in a home of wealth, designed by Cedric Gibbons, lover of the arches and interlaced perspectives; beautiful women in gleaming dresses danced or listened to love stories or let tears drip like diamonds upon their fans of white peacock feathers.

A vast mountain range shouldered the clouds aside and a posse of vigilantes chased a pack of desperadoes on desperate horses, or desperadoes chased Tom Mix as a fugitive hero who sent his broncho leaping, sliding, galloping down cliffs and up ravines, a swallow darting away from falcons.

In a close-up of huge detail Will Roger's whimsical face twisted with cowboy impudence and embarrassment and pathetic wit.

In another, the cinematographic features of Helene Chadwick exploited her subtlest moods in a language that could not be misunderstood; or Claude Gillingwater's Jovian brows struggled with big emotions or Richard Dix's stalwart humor flourished.

He was whisked away, and a low comedian took his place with high antics of most ancient glory, the horseplay that the new critics have always denounced and the classics have always adored; the knock-about assaults on dignity, the physical satires on pomposity that delighted Aeschylus no less than Aristophanes, Cervantes, Shakespeare, Goethe, all the big men who were not afraid of fun and understood that there is less wisdom in a strut than in a caper. Then the sensitive beauty of Colleen Moore rolled by tremulous to every least emotion as an aspen leaf.

Before all these windows Mem looked into countless phases of life and emotion and character. It occurred to her that she was getting a divine purview of the world. Life to her looked much what life must look like to God. He must see billions of souls unrolling their continuities before Him in all varieties of grimace, frenzy, collapse, appeal for pity or laughter. Humanity must dance before Him as before her until each life was cut off or vanished in its final fade-out.

She wondered more and more why the moving pictures should have been greeted with hostility and contempt or fear. She did not understand that they who teach the world a new language, or open a new world, or bring golden gifts of any sort to the people are always crucified at first by the Pharisees. Later, their converts become Pharisees for new Messians.

She was ignorant of the primeval eternal habit of the critic mind to lash out at all that is alive and eager. Why lash the dead? They cannot feel the sting of the whip.

She knew only that the moving pictures were abhorrent to multitudes and it seemed to her pitiful that this should be so. All these actors and actresses and photographers were merely trying to illuminate life, to pass dull hours away, to quicken the spirits of the lonely and the weary.

The artistic beauties of the pictures made her inarticulately happy. She knew nothing of painting or sculpture or architecture. She loved sunsets and moon dawns and light on leaves and the textures of fabrics embracing shadows in their folds. She loved the war of gloom and glow. She found the pictures overwhelmingly beautiful to her eyes, kaleidoscopes of leaping masses and lines, symphonic tempests of shape and color.

For a time Mem was in a heaven of tumultuous ecstacies. But gradually the delight turned to torture, the torture of envy.

She was young and she had been told that she was beautiful. She had realized with shame and anger and disgust at first that she seized the eye and charmed it. Now, as in almost every other way, she was so revolutionized that what had hitherto seemed to her odius was beginning to seem admirable. What had been her evil was her good and her good her evil.

If God made her pretty it was because He delighted in beauty and wanted it known. He did not grow flowers in cellars. He was not afraid to squander the sunshine.

If the art of mimicry was a God-given gift, it must be meant for use. She had acted once more before a camera there in the desert. She had felt the possession of an alien agony. She had shot tears from her eyelids. She had brought tears to the eyes of strangers. She had tasted the sweet poison of vicarious suffering. It was accounted divine on a cross; why diabolic on a screen? She was an actress by divine intention.

She sat in a dark room and watched other people's pictures flow by. It seemed wrong, wicked, cruel.

Yet she was educating herself unconsciously in the complex technics of acting, learning dramatic analysis and synthesis.

Fools who knew nothing about acting spoke of it as if it had no intellectual element. They thought that the common-enough ability to write impudent scurrilities about the brainlessness of actors was a proof of brains.

Mem came to see how difficult a science, how bewildering an art the mimetic career requires. She would learn the anguishes of self-control and self-compulsion that must be undergone when the actor's soul squeezes itself into the mold of another character. She could already see how many ways there were of thinking, holding hands, of looking love or hate, of kissing, crying, laughing, rising up and sitting down.

She was mad to act.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Among the processions of types that marched past Mem's eyes as she sat at her magic window in the projection room—among the innumerable American types, good and bad, rich, poor, foreign, native, rural, urban, the aliens of every clime and age and costume, the animals and the birds, the plunging horses of the cowboys, the lions, the wolves, the rattlesnakes, went many children in rags and tags and velvet gowns.

She saw Booth Tarkington's "Edgar" family and the other tiny actors of the colony; exquisite Lucille Rickson; the essence of boyhood, Johnny Jones; the plump Buddy Messenger; the adorable Robert de Vilbiss. She saw at the movie houses the little master of comedy, Wesley Barry, with his skin a constellation of freckles, and the all-conquering Jackie Coogan.

On the lot she saw the children, and they were always happy. The mothers were with the little ones. Going to work was going to play. They lived an eternal fairy story. They did not have to wait till bedtime to coax a wornout fable from a jaded parent. They went through great adventures in magic-built castles. They had an infinite number of new toys and new games and, greatest bliss of all, they had importance.

Mem was told that 5-year-old Jackie Coogan had made his mother a present of a big touring car costing $7,000! That he had a salry of $1,750 a week! She thought of little Terry Dack and his second-hand express wagon, helping his mother to pack her bundled wash home to bitter toil. He had a dismal life on the desert's edge, illumined only by his own unconquerable fancy and his dramatic gifts. His was the home life of multitudes of American children. He had far more of mother's love than most of them. Yet the stage child and the movie child were spoken of with pity!

Mem decided that it was well worth a child's while to accept such pity as a rebate on the fat blessings of such a life.

She wrote Terry's mother, urging her to come to Los Angeles without delay; to beg, borrow or steal the necessary funds, to seize the chance to rescue the divine child from poverty and oblivion, and to earn luxury by giving the world the sunshine of his irresistible charm.

She had not meant to let anyone in Palm Springs know where she was, but she took the risk of embarrassment rather than risk the boy's future. Her motherhood had transplanted itself to that other child, and his welfare was vital to her.

As a final inducement she promised to introduce Terry to the management of her own studio. She permitted the impression that she was a rather important person on the staff.

And the day after she mailed the letter she lost her job.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Liver and Bowels Right—Always Feel Fine

There's one right way to speedily tone up the liver and keep the bowels regular.

Carter's Little Liver Pills never fail. Millions will testify that there is nothing so good for biliousness, indigestion, headache or sallow, pimply skin. Purely vegetable. Small Pill—Small Dose—Small Price

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

The Original Food-Drink for All Ages. Quick Lunch at Home, Office & Fountains. Rich Milk, Malted Grain Extract in Powder & Tablet forms. Nourishing—No cooking.

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Double Blankets	$3.95
Fine Silkoline Comforts, at	$4.65
Galvanized Pails	19¢
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Splendid Washboards	55¢
Golden Oak Stools	79¢
Set of Mixing Bowls	79¢
Clothes Baskets	95¢
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Copper Bottom Boilers, at	$2.59

H. R. Bowen Co.

The Value Giving Store

Howard St., between 15th and 16th

Burgess-Nash Company

Tuesday in the Downstairs Store

Domestics

Very Special Harvest Week

Art Linen
Yard 33c
Brown art linen, 18 inches in width. Suitable for fancy needle work.

Table Damask
Yard 45c
Mill ends of excellent quality bleached table damask. This is in from 2½ to 10-yard lengths.

Outing Flannel
Yard 14½c
Striped outing flannel 27 inches in width. Light colors.

White Outing
Yard 19½c
Heavy flannel with fleecy nap. Exceptionally low priced; 36-inch width.

Duchess Satin
Yard $1.69
Very heavy weight fine quality satin. In navy blue, brown and black. 36 inches in width.

Voile Curtains
Pair $1.39
2¼ yards in length with pretty ruffled border and tie backs to match.

Drapery Madras
Yard 68c
A wide variety of colors and patterns from which to choose. 36 inches in width.

Burgess-Nash—Downstairs Store

Boys' Mackinaws At $5.50

A boy's choice of winter overcoat. These are made of heavy woolens in plaids and plain colors. All boys' sizes.

Burgess-Nash—Downstairs Store

Kimono Silks Yard 89c

Petty Japanese designs in flowers and butterflies and gay colors that make attractive kimonos. 38 inches in width.

Burgess-Nash—Downstairs Store

A Harvest Festival Offering in Wonderful New Dresses

Silks and Woolens
Trico Sham, Crepe de Chine, Satin Back Crepe, Satin, Poiret Twill and Tricotine.

$12.75

Sizes 16 to 44.
Smart dresses for business and styles for other occasions. Black, brown and navy.

Burgess-Nash—Downstairs Store

Foremost in Our Harvest Week Specials

Sale: Rompers and Creepers

Baby Garments at the Small Sum of 69c

Cunning little outfits, these inexpensive rompers and creepers, in the styles that make babies cute. Of good quality romper cloth in—

Pink Blue Yellow Brown Green

Finished with white collar and cuffs, and trimmed with bits of hand embroidery. You will find both the materials and the making unusual in garments of this low price.

Burgess-Nash—Downstairs Store

Stylish Velvet Hats

Special for Harvest Week

The very latest styles that will be new all winter. Made of such fine materials as—

Lyon's Velvets
Duvetyns
Satins
Panne Velvets

and smartly trimmed with feathers, ornaments, embroidery and ribbons.

$2.75

Burgess-Nash—Downstairs Store

Shoe Repairing

At Reduced Prices

During Harvest Festival Week, the following low prices will prevail in our Shoe Repair Department, where expert workmanship combines with Burgess-Nash service.

Full bottom sole and heels	$2.50
Men's sewed soles	$1.25
Men's nailed soles	$1.15
Men's rubber heels	45¢
Goodyear rubber heels	50¢
Women's sewed soles	$1.10
Women's nailed soles	$1.00
Womens' rubber heels	40¢
Women's leather heels	25¢

Children's shoe reparing priced proportionately low.

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Union Suits Only 95c

Men's heavy ribbed union suits in the right weight for fall wear. In sizes 36 to 46.

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Eight fleeced lined cotton union suits. High neck, long sleeves ankle length, these are small and medium sizes.

Specially Priced, 95c

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Felt Slippers

AT HARVEST WEEK PRICE

99c

Misses' and children's felt slippers. Many styles and patterns, including moccasins with leather and soft soles, Puss in Boots, "Hyla" and ribbon trimmed.

Sizes 2 to 5
Sizes 5 to 8
Sizes 8½ to 11
Sizes 11½ to 2

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66x80-Inch Cotton Blankets

At Harvest Week Pricing

With Jack Frost in the air more blankets are needed. These are heavy weight, in gray and tan, woven with attractive colored borders. They are easy to launder and do not shrink.

$2.69

Burgess-Nash—Downstairs Store

All Wool Dress Goods

In Harvest Festival Selling

Mill ends from 1 to 5-yard lengths. Storm and French serges, wool poplin, tricotine and wool batiste. These are much better quality than you would expect at this low price. Yard—

89c

Burgess-Nash—Downstairs Store