Sale of Power Firm Property Is Confirmed

Continental Gas & Electric Corporation Acquires Control of Plants in Three States.

Sale of all properties of the Union Power & Light company to the Continental Gas & Electric corporation, as announced by The Omaha Bee a week ago, was confirmed yesterday.

By the transfer, the Continental corporation acquires control of public utility plants and transmission lines in North Platte and Columbus, Neb., Aberdeen and Watertown, S. D., Osceola and Chariton, Ia., and scores of smaller towns in these three states. The Continental already operates plants in Beatrice, York and Norfolk, Neb.; Red Oak, Shenandoah, Clarinda and Missouri Valley, Ia.; Marysville and Grant City, Mo., and 150 other smaller towns.

The combination makes the Continental company, with headquarters in Omaha, the largest public utility organization in this section. Kountze and other First National bank interests of Omaha were the former owners of the Union properties.

The Continental corporation also announced the construction of high voltage transmission lines in Nebraska at an expense of approximately $500,000, which will connect Norfolk, York, Beatrice and intermediate territory. It recently has contracted for the entire output of the Barneston hydro-electric plant. Other waterpower projects are being developed.

Rufus E. Loss, formerly of Superior, Neb., is president of the Continental corporation. Frank H. Brooks, formerly of the Lincoln Traction company, will continue as general manager and George A. Lee as general counsel.

Delegates to Y. M. C. A. Convention Are Named

Walter W. Head, member of the International Y. M. C. A. committee; R. S. Flower, general secretary of the Omaha Y. M. C. A.; G. W. Noble, president of the Omaha association; Charles Musselman, secretary of the state association; J. Dean Ringer, chairman of the Nebraska state work committee; Harvey F. Smith, George W. Campbell, E. F. Denison and G. I. Babcock will represent Omaha at the 41st international convention of North American Young Men's Christian associations in Atlantic City, November 14 to 19.

George W. Campbell, religious work secretary of the Omaha "Y," has been asked to lead the singing for this great convention, at which more than 4,000 delegates from every section of the North American continent will be present.

Carl Grabbert Is Dead; Lived in Omaha 52 Years

Carl Grabbert, 86, died Sunday at his home, 1511 South Twenty-fifth street. He is survived by his widow and five children, Edward Grabbert, Mrs. F. Rinschen, Mrs. C. G. Johnson, Mrs. E. Johnson and Mrs. R. Schwager.

Mr. Grabbert came to Omaha from Germany 52 years ago. He was a railroad builder and assisted in 1879 in the construction of the Omaha & Northwestern railroad from Tekamah to Oakland.

Funeral services will be held Wednesday at 1:30 at the home and at 2 at the German Lutheran church, Twentieth and Mason streets. Rev. Mr. Ackeroff will officiate.

Sears Free of Promises In Event of His Election

Judge Willis G. Sears, republican candidate for congress, announced last night that he had made no promise to appoint anyone his secretary, nor had he made promises in regard to other appointments.

The judge finished his campaign yesterday confident of victory.

John Rush, Pioneer of City, May Leave Sick Bed to Vote

John Rush, 1323 Martha street, pioneer Omahan who has been ill for several weeks, hopes to be able to get out today to vote the republican ticket.

Parents' Problems

Should children be called nicknames?

It does no harm and one cannot be so particular about such little things; there are so many bigger items to watch.

SOULS for SALE

By RUPERT HUGHES.

(Continued From Yesterday.)

The camera men, the dawdling light crew, and the props and fripe were chaperons, but they were becoming as unimportant as the scenery. Sometimes she thought they were aware of a something in the atmosphere. Perhaps she caught a glance shot from one to another or an eye turned away a little too indifferently.

But that only enhanced the excitement, and one one occasion when Claymore tried to teach her bigness of wrath and compelled her to scream and strike at him, there was such an undertone of affection in the pretense of hate that she felt fairly wrenched apart.

She met Tom Holby on the lot one day. He had been asked to come over and talk of a possible contract with the Bermond company. He greeted Mem with effusive enthusiasm and she warmed at the pride of his recognition. Then she felt a little twinge of conscience—an intuition that she had no right to be so glad to see Mr. Holby, since now she belonged to Mr. Claymore.

This was an amazing and slavish reversion to primeval submissiveness for an emancipated woman. But there was a tang of wild comfort in the feeling that she was owned. And then she wondered if she did not owe the priority to Mr. Holby. This was a complication!

It is the custom to regard such confused romances in the dramatic and other artistic realms with scorn as the flippant amour of triflers; but they are of exactly the same sort, as earnest, as pathetic and as reluctantly entered into as the countless entanglements that doctors and churchmen encounter in their equally emotional relations with souls in turmoil of one sort or another.

Literature used to be packed with the disastrous affairs of churchmen and their communicants, but the silence had been profound of late, except when a sensational explosion bursts into the newspapers. And there has been little discussion at any time of the secret chambers to which the physician's passe-partout admits him.

The stage and the painter's work have had too much attention and too little sympathy, and shortly the moving picture was to be assailed by a tornado of national disgust and wrath, an eruption of hot ashes and lava from a deep resentment stored up unknown against the magic development of the new art into Titanic power.

But no one foresaw the accident that was to turn a commonplace carousal into a cataclysm.

For the present Mem had no greater anxiety than the peculiarly masked flirtation with her director and the battles with little artistic problems as they arose.

Her life had regularity again. She got up of mornings with a task before her. She had hours of waiting for every minute of acting, but she was one of the company and she could study the work of others. Her textbooks were the faces of the actors and actresses, the directions of the directors.

The mere learning of the language was an occupation in itself. She felt puffed up when visitors were brought upon the stage and permitted to see pictures taken.

It was surprising how fascinating the thing was to the outsiders. Kings and queens, princesses and princes, foreign and native generals, ambassadors, opera singers, plutocrats, painters gathered humbly in the backgrounds of the scenes and marveled at the business of drama and photography, the morbid blue lights and the surprising calm and graciousness of the process. They had evidently expected noise and wrangling and tempestuous temperament.

One day when a little scene was being filmed in which she was the only actress, the rest of the company being excused for a change of costume, a visitor from overseas was brought upon the set, a great French general.

The publicity man, whose lust for space never slept, suggested that the general might like to be photographed on the scene. He laughed and came forward with a boyish eagerness. He displayed at once a terror he had not revealed under bombardment. On one side of him stood the director, on the other Mem, thrilled and thrilling.

The still camera man took several pictures and the incident was ended, it seemed. The general kissed Mem's hand and left her almost aswoon with pride. The publicity man gave her one of the pictures and she set it up on her mantel as a trophy of her glory.

Whether the general really said it of really meant it, only the publicity man knew, but when the picture appeared in newspaper supplements about the world it was stated in each of the captions that the great warrior had said, "Remember Steddon is the prettiest girl in America."

More amazing yet, Mem first learned of this astounding tribute from her astounded father.

Soon after she began to feel a pride in her art and to take home to her mother little compliments she had heard, and to feel that she was launched at last upon the illimitable sea of the greatest, as the newest, of arts, and the most superb of all livelihoods, the storm broke upon the moving picture world.

An actor involved in a dull revel, of a sort infinitely frequent since man first encountered alcohol, was present at the death of an actress. The first versions of the disaster were so horribly garbled that the nation was shaken with horror.

All the simmering resentment against the evil element and ugly excesses of the "fifth largest industry in the world" boiled over in a scalding denunciation of the entire motion picture populace.

For a week or two the nation rose in one mob to lynch an entire craft and all its folk. Editors, politicians, reformers, preachers, clubwomen, all of those who make a career of denunciation and take a pride in what they detest, drew up a blanket indictment against thousands of assorted souls and condemned them to infamy.

Dr. Steddon had been one of the loyal loathers of the moving pictures, and he surprised himself in the jeremiad he launched at his little congregation back in Calverly. A newspaper man happened to be present—the rain that morning denying him his usual worship on the golf links—and he published a column of Dr. Steddon's remarks.

The proud father sent a clipping to his wife and daughter, never dreaming that the moving pictures were furnishing them their bread and butter, boots and beatitudes.

They cowered before the blast and understood the emotions of Adam and Eve after they had eaten of the tree of knowledge and heard the Voice in the garden.

They debated the hateful problem of confessing the truth, but could not bring themselves yet awhile to the disclosure of their fraud.

And then a letter came from the man they loved and dreaded. As Mrs. Steddon's fingers opened the envelope in the awkwardness of guilt, two pictures fell to the floor. They were in the brown rotogravure of the Sunday supplements. They were alike—or near to alike, one was from the New York Times and one from the Chicago Tribune. Both presented Mem standing at the side of the French general. Both stated that he had called this promising member of the Bermond company "the prettiest girl in America."

Mem and her mother gathered themselves together as if they had been dazed by a rip of lightning from the blue and waited for the thunderbolt to smash the world about them. They read the letter together. It began without any "Dear Wife" or "Dear Daughter." It began:

The enclosed clippings were sent to me by members of my congregation who were sojourning, one in New York and one in Chicago. It is hard for me to doubt the witness of my eyes, but it is almost harder to believe that the wife of my bosom and the daughter reared in the shelter of our home could have fallen so low so suddenly. Before I write more I want to hear the truth from both of you, if you can and will tell it.

CHAPTER XXXV.

The Reverend Doctor Steddon was something more than a father to his daughter, something more than a husband to his wife; he was also the high priest of their religion.

The daughter had fled from his face after her sin, and had found a new paradise, a new priestcraft, a new religion beyond the desert. She had come to believe in an artist God, loving beauty and emotion and inspiring his true believers to proclaim his glories through the development and celebration of the gifts and graces he had bestowed. She felt that he required of her hymns of passionate worship instead of the quenching of her spirit, the distortion of her graces, the burial of her genius. The Mosaic Ten Commandments contained no "Thou shalt not commit drama urgy." She felt a consecration, a call to act, to interpret humanity to humanity. What her father had deemed tmeptations and degradations she now considered inspirations and triumphs.

And yet she could not feel quite sure of herself. High as she might rate her career, she had come at it by stealth and had been led to it by a dark path of lies and concealed shame. The overseeing heaven and the pit of hell yawning for unwary feet still terrified her.

Her mother had a different excuse; she had come hither to protect her daughter and redeem her from calamity. Her deception had been a form of protection. What if she had deceived her husband? it was all for his comfort, and she had never sought her own. If one may die for another's sake, why may one not lie in an alien behalf?

Besides, Mrs. Steddon had grown up with her husband and had seen his tempers goad him to too many mistakes. She was merely angry at him now for a burst of wrath, while Mem cowered before him as an inspired prophet.

Mrs. Steddon was all for retorting to his letter with another of defiant rebuke. But Mem advised delay. She was not quite sure of herself or her art.

Torments of doubt, conflicting remorses, profound bewilderments are no more familiar to religious zealots than to artists in every field. And Mem could not orient herself in her new world.

But she would not give up her career. That much was certain. She had drained the family savings already for her mother's overland journey and her own. She must earn enough to pay back the draft somehow, and here was her one chance.

Fifteen dollars a week was all that her veteran father earned. She could support him and the whole family better than he had any hope of doing. She was the true breadwinner now, and she must not quarrel with her bread. She had a warm desire to take her father's poor old gray poll under her wing, to give him rest from his long toil and repose in the new Eden, almost to mother him and nourish him even as Lot's daughters had nourished their father. But she could imagine the horror with which Doctor Steddon would be thunderstruck at the hint that he should step down from the fiery chariot of his pulpit and bask in the shadow of a motion picture actress. The letter that suggested such a thing would be as fatal as one of the infernal machines that people were sending through the mails to shatter the recipient.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Prayer Each Day

This is His commandment, that we believe.—I John 3:23.

Our Father, Who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name. We thank Thee for the day that is before us, with its opportunities, its privileges, its unexpected pleasures, and its disappointments as well. We rejoice in the opportunity to serve Thee, to witness for Thee in our intercourse with men. May we be ever ready to display a sympathetic interest in the welfare of those with whom we mingle in the home, the train, the busy street, the office and the shop. As we look back over the life of our Lord, we find that wherever He moved among men they were conscious of a rising hope within them, their spirits were quickened, and they faced life's tasks with new courage and hopefulness. Grant, our Father, that we, too, may be used this day, through the Holy Spirit, in making Christ very real to someone. May we find keen enjoyment in the work which we have been called upon to do, and may we seek to know Thy will in the commonplace duties which in Thy providence have been assigned to us. When discouragement confronts us and when obstacles are placed in our paths—yes, even when perhaps we may not have any tangible evidence on which to base our hope—may we then trust Thee fully and completely, for Thou art our Father and our God. Amen.

S. EARLE HOOVER,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Uncle Sam Says

House Centipedes.

This leaflet, which is issued by the Bureau of Entomology, tells about the appearance and habits of the house centipede or thousand legs, their bite and its treatment, and remedies for their control. While centipedes live on house flies, roaches and other household insects, their poisonous bite and their uncanny appearance make them extremely undesirable.

Readers of The Bee may obtain a copy of this booklet free as long as the free edition lasts, by writing to the Division of Publications, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., asking for "F. B. 627."

Common Sense

Do You Regard Your Job Only as a Pot Boiler?

Your Job—that is the principal thing with you—it should be.

But if your job is looked upon by you as a way to get the money you need to live, you have a wrong conception of it.

You are wrong in three ways—two, personal.

A wrong attitude toward your work is in the way of your advancement to anything larger and by this wrong attitude you are not building up a working machine which will add to your credit.

The third count is that you are not giving your employer a square deal.

Have you not noticed that the man who is advanced in your establishment, is the one who is found sticking to an annoying job after the others have gone?

Is he not the man who talks more about the work in your place than do any of the others?

He is attending to his job, and it is interesting to him.

By talking, telling it to outsiders, how things are on the inside, is not what he is doing, for he keeps the firm's inside matters to himself.

But he is so interested that he tries to get the points he can from other employes and talks it over with them to become more proficient.

(Copyright, 1922.)

Fiume, a city of 50,000 inhabitants, has issued 15,000 decrees of divorce in the years 1920 and 1921.