BRINGING UP FATHER---

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Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus

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SOULS *for* SALE

By RUPERT HUGHES.

(Continued From Yesterday.)

The doctor took the bills with a curious smile. She seemed to feel his sardonic perplexity as she mused aloud along a well-thought path.

"If I hadn't been a fallen woman I couldn't have saved papa's church from ruin. How do you explain it? What's the right and wrong of it all?

The old doctor shook his head:

"I'm no longer fool enough, honey, to try to explain anything that happens to us here. I don't even wonder about what's going to happen to us hereafter, if anything. As for right and wrong—humph! I can't tell 'em apart. When some terrible calamity comes, your father says, "It is God's will; he moves in a mysterious way." Well, I let it go at that for good luck, too. I neither thank nor blame Anybody for anything, and I don't pray to Anybody to make it come out the way I want it. According to one line of thinking, your misstep was the divine plan. According to another, good can never come out of evil. Of course we know it does, every day; and evil out of good. The only folks who know things know 'em because they think that being pig headed is being knowing. It's too much for the wise ones. So let's let it alone and make the best of what comes. We're only human, after all, so let's be as human as we can, and I guess that's about as divine as we'll ever get Down Here."

He led her out to his woeful little tin wagon and they went larruping through the streets, out into the cemetery. That at least had increased in population and some new monuments brightened it, set like paper weights to hold down poor bodies that the wind might else blow away.

A few mourners were moving about planting flowers, clipping grass, lifting away old scraps of paper, or just brooding over what the earth had gathered back unto itself. They looked up startled and offended at the profaning clatter of Doctor Bretherick's car.

Some of them Mem recognized. One or two women, whose grief was so old that it was almost comfortable, waved to her. She had a sudden fear that if she paused to kneel at Elwood's mound and worship there she would start a wonder that intuition would change to ugly surmise. The scandal had died before its birth, like the still-born child. It would do Mem little harm, for she had been the victim of much harsh talk and was always under that cloud of suspicion that envelops all stage people in the eyes of the conventional.

But Elwood in his grave ought to be spared from such a resurrection. The tongues of the busybodies must not dig him up and play the ghoul with him.

In a panic of indecision as to her true duty, she recognized old Mrs. Farnaby mouring by a little hillock. Swaying near her was her husband, old Fall-down Farnaby, still somehow capable of intoxication.

The doctor knew better than to pause at all, and Mem's only rite of atonement was a glance of remorseful agony cast toward Elwood's resting place. It showed her that the founder of her fortunes was honored only by a wooden headboard already wraped and sidelong.

"One last favor," she mumbled to Doctor Bretherick. "Get a decent tombstone for the poor boy and let me pay for it."

"All right, honey, said the doctor. And the car jangled out of the gates again into the secular road.

And that was that.

CHAPTER LXI.

When she reached home, Mem was so beaten down and frustrated that she begged permission to rest awhile in bed for the night's ordeal. At the supper table the younger children beset her with questions. Gladys was particularly curious and searching in her inquires.

Then came the hour of the theatergoing. Nobody had dared to ask Doctor Stedden if he would accompany his family. He had not made up his own mind. He dared not.

The family tacitly assured that his conscience or his pride forbade him to appear in the sink of inquity he had so often denounced.

The family bade him good-by and left him, but had hardly reached the gate when he came pounding after. He flung his arms about Mem's shoulders and cast off all his offices except that of a father, chucking:

"Where my daughter goes is good enough for me!

He made almost more of a sensation in the theater than Mem. There was applause and cheering and even a slow and awkward rising to the feet until the whole packed auditorium was erect and clamorous.

Seats of honor were reserved for the great star and the family that reflected her effulgence. As soon as they were seated the young woman who flailed the piano bega nto batter the keys, and Mem's latest picture began to flow down the screen.

She could feel at her elbow the rigid arm of her father undergoing martyrdom. She felt it wince as her first close-up began to glow, her huge eyes pleading to him in a glisten of superhuman tears. The arm relaxed as he surrendered to the wonder of her beauty. It tightened again when danger threatened her, and she could hear his sigh of relief when she escaped one peril, his gasp as she encountered another.

He was like a child playing with his first toy, hearing his first fairy story. He was entranced. She heard him laugh with a boyishness she had never associated with him. She heard him blow his nose with a blast that might have shaken a wall in Jericho. A sneaking side glance showed her that his eyes were dripping. And when the applause broke out at the finish of the picture, she heard his great hands making the loudest thwacks of all. This was heartbreaking bliss for her.

Then the manager appeared on the narrow stage and spoke of the honor of having with them the great star of whom Calverly was so proud, and he took great pleasure in introducing Miss Remember Steddon, "America's sweetheart."

This stolen attitude embarrassed Mem only a moment in the sea of embarrassments that swallowed her. She hardly knew how she reached the stage or what happened there. Whatever she said, she said to her father, staring down at him as so often from the choir gallery. His eyes were bright with a layman's ecstasy in a child's glory.

She came down and made her way, slowly through a phalanx of friends with outthrust fingers, snatching at the hem of her fame, eager to be able to say," "I shook hands with Remember Steddon one."

The family rode home in state, the children and the mother loud in comment, the father silent. The old parsan had to think it all out. Once at home, he sent the children up to bed and held Mem and her mother with his glittering eye for a long while before he delivered his sermon. It was his nature to be forever praying for forgiveness for something, and now his very pride took the form of contrition:

"My beloved wife and daughter, I—ahem, ahum! I want to plead for the forgiveness of you both. I have been wrong headed and stiff necked as so often, but now I am humbled before you in spite of all my pride. It has just come over me that when God said, 'Let there be light,' and there was light, he must have had in mind this glorious instrument for portraying the wonders of his handlework. Our dear Redeemer used the parable for his divine lessons, and it has come to me that if he should walk the earth again today he would use the motion pictures.

"You have builded better than you knew, perhaps, my child—and now I ask you to pardon me for being ashamed of you when I should have been proud. You were using the gifts Heaven sent you as Heaven meant you to use them. Never have I seen the beauty of purity amid temptation so vividly brought home.

"I would not presume to seem to criticize you, my darling, but I implore you to keep your heart and your art clean, not only for your own precious sake, but for the sake of the people whom you are helping in their own struggles with temptation. Your art is sacred and you can't, you won't sully it in your life. God forgive me for my unbelief and send you happiness and goodness and a long, long usefulness in the path you have elected."

He rose and bent down to kiss Mem on the brow. Then he escaped into his study, leaving the two women to weep in each other's arms with a joyous abandonment.

None of her father's thunderings against wantonness, none of his chantings about the divine delights of self-denial, ever had such influence upon Mem's soul is his meek surrender before her power as an artist.

Nothing has ever made anybody want to be good so much as the rewards, the praise for having been good.

That night Mem knelt again by her old bed, and on kness unaccustomed to prayer, inplored strength to keep her gift like a chalice, a grail of holiness. She woke with an early morning resolve to be the purest woman and the devoutest artist that ever lived.

Other hours and other influences brought other moods, but consecration was her spirit now.

The next day she left the town with all its blessings, no longer a scapegoat, sin laden, limping into the wilderness, but a missionary God-sped into the farthest lands of the earth.

It seems that all Calverly was there to wring her hand and waft her salutations. The family was woebegone at losing her—all but Gladys, who wore a mysterious smile that puzzled them.

The conductor called, "All aboard!" and hasty farewells were taken in clench of hand and awkward kiss.

Mem ran to the rear platform and waved and waved lengthening signals of love to her dwindling family. She noted the absence of Gladys and wondered at it as she went to her drawing-room. There she found the girl ensconced in fairy triumph, smiling like a pretty witch.

"What on earth are you doing here?" Mem cried.

"Going to Los Angeles with you. I may never be great like you, but I'm going to have a mighty good time trying. Can you blame me for running away from that graveyard when I see what came to you?"

How could Mem blame her? How could she fail to understand her and to promise her help? All the world was filled with runaway girls striking out for freedom and for wealth and renown. Mem's little sister was only another in the multitude and she was so pretty, so desirable, delectable, magnetic, that her future looked all roses.

"I'm jealous of you," Mem said. "You'll ruin my chances, you're so much better looking and—and—"

"Oh, you!" Gladys laughed in disclaimer.

There were many questions to exchange and Mem soon learned that her sister had flung off the chains that one or two ardent lovers had tried to fasten about her. She had substituted for the old ditty to run, "The boy I left behind me." Gladys was not beginning her future with the dark groping fearsomeness of Mem's. Mem had been like a pioneer who fights old Wilderness and makes the path easy for the followers.

When Mem, with a last faltering reproach, asked her sister if she were wise to toss aside the devotion of a good man, Gladys laughed.

"Let love wait! The men have kept us waiting for thousands of years, till they were ready. Now let them wait for us."

There was no gainsaying this. It had been Mem's own feeling when she left Los Angeles and her lovers there.

Consternation must be rife at home in Calvery where Gladys' elopement was doubtless realized by now, but there would be more consternation in the hearts of countless men when the fascinations of the Steddon sisters should shine upon them from the silver sheet.

Mem resolved to save her sister from the anguishes she had known in her own pilgrimage. She felt already a veteran and a guide with a diploma from the college of life. Her first thought had been a remorseful feeling that she had not only gone wrong, but had led her own sister astray, as well. Not that she felt that she had led her sister out of the dark into the light.

She had been somehow rescued from oblivion into the higher opportunities. She would make her name famous and keep it. If she ever got a husband she would still keep her name and not use his, except for the sweet purposes of domesticity.

Life had not plucked her to fling away or merely to adorn the buttonhole of some lover. Life had transplanted her into a garden where the choicest flowers bloomed. She would make herself the rosiest rose that she could. She would yearn upward toward the sun and spread the incense of her soul as far as the winds of the world could carry it. And when she died she would leave her name and her face in immortal pictures of deathless motion.

She had sinned—indeed, her life had been redeemed from nullity through her sin at home. She would sin again—but then everybody sinned again and again. But she would make atonement by entertainment, purging her soul, not by hiding in the wilderness, but by shining like a little sun around the world, blessing the world with sympathy and the nobility of tears shed for another's sorrows.

Let love wait, then, till she had made the best of herself. And then let love not demand that she bow her head and shrivel in his shadow; but let him bloom his best alongside.

She wondered who that fellow of her destiny would be—Tom Holby, maybe—Austin Boas, or still another perhaps; or others, perhaps, including him! or them! In any case he (or they) had better behave and play fair! As for being a mother, let that wait, too. She was going to mother the multitudes and tell them stories to sooth them.

There was far more in this dream than vanity, far more than selfishness. The hope of the world lay therein, for the world can never advance farther than its women.

She had a soul to sell and itiwas all her own, and she was going to market.

The dawn was hers for conquest. Mankind was her lover and her beloved. The one-man passion called love could tarry until at least the late forenoon. The End.

Largest Wheat Sales Agency Organized

Minneapolis, Dec. 8.—The largest co-operative wheat sales agency in the world, which, according to its organizers will handle 100,000,000 bushels in its first year, was formed here today at a meeting of six co-operative organizations, representing 10 states.

The new organization is known as the American Wheat Growers' association and was formed at a meeting of the Northwest Wheat Growers' association, representing five states, and the trustees of five other co-operative bodies representing five other states. Headquarters of the new association probably will be located in either Minneapolis or Kansas City, it was said.

The states represented at the meeting today were Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana, North Dakota, Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Oklohoma and Texas.

Heirs Refused Judgment for Woman's Death Here

Lincoln, Dec. 8.—(Special.)—Judgment of the Douglas county district court in refusing to award heirs of Anna Pauline Jensen any damages from the Omaha & Council Bluffs Street Railway company for her death was affirmed today by the state supreme court.

Miss Jensen was killed by a motorcycle rider as she was stepping from the front door of a street car on South Thirteenth street in Omaha. One foot was on the ground and the other was on the step of the car at the time of the accident.

It was contended that the tram company should provide a safe place for her to alight.

Mercury Drops to 9 Above; Season's Low Mark

The slight snow flurry Thursday evening, the first of the season for Omaha, was followed closely by a further drop in temperature which made yesterday morning the coldest yet this season, with the mercury hovering at 9 above zero from 7 to 9 o'clock.

Nebraska's first zero weather was recorded at Valentine.

The light snow was reported from all sections of the state, .02 of an inch falling at Valentine and North Platte.

The mercury registered 20 below at Havre, Mont.

Fair and continued cold last night, Saturday mostly cloudy with slowly rising temperature, was the forecast.

Robbers Visit Two Offices.

Beatrice, Neb., Dec. 8.—(Special.)—Robbers entered the offices of the Newell Lumber company at Odell and that of the Farmers Elevator company at Blue Springs and secured about $10 in cash.

Japan's army expenditure for next year will be 205,000,000 yen; the navy 276,000,000 yen.

Clubman Files Poetical Lawsuit Against Laundry for Torn Pants

Trousers Not So Plural in His Home That He Wants Them Mutilated, Says Rhyming Complainant in Police Court.

A pair of disfigured trousers figures prominently in a poetical lawsuit filed in municipal court yesterday.

Charles W. Morton, jr., prominent in club circles, brought the suit against the Leavenworth Laundry company, charging that it damages his trousers to the extent of $100.

The petition, written in rhyme, is said to be the most unique ever filed in an Omaha court. When interviewed, young Morton, mourning his damaged nether garment, did somewhat as follows himself declare:

"I was in despair,
"When I found the tear,
"In my trousers once so fair,
"In the brightest glare;
"They resisted wear,
"And had a decided flare,
"Until in the laundry's lair,
"They did so illy fare."

Petition Tells Story.

"And now their disrepair would leave me almost bare, were it not for another pair," he added, by way of emphasizing the seriousness of the affair. He said many uncomplimentary things about laundries in particular, asserting that although he had other pairs of trousers, pants aren't so "plural" in his home that he wants any of them unduly mutilated.

But on with the petition, which tells the story:

1.

"Comes now the plaintiff that he may assuage his grief;
"Humbly complaining, plaintiff asks this court's relief
"Against the defendant for his turpitudinous crime
"Of bathing plaintiff's breeches in solution of quick lime
"Or burning them or rendering them unfit beyond compare
"For human occupation—and they offer no repair."

2.

"The defendant is a corporation wholly without soul
"And operates for profit and collects a goodly toll
"Now the maid who works for Morton was assembling the wash
"And off she sent the trousers little dreaming that as hash
"This nether portion of a costly woolen suit would be—
"The plaintiff on their sad return 'a hundred gone,' says he."

3.

"Now on receiving the goods the laundry erring
"Opened up the bundle little caring
"And doused the whole assortment in their cruel tub
"And straightway started in to tear and rub
"And pulled and rent, and maiming grievously—
"A reckless, impious custom we will all agree."

4.

"Alas, the plaintiff called on the defendant for indemnity
"And was received with cruel rebuff and signs of actual enemity.
"Here the plaintiff also prays that they return his coat
"On which they fractured buttons and made streaks—one'd hardly know it,
"Now let the honrable court with all due respect
"Be advised that plaintiff has made frequent efforts to collect."

5.

"So now must move the court to render him relief
"And allow reasonable judgment for his loss and grief
"Then quickly enter judgment for the $100 lost
"And assess the errant laundry with all attendant costs."

Remains Locked in Safe.

Thus endeth the petition, but not the story. Mr. Morton declares that if he wins the suit and gets a new suit all the world will be in rhyme. His attorneys, Crossman, Munger and Barton agree that his trousers have been done an irreparable damage. The remains are locked in the law firm's safe, to thwart the efforts of enterprising moths, the trousers being of a particularly choice wool, according to the bereaved owner.

Births and Deaths.

Births.

John and Viva Vaina, hospital, boy.
Jessie and Addie Gruhn, 1258½ South Sixteenth street, girl.
Oren and Augustine Lamkin, 4932 South Twentieth street, girl.
Albert and Maria Maxias, Gibson, Neb., boy.
Paul and A. J. Kelley, 3024 Emmet street, boy.
Richard and Edith Wells, 211 Frances street, girl.
Alfio and Antonia Lungo, 1903 South Eleventh street, boy.
Vincenzo and Rosa Marino, 1102 South Twelfth street, boy.
Louis and Carolina Syrian, 1002 South Twentieth street, boy.
Denis and Rose Cleary, 3320 Madison street, girl.
Herbert and Clara Calvert, hospital, boy.
Emmanuel and Anna Elsblad, 3510 Lafayette avenue, boy.
Jens and Bertha Pedersen, 4822 Hickory street, boy.
J. H. and Lucy Vincent, 4909 Hickory street, girl.
Elmer and Minnie Bennett, hospital, girl.
Theodore and Mildred Savicky, Twenty-first and Locust streets, boy.

Deaths.

John J. Lanktree, 72, 1330 South Twenty-eighth street.
Mrs. May Melton, 38, hospital.
Edward H. Barrett, 61, 315 South Thirty-seventh street.
Helen Ruth Fulner, infant, 2608 Pinkney street.
William McQuaid, 60, hospital.

Marriage Licenses

Marriage licenses were issued to the following couples:

Eli Swallow, 25, Omaha, and Georgia Cole, 26, Omaha.
Abel Larson, 51, Omaha, and Effie M. Le Count, 44, Omaha.
Louis H. Cohen, 22, Council Bluffs, Ia., and Bertha N. Goldstein, 20, Omaha.
Allison W. Kane, 26, Dallas, Tex., and Lela Wilhelm, 21, Kansas City, Mo.
L. Bert Hiner, 21, Omaha, and Lila J. Sparks, 19, Newport, Neb.

Road Conditions

(Furnished by Omaha Auto Club.)

All roads are still pretty slippery this morning, but weather reported clear at all stations, and by noon cars will be able to travel without any difficulty.

WHOOPING COUGH
No "cure"—but helps to reduce paroxysms of coughing
VICKS VAPORUB
Over 17 Million Jars Used Yearly

Valentino Loses Suit Against Famous Players

New York, Dec. 8.—Rodolph Valentino, motion picture actor, must abide by the terms of his contract with the Famous Players-Lasky company, it was decided today by the appelate division of the supreme court. Valentino, through this decision, is enjoined from appearing with other film corporations during the life of the contract.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS LITTLE WOMAN MADE 20 LBS. GAIN

"I was told nothing but an operation could relieve my troubles, but Tanlac has built me up twenty pounds and my general health is better than in years," said Mrs. F. L. Doubrava, 4421 Pennsylvania avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

"I got hurt in a fall and it was thought that I was injured internally. I was weak and run down, had no appetite, and suffered from constipation and headaches. My stomach was all upset, too, and gas bloated me until my heart palpitated alarmingly and I was so nervous I got very little sleep. I also had severe pains all through my body.

"On my first bottle of Tanlac those pains became less severe and now I am in such fine health I can easily do my housework; in fact, I feel like Tanlac has given me a new lease on life. I will gladly tell anyone how wonderfully Tanlac has helped me."

Tanlac is sold by all good druggists.

Don't let that rash continue to annoy you

What a miserable little biting sting there is every time you touch that eruption! Resinol Ointment is what you want. Thousands have proved its unusual healing powers by using it for the most stubborn cases of skin affection with prompt, beneficial results. It soothes while it heals.

Resinol Shaving Stick is a boon to tender skins! Resinol products at all druggists.

Resinol

Eases throats -checks coughs!

Try it

Free yourself from your cough and your cold. Disagreeable phlegm cleared away; scratchy, tender membranes soothed; cough checked; cold broken up. Now, today—ask your druggist for

DR. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY
—a syrup for coughs & colds

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WORLD

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Together with a whirlwind six-act show and a feature picture you'll long remember.

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With Claire Windsor.

He Let His Teacup Crash to the Floor

—at sight of the "Mystery Girl."

Why was Waring so shocked on being introduced to her?

Did this apparently trivial incident have any bearing on his untimely death that night?

Let Carolyn Wells lead you through the mazes of her new detective serial

"The Mystery Girl"

It will appear daily in

The Morning Bee

ADVERTISEMENT.

Thin? Run-down? Sure Way to Get Right Weight

Increase Your Red-Blood-Cells. That's the Sure Way! S. S. S. Builds Blood-Cells; This Means Strength!

Do you know why insurance companies refuse to insure a great many men because they are under weight? Simply because to be under weight

often proves low fighting-power in the body. It often means you are minus nerve-power, minus red-cells in your blood, minus health, minus energy, minus vitality. It is serious to be minus, but the moment you increase the number of your red-blood-cells, you begin to become plus. That's why S. S. S., since 1826, has meant to thousands of underweight men and women, a plus in their strength. Hollow cheeks fill out. You stop being a calamity-looker. You inspire confidence. Your body fills to the point of power, your flesh becomes firmer, the age lines that come from thinness disappear. You look younger, firmer, happier, and you feel it, too, all over your body. More red-blood-cells! S. S. S. will build them. Ladies and gentlemen, a peaky, bony face doesn't make you look very important or pretty, does it? Take S. S. S. It contains only pure vegetable medicinal ingredients. S. S. S. is sold at all drug stores in two sizes. The larger size bottle is the more economical.

S.S.S. makes you feel like yourself again

... Starts ...
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For a Smashing Week

Strongheart, the Wonder Dog of "The Silent Call"

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A Jane Murfin-Laurence Trimble Production

Drama to Gasp At!

A terrific story of a mother's love and a dog's devotion—famine-land drama as never shown before.

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—in—

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A New Edition De Luxe of Chaplin's Funniest Comedy.

You'll Laugh Till You're Sick.

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BRANDEIS Today Mat. and Ev'ng., and Sunday Ev'ng. Direction of Reginald De Koven's Comic Opera Masterpiece.

ROBIN HOOD

Mat. 50c, 75c, $1. Ev'ngs 50c to $1.50

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LAST DAY

GLORIA SWANSON

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"The Impossible Mrs. Bellew"

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LAST DAY

BOOTH TARKINGTON'S Joyess Stage Success

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Big Double Show

TWO SOLID HOURS OF LAUGHTER

Larry Semon—Chas. Ray

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Present "THE 1922 GIRLS"

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THE HALKINGS
Offer Halkings' Comedy Silhouettes

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In a Laughing Matter "MARRIED"

SHIRLEY MASON
in "LIGHTS OF THE DESERT"

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In "THE GRAY DAWN"

HAMILTON - - 40th and Hamilton
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In "THE SWAMP"
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"FIELDS FAMILY FORD."

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Matinees, 15c to 50c; Nights, 15c to $1.

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