

THE MYSTERY GIRL

By CAROLYN WELLS.

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So, he determined to stay on guard, lest a chance caller should come to disturb the doctor at his work.

But Lockwood's own work was somewhat neglected. Try as he would to concentrate upon it, he could not entirely dismiss from his mind a certain mysterious little face, whose haunting glances had once, Gordon Lockwood, reader of faces, was baffled. He couldn't classify the girl who was both rude and charming, both cruel and pathetic.

For cruelty was what this expert read in the knowing eyes and firm little mouth of Miss Mystery. And because of this indubitable element in her nature, he deemed her pathetic. Which shows how much she interested him.

At any rate he thought about her while his work waited. And then, he thought of other things—for he had trouble of his own, and these were the worst of them. And troubles which called him the more that they were so-called money troubles. In fact, the whole matter revolved at the more thought of money considerations, but if one is short of funds one must recognize the conditions, distasteful though it be.

At 8:30 Nogi came with a tray bearing water and glasses. Under the watchful eyes of Mrs. Peyton the Japanese tapped at the study door, and in response to the master's bidding, punctiliously on the table directed, and with his characteristic bow, departed again.

At 9:30 Mrs. Peyton and Helen went upstairs to their rooms, the housekeeper having given strict and definite instructions, which included his remaining on duty until the master should also retire.

A clear, cold night with a later-than-usual moon, past the full, but still with its great yellow disc nearly round.

I almost drowsed on what seemed like a fairland, for the clear, starry sky and had fringed eaves and fences with white, had ceased, and left the glittering landscape frozen and sparkling in the still, cold air.

And when, some hours later, the sun rose on the same chill some its rays made no perceptible impression on the cold and the mercury started down at its lowest winter record.

And so when the cold Japanese Ito shivered and the red teeth chattered as he knocked at Mrs. Peyton's door in the early dawn of Monday morning.

"What is it?" she cried, springing from her bed to unroll her door.

"Grave news, madam," and the Oriental bowed before her.

"What has happened? Tell me, Ito."

"I am not sure, madam—but, the master—"

"Yes, what about Dr. Waring?"

"He is—he is asleep in his study."

"Asleep in his study? Ito, what do you mean?"

"That, madam. His bed is unmade. In his room door also I looked in the study—through from the dining-room—the last by his desk—"

"Asleep—madam—but—I do not know. And Nogi—he is gone."

"Gone? Where to?"

"That also, I do not know. Will madam come with me to see?"

"No! I will not! I know something has happened! Ito, he is not asleep—he is—"

"Don't say it, madam. We do not know."

"Find out! Go in and speak to him!"

"But the door is locked. I tried it."

land scenery. It was newly lovely in its sheath of ice.

Lockwood's hasty steps crushed through the crusty snow, and he hurried over to the Waring house.

It opened the door for him and Mrs. Peyton met him at the hall.

"Something has happened to Dr. Waring," she said, and he stayed in the study all night.

"Why? What do you mean?" asked the secretary.

"Just that. His room door is still open, and his bed hasn't been slept in. Also, Ito says he can see him in the study, through the dining-room window, but I have not looked."

"Why don't you go in?"

"The study door is locked."

"Locked. And Dr. Waring still in there?"

"Yes. I think he must have had a stroke—or, something."

"Nonsense. He's just asleep. He's sleeping in his own bed."

"Well, I'm glad you're here." And Mrs. Peyton looked relieved. "You see about it, Mr. Lockwood, won't you?"

The secretary went first to the study door. He rapped and then he tried the door, and then rapped again, very loudly. But no response came, and Lockwood returned to the dining-room.

"Can you see through that glass?" he asked in surprise, noting the thick, leaded panes of glass.

"Yes, sir, through this corner," Ito directed him, and peering through, Lockwood discerned the figure of John Barker at his desk. His body fallen slightly forward, and his head dropped on his breast.

"Sound asleep," said Lockwood, but he was almost certain he should have seen him. Mrs. Peyton well knew Gordon Lockwood's disinclination to show any emotion, and in spite of his claim, she was almost certain he should have seen him.

"We must get in," said Lockwood, after a moment's pause. "Can you open the door for me?"

"No, sir; these windows do not open at all."

"Not open? Why not?"

"Save to remark the beauty of their color and design, Lockwood had never before noticed the windows, especially the double paned window on the left, which he discovered they could not be opened at all."

"Of what use are they?" he mused, aloud, "they are not high enough to see through."

"They were outside windows before the study was built," Mrs. Peyton told him, "and when the stained glass was put in, it was merely for decoration and the panes were not made movable."

"Well, we must get in," said Lockwood, almost impatiently. "How shall we do it? You, Ito, must know."

"No, sir, there is no way. Unless, the long French window—"

"The long French window—really a double paned window, the right side of the study, exactly opposite the useless high windows that gave into the dining-room."

"To reach one must go out and around the house."

"It is very bad snow—"

PEEPY-TIME TALES TOMMY FOX, THE ADVENTURER

By SCOTT BAILEY

CHAPTER XX.

Tommy Fox and His Queer Idea of Fun.

Tommy had caught Frisky Squirrel. "Now we'll have fun!" Tommy cried, as Frisky Squirrel squirmed beneath his paw and tried to escape.

"Don't Frisky squeal with fright. That's right," Tommy exclaimed. "Pretend you're afraid. Pretend to get away. And I'll pretend to let you."

"Pretend," thought Frisky Squirrel. "My goodness! I was never so terrified in all my life."

He stopped struggling, as he tried to get his breath. For Tommy Fox was squeezing him hard.

"Come! Come!" Tommy urged him. "Don't you want to play? Don't you want to enjoy the fun?"

"I don't like this kind of fun," Frisky Squirrel gasped. "Let me go, please! I'll never drop another nut on your nose—nor any shells either."

Tommy Fox laughed long and loud. "I don't believe you will," he howled.

Frisky Squirrel shivered. Tommy Fox could feel him quaking beneath his paw.

"That's right!" Tommy told him. "I like to feel you trembling. It makes the game all the pleasanter. And I wish you would kindly oblige me by squeaking a bit louder. When I squeeze you, squeak promptly—now!"

He squeezed the nut down so heavily upon Frisky that that small gentleman couldn't make a sound.

"What's the matter?" Tommy inquired. "I hope you're not going to sulk. I thought you'd like this game."

Then he lifted his paw suddenly. Feeling the weight of it gone from his back, Frisky Squirrel gave a spring.

But Tommy Fox was ready for him. With his other paw he knocked Frisky Squirrel to the earth and held him there once more.

"That's right!" cried Tommy. "That's the way I like to see my friends play. You pretended you didn't want to play. But you meant to, all the time."

Frisky Squirrel did not answer. What could he say? He knew that no matter how much he might bow, Tommy would let him go. Tommy would never do it. Frisky himself had seen Tommy Fox catch mice in the woods.

From a safe seat in a tree Frisky had watched Tommy play with them. He wondered if some mouse were watching the game now.

"There's your nut," said Tommy Fox presently. "Don't you want it? Go and get it." Again he raised his paw, meaning to clap it down the moment Frisky Squirrel moved.

But Frisky by still.

"You refuse a nut!" Tommy Fox exclaimed in mock surprise. "If I didn't seat with my own eyes I never would have believed it. Aren't you hungry? Or have you—oh, ha!—lost your taste for nuts?"

Frisky Squirrel looked dully at the nut on the ground before him. He wished with all his heart he had never seen it. It was that nut that got him into this trouble.

It was a fine nut. It was the only one that Frisky had taken from his winter's store. It was a nut that would tempt almost anybody. And now somebody happened to see it. Dodging out from the stone wall near by, Sandy Chipmunk caught sight of it with his sharp eyes.

A tree trunk hid from him both Tommy Fox and Frisky Squirrel. So far as he could see, there was nobody in sight.

He dashed quickly toward the nut. And then he stopped and tried to turn back. The sight that met his gaze was enough to terrify any small creature.

Tommy Fox saw Sandy Chipmunk right in front of him. He was certainly a fat fellow. Why not grab him? Tommy made a lightning pass with his tree fore paw, keeping his other upon Frisky Squirrel. At least, he meant to keep it upon Frisky. But as he lurched forward he lost his balance slightly. With a yelp of dismay he saw Frisky slip out from under his paw. He clutched wildly, now at Frisky Squirrel, now at Sandy Chipmunk. Too late he knew that he had been too greedy. He beheld Sandy Chipmunk darting into a cranny in the old stone wall. He caught a glimpse of Frisky Squirrel safe in the tree above him.

"That's a good game for two," Tommy muttered. "But for three it's no fun at all."

My Marriage Problems

Adelle Carlson's New Phase of "Revelations of a Wife."

The Demand Made of Claire Foster.

For a long, tense minute after my call to Claire Foster through her closed door there was no answer, although my ears, always sharp, heard furtive little rustlings, and I guessed that the girl was making some quick change either in her room or her clothing before greeting me.

Then her door swung wide, and she stood framed in the doorway, a pitiful travesty of the smartly-gowned, insouciant ultra-modern girl whom I remembered. True, the kimono wrapped around her best costly and beautiful, but Claire Foster had been distinctly the peppy, tweed-coated, sport-skirted and laced-up type of girl, which she had visualized her in a kimono. Although her bobbed hair with its natural wave was freshly brushed—I reflected that it took but a second or two to reduce it to order—she had not had time to remove all traces of the rouge and powder she had hastily applied, and I guessed that underneath the cosmetics, which the glowing girl of the summer before never had needed, there was a paler she did not wish me to see.

She was quick-witted enough to play up to me, as I had known she would when I called her name through the door. We never had addressed each other by anything save the formal "Mrs. Graham" and "Miss Foster," but she promptly responded to my use of her first name with an exuberant little cry.

"Oh, Madge! How dear of you to come to me so soon! I've had the most hectic time."

"Claire 'Plays Up.' She put out her hand, pulled me past her into the room, swung the door to securely behind me and spoke in a tone so lifeless, so changed from the tone she had just used that I started in amazement.

"That was the way you wished me to play, wasn't it? I was too familiar, pray forgive me."

She stood a few paces from me, stiff, almost bristling, as if she were an animal at bay. Her eyes were as full of life as her voice was devoid of it, and they gazed at me with a defiance that I was sure was only a mask for far different emotions.

"You did just exactly what I wished you to do," I said in the matter-of-fact tone I would have used to a pupil, when, in my teaching days, I had had occasion to commend a task performed. "And now, tell me about your arm and shoulder. Dick says they are bruised. Are the two swollen for you to get on a traveling dress?"

Her eyes widened.

"Oh, I'm able enough," she returned. "My arm and shoulder are a little lame, but I've exaggerated them in order to keep out of the way of those pet stuffed poodles on the veranda." Her voice dripped contempt and aversion, then changed to sharp, half-suspicious wonder.

"I brought it on myself." "You want me to go home with you—why?"

"Suppose we don't discuss the reason now," I replied smoothly. "We haven't time. Just now I want you to do something for me. Will you?" She hesitated only a second.

"Of course," she said simply. "What is it?"

"Get into one of your smart little suits—something you could travel in tonight if necessary, and come with me into the dining room. Mrs. Barker is to give Mr. Graham and me some supper there, if Mr. Graham

doesn't upset anything by squabbling with her before I get back there. If I can manage to smooth things out I will stay here with you tonight, and we will leave tomorrow forenoon. If not, we will drive back to the hotel in Caldwell."

"I understand," she said slowly, addressing herself rather than me. "It's going to be like the third act of a society comedy. Effective 'close-up' of husband, wife and—and—third party amicably supping together with all the gossiping ladies peeping through the cracks of the door. Oh, yes, I'll join you, and I suppose I ought to be mightily grateful for the chance."

"But," she stared at me. "I'm not, somehow, I haven't at all the proper feelings for the occasion, I assure you. You'd much better leave me alone, I'm planning to leave tomorrow, anyway, and there's really no reason why you should mix yourself up in this mess. I brought it on myself, and I can see it through."

She was as hard, as unyielding as a concrete wall, but I guessed that behind it she was nothing but a frightened child. I found myself longing to comfort her, but I knew the danger of her breaking down under sympathy, and I kept my voice as cold as her own.

"I am not insulting you by supposing that there is any reason why I should not see you through this," I said deliberately. "And because I have come up here to get you out of this nest of gossip, I expect you to play the game as I outline it."

Grand Island High School Re-Enters Debating League

Grand Island—The Grand Island high school won for the first time in many years participation in the inter-high school debates of the state this year. A regular schedule of debates with other high schools has been arranged, the first of which will be a dual debate with York, February 7. In this debate the Grand Island affirmative team will meet the York negative team and the same night the local negative team meets the York affirmative.

After a tryout Charles Faine, Philip Nemir, Arthur Buchink, Dorothy Wilson, Dick Davis, Paul Newell, Leona Westover and Frances Shattuck were chosen as the local teams.

The question used in the try-out was: "Resolved that the federal government shall exercise full power in settling disputes between employers and employes as soon as such disputes assume an interstate character."

Our Very Reasonable Prices

We court a comparison of our prices with any to be found anywhere for similar merchandise. We have been complimented frequently on the reasonableness of our wares, and it is undoubtedly the explanation for the large crowds which are frequenting our establishment.

Our Manufacturing Department

We are the only jewelers in this city to conduct our own manufacturing department. It is situated on the balcony of our own store, and any diamond or other valuable piece of jewelry which you may order from us never leaves the room to receive complete attention. There is still time to remount your diamonds in the new, modern settings.

T. L. Combs & Mazer Co. Since 1888 Omaha's Master Jewelers

305 South Sixteenth Street Near Farnam

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Sittings—made before December 15th for Christmas.

Please arrange appointments as soon as possible.

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Buy Your Puritan Hop Flavored MALT Sugar Syrup Now!

Take advantage of the Christmas sale prices which all the Puritan dealers in this city are making for your benefit. Look at your calendar. Do it now.

Buy it by the case if you can, by the can if you can't.

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Try PISO'S botanical ointment. A syrup—different from others—pleasant—no up-stomach—no opiate. 35c and 60c everywhere.

Girls! Girls! Clear Your Skin With Cuticura

Resinol Soap and Resinol Shaving Sock contain the same soothing properties and are used by discriminating men who like their generous, cleansing lather and wholesome Resinol fragrance.

Daily Prayer

With my spirit within me will I seek Thee early—late, 26 3.

Our Father in Heaven, we call unto Thee because we have called before and Thou didst hear us. Come unto us, Lord, when all is dark, and when trouble weighs us down. Lift us up again, that we may praise Thee and smile in our hearts. For the labors of this day, give us free grace: for the hard road, the iron shoes of good resolution; for the hour that casts us down, calm us and lift us up again. Make us gentle, Lord, with our loved ones. May we never give way to harsh words or unjust thoughts, and let Jesus, taken to our prayer as we confess our sins before Thy Holy Cross. May we meet the Man of Sorrows now while we bend before Thee, for shall our sins fade away, and our hearts rejoice with a new joy. May we be resigned to Thy will, no matter what we must yield. Gather this little family about Thyself as doth the bird when the storm falls. Cover us with Thy love, and protect us in the hollow of Thy hand. O Lord, give us the power to pray aright, for we pray in Thy might. At last, Gentlemen of our home folks, gather us all to Thyself in the dear Homeland, when the morning breaks and the shadows flee away. And this we ask in Jesus' name. Amen.

C. H. WOOLSTON, D. D.

JANUARY Hats, Sweaters, Skirts CLEARANCE January Prices Now

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Uncle Sam Says

Books on Child Care

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That's the Point! The moment Resinol touches an itching, burning skin, the suffering usually stops. A few days' persistent treatment rarely fails to clear away the inflammation and soreness and finally restores the skin to its natural healthy condition.

Resinol Soap and Resinol Shaving Sock contain the same soothing properties and are used by discriminating men who like their generous, cleansing lather and wholesome Resinol fragrance.

Girls! Girls! Clear Your Skin With Cuticura

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Students Probe Grocery Expense

Comparative Operating Costs Are Found for Stores in Nebraska Cities in 1921.

To enable Nebraska grocers to determine whether their own accounts show disproportionate expense as compared with other merchants, who know their costs of doing business, a committee on business research of the college of business administration of the state university recently inquired into the operation of retail grocery stores in 1921 in this state.

The students now have published a booklet entitled "Nebraska Studies in Business."

Professor Takes Pastorate

Hastings—Dr. J. W. Boyer, public speaking and Bible professor at Hastings college, has accepted a call to the pastorate of Marlborough Presbyterian church, Kansas City.

Parents' Problems

If a little girl wishes to wear a dress, which her mother thinks unbecoming, should she be permitted to wear it?

A little girl should be allowed a certain amount of freedom in dressing, and encouraged to develop taste and independence, but it does not seem necessary to allow her to wear anything glaringly unbecoming. Guide her tastes without her being conscious of it.

Friend Economics Class

Friend—The Home Economics class of the Friend high school served dinner to 30 business men and women of this city. The dinner was served in two courses. Alex McFarlane, president of the Friend Commercial club, presided as toastmaster and speeches were made by members of the school faculty, board of education, members of city council and others. The school could take care of only 20 people at one time.

Feeds Business Men

The grand palace of Versailles in France is estimated to have cost more than \$80,000,000.

Vocational Training Plan at Scottsbluff

Scottsbluff—Plans for vocational classes for men and women under the direction of Supt. E. L. Rouse, are being made here with the strong given to home management. A special effort to organize men's classes will also be made. All of the auto service stations have promised co-operation for classes in practical mechanics, and other classes for men will be organized in any branch in which eight men ask for the work.

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Common Sense

That "Hothouse" Way of Living. Don't house up like a ground hog over winter. Don't huddle about stove or 70 degree house or office all the time. Get out and get some fresh air into your lungs. Do brisk walking every day. It may be a bit cold for your ears and your nose but unless it is extremely cold they will not be damaged. Don't be so afraid of cold air coming into your sleeping room that you keep all your windows closed during the night. There is no cold so biting as cold, impure air. Human beings need fresh air. Failure to get enough outdoor exercise in winter creates a demand for "spring medicine." Lack of fresh air in your sleeping room means a clogged brain, a tired and ambitious body. As an experiment try to have plenty of bed clothing and leave a window up sufficiently during the night to supply plenty of fresh air and note the difference in the way you feel in the morning. Get out of the hothouse way of living.

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Butler County Teachers Hold Meeting at David City

David City—One hundred and twenty-five teachers attended the Butler county institute held here. J. W. Searson, professor of English, and Dr. Lida B. Farhart of the Teachers college, both of the Nebraska university, were instructors and gave addresses at both the morning and afternoon sessions. Hazel Berkwith Nohavee was in charge of the music.

Midland College. Dean W. E. Tibbets and Coach Wayne were in Lincoln for Nebraska Athletic association meeting. Peru was given the championship for basketball for 1922. Wesleyan for track and field, for football.

The department of expression will present "Why the Chinese Rang" in Cleveland, Monday for the benefit of the Y. W. C. A. and the Y. C. A. It is a very beautiful Christmas play taken from an article which appeared in the "Princeton" of Pralmond.

President P. Krueger is already making use of his new auto. He has visited Pontiac and expects to visit a number of other Lutheran congregations near Fremont during the next few days.

The Kiwanis and Rotary clubs of Fremont gave a large banquet for the Fremont High school and Midland football teams at the Parkside hotel. Social, gold, engraved and the winners of each of the boys on the Midland championship team.

The student friendship drive for relief work among the suffering students in European countries was made in chapel Thursday. President Krueger, who was in Europe this summer, and Mr. Ingles of the Fremont High school, who was on the special committee sent to Europe by the Y. W. C. A. during the summer to investigate conditions there, spoke.

Creighton University. Coach Fred Baidinger of the Creighton football team has tendered his resignation as coach to devote his time more nearly to his own private practice. He gained among Creighton men during the past two years, and the earnestness of his devotion to the interests of the university are reasons to hope that he will continue his relations with Creighton as a member of the athletic board.

The successful contestants in the preliminaries of the Creighton Oratorical association were: Francis J. O'Connell, College; Ewyas Eason, Stuart Sharp, Paul Shaughnessy and Anton Zauski, who are respectively in the public oratorical contest. The contest will be held in Omaha this year.

Byrne was chosen as first and second prize respectively. The winner of the public contest will receive a gold medal donated by the Omaha division of the Ancient Order of Hibernians and will represent Creighton in the state contest. The contest will be held in Omaha this year.

It is announced that Lieutenant Colonel McAllister, head of the U. S. O. C. unit in the college of dentistry, intends to take part in the symposium of the unit, who was successful examinations to camp with him next summer.