BRINGING UP FATHER

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SEE JIGGS AND MAGGIE IN FULL PAGE OF COLORS IN THE SUNDAY BEE

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus

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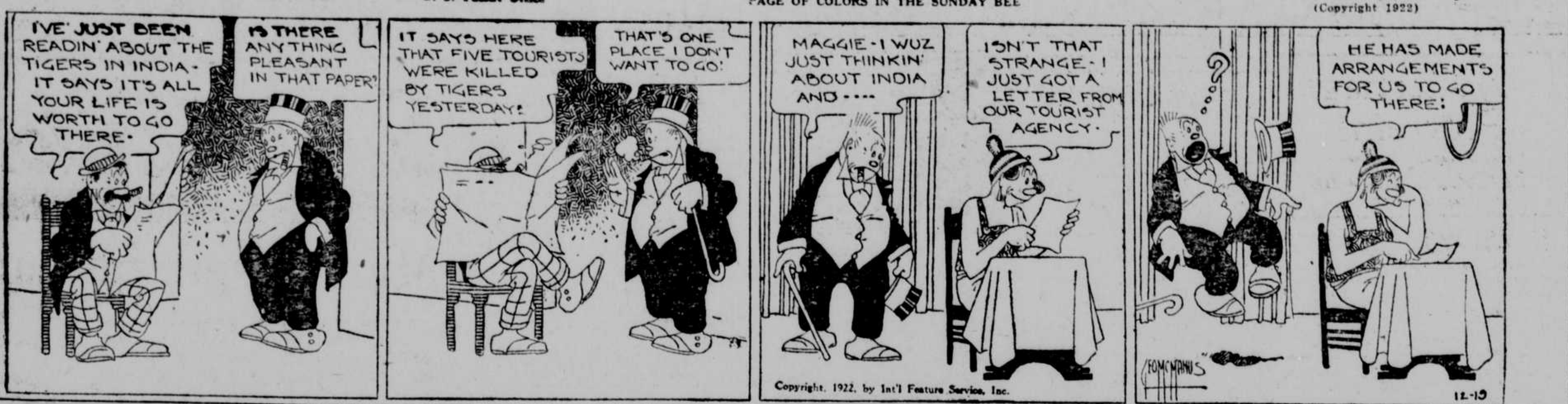
I'VE JUST BEEN READIN' ABOUT THE TIGERS IN INDIA - IT SAYS IT'S ALL YOUR LIFE IS WORTH TO GO THERE -
IS THERE ANYTHING PLEASANT IN THAT PAPER?
IT SAYS HERE THAT FIVE TOURISTS WERE KILLED BY TIGERS YESTERDAY!
THAT'S ONE PLACE I DON'T WANT TO GO!
MAGGIE - I WUZ JUST THINKIN' ABOUT INDIA AND ----
ISN'T THAT STRANGE - I JUST GOT A LETTER FROM OUR TOURIST AGENCY -
?
HE HAS MADE ARRANGEMENTS FOR US TO GO THERE:
GEO McMANUS
12-19

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THE MYSTERY GIRL

By CAROLYN WELLS.

(Copyright, 1922.)

(Continued from Yesterday.)

"Come in," Mrs. Peyton," Lockwood went on. "You must see him, though it will shock you. See, the flow of blood is dreadful. He stabbed or shot himself."

Conquering her aversion to the sight, Mrs. Peyton, from a sense of duty, drew nearer, and as Lockwood had said, the condition of the body was terrible indeed.

Wounded, apparently in the side of the head. Waring had fallen forward in such a way that the actual wound was concealed, but the fact was only too apparent that he had bled to death. The blotter on the desk and many of the furnishings were crimsoned and there was a large and dark stain on the rug.

"He is positively dead," said Lockwood, in cool, even tone, "so I advise that we do not touch the body but send at once for Doctor Greenfield. He will know what best to do."

"Oh, you cold-blooded wretch!" Mrs. Peyton burst forth, uncontrolably. "Have you no feelings whatsoever? You stand here like a wooden image, when the best man in the world lies dead before you And you, Ito!" She turned on the awe-struck butler. "You're another of those impassive, unnatural creatures! Oh, I hate you both!"

The housekeeper ran from the room, and was soon closeted with her daughter, who at least showed agitation and grief at the tragedy that had occurred.

The two she had called impassive, stood regarding one another.

"Who did it, master?" inquired the Japanese, calmly.

"Who did it!" Lockwood started at him. "Why, he did it himself, Ito."

Otherwise immovable, the Oriental shook his head in dissension, but Lockwood was already at the telephone and heeded him not.

Doctor Greenfield consented to come over at once, and Lockwood going to the living-room, advised the Peytons to have breakfast, as there was a terrible ordeal ahead of them.

"I'll have some coffee with you, if I may," he went on. "Brace up, Helen, it's pretty awful for you, but you must try to be a brave girl."

A grateful glance thanked him for the kindness, and Lockwood returned quickly to the study.

"What are you doing?" he said sternly, as he saw Ito bending over the dead man.

"Nothing, sir," and the butler straightened up quickly and stood at attention.

"Leave the room and do not return here without permission. Serve breakfast to the ladies. Where is Nogi?"

"He is gone, sir."

"Gone where?"

"That Ido not know. Last night he was here. Now he is gone. I know no more."

"You don't know anything. Get out."

"Yes, sir.'

Left to himself, Gordon Lockwood gazed thoughfully about the room. He did confine his attention to the bent figure of his late employer, nor even to the desk or its nearby surroundings. He wandered about looking at the windows, the floor, the furniture.

One chair, standing rather near the desk, he looked at intently. An expression of bewilderment came into his face, followed by a look of dismay.

Then, after a cautionus almost furtive glance about him, he paused his hand quickly over the plush back of the chair, rubbing it hard, with a scrubbing motion.

Then he looked about the room even more eagerly and carefully, and finally sat down on the same plush chair, to await the doctor's arrival.

Helen Peyton came timidly to the door to ask him to come to breakfast.

"No, Helen," he answered. "My place is here until the doctor comes. Eat your breakfast, child, and try to throw off your distress. It will do you no good to brood over it. You can be of real help if you keep brave and calm, but it will be 'quite otherwise if you get hysterical."

He did not see the adoring glance she gave him, nor did he realize how much effect his words had on her subsequent behavior. For Helen Peyton was suffering from shocked nerves, and only Lockwood's advice would have been heeded by her.

She returned to the dining room, saying quietly, "Gordon will come after a while. Let us eat our breakfast, mother, and try to be brave and strong."

It was not more than 15 minutes later that Lockwood joined them.

He took his seat at the table and as he shook out his breakfast napkin he said:

"Doctor Greenleaf is there now. He says Doctor Waring was stabbed, not shot. He says the instrument was round and pointed—not flat, like a knife."

"Who did it?" asked Helen, wide-eyed.

"It must have been suicide, Helen, for, as you know, the room was locked. How could any one get in or out?"

"But how absurd to think of Doctor Waring killing himself!" The girl looked more amazed than ever.

"He never killed himself," stated Mrs. Peyton. "Why, you know that man had everything to live for! Just about to be married, just about to be president of the college—full of life end enthusiasm—suicide! Nonsense!"

"I'm only telling you what the doctor said. And you know yourselves, the room was all locked up."

"Yes, that's so. Ito, leave the room!"

Mrs. Peyton spoke sharply to the butler, who was quite evidently drinking in the conversation.

"He must not hear all we say," she observed after the butler had disappeared.

"What's this about Nogi being gone?" asked Lockwood, suddenly.

"Yes, he's gone," Mrs. Peyton said, "and I can't undrestand it. I didn't think he'd stay, he didn't like the duties at all—you know he's just learning to be a butler—but queer he went off like that. His wages are due for three weeks."

"He'll be back then," surmised Lockwood. "Now, what shall we do first? The faculty must be notified of this tragedy and also, Mrs. Bates must be told. Which of you two will go and tell Mrs. Bates about it?"

"You go, Helen," said her mother after a moment's thought. "I ought to be here to look after the house, and anyway, dear, you can do it wisely and gently. Mrs. Bates likes you, and after all, it can be soon told."

"Oh, I can't!" cried Helen, dismayed at the thought of the awful errand.

"Yes, you can," and Lockwood looked at her with a firm kindness. "You waht to be of help, don't you Helen? Well, here's one thing you can do that will be of great assistance to your mother and to me. For on us two must fall most of the cad duties of this day."

"But what can I say? What can I tell her?"

"Just tell her the facts as far as you know them yourself. She will guess from your own agitation that something has happened. And then you will tell her, as gently as you can. Be a true woman, Helen, and remember that though your news must break her heart, yet she'd far rather hear it from you than from some less sympathetic messenger."

"I'll do it," said Helen, struggling bravely to keep her tears back.

"That's a good girl. Run right along, now, for ill news flies fast, and rumors may get to her before you reach there."

"Now about that Nogi," Lockwood said, thoughtfully. "Call Ito back, please, Mrs. Peyton."

"When did you see Nogi last?" the secretary asked of the butler.

"When I come home last night, sir. Sunday is my holiday. I returned about ten, and as I found Nogi with his duties all properly done, and at his post, I went to bed. I found this morning that he had not been in his bed at all. His clothes are gone, and all his belongings. I think he will not come back."

An Incredible Case.

When Lockwood returned to the study, he found the medical examiner and Doctor Greenfield in consultation.

The examiner was a large, pompous-looking man, with an air of authority. He looked at Gordon Lockwood from beneath his heavy brows, and demanded, "What do you know of this?"

The younger man resented the tone but he knew the question was justified, and so he replied, respectfully:

"Nothing more than you can see for yourself, sir. I broke in at that glass door, being unable to get in any other way, and I found Doctor Waring—as you see him now."

"There was some other way, though, to get in and out," Examiner Marsh stated.

"Positively not," Lockwood repeated.

"Don't contradict me! I tell you there must have been—for this man was murdered."

"Impossible, sir," and Lockwood's eyes met the examiner's with a gaze fully as calm and insistent as his own.

"Very well, how came he by his death?"

"I am not the examiner," the secretary said, and he folded his arms and leaned against the corner of the great mantelpiece: "But since you ask me, I will repeat that there was no way of ingress into this room last night, and that necessarily, the case is a suicide."

"Just so; and, granting that, will you suggest what may have become of the weapon that was used."

"What was the weapon?" Lockwood asked, not so disturbed by the question as the examiner had expected him to be.

"That is what puzzles me," returned Doctor Marsh. "As you can clearly see the wound was inflicted with a stabbed just below his right ear. The jugular vein was pierced, and he bled to death. A plexus of nerves was pierced also, and this fact doubtless rendered the victim unconscious at once—I mean as soon as the stab wound was made, though he may have have been alive for a few minutes thereafter."

Gordon Lockwood gazed imperturbably at the speaker. He rad always prided himself on his unshakable calm, and now he exhibited its full possibilities. It annoyed Doctor Marsh, who was accustomed to having his statements accepted without question. He took a sudden dislike to this calm young man, who presumed to differ from his deductions.

"I must say," observed the mild-mannered Doctor Greenfield, "I knew Doctor Waring very well, and he was surely the last person I would expect to kill himself. Especially at the present time—when he was looking forward to high honors in the college and also expected to marry a charming lady."

"That isn't the point," exclaimed Doctor Marsh, impatiently. "The point is, if he killed himself, where is the weapon?"

"I admit it isn't in view—and I admit that seems strange," Lockwood agreed, "but it may be discovered, while a way of getting into the locked room cannot be found."

"All of which is out of your jurisdiction, young man," and Marsh looked at him severely. "The police will be here soon, and I've no doubt they will learn the truth, whatever it may be. What instrument do you deduce, Doctor Greenfield?"

"That's hard to say," replied Greenfield, slowly. "You see the aperture it made is a perfectly round hole. Now most daggers or poniards are flat-bladed. I'm not sure a real weapon is ever round. The hole is much too large to have been made by a hatpin—it is as big as a—a—"

"Slate pencil," suggested the examiner.

"Yes, or a trifle larger—but not so large as a lead pencil."

"A lead pencil could hardly accomplish the deed," Marsh mused. "A slate pencil might have—but that is a most unusual weapon."

"How about a bill file?" asked Doctor Greenfield. "I knew of a man killed with one."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Daily Prayer

Let us hold fast the profession of our faith.—Heb. 10:23.

Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, the Giver of all good things unto Thy children, in Whom we live and move and have our being, Who hast brought us in safety to see the light of another day, we, Thy humble servants, offer Thee our heartfelt praises for Thy preservation of us throughout all our lives, and especially through the hours of darkness, for rest and peace which we have enjoyed, and for the opportunities of another day. We thank Thee for all Thy mercies to us, for home and friends, for health and strength, and for all the blessings with which Thou hast crowned our lives.

Grant especially that this day we may have grace in all our thoughts and words and deeds to glorify Thy Holy Name, and to brighten the lives of those about us, and to help them to better things. Help us to do with our might whatsoever our hands may find to do for Thee and for our fellow men. Keep far from us all sin and evil, and, if it please Thee, deliver us from all sickness, sorrow and anxiety. Whatsoever Thou mayest have in store for us, grant at least that in all things we may be drawn nearer to Thee.

We ask it all through Jesus Christ, Thy Son, our Lord. Amen.

JAMES GOODWIN, D. D.,
Hartford, Conn.

Common Sense

Too Much Talk Is Bad—And Too Little!

Mr. Husband or Mrs. Wife, do not make the mistake of becoming so engrossed in one subject that you continually talk that one thing to the exclusion of all other subjects.

No matter how interested the husband or wife may be in the affairs of the other constant talk on one subject is going to become tiresome.

None should cultivate a one-track variety of mind.

But it is easy to get this slant if one permits the mind to concentrate too much on any one subject.

Home is the place where husband, wife and children should feel free and at liberty to discuss what most interests them but there is a limit to the trend of thought and conversation even at home.

It is a greater mistake, however, for neither husband nor wife to talk over their personal interests together.

It is unwise for either to get to the point where they must discuss and consult one outside the family to procure an intelligent listener or counsellor.

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Uncle Sam Says

Bedbugs.

The presence of bedbugs in a house is not necessarily an indication of neglect or carelessness, for, as little as the idea may be relished, this insect may gain entrance in spite of the adoption of all reasonable precautions. It is very apt to get into the trunks and satchels of travelers or into the baskets of laundry, and may thus be introduced into homes.

The Federal Bureau of Entomlogy's booklet on this subject tells how to distinguish these pests by their odor and gives methods of controlling them.

Readers of The Omaha Bee may obtain a copy of this booklet free as long as the free edition lasts, by asking for "F. B. 754," addressing their request to the Division of Publications, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

Parents' Problems

How can children best be taught respect for old age?

I think the first and best way in which to teach children respect for old age is by example. Children reflect their parents' manners so quickly, and if parents are careful to treat the other members of their own families with the respect due them the children will do the same.

Trade Routes to Aid Middlewest

George Carey of C. of C., Back From Washington, Tells of U. S. Plans.

George Carey of the Omaha Chamber of Commerce, on his return from Washington yesterday, announced that an order issued by A. D. Lasker, chairman of the United States shipping board, will keep southern trade routes open and lead to the opening of more such routes.

Mr. Carey went to Washington as a representative of the Middlewest Merchant and Marine Foreign Trade commission, which favored the development of southern trade routes as an aid to middlewestern producers and shippers, on the theory that the north Atlantic ports are too congested. While in Washington he conferred with President Harding, the United States shipping board and middlewest senators and representatives.

Carey also announced that an amendment to the ships subsidy bill will be introduced this week providing for a 5 per cent rebate on all farm products shipped to foreign ports in United States vessels. The money is to be taken from the ships subsidy fund, and under the Smith-Lever act, be distributed to agricultural colleges of the country by the Department of agriculture.

Nonskid Overshoes for Omaha Horses Arrive

Good news for Omaha horses.

When they slip after this on icy pavements, their hoofies will be encased in regulation galoshes and they will be able to rise again without so much effort.

The equine flappers' galoshes made their appearance in Omaha yesterday at the office of the Nebraska Humane society.

They have carpet soles, canvas sides and slip strings.

Flannigan to Speak.

John M. Flannigan, Stuart (Neb.) secretary of the War Finance corporation for the Nebraska district, will speak before the Triangle club at noon today in Hotel Fontenelle. Arrangements for the club's Christmas celebration at the City mission will be discussed at the meeting, according to Secretary A. E. Royce.

Headaches From Slight Colds.
Laxative BROMO QUININE Tablets relieve the Headache by curing the Cold. A tonic laxative and germ destroyer. The box bears the signature of E. W. Grove. (Be sure you get BROMO) 30.—Adv.

Ellen Rebecca Ware Dies; Sister of Late Judge Ware

Miss Ellen Rebecca Ware, 66, died yesterday at the home of her sister, Miss Alice R. Ware, 1138 South Twenty-ninth street. Miss Ware, who was a sister of the late Judge John D. Ware of Omaha, had been a resident of Omaha for 22 years.

Funeral services will be held at the surviving sister's home this afternoon at 2:30, Rev. D. E. Jenkins officiating. The body will be taken to Grinnell, Ia., Wednesday morning for burial.

Schools to Close Today For Christmas Holidays

Schools close this afternoon for the holidays. Exhibits of art and manual training work, representing the efforts of the pupils in this line, were inspected yesterday.

Schools will reconvene January 3.

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A drama of the price that beauty brought on auction

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as the lover who bid heart against gold — and won with speed.
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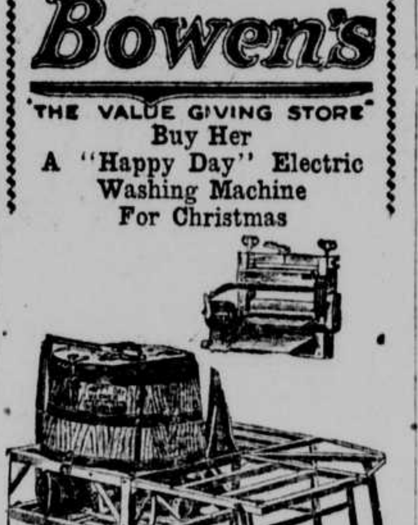

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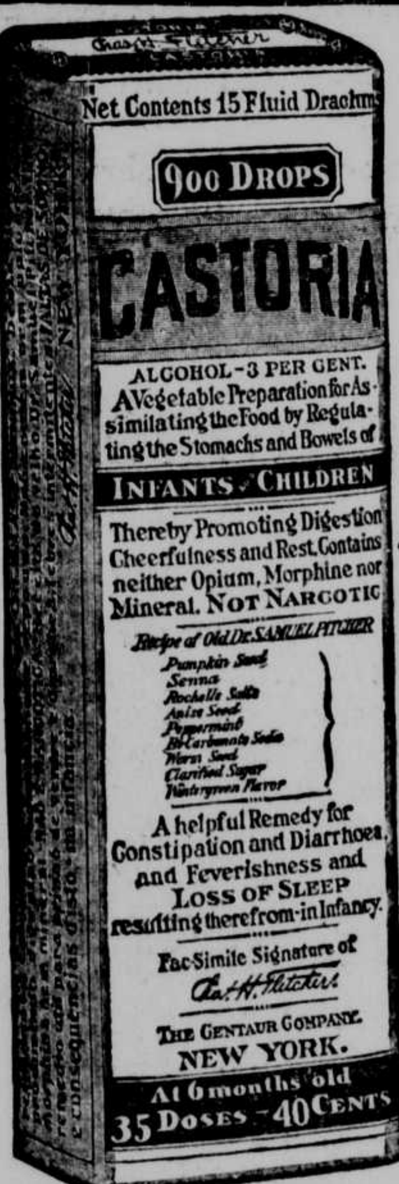

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