

Harding Shows No Favoritism in Golf Courses

President Stops at Fort Pierce on Homeward Journey—Mrs. Harding Remains on Boat

Fort Pierce, Fla., March 20.—En-deavoring to play no favorites among rival Florida east coast towns, President Harding stopped here today for his round of golf. He stayed at Vera, 14 miles north of here, on the cruise south to Miami.

Motor Car Official Predicts Sale of 2,500,000 Machines

"While all the factors that made last year a record one in the automobile industry are not present this year, I look to a sale of more than 2,500,000 passenger cars," stated George H. Hannum, president of the Oakland Motor Car company, Pontiac, who arrived in Omaha Tuesday with C. J. Napier, general sales manager, to visit the local Oakland branch.



C. J. Napier.

"On the other hand, we have an awakening farm market, which has been dormant the last two years, and a continuation of good business conditions. The financial situation, too, has improved.

"Our dealers are taking cars for spring earlier this year than ever before. They realize competition is keen. They must have their cars on hand. The public, likewise, is ordering cars months in advance so that the factories are better able to gauge production than in most years. We are producing 200 cars daily.

"Experts no longer talk of the saturation point," he explained, "nor do statistical experts tell a man how much salary he must have before he can purchase a car.

THE SILENT DRAMA

H. M. Thomas Coming to Greet Old Friends

H. M. Thomas, former manager of the Strand and Rialto theaters of Omaha and just made general manager of the A. H. Blank enterprises, arrives in Omaha Wednesday to greet his old friends and to complete the opening arrangements of the new A. H. Blank theater in Council Bluffs, the "Broadway."

Mr. Thomas was the manager who after several theatrical companies had tried to operate the Strand property in Omaha with vaudeville, burlesque, musical comedy or pictures, made it the first of the big downtown exclusively motion picture houses of the city.

Thomas left here two and a half years ago to take charge of a number of theaters in Canada for Famous Players-Lasky corporation. In his new position he will superintend the operation of some 24 theaters in the middle west.

"The Ghost Patrol" New Feature Movie at Moon

Ralph Graves and Bessie Love will open a new feature at the Moon today, "The Ghost Patrol," a story of a policeman who walked the toughest beat in New York and loved and cared for each of the people in his turbulent district. Retired from the force, he patrols with no pay in the night hours and keeps the peace where an officer with a club fails.

On the Screen Today. Moon—"The Ghost Patrol." Rialto—"The Little Church Around the Corner."

Grandis—"Rejuvenation Through Glad Transplanting." Strand—"My American Wife." Sun—"The Toll of the Sea." Empress—"What Fools Men Are." Muse—"Love in the Dark." Grand—"The Fighting Streak." Victoria—"Jann of the Big Snows." Hamilton—"Wolf Law."

Many Notables Aboard Aquitania for Europe

New York, March 20.—Declaring he had no intention of returning to his mother country, Prince Andrew of Greece, accompanied by Princess Alice, sailed for England today on the liner Aquitania.

AT THE THEATERS

The magnificent troupe of wild animal and bird performers, the four sleek well-kept leopards and one beautiful Royal Bengal tiger is the feature of the new feature, "Tiger at the Wheel" at the Grandis today.

It's Grandmother's Recipe to Bring Back Color and Luster to Hair.

You can turn gray, faded hair beautifully dark and lustrous almost overnight if you'll get a bottle of "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound" at any drug store. Millions of bottles of this old famous Sage Tea Recipe, improved by the addition of other ingredients, are sold annually, says a well known druggist here, because it darkens the hair so naturally and evenly that no one can tell it has been applied.

ONE OF OURS

By WILLA CATHER.



C. A. Napier.

Girl Millionaire Will Keep Position as Typist

Breckenridge, Tex., March 20.—Although Miss Elsie Hardin, 19, owns a large acreage in the Smackover oil field in Arkansas, on which are two of the largest crushers of the district, she will continue to work in the county clerk's office here as a typist, \$125 per month, she said today.

Record Dope Drive Being Conducted in Pacific Coast

Washington, March 20.—Large numbers of "dope" peddlers are being rounded up and jailed on the Pacific coast in the greatest drive ever launched by the government against illegal drug dispensers. Col. G. D. Nutt, chief of the federal narcotic forces, declared this afternoon.

Life in Prison Is Chosen Rather Than Death in Chair

Canton, O., March 20.—Offered the choice between the electric chair and life in the penitentiary without hope of pardon, Joseph Perry, 23, self-confessed murderer of Mrs. Elizabeth Rich and son, Dan, today elected life term in prison.

Births and Deaths.

Births. Dave and Rosa Orath, hospital, boy, Chas. and Marion Scoville, hospital, boy, Alton and Caroline Krajcek, 2344 S. 24th St., boy, Francis and Josephine Karlik, RFD No. 5, boy, Warren and Edna Dick hospital, boy, Walter and Beulah, Whitner, 2425 Cass St., boy, Daniel and Anna Hermannson, 2439 Parker St., girl, George and Ada Kelly, 2129 Wirt St., girl, Clarence and Edna Adams, 2402 Hamilton St., boy, Deanne and Grace O. Callahan, 1913 3rd Ave., boy, Patrick and Helen Deans, 2709 N. 30th St., girl, Albert and Edith Schuster, 7615 No. 24th St., girl, John and Marie Banks, 2214 P. St., girl, Fred and Claire Van Sant, 2515 So. 22nd St., girl, Wm. and Dorothy Shrader, hospital, girl, Earl and Ellen Reid, hospital, girl, Walter and Selma Schaker, 2949 Grant St., girl, Peter and Ethel Nelson, RFD No. 9, girl.

Deaths. Mrs. Clementine Miller, 71 years, 5227 No. 27th St., Mrs. Wilfred McAuler, 47 years, 210 No. 45th St., Erwin Francis Kuba, infant, hospital, Francis Rogarty, 21 years, 4222 Patrick Ave., Lucella C. Grant, 65 years, 1174 Park Ave., William Clark, 75 years, 39th and Jaynes St., Raymond Dyer, infant, hospital, Byron White, 42 years, hospital, Michael Ryan Murphy, 61 years, hospital, Mrs. Louise Reier, 39 years, hospital, Mrs. Julia A. McCarthy, 41 years, hospital, Jacob Shremaker, 72 years, hospital, Mrs. Beanie McCormick, 71 year, hospital, Thomas Dinan, 45 years, hospital, Mrs. Anna Ellis, 44 years, 212 1/2 S. 24th St., Margaret Parks, 52 years, 4224 So. 20th St., Harold Green, infant, 2105 Elm St., Mrs. W. H. Anderson, 62 years, 414 No. 21st St., Harry A. Snyder, 49 years, hospital.

Marriage Licenses.

Arthur J. Bartlett, over 21, Omaha, and Agnes J. Witt, over 21, Omaha, Dent Burton, 22, Greenwood, and Leota Iler, 21, Mill, Mrs. David Burton, 21, Malvern, Ia., and Rosella Hantrup, 22, Pacific Junction, Ia., Alvin Cleveland, 23, Omaha, and Olga Centi, 20, Omaha, Conrad J. Curman, 31, Omaha, and Baby Strasser, 28, Omaha, Jack T. Yates, 34, Omaha, and Frances Morrow, 26, Omaha, Caleb Harrington, 23, Omaha, and Sophie Campbell, 24, Omaha, Roy Dixon, 25, Humboldt, Neb., and Minnie H. Tisher, 41, Elk City, Mo., Alfred Gottschalk, 25, Atlantic, Ia., and Dana Campbell, 21, Atlantic, Ia., Louis Schmitt, 26, Chicago, Ill., and Anna Kupus, 28, Omaha, Austin R. McCallum, 41, Sioux City, Ia., and Anna Vaughn, 44, Sioux City, Ia., and Belvare Beato, 21, Omaha, and Margareta Graziano, 18, Omaha.

another cold day stretched before him like a glittering carpet, leading . . . ? When the question where the days were leading struck him on the edge of his bed, he hurried to dress and get downstairs in time to fetch wood and coal for Mahaley. They often reached the kitchen at the same moment, and she would shake her finger at him and say, "You come down to help me, you nice boy, you!" At least he was of some use to Mahaley. His father could hire one of the Yoder boys to look after the place, but Mahaley wouldn't let any one else save her old back.

Mrs. Wheeler, as well as Mahaley in the morning, read and rested in the afternoon. She made herself some new house dresses out of a gray material Claude chose. "It's almost like being a bride, keeping house for just you, Claude," she sometimes said.

Soon Claude had the satisfaction of seeing a bluish green come up over his brown wheat fields, visible first where the dimples and little hollows, then flickering over the knobs and levels like a fugitive smile. He watched the green blades coming every day, when he and Dan went afield with their wagons to gather corn. Claude sent Dan to check on the north quarter, and he worked on the south. He always brought in one more load a

day than Dan did—that was to be expected. Dan explained this very reasonably. Claude thought, one afternoon when they were hooking up their teams.

"It's all right for you to jump at that corn like you was a beating carpet, Claude! It's your corn, or any way it's your paw's. Then fields will always lay betwixt you and trouble. But a hired man's got no property but his back, and he has to save it. I figure that I've only got about so many jumps left in me, and I ain't a-going to jump too hard at no man's corn."

"What's the matter? I haven't been hinting that you ought to jump any harder, have I?" "No, you ain't, but I just want you to know that there's reason in all things." With this Dan got into his wagon and drove off. He had probably been meditating upon this declaration for some time.

That afternoon Claude suddenly stopped flinging white ears into the wagon beside him. It was about 5 o'clock, the yellow hour of the autumn day. His stool stood in a forest of light, dry, rustling corn leaves, quite hidden away from the world. Taking off his husking gloves, he wiped the sweat from his face, climbed up to the wagon box, and lay down on the ivory-colored corn.

CHAPTER XIV. Ralph and his father moved to the new ranch the last of August, and Mr. Wheeler wrote back that late in the fall he meant to ship a carload of grass steers to the home farm to be fattened during the winter. This, Claude saw, would mean a need for fodder. There were 300 or more acres west of the creek—just on the skyline when one looked out from the west windows of the house. Claude decided to put this fall into winter wheat, and early in September he began to cut and bind the corn that stood upon it for fodder. As soon as the corn was gathered, he would plow up the field, why didn't he plant wheat when he planted the other wheat fields.

This was Claude's first innovation, and it did not meet with approval. When Baylis came to spend Sunday with his mother, he asked her what Claude thought he was doing, anyhow, if he wanted to change the crop on the field, why didn't he plant oats in the spring, and then get into wheat next fall? Cutting fodder and preparing the ground now, would only hold him back in his work. When Mr. Wheeler came home for a short visit, he jocosely referred to that quarter as "Claude's wheat field."

Claude went ahead with what he had undertaken to do, but all through September he was nervous and apprehensive about the weather. Heavy rains, if they came, would make him late with his wheat planting, and then there would be certainly criticism. In reality, nobody cared much whether the planting was late or not, but Claude thought they did, and sometimes in the morning he awoke in a state of panic because he wasn't getting ahead faster. He had Dan and one of August Yoder's four sons to help him, and he worked early and late. The new field, which was two of the largest of the district, was drilled himself. He put a great deal of young energy into it, and buried a great deal of discontent in its dark furrows. Day after day he flung himself upon the land and plowed and what with what was fermenting in him, glad to be so tired at night that he could not think.

Ralph came home for Leonard Dawson's wedding on the first of October. All the Wheelers went to the wedding, even Mahaley, and there was a great gathering of the country folk and townsmen.

After Ralph left, Claude had the place to himself again, and the work went on as usual. The stock did well, and there were no vexatious interruptions. The fine weather held, and every morning when Claude got up,

another cold day stretched before him like a glittering carpet, leading . . . ? When the question where the days were leading struck him on the edge of his bed, he hurried to dress and get downstairs in time to fetch wood and coal for Mahaley. They often reached the kitchen at the same moment, and she would shake her finger at him and say, "You come down to help me, you nice boy, you!" At least he was of some use to Mahaley. His father could hire one of the Yoder boys to look after the place, but Mahaley wouldn't let any one else save her old back.

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horses cautiously advanced a step or two, and munched with great content at ears they tore from the stalks with their teeth.

Claude lay still, his arms under his head, looking up at the hard, polished blue sky, watching the flock of crows go over from the fields where they fed on shattered grain to their nests in the trees along Lovely creek. He was thinking about what Dan had said while they were hitching up. There was a great deal of truth in it, certainly. Yet, as for him, he often felt that he would rather go out into the world and earn his bread among strangers than sweat under this self-responsibility for acres and crops that were not his own. He knew that his father was sometimes called a "land hog" by the country people, and he himself had begun to feel that it was not right that he should have so much land—to farm, or to rent, or to leave idle, as they chose. It was strange that in all the centuries the world had been given the question of property had not been better adjusted. The people who had it were slaves to it, and the people who didn't have it were slaves to them.

He sprang down into the gold light to finish his load. Warm silence nestled over the cornfield. Sometimes a light breeze rose for a moment and rattled the stiff, dry leaves,

and he himself made a great rustling and crackling as he tore the husks from the ears. Greedy crows were still cawing about before they flapped homeward. When he drove out to the highway, the sun was going down, and from his seat on the load he could see far and near. Yonder was Dan's wagon, coming in from the north quarter; over there was the roof of Leonard Dawson's new house, and his windmill, standing up black in the declining day. Before him were the bluffs of the pasture, and the little trees, almost bare, huddled in violet shadow along the creek, and the Wheeler farm house on the hill, its windows all aflame with the last red fire of the sun.

Continued in The Morning Bee.

BUY-RITE STORES. WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY SELL-RITE BARGAINS. In spite of the storms we have just experienced, customers of Buy-Rite Stores were not inconvenienced. While deliveries of practically all other lines of business were reduced to only about 10%, Buy-Rite Stores and delivery trucks were right on the job.

BUY-RITE STORES. BROOMS, BROOMS. Fruit Department. RICE, RICE. BUY-RITE PILLS. CRISTAL WHITE SOAP. SOAP, SOAP. SCHULZE'S POTATO BREAD.

M. J. B. COFFEE. One perfect blend of coffee, roasted with only one thought—to satisfy. Per pound . . . 47c. Three pounds for . . . \$1.35.

HONEST WEIGHT. HONEST VALUES. The Name "BUY-RITE" on the Door Stands for Honest Weight, Honest Values and Dependable Service.

A Thrift Ticker

To keep in touch with the stock market you have to read the ticker. There's another kind of a ticker in Omaha that tells you all the latest developments in the thrift market. To be up to the minute in the buying and selling opportunities of the city you have to read the "Want" Ad columns of The Omaha Bee every day.

Read and Use Omaha Bee "Want" Ads—the Bee-Line to Results. The Omaha Morning Bee—THE EVENING BEE.

NO STRENGTH—unhealthy blood, no appetite.

Hood's purifies blood restores vitality.

If you are tired out, weak, run-down with no appetite, probably your blood is impure and sluggish.

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA. The Norwegian "Fisherman Mark" of quality and goodness that is on every bottle of Scott's Emulsion.

Look for the Mark! The Norwegian "Fisherman Mark" of quality and goodness that is on every bottle of Scott's Emulsion.

Scott's Emulsion assures you health-building, vitamin-bearing cod-liver oil in its purest form, pleasant to take, readily assimilated and transformed into strength.

SAGE TEA DANDY TO DARKEN HAIR. It's Grandmother's Recipe to Bring Back Color and Luster to Hair.

HOW "TZ" HELPS SORE, TIRED FEET. Tomorrow. Nature's Remedy.