

Improvements at Muny Gas Plant Impress Visitors

Continental Club Members Shown Over Place, With Running Comment, by Engineer Robison.

Members of the Continental club were given inside information of the manufacture of carburetted water gas Friday noon at the municipal gas plant, Twentieth and Center streets, where C. D. Ribison, operating engineer of the metropolitan utilities district, piloted the visitors through the big plant.

Luncheon was served in the offices and then an inspection trip was made through the various departments with a running talk by Mr. Robison.

The heat of 2,600 degrees obtained in the generators was one of the objects of particular interest. The guests were shown the "blow-off" which operates in cycles of three minutes for generating gas and three minutes for the blow-off.

Club members, who felt they were part owners in this \$5,000,000 plant, viewed with interest the generators, carburetters, relief holders, condensers for removing tar, purifiers for removing sulphur, large meters, storage holders and the large mains which carry the gas through many miles of pipes to thousands of consumers.

The visitors were impressed by the recent improvements of the plant and by the cleanliness maintained.

Court Orders \$400,000 for Omaha Bank Depositors

District Judge Fitzgerald took cognizance Friday of the unclassified claims of depositors in the defunct American State bank and issued an order on the state guaranty fund for \$400,000 to supplement money in possession of the receivers, realized from a liquidation of the bank's assets, to satisfy claims totaling \$902,802.55.

Subsequent claims are barred from payment until further order of the court.

Adele Garrison My Marriage Problems

The Way Madge and Katherine Swiftly Met.

The news from Grace Draper's lips that Harry Underwood himself was the Big Tangerine, coupled with the knowledge of his perfidy, to which I had listened unseemly by either him or the woman in whose power I was, gave me the feeling of having been suddenly drawn down into swirling ocean waves.

Once I had that experience in reality, when—in the first year of my marriage and of my acquaintance with Grace Draper—she had clutched my foot one day when we were swimming and had drawn me underneath the water in a mad attempt to drown me. Then not yet hardened to murder, she had brought me to the surface again after a hard battle.

That she had regretted her weakness as she termed it, many times, I knew, and I had no misgivings as to her course now that she had me in her power. But to know that my only hope of rescue, Harry Underwood's intervention with the Big Tangerine, of whom he had spoken so confidently, had been but a mockery, this well-nigh blotted out consciousness from me.

It was only the blind struggle for life till the last breath which brought me up from the abyss of unconsciousness which yearned for me, and gave me strength to listen longer.

"It is nothing to you," Harry Underwood was saying, "what the Big Tangerine does or does not do. But do you imagine"—there was sudden ferocity in his voice—"that I have waited years for the chance to tame that proud, sneering, little devil, to pay her back for affronts you know nothing of, and then let you snatch the opportunity away from me? Not in a million years! Give me the key to that room, this instant, and don't you dare to show your face there until I come back again! I can't wait to go up there now.

"I will not give you the key," Grace Draper returned steadily, "and I am going to headquarters with your interference and with the real name of the nurse you brought in here yesterday. I don't know what you're trying to do."

"Perhaps the same stunt you're planning," the man replied, slowly, significantly. "For the last time, will

you hand over that key and keep away from that room until I give you permission? Or will you compel me to inform the Prince of a few other keys which are in your possession, the little fact that the Inner Presence—" "You devil," Grace Draper said faintly.

"I thought you'd see reason," he said after a second. "But keep up your spirits," he added with a return to his old bantering manner. "Perhaps neither of us will be compelled to use our emergency plans. If I get back with the old man all right, the whole program ought to go through with a bang, and you can have what's left of both the nurse and the dame behind this key for a rag rug. So long!"

"Who is it?" I heard his footsteps across the floor of the room below and when the door had closed a tearing, hysterical but low-muttered curse from Grace Draper's lips. Then I carefully laid the rug over the jagged hole again and noiselessly crammed one of the pillows around the radiator pipe to deaden any sound of my movements.

With the desperation of a trapped rat I meant to make an effort to get out of my prison room.

Linda lay dead in drunken slumber. Grace Draper would not come near me until Harry Underwood's return.

If I made any attempt at all, I must not wait. Hidden in the lining of my manicule case were a couple of finely-tempered tools which Lillian had given me in the days of our government work for just such a predicament as the one in which I found myself. With infinite caution I rose from the couch and took the tiny but powerful things from the case.

Then I went swiftly to the bathroom, rejoicing in Linda's stertorous breathing, and feverishly began to remove the screws of the lock which held the door separating the bathroom from the next room. Fortunately, the lock was a new one, and the screws were not rusty, so I made comparatively little noise, and it was but a few moments before the lock was loose.

I slipped the bolt which reinforced the lock on my side, pressed cautiously against the door and realized there was a similar bolt upon the other side. I wondered how loud a call I dared risk, when I heard a tense whisper through the keyhole.

"Who is it?" When I answered "Madge!" there

Burgess Bedtime Stories

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

Johnny Chuck Proves He Is a True Squirrel.

This fact is true, so mark it well in time of danger blood will tell. —Old Mother Nature. Looking around isn't the safest business in the world, especially for those who have been in the habit of seldom going far from their own doorsteps. Johnny Chuck and Polly Chuck, as you know, are not fast runners. They are not built for running. That is why usually they are not found far from the safety of their home.



With a yelp of pleasure he started straight for them.

But spring fever and a desire for change had set them to wandering about, looking for a place to build a new home. They felt as if every step they took was an adventure, and in a way it was. Many times they were so far from a place of safety that had they been surprised by some other enemy there would have been nothing for them to do but fight. To have trusted to their rather short legs would have been useless.

More than once they saw an enemy in the distance. Then they did the very wisest thing they could have done, which was to flatten themselves out on the ground and keep perfectly still. Always they were on the watch. While really they were

was a gasp of amazement, the bolt slid back and Katherine Bickett was in my arms.

adventuring, they didn't intend to take any foolish chances.

But even the most watchful are sometimes surprised. It happened so with Johnny and Polly Chuck. They were over near an old stone wall making a breakfast of some young clover which they had found. It was the first clover they had found this spring, and it tasted so good that they forgot everything else. They forgot to watch out. Yes, sir, they forgot to watch out.

Now it happened that Bowser the Hound had taken it into his head to go looking about that morning. Perhaps Bowser had a little of the spring fever in his blood, too. Anyway, he came trotting along on the other side of that stone wall. Just by chance he jumped up on that wall and looked over it just as he was opposite where Johnny and Polly Chuck were enjoying their breakfast. He saw them right away. With a yelp of pleasure he started straight for them.

That yelp was the first warning that the two Chucks had that danger was anywhere near. Now there was just one place of possible safety, and that was the old stone wall. At the sound of Bowser's voice Johnny started for that wall in one direction and Polly started for it in another. For just a second or two Bowser was uncertain which one to chase. Then he started after Johnny Chuck.

Polly Chuck reached the old stone wall at a place where there was just room enough for her to squeeze in between two stones and down under the wall. There she was safe. But Johnny Chuck was not so lucky. When he reached the stone wall he found no hole big enough for him to squeeze into. He ran along a short distance, but still there was no hole. By this time Bowser was almost at his heels.

"What could Johnny do? I'll tell you what he did. Just in front of him, growing close beside that wall was a tree. Johnny headed straight for that tree. When he reached it he scrambled up into it. Yes, sir, he did just that. He was rather clumsy about it, but he got up there just the same. When he was well out of the reach of Bowser he sat down in a crouch and glared down at Bowser. Johnny had never climbed a tree before, but then he had never had to. It was the Squirrel blood in him that had made it possible. You see, Johnny Chuck belongs to the Squirrel family, although few people seem to know it.

Our Children

By ANGELO PATRI.

Growing Up to It.

"Yesterday was Donald's birthday," said Aunt Martha complacently, "and I bought him a good book. Books are about the best thing to buy for a child, I think, don't you?" "Yes, indeed. If the child reads, I do."

"Well, of course if he hasn't the books he can't read them," said sensible Aunt Martha. "That's why I say, give them good books."

"What book did you buy Donald?" "O, I bought him a fine copy of 'David Copperfield.' A lovely one with good binding and new illustrations. I believe in getting good books."

Aunt Marie looked uneasy. "But Donald can't read 'Copperfield.'"

"Who? Donald? O, no, of course not. Not now! But he'll grow up to it. He's only beginning to read. He does remarkably well for a little fellow of 7. But a good book keeps and some day he will enjoy it," and Aunt Martha rocked on blissfully.

Aunt Marie jerked her thread and broke it. Aunt Marie was impatient at times. She didn't believe in buying things for children to grow up to, especially books. But some folks do.

Why not buy the child the book that he is ready for now? It is very difficult to buy a book for a child, because few of them are really written for children. Most of them are written to the memory of childhood. They are emotionalized memories, a relief for the weary-minded adult. One makes the mistake of buying a book for a child that one used to be rather than for the child who needs one today!

But that is no excuse for buying a masterpiece of literature that is to be enjoyed later in life, and presenting to an infant with the calm inunction that he hurry and grow up to it. There are books for child minds, although it requires search to uncover them. People don't search. They set about buying a book for a child much as a lady matches samples of silks.

"Give me a book for a 7-year-old boy." "Seven years?" says the clerk. "Let's give 'Seven Years' Stevenson's 'Child's Garden.'" So easy. Just match up his years and his book. It might be better to match up his

mind with his book. To consider his tastes, his development, the books he has already enjoyed. The "Child's Garden" may be just the thing. Then again it may not. It may be he is better prepared to enjoy "Rhymes for Kindly Children."

Certainly one ought not to buy him a masterpiece of literature that he must lay aside. He is going to remember that book as the embodiment of disappointed hope. He has probably been cheated out of it for good.

Of course it is hard to find the right book for the right child but there is no excuse for buying a book for him to grow up to. There is too much in this world for him to grow up to now. He needs something that fits today.

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Uncle Sam Says

School Gardens.

This booklet which is issued by the Federal Bureau of Plant Industry is designed especially for school garden work. It gives plans for vegetable and flower gardens, contains laboratory exercises, and illustrations of all the necessary steps in the various methods of garden work, including propagating and grafting.

Readers of The Omaha 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. 218."

Battalion Fire Chief Is Overcome by Smoke at Fire

Fire in the American Shoe Repair, under the Central Market, at Sixteenth and Douglas, caused considerable commotion at noon Friday. It was caused, it is believed, from a spark off a nail in filling leather off the heel of a shoe in the process of repair.

Battalion Chief Ernest Newhouse fainted when overcome by heat and smoke, cutting a gash over his eye.

Ribbon is used for binding the jackets of some of the new sport suits.

CHEST COLDS Apply over throat and chest—cover with hot flannel cloth.

VICKS VAPORUB Over 17 Million Jars Used Yearly

Advertisement for Vicks Vaporub, mentioning its use for chest colds and its popularity.

SPRING COLDS ATTACK YOU IF WEAK AND RUN DOWN

During the trying days of Spring a cold quickly develops into pneumonia. To drive off the cold and build new resisting power no better tonic food medicine can be used than Father John's Medicine, because the pure, nourishing elements of which it is made rebuild health and strength.

In use more than sixty-seven years, Father John's Medicine is guaranteed free from alcohol or any dangerous drugs. The wholesome, strength-building food which it contains is easily taken up by the system and it gives the very resisting power so greatly needed at this time.

OMAHA BEE Want Ads BRING BEST RESULTS

Advertisement for Omaha Bee Want Ads, claiming they bring the best results.

COULD HARDLY DO HER WORK

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Made Her Eat, Sleep and Feel Better Every Day

Chicago, Ill.—"I was weak and run down and in such a nervous condition that I could hardly do my work. I was tired all the time, and dizzy, and could not sleep and had no appetite. I tried different medicines for years, but they did not help me. Then I read in the papers about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and what it had done for other women and gave it a trial. I began to eat better and could sleep, and consider it a wonderful medicine. I recommend it to my friends and will never be without it." —Mrs. M. O'LEARY, 3640 S. Marshfield Ave., Chicago, Ill.

It is such letters as these that testify to the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. This woman speaks from the fullness of her heart. She describes as correctly as she can her condition, first the symptoms that bothered her the most, and later the disappearance of those symptoms. It is a sincere expression of gratitude.

For nearly fifty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been so praised by women.

I wish I could wear a low neck dress."

Why spend time wishing that eruption did not show on your back and arms, when Resinol Ointment will doubtless clear it away entirely?

Apply freely before retiring and cover with a wet cloth. In the morning you will be surprised to note how much of the soreness, roughness and angry look has disappeared.

Resinol Soap for the skin and hair cannot be overused. Sold by all druggists.

Resinol

SEE WANT ADS BRING RESULTS

BARNEY GOOGLE

Barney and Sparky Were Headed for a Trip Around the World.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy De Beck



BRINGING UP FATHER

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

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus



Ain't It a Grand and Glorious Feeling

By Briggs

ABIE THE AGENT--

