

Water Toast Drunk in Everett's Honor

Judge W. W. Slabaugh Says Liquid Typifies Pure Life of Man 100 Yesterday.

Water was drunk as a toast to William Everett, 2127 Douglas street, during a luncheon given for him at the Chamber of Commerce yesterday noon in observance of his 100th birthday.

Judge W. W. Slabaugh gave the toast, proposing that "pure water be drunk in honor of the pure and religious life of Mr. Everett, which has enabled him to live 100 years and remain hale and active."

The dozen people present at the luncheon rose and drank the toast. The centenarian guest thanked them briefly. A majority of those present were old residents of the city. Among them were E. G. Jones, G. M. South, and Rev. George Miller of the First Christian church, Mr. Everett's pastor.

Mr. Everett, who is still active, is the oldest Omaha carpenter. He says he has never drunk whiskey or smoked, and expressed the opinion that the world is not improving with age.

U. S. to Prosecute Sender of Threats to Ex-Kleagle

Government agents were gathering evidence yesterday preparatory to launching prosecutions of persons who have sent threatening letters and threatening telephone calls to Edgar I. Fuller, former kleagle of the Ku Klux Klan.

Fuller is now grand dictator of an anti-Klan organization known as the Fascisti of America.

According to Fuller, several anonymous threats against his life have been made within the last two months.

See Want Ads Produce Results.

ONE OF OURS

By WILLA CATHER.
Famous Nebraska Author.

(Continued from Yesterday.)

Claude Wheeler, living on a Nebraska ranch with his parents, quit a small college in his third year in order to attend to the home ranch while his younger brother, Ralph, and father, Nat, spent most of their time in the Colorado ranch. Bayless is oldest brother, and is in business in Frankfort, Neb., the scene of the story to date. While in school in Lincoln, Claude made friends of Erlich family, a motherly widow and five sons. Ernest Havel and Leonard Davison, young Frankfort farmers, are close friends of Claude's. Claude and mother are greatly interested in German advance into Belgium during world war. Claude turns attention to building home for Enid Boyce, religious daughter of Jason Boyce, Frankfort miller, whom he has married and gone on honeymoon with to Colorado. Ralph drove the newlyweds from ceremonies at Royce home to the depot. The train has just pulled out.

The train glided quietly out through the summer darkness, along the timbered river valley. Claude was alone on the back platform, smoking a nervous cigar. As they passed the deep cut where Lovely creek flowed into the river, he saw the lights of the mill house flash a moment in the distance. The night air was still; heavy with the smell of sweet clover that grew high along the tracks, and wild grapes wet with dew. The conductor came to ask for the tickets, saying with a wise smile that he had been hunting for him, as he didn't like to trouble the lady.

After he was gone, Claude looked at his watch, threw away the end of his cigar, and went back through the Pullman cars. The passengers had gone to bed; the overhead lights were always turned low when the train left Frankfort. He made his way through the aisles of swaying green curtains, and tapped at the door of his state room. It opened a little way, and Enid stood there in a white silk dressing gown with many ruffles, her hair in two smooth braids over her shoulders.

"Claude," she said in a low voice, "would you mind getting a berth somewhere out in the car tonight? The porter says they are not all taken. I'm not feeling very well. I think the dressing on the chicken

salad must have been too rich." "Yes, answered mechanically. "Yes, certainly. Can't I get you something?" "No, thank you. Sleep will do me more good than anything else. Good-night."

She closed the door, and he heard the lock slip. He stood looking at the highly polished wood of the panel for a moment, then turned, irresolutely and went back along the slightly swaying aisle of green curtains. In the observation car he stretched himself out upon two wicker chairs and lit another cigar. At 12 o'clock the porter came in.

"This car is closed for the night, sah. Is you the gentleman from the stateroom in 14? Do you want a jawer?"

"No, thank you. Is there a smoking car?"

"That's all right. It's forward?" Claude absently handed him a coin, and the porter conducted him to a very dirty car where the floor was littered with newspapers and cigar stumps, and the leather cushions were gray with dust. A few desperate-looking men lay about with their shoes off and their suspenders hanging down their backs. The sight of them reminded Claude that his left foot was very sore and that his shoes must have been hurting him for some time. He pulled them off, and thrust his feet, in their silk socks, on the opposite seat.

On that long, dirty, uncomfortable ride Claude felt many things, but the paramount feeling was homesickness. His hurt was of a kind that made him turn with a sort of aching cowardice to the old, familiar things that were as sure as the sunrise. If only the sagebrush plain, over which the stars were shining, could break up and resolve itself into the windings of Lovely Creek, with his father's house on the hill, dark and silent in the summer night! When he closed his eyes he could see the

light in his mother's window; and, lower down, the glow of Mahalley's lamp, where she sat nodding and mending his old shirts. Human love was a wonderful thing, he told himself, and it was most wonderful where it had least to gain.

By morning the storm of anger, disappointment, and humiliation that was boiling in him when he first sat down in the observation car, had died out. One thing lingered, the peculiarly casual, indifferent, uninterested tone of his wife's voice when she sent him away. It was the flat tone in which people make commonplace remarks about common things.

Day broke with silvery brightness on the summer seas. The sky grew pink, the sand grew gold. The dawn-wind brought through the windows the acrid smell of the sagebrush; an odor that is peculiarly stimulating in the early morning, when it always seems to promise freedom. Large spaces, new beginnings, better days.

The train was due in Denver at 8 o'clock. Exactly at 7:30 Claude knocked at Enid's door—this time firmly. She was dressed, and greeted him with a fresh, smiling face, holding her hat in her hand.

"Are you feeling better?" he asked.

"Oh, yes! I am perfectly all right this morning. I've put out all your things for you, there on the seat."

He glanced at them. "Thank you. But I won't have time to change, I'm afraid."

"Oh, won't you? I'm so sorry I forgot to give you your hat last night. But you must put on another necktie, at least. You look too much like a groom."

"Do?" he asked, with a scarcely perceptible curl of his lip.

Everything he needed was neatly arranged on the push seat: shirt, collar, tie, brushes, even a handkerchief. Those in his pockets were black from dusting off the clinders that blew in all night, and he threw them down and took up the clean one. There was a damp spot on it, and as he unfolded it he recognized the scent of a cologne Enid often used. For some reason this attention unmanned him.

He felt the smart of tears in his eyes, and to hide them bent over the metal basin and began to scrub his face. Enid stood behind him, adjusting her hat in the mirror.

"How terribly smoky you are, Claude. I hope you don't smoke before breakfast?"

"No. I was in the smoking car

awhile. I suppose my clothes got full of it." "You are covered with dust and clinders, too!" She took the clothes from the rack and began to brush him.

Claude caught her hand. "Don't please," he said sharply. "The porter can do that for me."

Enid watched him furtively as he closed and strapped his suitcase. She had often heard that men were cross before breakfast.

"Sure you've forgotten nothing?" he asked before he closed her bag.

"Yes, I never lose things on the train—do you?"

"Sometimes," he replied guardedly, not looking up as he snapped the catch.

(Continued in The Morning Bee.)

Marion Official Addresses Motor Trade Association

F. E. Moskovics, vice president of the Nordyke-Marion company of Indianapolis, one of the leading figures in the automobile industry, spoke at the monthly meeting of the Omaha Automobile Trade association in the Chamber of Commerce yesterday.

Mr. Moskovics discussed the used car situation, showing that dealers are losing money in trades, and pointed out other leaks in their business.

J. T. Stewart has resigned as president and director of the association, pointing out that he had served for more than 12 years. Guy L. Smith, formerly vice president, was elected to succeed Mr. Stewart as president and Lee Huff was elected vice president. John Hansen was elected a director to fill out the unexpired term of Mr. Stewart.

Whipple Succeeds Ballentyne

G. L. Whipple, former general superintendent of transportation of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad, has assumed his new duties as general superintendent of transportation for the Union Pacific. He has succeeded N. D. Ballentyne, recently made assistant to the president of the Seaboard Air Line.

The roasted flesh of camels and elephants is eaten in Africa.

Our Children

By ANGELO PATRI.
The Apple of Peace.

Early in the term there are lively times in the "second and third primary." The children there are very tad-polish and there too, is where the young teachers begin their work.

Miss Alice was one of the beginners. She had a class of little boys none older than seven. You think they were too young to give a teacher trouble? Not at all. They could trouble the old and wise.

The halls were filled with the sound of marching feet. Bells were shrilling, doors opening and closing, voices urging. It was the noon change. You see this was a duplicate school and the classes that had been home for lunch now changed places with those who had been in the classrooms. There was no time to be lost. Those in the rooms were hungry and eager to be off, those in the halls were being pushed along by teachers conscious of a full schedule ahead.

At the door of the room where Miss Alice struggled with her first charge, the entering class stood with a resigned air. Every class on the floor had been seated at work for the past five minutes and still they must wait.

The class looked resigned but the teacher was restless. At last the door swung open and the class of 50 little boys wagged out. Their coats were flapping open instead of being buttoned to their chests. Their caps stuck out of their pockets or swung swaggeringly from their hands. Their rubbers were neither off nor on and they scuffed along, each face bearing a mischievous grin.

After them came Miss Alice, eyes flashing, cheeks like cherries. She intended to dismiss them with dignity but they reached the head of the stairs first and away they clattered before you could say, "scat!"

The little teacher looked after them, tears of indignation in her eyes, then turned and marched into the office. "I've come to resign," said she.

"So soon?" said the principal. "Yes, I have to. I spanked a boy."

"You did?"

"Yes. When I sent them for their clothing each of them grabbed a coat and then began calling, 'teacher, he has my coat. I made them all sit down no matter what coat they laid down. Then I saw that they were all grinning. This was the joke. Able had tossed about a dozen caps up on the top of the wardrobe."

"I knew the other teacher was at the door waiting so I had to climb up and get those caps. When I tried to get down I found that Able had turned up the top of the desk that I had stepped up on. I was so mad when I got down that I turned him over my knees and spanked him. So I've got to resign."

"I wouldn't. Wait until afternoon. You'll feel better and Able will do better. See if he doesn't. We all make mistakes—Able and you and me. By and by we learn to live without spanking each other. Try again."

That afternoon Able brought two big and red apples, one for her and one for him and when the principal looked in after three, they were eating the apple of peace. "I stayed to help," beamed Able. "So did I," said Miss Alice.

(Copyright, 1923.)

Omaha Lad Is Cornetist on Kemper Radio Program.

M. M. Ward of Omaha, Neb., a cadet at the Kemper Military school at Booneville, Mo., will play with the school band when it broadcasts a radio program from the station of the state marketing bureau at Jefferson City, Mo., Monday night, April 23, at 8. He is also on the program for two cornet solos.



His Old Sweetheart

Sweethearts nowadays keep young.

Think how often we meet women looking younger than they did ten years ago.

One great reason lies in Palmolive Soap. Careful women who don't use it are the exceptions now.

Think how the use has spread. Beauties the world over use it. No other skin soap has ever attained anywhere near such fame.

A masterpiece

Palmolive is a masterpiece of soap making. The experts who perfected it spent a lifetime in the study of facial soaps.

The soap is penetrating. It cleans out the pores to their depths. It removes the clogging matter which so ruins skins.

Then it applies a cosmetic, based on palm and olive oils. The world has never found

anything so good for the complexion.

Prove the effects

Consider how women have flocked to Palmolive. How they have clung to it for twenty years. How they have spread its use by telling others its results.

Don't you think that every woman should find out how Palmolive gained its fame?

The soap is inexpensive, due to enormous volume. Every woman can afford it. And no woman will find, at any price, a soap that compares for the skin.

So it was in Egypt

So in Egypt, in Cleopatra's time. Beauties then used palm and olive oils.

So in Rome, 2,000 years ago. For over 30 centuries palm and olive oils have held supreme place for the skin. And they always will.

But never were they made so effective as in Palmolive Soap.

Volume and efficiency produce 25-cent quality for

10c



Palm and olive oils—nothing else—give nature's green color to Palmolive Soap.

Orkin Bros.

ALL SALES FINAL

ALL SALES STRICTLY CASH

Conant Hotel Building

A Thrill for Omaha Women's Hearts! Wednesday

A SPECTACULAR TRIUMPH IN OUR Reorganization Sale

483 BEAUTIFUL SPRING DRESSES

that sold in a regular way up to \$35--in two groups

\$9.96 \$14.96

YOU HAVE ENCOUNTERED WONDERFUL DRESS OFFERINGS IN THE PAST, BUT THEY ALL FADE INTO INSIGNIFICANCE WHEN COMPARED TO THESE TRULY STARTLING VALUES. AN OCCASION THAT SHOULD SUPERSEDE EVERY OTHER ENGAGEMENT YOU HAVE MADE FOR WEDNESDAY.

It would be a merchandising impossibility to offer such dresses at such prices under ordinary circumstances, but our reorganization program calls for the complete disposal of every garment by April 29th.

Models for Street, Afternoon, Shopping and Sports Wear. All sizes 14 to 48.

Cantons Flat Crepes Paisley Crepes
Allyme Crepes Wool Crepes
Taffetas Crepe de Chines

You'll want two or three Dresses at these amazingly Low Prices

They are simply irresistible. Omaha has never seen the equal of these dress offerings. To not be here Wednesday is to miss the most phenomenal money saving on high type dresses that has ever been offered you.

You will be more than repaid by an early attendance



"Everything all right at the office, Jones?"
"That's good—Yes, I'm having a fine time."

Away From Home!

No matter where you go—whether on a vacation, on a far away visit, or just a short automobile trip, the telephone keeps you within easy reach of your place of business.

Many business men spend a considerable amount of time away from the office. The telephone makes supervision possible from any distance.

The Blue Bell Sign is practically everywhere. It is easy to talk to your place of business from wherever you may be and learn the progress of affairs.

NORTHWESTERN BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY