

Woman Seeks Mayor's Post; Planks Unique

Would Give Each Policeman One Week as Chief—Eager to Cut Expenses.

Toledo, O., Aug. 1.—"If I get to be mayor I would give each policeman a week of being chief. It's too bad the police can't take part in politics. I suppose they're afraid of some of the officials."

This is one of the unwritten planks in the platform of Carrie Miller Barnes, who has filed papers for the office of mayor. Mrs. Barnes is the first woman to seek the office in Toledo. Her written platform is equally interesting.

Mrs. Barnes is the mother of five "kids" as she calls them, and a grandmother. She says her friends have repeatedly told her "Toledo needs a big-hearted mayor."

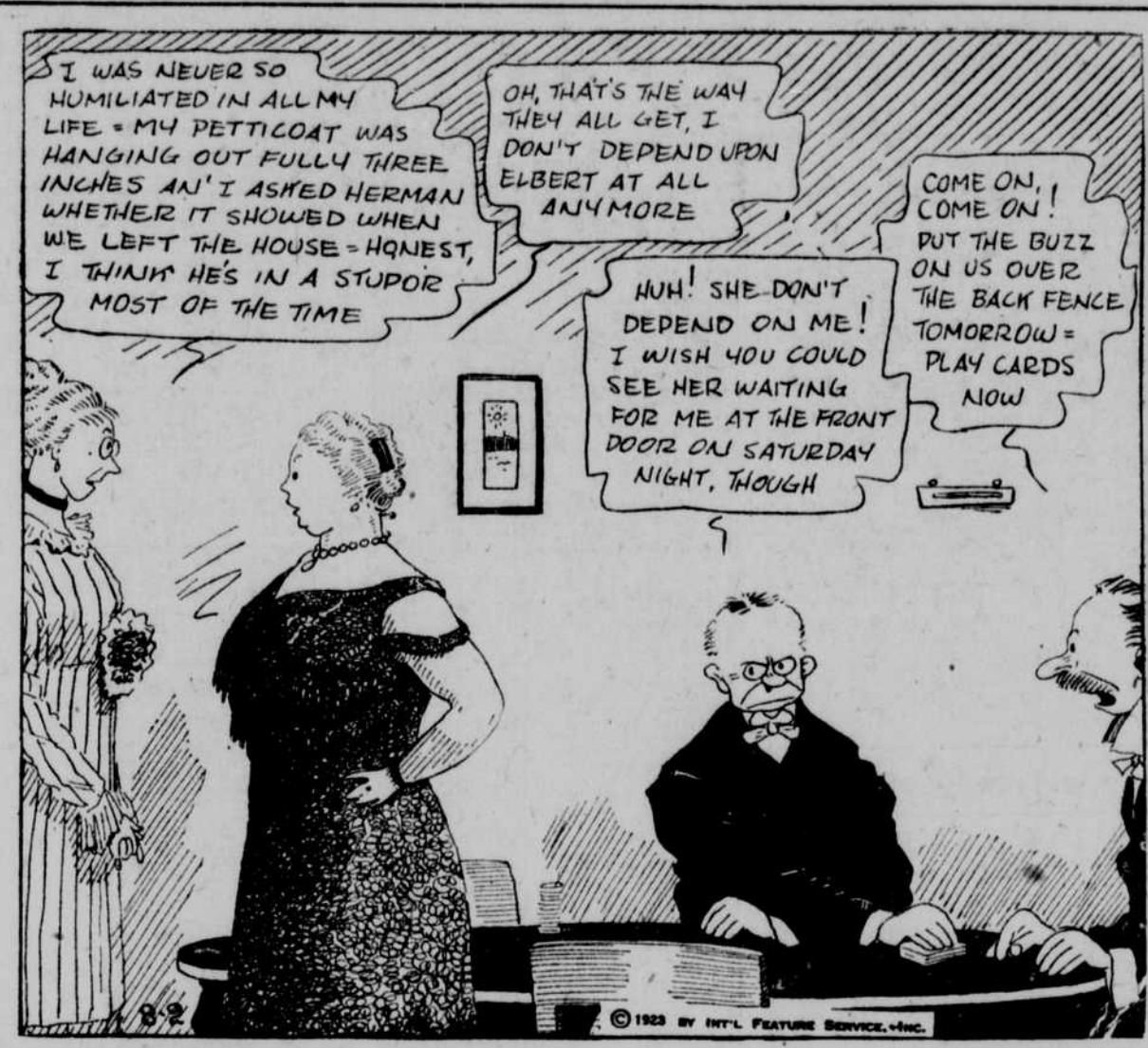
The candidate is president of the Home Printing & Binding company. She admits she has a husband who works at the plant, but refuses to give his first name or the names of her children. She says they have nothing to do with her political career.

"No one element will bulldoze me. No dinner clubs will be my advisors. I will represent all classes of people." These statements are contained in the platform.

Mrs. Barnes also says in her platform that she will put a competent local man in charge of the operation of street cars. When asked if she would remove Commissioner Cann from his position, she replied: "I'm not saying a thing."

Here is the text of the platform: "Run the city within the tax limit. Opposed to all kinds of bond issues at this time. No bond issues for grade crossings. Let railroads move to the outskirts of the town, or provide flagmen at all crossings. Cut the speed of trains when passing through the town."

EDDIE'S FRIENDS



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Bandits Rob Man in Own Garage

Local Realty Company Manager Robbed of \$2,300 in Cash and Diamonds.

Three armed and masked bandits lay in wait for R. D. Goldberg, one of the brothers who operate the World Realty company, in the garage of his home at 302 South Fifty-second street early Wednesday morning and robbed him of more than \$2,300 in cash and diamonds, he reported to police. The trio was inside of the garage when Goldberg drove in and leaped upon the running boards of his machine and ordered him to put up his hands.

Goldberg had been riding with friends, he told police, and did not reach home until shortly after 2. He noticed that his dog seemed excited and barked a great deal as he drove into the yard, but thought nothing of it. The doors of the garage were open and he drove in.

Bandits Armed. "Throw up your hands and give us what you have," a man ordered as he and two others leaped onto the running boards of the Goldberg machine. One of the men, another raised the hood of the machine and tore loose the ignition wires and the third began to search Goldberg's pockets.

Escape in Auto. A wallet valued at \$50 that contained \$60 in cash was taken, his keys were thrown onto the floor of the car, as was his handkerchief and papers. The bandit who had disconnected the wires joined the searcher then and together they stripped Goldberg of his stick pin, set with 15 small diamonds and valued at \$250, and his ring, set with a 5 1/2-karat diamond and valued at \$2,000.

After admonishing Goldberg that it would be useless to call for aid, the bandits ran from the garage, west on Farnam street, and escaped in an automobile parked about one block from Goldberg's home.

Tot Trampled by Cow Is Still Unconscious

Special Dispatch to The Omaha Bee. Fremont, Neb., Aug. 1.—Laura Stieren, 6, daughter of a farmer residing near West Point, was still unconscious this afternoon at the Fremont hospital where she was brought Tuesday evening, following an attack by a mother cow.

The girl had been playing with other children in a nearby inclosure where the cow and her calf were feeding. The other children say that Laura, who had been playing with the calf, was suddenly attacked by the angered cow.

Cries of the children summoned the father who was threshing in the next field. The girl unconscious when picked up and medical aid failed to revive her.

She has a painful bruise on the side of her head and physicians fear her skull has been severely fractured.

Will Plead Guilty to Charge of Murder. Special Dispatch to The Omaha Bee. Sioux Falls, S. D., Aug. 1.—Antone Johnstone, laborer of Egan, held for the murder of W. E. Johnson, and the wounding of Mrs. Johnson, his neighbors, when they interceded early Tuesday morning during a quarrel between Johnstone and his wife, decided Wednesday to enter a plea of guilty to the charge of murder.

He is on the verge of a collapse and it may be a day or two before he is able to come to Sioux City in charge of officers and appear in court here to receive his sentence.

City Still Second Livestock Market

Omaha Leading Feeder Sheep Point in World—Third Packing Center.

Shipment of cattle to South Omaha markets increased from 17,121 cars in 1922 to 38,251 cars in 1923, according to figures compiled by the bureau of public affairs of the Omaha Chamber of Commerce.

At the end of 1923 Omaha was crowded out as the second livestock market in the country by Kansas City, Omaha taking third place. Within three months cattle receipts here increased until Kansas City was in turn crowded out and Omaha resumed its place as second livestock market in the livestock markets of the world and as the third packing center.

Approximately a half million transactions are made annually by the Livestock exchange, which controls the stockyards.

Knudson Rules on Banking Law Affecting Old Business. Special Dispatch to The Omaha Bee. Lincoln, Aug. 1.—Old business on here is not affected by the restrictions in the new banking law limiting discounts and bills payable to not more than capital stock and surplus of banks, according to a ruling today by K. C. Knudson, head of state banking department.

Knudson in making this ruling was advised of its legality by Attorney General O. S. Spillings in cases of great necessity, rediscussing in larger amounts will be permitted on application to the state department.

Rough-Hewn Dorothy Canfield

Neale Griffithson, typical American youth, lives with his parents in Union Hill, a village near New York city. He is a graduate of Columbia university and is now a business agent for an American firm. He is a very successful man, and his parents are very proud of him.

Neale found himself resisting her certainty, although it had been his own. He sat up, suddenly astounded at all that was being said, and cried roughly, "Martha, do you know what this means? You are sending me away. What can I do without you?"

She shook her head. "It wouldn't be the best of gold," she said sadly. "It would be a mess of potato, and you mustn't sell your heritage for it, any more than I."

He looked at her hard, and said that he had no hold on her. "Oh, it's finished for me!" he cried bitterly, out of all patience. "If you send me away for some romantic notion, you need have no idea that I will marry any one else. I shall never have anything to do with a woman again."

She said steadfastly though her lips were trembling, "I think when I see you again, I shall never have anything to do with a woman again."

CHAPTER XXXV. Neale had set the wheels of his business life whirling at such speed and there were so many of them that they continued to turn clatteringly around and around after Martha had gone away, not only from him, but from America.

A week after Martha's departure he had a letter from grandfather, written on blue-lined paper, of the kind that he had seen in the past. "Dear Neale: Wharton just came in to say he wants the Melvin spruce and heard you had bought them. He wants \$15 for 12 hundred (couldn't find out what you'd paid for them, I guess). I said 15 hundred and stuck to it. He squirmed some. But I knew through Ed that he wanted them for a New York order he's got for big stuff. And there aren't any others around here that'll come up to his specifications. So I made him toe the mark. He left a check for \$300 (which I enclose) and will pay spot cash for the rest before beginning to cut."

Neale sat at his desk looking hard at the piece of cheap paper which brought him the news that in a short time he would have \$300 more in the bank than he had had before. All without turning his hand over. All he had done was to know that the Melvin spruce were worth a lot more than was thought by the Iowa cousin who had inherited that distant woodlot.

A hasty mental calculation showed him that with this money he would have over \$2,000. Clear. Not so bad! He considered the matter, wondering why he felt no more elation, and decided that it was because he could not for a moment think of anything he specially wanted to do with \$2,000. Always before this he had thought he was making money to give to Martha. Was it possible that he had been using Martha as an excuse? No, he explained hastily to himself, the point was that Martha had, all that time, had some definite use to make of money. It bought things they wanted and thought important, suburban houses and mahogany twin beds and what not, Martha easily

could have spent that sum to buy things that pleased her. The only use he could think of for it was to use it over again to make more money. And then what? It didn't seem much of a life to do that over and over.

He looked around him at the busy outer office, filled with haste and a sense of the importance of far processes. There was more to it than making money. That was the foolish, reforming professor's idea of "sordid business." You were in it, not because you wanted the money but because it was the biggest game in the world, and it was fun to win out. All right then. He would win out.

One evening unwarily he allowed something alarming to happen to him, something worse than stopping to think. After a solitary dinner at Reisenweber's he strolled along 59th street, and as it seemed too early to go back to his rooms and he had nothing else to do that evening, he stepped into a concert at Carnegie hall. He stepped in to get rid of a few hours of his restless uneasiness and he longed to see the violinist, less uneasiness that he could not think of going to bed, but walked up and down the streets for hours trying to forget the shouts of the brass, the long sweet cries of the violin.

They seemed to call his name over and over . . . to summon him out, to some glory . . . little by little they went back to bed, the same flat, inner sense as before, hearing nothing but the banging clatter of the elevated and the clang of the surface-car bells. A little before dawn he went back to bed, his head aching. What sort of a life was this, anyhow?

One day he was consulting a letter file near the door to the manager's office, which stood ajar. Over the top of the door he saw the familiar scene: Mr. Gates' private secretary standing to the right of his employer in a respectful attitude, a bunch of letters in his hand. Mr. Gates adjusted his eye-glasses, by the gold chain gleaming yellow against the hard gray of his thin cheeks. He took a letter off the pile and held it up before him. To Neale's astonishment he saw the letter in both hands, and it fell out of his trembling fingers upon the desk and slid to the floor.

Mr. Gates stooped, secured it with difficulty and lifted his head to recover his position. As he did this, with rather a jerk to get his balance, the drooping loop of his eye-glass chain caught on the key of the drawer and tore his glasses off. They fell on the desk with a little tinkling clatter, broken; instantly Mr. Gates

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WORLD. LAST TWO DAYS - The All-Star - LAUGH SHOW - SIX ACTS. SUN. Last Three Days - "SAWDUST" - SUNDAY JACK PICKFORD in a Story of the Kentucky Derby "GARRISON'S FINISH". LAST TWO DAYS MOON LAST TIMES FRI. "SHOOTIN' FOR LOVE" New Show Saturday. NEIGHBORHOOD THEATERS GRAND - 16th and Binney HELENE CHADWICK, RICHARD DIX in "THE DUST FLOWER". VICTORIA - 24th and Fort "Coolest in Omaha" KATHERINE McDONALD in "WOMAN CONQUERS". Lakeview Park SPECIAL ATTRACTION Stroul's Military Concert Band TONITE AND ALL WEEK 8:00 TO 10:30 P. M.