

# MICHAEL O'HALLORAN

BY GENE STRATTON PORTER

**SYNOPSIS.**  
Michael O'Halloran, an orphaned newsboy, finds the name of a child in a newspaper. The child is found by her mother, who places her in an orphanage since the death of her husband. Michael, or Mickey, is slightly afraid of the child, but sympathizes with her over the prospect of the orphan's home. She pleads with him not to leave her. Peaches finally persuades Mickey to take her away. He hires a woman to assist him and sets her established in his home in Sunrise Alley. After bathing her, Mickey gives her his bed. Bird falls asleep.  
Douglas Bruce, the man who aided Mickey in obtaining his money from a bigger boy, is introduced with Leslie Weston, a woman who loves the name and great outdoors. During their conversation it is decided that Weston will take a trip to the swamp and attempt to make a basket of articles as that of the Indian women.

(Continued from Yesterday.)

Mickey turned back. "Paper, maybe," he suggested, pointing to her closed hand. The nurse opened it and found a nickel. He handed it to Mickey. "If you have a clean one left, let this nurse take it to Miss Alden's case, and say she has been assigned other duty. See to sending a substitute at once."  
Every paper proved to be marked. "I can bring you a fresh one in a second, lady," offered Mickey. "I got the money."

"All right," she said. "Wait with it in the office and then I'll pay you."  
"I'm sent for a paper. I'm to be let in as soon as I get it," announced Mickey to the porter. "I ain't taking chances of being turned down," he said to himself, as he stopped a second to clean the step.

He returned and was waiting when the nurse came. She was young and fair faced; her hair was golden, and as she paid Mickey for his papers, he wondered how soon he could have Lily looking like her. He took one long survey as he pocketed the money, thinking he would rush home at once; but he wanted to fix in his mind how Lily must appear, to be right, for he thought a nurse in the hospital would be right.

The nurse knew she was beautiful, and to her Mickey's long look was tribute, male tribute; a small male indeed, but such a winning one; so she took the occasion to be her loveliest, and smile her most attractive smile. Mickey surrendered. He thought she was like an angel, that made him think of heaven, heaven made him think of God, God made him think of his call for help that morning, the call made him think of the answer, the beautiful woman before him made him think that possibly she might be the answer instead of the other one. He rather doubted it, but it might be a chance. Mickey was alert for chances for Peaches, so he smiled again, then he asked: "Are you in such an awful hurry?"

"I think we owe you more than merely paying for your papers," she said. "What is it?"

Again Mickey showed how long and how wide Lily was. "And with hair like yours, and eyes and cheeks that would be, if she had her chance, and nobody to give her that chance but just me," he said. "Me and Lily are all each other's got," he explained hastily. "We're home folks. We're a family. We don't want no bunching in corps and squads. We're nix on the Orphan's Home business; but you must know, ma'am—would you, oh would you tell me just how I should be taking care of her? I'm doing everything like my mother did to me, but I was well and strong. Maybe Lily, being a girl, should have things different. A-body so beautiful as you, would tell me, wouldn't you?"

Then a miracle happened. The nurse, so fresh she smelled like a drug store, so lovely she shone as a sunrise, laid an arm across Mickey's shoulders. "You come with me," she said. She went to a little room, and all alone she asked Mickey questions; with his eyes straight on hers, he answered. She told him surely he could take care of Lily. She explained how, she rang for a basket and packed it full of things he must have, showing him how to use them. She told him to come each Saturday at 4 o'clock to the Home business; but you must know, ma'am—would you, oh would you tell me just how I should be taking care of her? I'm doing everything like my mother did to me, but I was well and strong. Maybe Lily, being a girl, should have things different. A-body so beautiful as you, would tell me, wouldn't you?"

"I spect other folks tell you you are beautiful like flowers, or music, or colours," said Mickey in farewell, "but you look like a window in heaven to me, and I can see right through you to God and all the beautiful angels; but what gets me is why the other one is so lust her crust, to make you come true."

The nurse was laughing and wiping her eyes at the same time. Mickey gripped the basket until his hands were stiff as he sped homeward at least two hours early and happy about it. At the last grocery he remembered every word and bought bread, milk and fruit with care for a sick lady; he explained, so the grocer, who knew him, used care. Triumphant Mickey climbed the stairs. He paused a second in deep thought at the foot of the last flight, then ascended, intending to let Peaches know that he was coming, then on his threshold recited: "Onc't a little kid named Lily,  
Was so sweet she'd knock you silly,  
Yellow hair in milly curls,  
Beat a mile all other girls."  
She was on his bed; she was on his pillow; she had been lonely; both arms were stretched toward him.

"Mickey, hurry!" she cried. "Mickey, lemme hold you 'til I'm sure! Mickey, all day I didn't hardly durst breathe, fear the door'd open an they'd get me. Oh, Mickey, you won't let them, will you?"  
Mickey dropped his bundles and ran to the bed. This time he did not shrink from her wavering grasp. It was delight to come home to something alive, something that belonged to him, something to share with, something to work and think for, something that depended upon him.

"Now nix on the scare talk," he comforted. "Forget it! I've lived here three years alone, and not a single time has anybody come to get me, so they won't you. There's only one thing can happen us. If I get sick or spend too much on eating, and don't pay the rent, the man that owns this building will fire us out. If we fire, Mickey repeated impressively, "pay our rent regular, in advance, nobody will ever come, not ever, so don't worry."  
"Then what's all them bundles?" fretted Peaches. "You orn't a-got so much. You'll never get the next rent paid! They'll get me sure."  
"Now, thrattle your engine," advised Mickey. "Stop your car! Smash down on the brakes! They are things the city you reside in furnishes its taxpayers, or something like that. I pay my rent, so this is my share, and it's things for you; to make you comfortable. Which are you worst—tired, or hungriest, or hottest?"

"I don't know," she said. "Then I'll make a clean get-a-way."

said Mickey. "Washing is cooling, and it freshens you up a lot."  
So Mickey brought his basin again, bathing the tired child gently as any woman could have done it.  
"See what I got!" he cried as he opened bundles and explained. "I'm going to see if you have fever."  
Peaches rebelled at the thermometer.  
"Now come on in," urged Mickey. "Slide straight home to your base! If I'm going to take care of you, I'm going to right. You can't lay here eating wrong things if you have fever. No-sir-ee! You don't get to see in any more of these bundles, nor any supper, nor talked to any more, 'til you put this little glass thing under your tongue and hold it there just this way."—Mickey showed how—"three minutes by the clock, then I'll know what to do with you next. I'll sit beside you, and hold your hands, and tell you about the pretty lady that sent it."

Mickey wiped the thermometer on the sheet, then presented it. Peaches took one long look at him and opened her lips. Mickey inserted the tube, set the clock in sight, and taking both her hands he held them closely and talked as fast as he could to keep her from using them. He had not half finished the day when the time was up. If he had done it right, Peaches had very little, if any, fever.  
"Now turn over so I can rub your back to make it all nice and rested,"

he said. "And then I'll get supper."  
"I don't want my back rubbed," she protested. "My back's all right now."  
"Nothing to do with going to have it rubbed," said Mickey. "It would be a silly girl who would have a back that wouldn't walk, and then wouldn't even try having it doctored, so that it would get better. Just try, Lily, and if it doesn't help, I won't do it any more."  
Peaches took another long look at

Mickey, questioning in nature, then turned her back to him.  
"Gosh, kid! Your back looks just like horses going to the fertilizer plant," he said.  
"Ain't that swearin'?" asked Peaches promptly.  
"First cousin," answered Mickey. "Scuse me, Lily. If you could see your back, you'd scuse worse than that."  
"Feelin' all do for me," said Peaches. "I live wid it."

"Honest, kid, I'm scared to touch you," he wavered.  
"Aw g'wan!" said Peaches. "I ain't gon' screechin' even if you hurt awful, an' you touch like a sparrer lookin' for crumbs. Mickey, can we put out a few?"  
"For the sparrows? Sure!" cried Mickey. "They're the ones that God sees especial when they fall. Sure! Put out some in a minute. Still now!"  
(Continued in the Morning Bee Tomorrow.)

**Texas Heads U. S. Workers.**  
Denver, Colo., Sept. 7.—F. A. Mohr of Dallas, Tex., general manager of the Gulf division of the Western Union Telegraph company, today was elected president of the Old-Time Telegraphers' and Historical association at the 40th annual convention of the organization here.  
New Orleans was chosen as the 1924 convention city.



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## For Domestic Sewing Machines

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We take great pleasure in announcing our connection with the Domestic Sewing Machine Co., of Buffalo, N. Y., manufacturers for over 60 years of the famous Domestic Sewing Machines. Their quality machines combined with Brandeis Service will be an innovation in Omaha

The fundamental advancement in design, excellence of materials and workmanship, as well as the introduction of many novel features, make these sewing machines, in our opinion, the finest of any make. We cordially invite you to this opening Saturday, on our Fifth Floor.

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### 3500 Sterling Silver Thimbles Free

AS SOUVENIRS OF THE OCCASION—SATURDAY ONLY

You are not required to make a purchase to get one of these beautiful sterling silver thimbles. They are a gift from the new sewing machine section. We are giving them away to attract home sewers to the splendid department on the 5th floor. All that you have to do is to visit the sewing machine section, where an attendant will hand you one of the thimbles. None given to children.

### An Opening Feature

## Sewing Machine Needles Each

1c

Each

Needles for the King, Sit-Rite, The Free, White, Singer, New Home, Davis, Household, Minnesota and all the Domestic models. Dozen, 10c or each 1c. One dozen limit to a customer. No mail or phone orders. Fifth Floor.

## Record Breaking One Day Sale

\$5,000 is the mark we have set for this opening day's business. It's a pretty big total, we'll admit—and there is only one way to reach such a figure; that is to offer such unequalled values that the person with a need or a wish for a sewing machine cannot afford to let these offerings pass by.

Thousands of dollars' worth of dependable sewing machines have been bought, just for this opening day's business, at lower prices than they have been for years.  
AN EVENT which proves that Brandeis leads the way in value giving with the greatest offering of desirable sewing machines Omaha has ever seen; in fact, every machine will be marked at a great reduction for this opening event.

### Domestic \$55

Domestic Marked for Opening Special near manufacturer's cost. This price for Opening Sale Only. Price goes back to regular after opening sale.



### Domestic Cabinet \$70

Domestic Cabinet, this price for opening day only is one of the finest grade cabinets made by the Domestic Sewing Machine Co. Guaranteed 25 years.



### Willard Cabinet \$50

Willard Cabinet, opening day one-third less than regular price. Very neat in design, compact, has the automatic lift, ball-bearing stand, warranted 15 years.



### Domestic Rotary \$65

Domestic Rotary this is an extra special price as an opening day feature. Should you desire a machine that will sew without noise, ask to see this one.



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Demonstrator. Limited quantity.



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\$34

Portable Electric with Hamilton-Beach Motor—Complete set attachments, ten-year guarantee. Made to sell at \$68.00. Limited quantity. For this big sale, only \$34.00.

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No finer tribute could be paid the Domestic Electric Sewing Machine than the success it has won in the brief time since its introduction. Simplicity, ease of operation, ease of control. Styles admirable for the home. The Handsome Cabinets of the Machines Make Them Real Furniture, as you will notice from the artistic styles of the machines shown.

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Domestic Electric Drop Head. We feature this machine as one of the best where high speed is necessary. Can be changed from electric to foot power in a moment.

\$20.00 Allowance

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\$20.00 Allowance

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Portable Electric with Hamilton-Beach Motor—Complete set attachments, ten-year guarantee. Made to sell at \$68.00. Limited quantity. For this big sale, only \$34.00.