Entire Town of Geddes Takes Up Hunt for Doctor

League Formed to Aid in Search for Dr. Fyle Offers $2,000 Reward for Information.

Geddes, S. D., Feb. 10.—After a meeting of the executive committee of the newly formed "Search for Dr. Fyle league," consisting of Dr. Fyle's sister, Mrs. May Fyle Wheddon, the city mayor, president of the school board, president of the commercial club, master of the Masonic lodge, pastors of the Catholic and the community churches and the elected officers of the league, the following signed statement was issued:

"A cash reward of $2,000 is offered for information leading to the location of Dr. Fred E. Fyle or the discovery of his body if he is dead, reward to be paid upon satisfactory proof or identification of his person or body. There are no strings tied to this reward. It is available in cash. We have only one purpose at this time, that is to locate Dr. Fyle.

"The doctor was last seen leaving Sioux City, December 11, 1923, at 3:30 p. m., in a Ford coupe, advising friends that he was going to Geddes, his home, where he has a large hospital and practice.

"A description of the doctor and his car is as follows: He was 52 years of age, 6 feet 2 inches tall, weighed 220 pounds, iron gray hair, large blue eyes, drooping eyelids, had full set of false teeth, a dark brown round mole size of a dime on left temple, scar on right side of back near kidney.

"When last seen he wore a gray suit, gray hat, long grayish brown overcoat. The car he drove was a Ford coupe of 1920 make, with three-speed gear shift, water pump, rebound checks on rear and shock absorbers. The 1923 South Dakota license number was 52,358, engine number is 5,642,598. There is a hole drilled in cover of rear compartment, size about one-half inch, near keyhole. One engine hanger casting was broken and repaired.

"In addition to the liberal cash reward, without qualifying conditions, this committee is asking the help of every possible fraternal, civic, government, private and public agency, including radio broadcasting stations, in the nation-wide search. All that is being done here is purely from a humanitarian standpoint.

"The entire community has volunteered to see this search through until he is found. Dr. Fyle was a Consistory Mason, a Shriner, an Elk, an Odd Fellow, a Woodman and a member of the Methodist church. He was a man of exceptionally wide and good reputation and a highly skilled physician and surgeon, thoroughly conscientious in his practice.

"The slogan here is, "Find Dr. Fyle." Nothing will be left undone that is possible until this is accomplished. His aged parents and other relatives are prostrated and this community, that he has done so much for in his 15 years' practice here, is unanimous and deeply in earnest in this movement. It is requested that any information of value be transmitted immediately to Warren E. Beck, president of the Search for Dr. Fyle league, Geddes, S. D."

Infection From Pulled Tooth Results in Death

Columbus, Neb., Feb. 10.—Infection which developed following the extraction of a tooth caused the death of Sebastian Hoesly, 45, Madison (Neb.) automobile dealer, at St. Mary hospital here. He had been ill for a week and had been brought to Columbus for treatment two days before death.

He leaves a widow and one son at Madison. Hoesly was born in Switzerland. During the past 15 years he has been in the automobile business at Leigh, Humphrey, Omaha, Albion and Madison.

The body was taken to Madison and funeral services will be conducted in the Methodist church there at 1 Monday.

Coming to all leading theatres
"Let Not Man Put Asunder"
with
PAULINE FREDERICK LOU TELLEGEN

Oliver Harriman to Wed Model

Miss Harriet Hewitt.

The above is an artistic study of Miss Harriett Hewitt, former mannequin in a New York hat shop, drawn by Harrison Fisher, the noted artist. The beautiful model will become the bride of Oliver Carley Harriman, son of the millionaire New York banker, as soon as the first Mrs. Harriman's interlocutory divorce decree becomes final. Young Harriman himself is a banker, clubman and noted sportsman.

Nebraska News Nubbins

Cambridge—The evangelistic meetings being held in the Methodist church are attracting the largest attendance of any meeting ever held in Cambridge. Rev. Frank Mathis, Colorado Springs evangelist, and Mr. and Mrs. Harry P. Armstrong of Pawnee City are in charge of the chorus work. The meetings will close February 17.

Beatrice—Funeral services for Benjamin Steinmeyer, old resident of the Clatonia vicinity, were held from the German Lutheran church at Clatonia and burial was in the cemetery near that place. Mr. Steinmeyer, who died in Lincoln, was 41 and had been engaged in farming near Clatonia for years. A widow and two children survive.

Beatrice—H. B. Allen, 85, one-time resident of Beatrice, died at his home at Summerfield, Kan. He was a civil war veteran. The body was taken to Edgar for burial. Mr. Allen leaves a number of children, all grown. His wife died a few years ago.

Beatrice—While hunting near Krider in the south prt of the county, Glen Payne captured and killed two coyotes with his greyhounds. In the fight one of the dogs was badly injured.

Beatrice — Theodore Goitschalk, who was arrested here on a child desertion charge preferred against him at Geneva, Neb., was taken back to that place by Sheriff Little. The accused man has been working here the last few weeks.

Beatrice — John J. McNutt, pioneer resident of Liberty, died at that place after a prolonged illness. He was about 75 and is survived by his wife and a number of children, all grown.

Beatrice—Word was received here of the death of Paul Quackenbush, formerly a resident of De Witt, at Spokane, Wash. He was a son of Edward Quackenbush, former attorney at Auburn. The body will be brought to De Witt for burial.

Columbus — Elks initiation ceremonies will be followed by a past exalted rulers' night here Monday and will include many out of town visitors.

St. Paul—Clarence Irvin, living a few miles north of this city, while shelling corn on his farm, slipped on the ice. In the fall he put his hand in the pump in the pump jack, tearing his hand and breaking a few of the bones.

Lincoln—Through the efforts of several persons in civic, education and public life in Nebraska, the University of Nebraska has been equipped with one of the most modern motion and still picture studios in the middle west. It is believed that the Nebraska university studio is the most complete in any university of the country.

Tecumseh—The Tecumseh board of education has re-elected Prof. L. D. Halstead as superintendent of the Tecumseh schools for the coming year.

Tecumseh — Clarence E. Seward, pioneer resident of Johnson county, is dead at his home here, aged 71.

Nebraska City—A. S. Higgins of Auburn, whose foot was badly mangled when it was caught between the drawbars of two freight cars, has been compelled to have it amputated, surgeons fearing blood poisoning.

Blushing Bride, 63, Denies She Proposed to Bridegroom, 83

"Aaron says I did the proposing, because it's leap year, but that's not true," denied Rhodelia A. Baker, 63, in Council Bluffs before Justice A. F. Hollis. Rhodalia had just become the bride of A. N. Ward, 83, who was out "on furlough" from the Old Soldiers' home at Milford, Neb.

Mrs. Baker is a resident of Milford.

Both have three other weddings to their credit.

Mr. Ward and his "intended" drove to Council Bluffs, but they didn't surprise his companions in Milford.

"He's been keeping company with her for some time," they said.

Students From Orient to Meet

Second Annual Conference of College Foreigners to Be Held at Cedar Rapids.

By Associated Press.

Des Moines, Feb. 10.—Fifty selected Chinese, Hindu and Filipino students in Iowa colleges and universities will gather at Coe college at Cedar Rapids February 29 and March 1 and 2 at the second annual state student conference of orientals, under the auspices of the student department of the Iowa Young Men's Christian association.

E. R. Hinkley, state student secretary, has obtained Dr. Y. Y. Tsu, L. A. Lockwood of Foo Chow, China, and Dr. Charles Hurry, Y. M. C. A. world secretary for foreign students, to address the meetings of the conference.

The orientals are members of the metropolitan clubs affiliated with eight Iowa colleges. The conference inaugurated in Iowa last year is now being promoted in other states by the friendly relations committee of the Y. M. C. A.

The state student training conference for officers of the 20 student branches of the Young Men's Christian association in Iowa will meet at Ames on April 18, 19 and 20, and an organization is now being perfected for a state gathering of 2,000 Iowa college students in October under the leadership of the Young Men's and Young Women's Christian associations and the churches. This conference was authorized at the recent state convention of the Y. M. C. A.

Hiram Johnson Plans 4 Nebraska Speeches

Lincoln, Feb. 10.—Senator Hiram Johnson of California will be in Nebraska to deliver a number of speeches February 18 and 19, according to announcement here by Frank A. Harrison, who was Senator Johnson's campaign manager in this state four years ago.

Mr. Harrison said he had received a telegram saying the senator will arrive February 18 and speak in Lincoln that afternoon and at night at Omaha or vice versa. He also expects, Mr. Harrison said, to speak at Wahoo and Nebraska City if he finds time.

Labor Party for America Urged by Morris Hillquit

St. Louis, Mo., Feb. 10.—Political, social and economic progress of the United States depends upon formation of a political coalition similar to the British labor party, declared Morris Hillquit of New York, one of the delegates to the meeting of the socialist national committee here. The committee voted to hold the party's national convention at New York, May 17.

"Predominating tendencies in both the republican and democratic parties are reactionary," said Hillquit. "No 'third party' conceived by disgruntled politicians of either of the old parties and born of a desire for office can offer any relief. The only avenue of reform lies in the direction of a joint movement by the classes suffering from this reaction."

The committee accepted the resignation of Otto F. Branstatter of Chicago as executive secretary.

Thief Puts Hose on Floor to Keep Clothing Clean

Columbus, Neb., Feb. 10.—Sneak thieves looted the safe and five cash registers in the National 5-and-10-Cent store. Entrance to the store was gained by breaking the glass in a rear window. There was no money in the safe. Each one of the five cash registers had been looted of $1 only. One of the peculiar phases of the robbery was the fact that several women's stockings had been placed in front of the safe and had been used by the thief to kneel on while going through the safe.

Bee Want Ads Produce Results.

BEHIND THE SCREEN

By SAMUEL GOLDWYN

(Continued From Saturday.)

Again I realize that I seem to be piping the honeyed lay of the press agent. And once more I protest my innocence. Bobby Leonard and Mae Murray have, like Doug and Mary, one of those marriages based on an intense common interest. They are both absorbed in pictures and together they work out direction, business, costuming and all the minor chores of creating a picture. It is undoubtedly due to this co-operation that Mae's achievements have broadened so notably in the last few years.

I have told of Mae's early struggles with light-heartedness. She herself recounts them today with a full appreciation of their humor. But there is another more vital approach to the subject. You must consider that every picture is tremendously significant to the screen actor involved. If it succeeds, well and good. If it is a "flop" the proportionate damage to the actor's reputation is infinitely greater. I think I am safe in saying that if even such emphatic successes as Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, or Griffith were to make two or three successive failures they would find the coming back somewhat difficult. In fact, I have often heard Mr. Griffith remark, "I simply cannot afford to make a failure."

In the light of such knowledge, the heartache of Mae's first weeks on the Lasky lot are instantly apparent. Here she was, fully conscious of what that first picture meant in her career. And here at every step she was met by circumstances pointing to failure. And such heartaches, such beating of wings against barriers of prejudice and misunderstanding and actual hostility—those palpitate through many of the disputes recorded in this volume.

CHAPTER SEVEN.

Geraldine the Great.

In the early winter of 1915 I went to the stage production of "Marie Rosa." Who that witnessed the same performance can ever forget the creation of Mr. Lou Tellegen? That Latin lover whose ferocity showed in every silken accent, in every gesture of panther-like, slim body—today this lingers with me as among the most telling of dramatic brush strokes.

How distinctly I remember the first day that the young foreign actor, who, previous to his triumph in "Marie Rosa" had been hailed as "Bernhardt's beautiful leading man," came to my office! We were talking about salary when suddenly Tellegen jumped up from his chair and walked over to look at a photograph on the wall.

"Who is that?" he asked, peering at the face in the frame.

"Oh," answered I, "don't you know her? That is Geraldine Farrar."

"Oh, yes, the famous singer," he responded, never taking his eyes from the dazzling victorious face. "H'm—very, very beautiful, is she not?" he mused.

I had hoped that he was perhaps permanently swept away from the theme which he had relinquished so abruptly. I had, however, underrated Mr. Tellegen's powers of recuperation. A moment more and he was standing before me with a light in his eyes very different from that evoked by the abstract consideration of beauty.

"Let us say a thousand dollars a week," said he. "Certainly after all my experience I ought to be worth that."

Mention of Mr. Tellegen brings me logically to one achievement of my life which I always survey with pride. The year and a half that had elapsed since the production of "The Squaw Man" had brought almost incredible improvements in both the manufacture and presentation of photo plays. The modern system of lighting had replaced our former reliance upon the rays of the sun. More and more we had substituted the carpenter for the scene painter. As to the motion picture theater itself, this, of course, presented an aspect very different from the peanut-strewn area which in 1913 had suggested by great enterprise.

However, in spite of orchestral accompaniments and high-priced seats, in spite of the growing ascendancy of such stars as Mary Pickford and Charlie Chaplin, the motion pictures were merely popular. They were not fashionable. How to make them so, how to intrigue that shy marginal group known as "the carriage trade"—here was the challenge offered to the producer of 1915.

It was about this time that Morris Gest came to me and said: "I think I've about got Geraldine Farrar to the point where she's willing to go into motion pictures. What's more, I believe she'll come with you instead of with Zukor, for the idea of California is attractive to her, especially if she can go and come in a private car."

After a smile at this approach to the situation on the part of Miss Farrar I asked him, "But how does the famous prima donna look these days?"

"Wonderful! More beautiful than ever," retorted Gest.

On the first evening when Lasky and I called at Miss Farrar's home we found that Gest's enthusiasm was not misplaced. As she swept into the drawing room to greet us we both thought we had never in our lives seen any one so beautiful.

It did not take long to arrange matters between us. Miss Farrar agreed to go to California for eight weeks to make three pictures: "Marie Rosa," "Carmen" and "Temptation." For these services she was to receive $20,000 and in consideration of the modesty of the sum—she would have realized more for a concert tour of the same length—we agreed to supply her with a special car to and from Los Angeles, together with a furnished house, servants and food during the period of her stay.

On all such minor points Miss Farrar was immediately reasonable. Only in one subject did she display any vital curiosity.

"Whom are you going to engage for my leading man?" she asked.

"Never mind. It will be somebody that you'll like," we assured her.

"But," she urged, "you know it's very important that my Don Jose should be right. Otherwise the performance would be ruined."

Again we assured her that she was sure to be satisfied with our provision for this part.

"But who is he?" she insisted. "I want to know his name."

We evaded this request. And we kept on evading it throughout our subsequent interviews. This was not easy, for in every spare moment the prima donna would plead with me, "Why won't you tell me his name?"

It was almost the first question she asked after she stepped from the special train bearing her into California.

So many people have asked me for my first impression of Geraldine Farrar that I should like to interpolate here my response to that frequent inquiry. If you can picture a flowering arbor and then picture the subsequent surprise of finding inside of it a perfectly good dynamo you will have conceived the full force of Miss Farrar's personality. At the time when I met her she was in her early 30s and that beauty of lucent gray eyes and curving lips—the flowering vigor of look which she doubtless inherited from some ancestress of the Irish seas—was then at its height. Under this screen of physical allure I felt from the very first moment the pulse of a mind restless, eager, alert to every possibility of learning.

Indeed, the figure with which I started falls short of conveying the full effect of Miss Farrar's presence. Not only does she charge the atmosphere with that mental vitality of hers, she creates the impression always of cutting—cutting straight through any given subject. If I had said, therefore, that the arbor concealed one of those marvelous implements that cut, thrash and sack the grain, all in a single operation, I should have come nearer the ideal of description.

Miss Farrar is, like Mary Pickford, a captain of industry. She has the same masculine grasp of business, the same masculine approach to work. The difference between them is construed not alone by the immeasurably greater cultural equipment of Miss Farrar, but by many temperamental divergences. Whereas Mary Pickford's manner and voice are always marked by the feminine, almost child-like appeal to which I have referred, the prima donna's speech has a man's directness of import. She picks her words for strength, as might a Jack London sea captain or an Elizabethan soldier. And her utterance of these words reveals the same strange compound of qualities I have noted elsewhere. It is an enunciation both flowering and incisive.

The cantatrice's entrance into Hollywood was an unprecedented one. The mayor of Los Angeles was there to welcome her to California. So were 5,000 school children. Cowboys in their chaps and sombreros added their customary picturesqueness to the scene. Flowers were everywhere. All Los Angeles reminded you of a festa day in some Italian city. Nowadays we are so accustomed to spectacular personages in the motion pictures that it is hard to recapture for you the thrill that shook the entire country when Geraldine Farrar, the queen of the Metropolitan Opera house, came to California.

The night following Miss Farrar's arrival we gave her a dinner at the Hollywood hotel. This dinner included among its 200 guests not only the leading representatives of the screen colony but a number of distinguished sojourners. Among the latter may be mentioned Mr. John Drew and Miss Blanche Ring.

At this dinner party Miss Farrar turned to me almost at once with her habitual question. "And now surely," she pleaded, "you're going to tell me who is to be my Don Jose?"

De Mille and I exchanged a haggard glance. Many, many times had we shuddered together over the thought, "What if she doesn't like him?" Our previous experience with stars had taught us not to minimize that possible calamity.

"Tell me," repeated our great planet. "Not another minute will I wait!"

I was just about to reply when I looked up. I tall young man had entered the door and was now walking toward us. He was only 23. His evening clothes were by no means faultless, but the face above them was flushed with excitement. The blue eyes shone. I had never seen Wallace Reid look more like a beautiful and romantic young man of the daguerreotype collection.

"There," I whispered, watching her tensely, "there is your leading man."

She had already noticed him and as he moved slowly toward us she never took her eyes from his face. At last, just before he reached us, she began slowly nodding her head. "Very good," she whispered, and the smile with which she said it lingered as she repeated the encomium. "Very, very good."

I do not need to dwell upon the relief afforded to us by that smile. I venture to suggest, however, that it may have brought corresponding heart ease to Wallace himself. For he was then young and inexperienced and I have no doubt that for many days previous he, too, had been quailing before that grim possibility, "What if she doesn't like me!"

(Continued in The Morning Bee.)

Gage Farmers Want Cattle Tested for Tuberculosis

Beatrice, Neb., Feb. 10.—Representatives from 15 townships with L. Boyd, county agent, presiding, held a dinner at the Y. W. C. A., at which the circulation of petitions for tuberculosis tests in the county was discussed, and it was decided to begin work next week.

After the petitions have been signed by 51 per cent of the stockmen they will be forwarded to the state house to be passed upon by Governor Bryan.

Thousands of Crows Are Slaughtered in Contest

Clearwater, Neb., Feb. 10.—The annual crow-killing contest between hunters of Madison and Antelope counties has been going on for several days. Crows are being slaughtered by the thousands. A party of Clearwater hunters attacked one roost near here and killed 1,279 crows in a single night. The annual count of slain crows will be held February 28, when the contest ends.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Away Goes Eczema

Peterson's Ointment

"One day a druggist told me," says Peterson, "that Peterson's Ointment was the best remedy he sold for eczema. But you'll never make any money on it," he added, "because it heals so quickly that only a little ointment is used." All druggists, 35c.

Anderson Quits; Insists Innocent

New York Dry Leader Intimates Appeal Contemplated—Vindication Expected.

New York, Feb. 10.—A letter from William H. Anderson, protesting his innocence of the charges on which he was convicted last week and sentenced to from one to two years in state's prison, and conveying his resignation as superintendent of the Anti-Saloon league of New York, was made public today by the league. An announcement made at Gloversville, N. Y., yesterday that the league's directors had unanimously accepted the resignation, was confirmed.

Anderson, who was found guilty of third degree forgery for falsifying the league's books, asserted he resigned so that his connection with the organization might not keep from its membership those who were "unable to comprehend" the kind of service he had rendered the league.

The former state superintendent, declaring he had given 24 years of his life to the dry cause and was willing "to lay down my life at any time" for that cause, added that he did not shrink from the "greater sacrifice of having my good name falsely attacked as a result of my accomplishments."

His work, he continued, had put him in a false position in two respects: "By trying to save the league the cost of this work, I left myself open to misrepresentation in case a trusted assistant went wrong; in order to preserve inviolate a confidence respecting the assistance without which these victories would have been impossible, I accepted a situation which would leave me helpless if I were ever unfairly called upon to prove my story."

Mr. Anderson declared that an appeal from his conviction, which he intimated was contemplated, would be certain to vindicate him.

Talented Mimic on World Bill

A. Robins, Laugh Producer, Imitates Everything From Ukuleles to Fish.

A. Robins runs his act alone and gets away with it better than most any other on the new World bill. He's a surprise and laugh producer and has nearly everything in his clothes from bass fiddles to waste baskets. Besides that, he is a remarkable mimic of everything from ukuleles to fish.

Rafayette's dogs barked and backsomersaulted and acted their way into the hearts of the big audiences yesterday.

The Four Phillips risked their necks in breath-taking feats of balancing and strength. Two gentlemen of color, Farrell and Hatch, also proved favorites in singing jazzy songs of their own composition in their own way.

The ventriloquist is there in the person of Marshall Montgomery, assisted by Lucille De Haven and their flip wooden son. Organist Arthur Hays has an especially funny offering on "Sittin' in a Corner."

"The Last Hour," a tense dramatic effort starring Pat O'Malley, Jack Mower, Milton Sills, Carmel Myers and Alec Francis, is the offering on the World screen. The action of the plot pictures one brother, innocent of any wrongdoing, accused of murder and refused a pardon at the hands of the governor, who owes him favors.

The achievement of the director in building up a dramatic moment is the best part of the film and in the end he has worked out a novel ending which brings to the audience the unexpected.

A Real Optimist.

"He's the sort of optimist I like."

"In what way?"

"He believes in worrying when he has something to worry about, and smiling only when a smile won't make him look foolish."—Detroit Free Press.

"AT 75—NEW LEASE OF LIFE BY INTERNAL BATHS"

Mr. E. Shain of Santa Cruz, Cal., writes to the Tyrrell Hygienic Institute of New York, as follows: "My wife and I will be 75 years young next Birthday and consider that the 'J. B. L. Cascade' has given us a new lease of life, for we now enjoy the best of health. We were going down hill fast, but the Cascade has given us such health as we have not enjoyed in years."

The "J. B. L. Cascade" cleanses the lower intestine its entire length and keeps it always free of poisonous matter.

Thousands testify that Constipation, Indigestion, Stomach Troubles, Biliousness, Headaches and all the many serious troubles which they cause are absolutely relieved and prevented by this Nature Treatment.

We will gladly explain to you the simple operation of the "J. B. L. Cascade," why it is so certain in its results, and will give you free of cost, an interesting little book containing the results of the experiences of Dr. Chas. A. Tyrrell of New York, who was a specialist on Intestinal Complaints for 35 years in that city. Get a free booklet at Sherman & McConnell.

Adele Garrison

"My Husband's Love"

Lillian Put Her Proposition up to Mamie.

I hurried down to the kitchen, going with extra care past my mother-in-law's room. She was asleep, and I devoutly hoped that nothing would awaken her until we had finished arranging the bizarre expedition with which Lillian hoped to mislead the detective who had been sent to trail the four orphaned children of William and Elizabeth Harrison.

The smell of savory cooking filled the kitchen, and Katie was bustling about in the preparation of a dinner which in her opinion, a most critical one, would do justice to the departure of the Braithwaites and their orphaned charges. Jim was helping her, and both turned expectant, interested face to me when I entered. That my emphatic caution concerning giving out any information as to our movements, even to the Ticers, had excited their curiosity and their imagination was plain, but even voluble Katie put no question to me.

"I'm sorry to interrupt your work, Katie," I said, "but will you please go across the road and bring Mamie back with you if you can? If not find out the earliest minute she can come over."

Katie tossed her head, her usual declaration of independence.

"I no need dot Mamie," she said importantly. "She goot enough to clean rooms"—this with infinite condescension—"but in kitchen she two, t'ree boonches of soop greens."

"We do not want her to help you, Katie," I explained with more patience than I felt. "Mrs. Underwood wishes something of her."

"Oh-h." My little maid's eyes were rounder than ever as she hastily untied her apron and threw a coat over her head and shoulders. "I go me dees meenite. Jeem, eff you let dot cauliflower burn, I put kettle und burned stuff oppside down on your head."

She accompanied the threat with a giggle as she hurried out of the door. Jim looked sheepishly askance at me.

"Katie doesn't mean——" he began.

"Don't think you have to apologize for Katie to me, Jim," I laughed. "We have been together too many years for me to misunderstand her."

"Yes, that's so," Jim observed relievedly and went on with his stirring of some concoction which his wife evidently had delegated to him, while I smiled to myself, as I often had done before, at the curious yet happy combination which stolid sober Jim and voluble, erratic Katie make. It was but a few minutes before Katie returned with Mamie in tow. But there was neither curiosity nor excitement in Mamie's eyes. Whether her demeanor was due to stolidity, or a determination to betray nothing of her thoughts to strangers. I did not know, nor did I bother to conjecture, but beckoning her to follow me led the way to Lillian's room. Ushering her in, I turned to leave but an imperative gesture from my friend stopped me, and I waited, glad of the opportunity to observe the girl whose spirit and intelligence I had admired upon the occasion of her mother's arrest for distilling whisky.

"Mamie," Lillian went directly to the point, "would you like to go to New York tonight?"

The girl's face paled a bit, but she answered promptly "yes." Then her native cunning asserted itself, and she shot three questions at Lillian.

"Alone? On the train? Why?"

Lillian smiled.

"No, not alone, with me," she said. "And you will go on the train. The reason I am not going to tell you, but it is a good one. Sit down and listen carefully to what I have to say."

The girl sank obediently into a chair, with her eyes fixed on Lillian's.

"I wish to take you and your three brothers, the two older ones, and the 5-year-old, to New York with me tonight on the train," Lillian said slowly. "You will stay at the hotel with me tonight. I will show you some of the sights of the city tomorrow morning and you will come home on the afternoon train safe and sound to your mother. We will buy the children new outfits of clothing from head to foot which they may keep and we will pay your mother $10 if she will let you all go. But the reason why you will not know. It concerns only ourselves, and cannot possibly do any harm to anyone. There is only one thing. None of you must say until after you are home again a single thing about the journey, or even that the children are not at home. After you come home, you may tell anybody you please all about it. Will you do it?"

Attic Yields Old Melodeon

Pastor Rewarded in Search for Instrument to Revive Old Gospel Singing.

Columbus, Neb., Feb. 10.—A four week's hunt for an old-time melodeon, forerunner of the more modern reed organ, led Rev. E. L. Geissinger, pastor of the First Methodist church here, to the home of the late Charles Wooster, Silver Creek, Neb., known as the "Sage of Silver Creek." By means of a ladder placed against the outside of the house, Rev. Mr. Geissinger and a son of Mr. Wooster climbed into the attic and there discovered a veritable storehouse of antiques, buried under a couple tons of old papers and magazines that had accumulated during the lifetime of the "Sage of Silver Creek."

Rev. Geissinger was searching for the melodeon because he wanted to revive, in his Sunday school evening services, memories of the last century custom of gathering around the melodeon to sing the old gospel songs. The organ was hidden away in the attic half a century ago.

Rev. Mr. Geissinger has written to Mr. Wooster's daughter, an instructor in a Northampton (Mass.) college, for a more complete history of the instrument. The minister says the attic in the Wooster home would prove an interesting place for investigation by the state historical society, as it contains a wealth of material on little-known Nebraska history.

Five Democrats in Race for District Court Clerk

Columbus, Neb., Feb. 10.—With the addition of another entrant, the race for the democratic nomination for clerk of the district court has become a veritable free-for-all. The latest to announce his candidacy is J. H. Parker, contractor. There are now five candidates seeking the democratic nomination for clerk of the district court, while no one has filed on the republican ticket. Those who have filed are Mrs. Jessie Bisson, Mrs. C. D. French, Mrs. Alice Speice, Edward Graf and J. H. Parker.

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Featuring Edna Purviance

Only a Few Days More at the

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Starts Friday or Saturday

MARY PICKFORD in "ROSITA"

A color action drama. You will thrill to the adventures that attend his transformation from a rugged son of the open plains to a doughty metropolitan fire fighter, taking breath-taking chances amid seething flames and crashing structures for the sake of the girl he loved!

NEW SHOW WED.

Orpheum

ORPHEUM CIRCUIT VAUDEVILLE

NOW PLAYING 2:20 to 4:55 8:20 to 10:55

Four American Aces and Queen Bartram & Sexton

MARGARET SEVERN

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HARRY STODDARD & HIS ORCHESTRA

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