

Millionaire for Day Closes His Career in Jail

Man in Spending Orgy So Drunk, However, He Can't Remember Details, He Says.

By Universal Service.
New York, April 15.—(Special Letter.) Broadway's latest spendthrift metier, a man in his cell and says he can't tell how it seemed to be a millionaire for a day because he was so drunk he didn't remember it.

It is at the end of a perfect day, drawing his first sober breath since March 19, when he started on his hectic career of wine, women and song.

While waiting for the officers to come from Bensalem, Cal., where he is wanted for taking \$14,000 from the American Express company, he puffs incessantly at the cigarette he mooched from fellow jailbirds.

Gives Self Up.
He surrendered at the office of the company here when his money played out and his "friends" deserted him.

Now that his mad, run-soaked days, during which he played the latest edition of the millionaire kid, are over, he told his story in this way:

"I didn't get much joy out of being a millionaire kid because I was never sober enough to know how it felt. Once when I gave an orchestra leader \$100 to play my favorite song I fell asleep and didn't hear it."

Finds Bag of Money.
He said his troubles started in a game of poker at home. His lost, borrowed \$1,000 and lost again. Then he drank to drown his sorrow. The day he went back to work he opened the safe and found a bag of money.

"I don't know why I took it. I can't remember clearly. I went to San Francisco, where I got a stock of booze. I started to turn back, having spent only \$20, but I decided I might as well kill a sheep as a lamb."

"I went to Chicago, where I spent \$1,000 in a few cabarets. Then New York and the Great White Way."

Buys Girl Auto.
"I spent very little on myself; just bought a few clothes. Most of it went to women. It looked like every woman in town needed new hats and coats. I must have bought a carload of them. One girl got \$2,000. I understand, and they told me I bought an automobile for another."

"It was easy to find friends while the money lasted. They had rich tastes, too. Nothing but champagne would do them. No one cared to drink anything else, and the waiters didn't seem to understand orders for anything else."

"Finally, when my money began to run low, we got down to highballs at a dollar a throw."

Superior—An open-air meeting was held in Lincoln park here Monday at which a speaker named Harrison from Kansas City pleaded for observance of law and Americanism. Fully 2,500 persons heard the lecture, autos coming from all surrounding territory.

Billy Votes for Asphalt Paving so Roller Skating Is Easy; Grandpa Sold

Out on Fifty-second street there is competition between an asphalt paving concern and a brick paving concern as to which will secure the most signatures of property owners for their respective materials.

Five-year-old Billy was a listener to the arguments of representatives of both concerns, and after said representatives had left the premises without securing the signature of his grandfather, Billy went to him and said:

"Grandpa, won't you please sign for asphalt paving. I won't be able to roller skate if we have brick."

That settled the question so far as "grandpa" is concerned. He has decided in favor of asphalt.

\$20,000 Pledged in Midland Drive

Faculty and Students Open Campaign for \$500,000 Expansion Fund.

Fremont, Neb., April 15.—Impetus was given the official opening of an appeal for \$500,000 for the expansion of Midland college with the announcement today that students and members of the faculty have pledged \$20,000, the first response to the campaign that will go into a half dozen states throughout the midwest.

The students, at a meeting presided over by one of their number, came forward with pledges for nearly half of that amount. Following a rally and speeches by various students about \$10,000 was pledged as the first volley in an appeal that will echo throughout the midwest. Four groups, the Nebraska, German-Nebraska, Kansas and Rocky mountain synods, are sponsoring Midland in this campaign, which will come to an end in the middle of June. At the last annual convention of these synods it was voted to support the drive for funds toward creating a "Greater Midland," the only Lutheran college west of the Mississippi river.

Pastors and laymen representing over 200 churches will meet in Fremont for a two-day session, April 23-24, laying plans for an intensive campaign in the 16 districts that have been mapped out. During May rallies will be staged in each of these sections, with prominent speakers on hand for the occasion.

Midland college, founded at Atchison, Kan., in 1856, became the backbone of the Lutheran church during those days of hardships when the country was young. In 1920 the institution was moved to Fremont, where a more central location made it more accessible to the entire constituency. During those early struggling years in Kansas 75 pastors were sent out into the world to carry on the work of the church. Since coming to Nebraska Midland has made such tremendous strides that more buildings, more equipment and accommodations are found necessary. As a result the four great synods have united as one in the effort to continue the steady growth of the institution.

Husband's Spite Put Man in Jail Maintains Wife

Mrs. Marie Kelly Indignant When Friend Is Removed From Home; Mate Drops Case.

Mrs. Marie Kelly, 21, habited, haired brunette, yesterday brand-ed the arrest Monday night of Paul Burgess, 103 Turner boulevard, in her home at 2513 Jackson street as a "spite work" of her husband, Ross.

Burgess was arrested at an early morning hour on a warrant signed by Hellyer. He was dismissed when Hellyer failed to appear in municipal court Tuesday morning.

According to the young wife, she had a number of friends over to a party Monday night to celebrate her divorce from Hellyer and his wife. Ross had the three young boys away into the Green Forest, and knew they would not come back that night. They wondered what those three young boys were thinking about.

"I'm rather sorry for those young boys," said Farmer Brown's Boy, "yes, sir, I'm rather sorry for them." "Why?" asked Farmer Brown.

"Because they didn't get the sugar they wanted so much after trying so hard to get it, and because they must be very sore as well as disappointed."

Then, too, they must be very, very much puzzled. They gave us a lot of fun and I think we ought to pay for it."

"Pay for it?" exclaimed Farmer Brown. "Those scamps were over here for mischief. Because we got a lot of fun out of their visit is no reason that we should pay for it."

But Farmer Brown's Boy was sorry for those disappointed young boys, and he wanted to make up to them for the disappointment they had received. It was the last thing he thought of before he fell asleep, and the first thing he thought of when he awoke in the morning.

"I'm going to pay those young boys somehow for the fun they gave us last night," he declared.

"All right, son," replied Farmer Brown. "On thinking it over I guess that entertainment was worth paying for. Yes, sir, I guess it was. I haven't thought so hard for years. He began to laugh again at the memory of the antics of those three young boys trying to get the sugar from the two tomato cans."

Farmer Brown and Farmer Brown's boy went to bed in the sugar house still laughing. They had seen Mother Bear lead the three young boys away into the Green Forest, and knew they would not come back that night. They wondered what those three young boys were thinking about.

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Burgess Bedtime Stories

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

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He Sniffed Just Once.

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The next story: "Littlest Bear Comes to Grief." (Copyright, 1924.)

Joekesters Reign Throughout Ages

Local Lafs Have Direct Lineage From Royal Jesters of Old.

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Three classes of jokes are submitted in the local laf contest. One class wins the cash prizes, another does not quite hit the prize mark, and the third class—of which there are not so many—are jokes that are beyond the pale. It is surprising, however, how many joke writers this contest has developed. Out of the jokes that do not quite make the first class the local laf editor selects three each day for this column. Today's are: Little sister (answering telephone): "Hello, who's speaking?" Mr. Blair: "Maud's sweetheart." Little sister: "Which one—Charles, John, Billy, Tom, Jack or Harry?" Mr. Blair: "Good night."

Even in the days of old, when knights were bold, the jesters were held in high repute. The world has always had a market for the merry makers. The local laf contest, which has been a topic of discussion through the countryside for several weeks, offers an unusual opportunity for joke writers to make themselves known.

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Jokesters Reign Throughout Ages

Local Lafs Have Direct Lineage From Royal Jesters of Old.

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