

Beal Will Ask Special Grand Jury Summons

County Attorney to Ask Klaver Case and City Election Be Investigated Here.

County Attorney Henry Beal announced Thursday that he will ask Presiding Judge Fitzgerald to call a grand jury to investigate various matters that have accumulated and which cannot be disposed of by ordinary procedure.

One of these is the Sam Klaver affair. Klaver, a former deputy county assessor, was accused by Hermann Nachschon, garage proprietor, of soliciting money from him for favors. When Beal's office sought a sworn statement from Nachschon on the alleged transaction, the garage man refused to talk, though he declared he had been "robbed."

"Slanderous Statements." "Another thing," said Beal, "is the slanderous statements circulated during the recent city campaign in a printed sheet, charging Mayor Dahlmann with various crimes too ridiculous for intelligent people to believe, but which the less intelligent might believe."

"If such campaigns of scandal can be waged unpunished the time will soon come when respectable men will decline to run for office."

"There are numerous other things in the air that can be solved only by means of a grand jury. That body can make people talk where my office cannot. And the time is certainly here when we require one. I'll take it up with the presiding judge and do all I can to have one called."

The last grand jury was called here about three years ago. Attorney General Clarence Davis asked for it in order to investigate "blue sky" cases. It indicted a large number of prominent men. But not a single conviction resulted.

"It cost the county \$75,000," said Beal.

Jokesters Units in Big Funfest

All Local Lafs Submitted Get Careful Scrutiny of Editor.

Where to see Local Lafs today: Sun theater, Omaha; Suburban theater, Omaha; Empress theater, Omaha; Electric theater, Omaha; Erie theater, Omaha; Erie theater, Omaha; Erie theater, Omaha.

Have you seen your laf on the screen of any of the movie theaters associated with the Local Laf contest being promoted by The Omaha Bee?

If you haven't you are missing one of the thrills of your life. To see your name flashed on the screen as the writer of a prize joke, to hear thousands laugh at your humor, that is an experience worth while.

The Local Laf contest is creating lots of fun. You can be a unit in this funfest by submitting your jokes to the Local Laf editor, who will examine them carefully on their merits, and each week give a first prize of \$5, second of \$3, third of \$2, and 12 additional prizes of \$1 each.

Your laf may win fame and cash. It is worth the effort. Don't be discouraged if your joke does not win a prize at first. Keep on trying. That is what others are doing.

Submit original jokes and keep them within 30 words each. Begin today.

Out of the jokes that do not win cash prizes the Local Laf editor selects three each day for this column. Today's are:

"My chauffeur thoroughly commended me. I'm afraid not. I've had him a month and he hasn't smiled with my wife yet."

"Pearson: 'Poor Mrs. Anderson. It is a hard blow for you to be bereaved, but still there is a comforter for you.' 'Widow: 'What is his address?'"—Lavinia Calder, South Bend, Ind.

Two girls were talking about quinine, whereupon one remarked, "The quinine arrived with my wife yet."

Two Victims of Automobile Accidents Sue for Damages

Falls City, Neb., May 15.—Because the bridge over a creek near the Nemaha county line was washed out by recent storms, causing him to sustain serious injuries when his car plunged 15 feet over the embankment, Thomas Ludwig, Shubert garage employe, has filed suit for \$7,325 against Richardson county in the district court. Ludwig claims the bridge was not properly guarded for night travelers.

Miss Leona Kinderfather has brought suit in district court for \$10,400 against Miss Edith Heaston for injuries received when run down by the latter's car.

Aurora Store Sold

Aurora, Neb., May 15.—Glen Annwalt and Earl White have bought the controlling interest in Peterson Bros. Co., a long-established dry goods and women's and men's clothing business in this city, from A. G. Peterson and his daughter, Nellie Peterson. Annwalt and White have for several years been engaged in the men's clothing business in Aurora.

Burgess Bedtime Stories

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

When evils differ in degree the lesser is the one for me. —Danny Meadow Mouse.

Danny and Nanny Choose Between Two Evils.

Thinner and thinner grew Danny and Nanny Meadow Mouse. They would have starved to death but for one thing. That one thing was the old nest of Winsome Bluebird. It was made of grass, and this dried grass they ate. All the time one of the other sat in the doorway looking out over the flooded Green Meadows. It was Danny who discovered that the water was going down. For a time hope filled them. Then the water stopped going down. They had eaten all the grass of Winsome Bluebird's old nest. More than once Danny was tempted to plunge into the

LOST FLIERS' FIGHT FOR LIFE TOLD IN LOG

Mechanic Who Trudged Through Snow 12 Days



Sergt. Alva Harvey.

...and swim and swim until he was in no longer.

"I could be no worse to drown than to starve to death," said he. But somehow he never could make up his mind to try it.

He was thinking about this as he sat in the doorway. He was trying to get up his courage to plunge into the water and swim. He happened to look off to his left, and he saw a piece of board floating. It was moving very slowly, but it was moving towards that fence post. It was a small piece of board, but it was big enough for a couple of Meadow Mice to sit on. Danny said nothing until he was sure that if that little piece of board kept on it would pass close to the post. Then he scrambled close to it and called to Nanny. Nanny poked her head out at once.

"I believe we are going to have a chance to get away from here, Nanny," cried Danny. "If that piece of board over there keeps on drifting the way it is going now it will get to shore sometime. If we can get on it we will take it there."

"But it will take a long time," protested Nanny. "It will take a long time, and all that time we will be right in plain sight of Redtail the Hawk if he comes along. Besides, with two of us on it that board might upset, and then we would be drowned."

"Then that would end it," declared Danny. "If we stay here we'll starve to death. If we go drifting on that piece of board we may be caught by Redtail the Hawk or we may be upset and drowned, but we may reach land. It offers us a chance, and I for one am going to take that chance."

They squatted down as flat as they could. The Merry Little Breezes made tiny waves on the water, and these rocked the little piece of board. Sometimes they washed right over it. Danny and Nanny clung there, divided between fear and hope. One minute they would be sure the end was at hand as a little wave would rock their craft and the water would wash over it. The next minute hope would spring up again as they would see that they were actually nearer land.

Now the Merry Little Breezes saw the trouble that Danny and Nanny were in, and were trying to help them. They were trying to blow them ashore. They couldn't help making little waves when they blew, so they kept right on blowing. And so at last just as round, red, jolly Mr. Sun was going to bed behind the Purple Hills Danny and Nanny reached land.

(Copyright, 1924.)

The next story: "All Is Well That Ends Well."

And now PETER B. KYNE'S new novel—a vigorous, upstanding love story of the Southwest, "The Enchanted Hill," begins in June

Cosmopolitan Now On Sale

I Want Men!

By MAJ. FREDERICK L. MARTIN, (Commander American Round-the-World Flight, as Related to George W. Chinn for International News Service.) (Copyright, 1924.)

Port Moller, Alaska, May 14.—(Delayed)—After our arrival at Chignik the 25th of April, storms, high winds and snows prevented our departure for Unalaska until the morning of the 30th. Seas breaking over the plane's pontoons the night of the 27th left a deposit of 400 pounds of ice.

The morning of the 30th was calm and overcast. The radio reported favorable conditions to Unalaska. We left at 11 a. m., ever so happy to join the other members of the flight.

Plane Enters Fog; Strikes Mountain.

After one hour of flying we struck a fog and, trapped in it, at 12:30 crashed against a mountain. Both Sergeant Harvey and myself miraculously escaped injury. The ship was demolished except the fuselage. The striking of the pontoons of the plane against a gentle slope, surfaced with snow, and the sturdy construction of the ship, saved us.

In that twisted mass of wreckage lies all my hopes and ambitions and the greatest opportunities of any man in recent years forever lost.

No information as to our position was obtainable on account of the inaccuracy of the hydrographic charts and the fog.

We packed our haversacks and after eating the lunch provided by Mrs. Osmund at Chignik we left at 2 p. m. to go directly south to the Pacific coast line. Fog blinded us completely.

We were now climbing constantly but not a steep grade. We realized the hopelessness of continuing on account of the danger of walking over a cliff. We followed our tracks back to the wrecked airship and made a fire of the broken parts of the ship. We put the metal covering of the plane under the fire to prevent melting a hole in the glacier formation.

We dragged the wings of the plane together on the left side of the fuselage to break the wind, chinked the cracks with cakes of ice dug from the snow, and a tabernacle of liquid concentrated food and wearing our few flying clothes retired in the baggage compartment of the fuselage.

It was awfully crowded and cold—two six-foot men crowded into a space intended for one. The fog continued until May 1. We remained with the ship and made ourselves more comfortable.

On May 1 we left at 5 a. m., following the compass due south, the fog continuing and the going as difficult as on the 30th.

Reach Edge of Creek After Three Hours.

We came to a full realization of the seriousness of our predicament. We finally struck down grade to a small creek after three hours' hiking and crossed the creek. Climbing a mountain on the other side of the creek we narrowly averted walking over the declivity of the top.

We returned to the creek and decided to follow it to the northwest, as it must eventually lead to the sea, although causing a longer hike but easier to travel and below the fog.

At 4 p. m. we passed through a gorge in the mountain with a level marshy expanse ahead. Visibility was possible for about four miles. We made camp in an alder thicket by the creek on brush laid on the snow. We gathered a bed of alders for fire through the night. We had little rest and no sleep, as we were shivering with cold, being clad only in an ordinary uniform with unbuttoned over it; I had difficulty in drying my feet and was afraid to continue to the northwest on account of no fuel and no information of inhabitants in the locality.

We left early on the morning of the 3d to return to the ship for the night and then made efforts to reach the Pacific coast line on the south. We could not camp except at the ship on account of no fuel.

Eat Liquid Food; Suffer Snow Blindness.

Our only food was three teaspoons full of liquid condensed food per meal. Sergeant Harvey was suffering

terribly with snow blindness. I treated his eyes with boric acid from my first aid kit at the ship.

The fog lifted slightly at 7 a. m. on the morning of the 4th and we departed from the wrecked ship never to return, determined to reach the coast.

We left for the top of the mountain southeast from where we saw the hopelessness of trying to go due south on account of a line of jagged mountain peaks. We saw a lake to the southwest and struck for it, hoping to find someone. We were forced to camp in an alder thicket about three miles from the lake on account of exhaustion and daylight fading.

We saw many bear tracks in the snow. We struggled for hours in the brush and snow getting a wood supply dry enough to burn. We shivered throughout the night, eternally vigilant to keep the fire going.

Fortunately each of us killed a ptarmigan, one for supper and the other for breakfast. We arrived at the lake about noon on the fifth day, but saw no signs of life.

Struggle Through Swamp; Camp in Canyon.

We struggled on, Sergeant Harvey leading, over a swamp. It was rough going for myself, as I was partly snow blind. We made camp at 3 p. m. in a small dry canyon at the base of a mountain. There was no grass for hunks, but plenty of dry wood. We each slept about four hours during the night—our first real rest.

We were now following a wide valley near a stream entering from the south.

We had always believed we would survive—I because of my wife and son, and Harvey because of his mother—so we struggled on all the harder.

I was still snow blind, but wearing goggles made it possible for me to see slightly. Sergeant Harvey was physically weak but determined and displayed great strength of character and determination.

The valley ended in the mountains close in on the stream. The snow became deeper—about four feet in depth—with the crust giving often by foot.

I climbed the side of the mountain to obtain a view of the topography but was prevented from reaching the top by the steepness and a snowslide.

Find New Stream Flowing Southwest.

We returned to the valley and walked about three miles when we found a new stream flowing southward. Great hopes sprang up with this discovery.

We were nearing exhaustion. I could scarcely see. We decided to make camp. Sergeant Harvey investigated a small canyon half a mile distant for a prospective camp site returned with the information

that it afforded no facilities but that he saw a lake or bay three miles to the south.

We decided we would gather strength that night for our greatest ordeal. It was necessary for us to grasp alders for support. A light north breeze sprang up. We had seen bear tracks one foot in diameter all through the valley and many caribou tracks in the swamp.

In the morning after three teaspoonsful of our rations we departed at 4 a. m. with renewed hope. We had to travel on the rocks at the edge of a stream to make any progress.

The valley broadened. Sergeant Harvey yelled: "Major! I see seagulls." I replied: "Thank God! That means salt water."

A few hours previous we had noticed the stump of a sapling cut by an ax. It was the first sign of living man and the greatest possible tonic for exhaustion. Then we saw the tracks of a man and a dog, in the snow. We knew we were nearing human habitation. Then we saw the ocean.

This was too much for us. The best we could do to celebrate was to sit on a tuft of grass and smoke cigars. Our cheeks were sunken, our eyes inflamed, our hands and faces were stained walnut color from smoke and contact with the snow. We had eight days of hard stubble beard.

When we had walked along the beach around a little point we saw a trapper's cabin and our joy was unrestrained. The walking was much easier and we quickly reached the cabin. It had very recently been deserted as we found batter for Johnny cakes in a pitcher.

I started around the room of the cabin in quest of food and saw a piece of hard tack and some dried peaches. I found flour and salted pickled salmon bellies.

First Real Meal in Trapper's Cabin.

I made flour hot cakes for the first time in my life and how good they tasted!

We each ate two and slept in bedding for the first time.

I made more hot cakes when we awoke and each of us ate four with syrup. Food never tasted so good before. I put the fish to soak and we slept till morning when we had creamed salmon and hot cakes for breakfast.

We were still very weak. It had been snowing since in the night. How lucky in all this time there had been no rain, very light snow and practically no wind. Now we are safe. A divine providence has protected us. We secured more sleep. It turned

coldest and snowed all day. On the morning of the ninth it was raining and then cleared. At 9 o'clock we started to take a short walk to determine our location which we believed to be Ivanhoff bay.

Kills Brace of Ducks With Trapper's Rifle.

While preparing lunch a brace of fallards alighted on the bay 100 yards from the door. I killed both with the trapper's rifle. With real food in sight Harvey made a reconnaissance trip five miles up the beach in the afternoon while I prepared the ducks.

Sergeant Harvey returned with two snow-white Alaska hares and definite information that we were near Port Moller at last. We had duck steak for dinner—such wonderful food!

After fried hare, hot cakes and gravy—a true southern breakfast—we placed the cabin in order and at 7:45 departed for Port Moller, 20 miles distant.

Our strength had returned, but we tired out quickly. It was easy walking on the beach except in passing over cliff ledges, hot cakes which blocked the way. At 2 p. m. we hunched on roast duck, hare and hard tack—great motive power for weary travelers.

We sighted the cannery at 4 p. m. with smoke issuing from the stack. It was the end of the trail.

Reaching the beach south of the cannery we were met by Joko Orduff in a small launch and taken across the beach to the cannery, where all hands turned out to meet us.

Superintendent Amundsen, a man of action, without delay ordered mountains of food prepared for us. How delicious and wonderful it was to have complete relaxation, plenty of food and warm, comfortable sleeping quarters again.

YORK COLLEGE HEAD IS NAMED

Rev. E. W. Emery has been selected by the executive committee to head York college. He will take office July 1.

Emery is a graduate of Central college, Indianapolis, Ind., and at present is a student at Indiana State university in the department of psychology and education. He has spent three years in educational work in West Africa, Sierra Leone province, and for five years with the Indiana Central college doing field work. During that time he raised \$400,000 for the institution.

Glenville Pastor Accepts Call to Shelbyville, Ill.

Pana, Ill., May 15.—Rev. Harlow Harms of Glenville, Neb., has accepted a call to St. Paul Lutheran church at Shelbyville, Ill. He succeeds Rev. J. E. Kieffer, who goes to Sugar Creek, O. Mr. Harms will be installed June 1.

Platte County War on Auto Law Violators

Columbus, Neb., May 15.—A special investigator will be employed by the Platte county board of supervisors for the purpose of obtaining evidence and bringing to justice violators of state automobile laws in the county.

Pawnee Debaters Honored.

Pawnee City, Neb., May 15.—Debatable letters were awarded to the champion debaters in southeastern Nebraska by the Pawnee City High school. They are Capt. Harold Bosley, Charles Calhoun, Archie Martin and John Morlan, alternate. The boys were defeated only by Beatrice of this district and at the state tryouts by Omaha Central. This is the first time since 1917 that Pawnee City has taken the district championship.

Samaridick Offered \$6,000 Job by "Wet" Organization for Influence

A new \$6,000 job with expenses paid was tendered to Robert P. Samaridick, chief of Elmer Thomas, prohibition director, by a representative from a national organization in Washington.

Samaridick, who has earned a national reputation for his ruthless effort to stop the sale of illicit liquor, was not to be hired to see that the liquor laws are enforced.

This organization wants to use Samaridick's name in advertising throughout the country to the effect that the prohibition laws are a failure.

"This man that came to me stated that he would give me a contract covered by a bond," said Samaridick.

"All I would have to do would be to talk in various cities about the prohibition laws being a failure. My name was to be over articles in various newspapers and magazines in every city in the country."

Samaridick stated he told this enemy of Congressman Volstead he was glad to make his acquaintance, but he was very well satisfied with his present position.

May Clearance

Watch Our Windows for New Offerings Daily

Suits Coats Dresses Skirts Sweaters

F. W. Thorne Co. 1812 Farnam

In All the World No Piano Like

The—"Steinway"

"The Instrument of the Immortals"

Search where you will, in far away lands or in your own home land, and you will find, as others have found, that in all the world there is no piano like the "Steinway."

And yet, while these instruments are the priceless heritage the world over, they are available to you through very easy terms. Pay only a small sum down, then easy monthly payments. Think what a wonderful opportunity to own one of these beautiful Steinway Pianos!

We cordially invite you to visit our piano parlors where you will find at all times a complete stock of Steinway Grands and Uprights.

Priced at \$875 and up.

Schmoller & Mueller Piano Co.

124-16-18-Dodge St. - Omaha

Exclusive Steinway Representatives

Coolidge Pardon of Rum Peddler

Voided by Court

Judge Rules Executive Has No Power to Act in Contempt Case of Chicago Man.

Chicago, May 15.—Holding that President Coolidge had no authority to pardon a man sentenced for civil contempt of court, the United States district court today set aside the executive pardon recently granted Phillip I. Grossman and ordered the United States marshal to take him into custody.

Grossman, a saloonkeeper, was enjoined in federal court from operating the place. It was charged he bootlegged liquor and was cited for contempt by former Judge Keneaw M. Landis and sentenced to a year in jail.

By Associated Press.

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K. N. D. WILL HAVE UNIFORM MARKING

Clay Center, Neb., May 15.—Business men representing the commercial clubs of Superior, Nelson and Clay Center drove over the new highway, No. 14, to be designated the K. N. D. (Kansas, Nebraska, Dakota) center by former Judge Keneaw M. Landis and sentenced to a year in jail.

Wednesday the tourists were met at Niobrara by delegates from Mitchell, S. D., and accompanied them to that place.

The object of the trip was to intercept the towns through which the new highway passes in a move for uniform marking. So unanimous was the support given the officials who made the trip that they will be able to complete the details and get the marking done within the next two or three weeks.

Work Begun on Meridian Highway in Platte County

Columbus, Neb., May 15.—An extensive improvement program for the Meridian (Winnepig to Mexico City) highway in Platte county started when the county board of supervisors began the grading of the road and grading it. Soil from the hills is being hauled to the lower places in the valleys. Funds for the improvement will be obtained from the annual Meridian highway budget.

School Head Goes With Students on "Sneak Day"

Blue Springs, Neb., May 15.—On Blue Springs High school "sneak" day this week, Superintendent L. J. Bouchal and Mrs. Bouchal piloted a train containing the students from here to Lincoln, where they were guided through the state penitentiary, insane asylum, new capitol grounds, state museum, state farm, Antelope park and a number of the large stores.

"Silk" Train Guarded.

Endicott, Neb., May 15.—A "silk" train, operated by the Grand Island railway, passed through the local yards at a fast clip without stops. The train consisted of 14 baggage cars, each filled with silk cargoes and each guarded by two armed men. The consignment was billed from Seattle to Kansas City.

Albion Pioneer Drops Dead on Visit at Doland, S. D.

Albion, Neb., May 15.—The funeral of Charles Betts, 82, was held here Wednesday. He dropped dead while visiting at Doland, S. D. He was one of the early residents of Albion, having located here about 45 years ago. His immediate family all preceded him in death. He was a member of the Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias and A. O. U. W. lodges.



Maj. Frederick L. Martin.

COACH BURNED AT FALLS CITY

Falls City, Neb., May 15.—Fire was combination coach in the Burlington railway yards here early this morning, and before it could be brought under control had burned all the seats and roof, and badly damaged the entire interior, causing damage estimated at \$1,000. The coach was one of the cars in the Falls City-Nebraska City-Lincoln passenger train which stays here over night.

It is thought possible that tramps who were seen in the yards during the night may have entered and accidentally set the coach on fire.

A merchandise car in the yards the same night was robbed of a quantity of overalls, socks, shoes and clothing to the value of several hundred dollars.

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