

**BENNETT GIRL FOUND SANE AND WILL BE FREED**

**Girl Who Never Had a Chance Again Thrown Back to City Authorities to Solve Problem.**

"Billie" Bennett, the girl who never had a chance, is still a problem awaiting solution by the police and health authorities.

She was examined by the county board of insanity Monday morning and Dr. Young declared her normal. The girl is being held in the county jail awaiting her release on the insanity charge and Assistant City Attorney Burger has orders from the health board to hold her for medical treatment.

"Billie" says the only way she can be kept at the Girls' Detention home is in a straight jacket. She declares that she has been mistreated there and that as many as a dozen young medical students were in the room with her when she was undergoing medical treatment and no matter what her life had been she had felt she had been outraged by the embarrassment of it.

"I don't know the first thing about housework," said she. "But I am usually strong and athletic. I can run a truck or would be willing to go into the railroad yards or shops and do a man's work. I understand the mechanism of most cars and can take one apart and put it together again. I can run a car as good, if not better than most men I have had seven years' experience."

**Fears Persecution.**  
"I am afraid if I am turned loose I will be subject to police persecution because of my past. But I am willing to go out and do a man's work and try to make good."

"Billie" Bennett cannot be compared in the same class with the ordinary or conventional woman. She is utterly without restraint, as individual and as primal in her relationships with society as a veritable Topsy. Yet those who know her say she has a standard of honor and a certain stability of character which would impel her to make her word good if she gave it, and that her given word or pledge, under those conditions, would be as good as a bond.

She is a woman so unversed in the refinements of life and so unaware of her sexual differentiation that less than one in 10,000 women would understand her and know how to handle her. She is misunlucky.

Yet she has the courage to want to work out her own destiny in her own peculiar way. As it is she is a complex, vexing problem and one that ordinary means of social work and municipal methods can find no way of solving.

**Miss Johnson Given Until October 23 to Qualify in Contest**

Milton A. Sams, Omaha teacher, who was third highest candidate for the office of county superintendent of public instruction at the recent primary election, is eligible to have his name placed on the November ballot as a candidate to take the place of Miss Mabel Johnson, providing she does not qualify for that position, according to an order issued by Judge Troup in district court Tuesday.

Mr. Sams brought proceedings recently to have Miss Johnson's name excluded from the November ballot, alleging that she was not qualified to hold that position in that she did not possess a first grade teacher's certificate. The contention was upheld by Judge Troup when the case came to trial Monday, but the court held that Miss Johnson had until October 23 to secure the certificate and make herself eligible for the position she seeks.

Miss Johnson says she will be fully qualified by the time set by court, in which case Judge Troup's order of Tuesday will be quashed.

**Man Caught with Booze Says He Did Not Know He Had It**

T. E. Mitchell, who gives his home as St. Joseph, Mo., is being held at the police station, awaiting word from the police at St. Joseph Mitchell was arrested recently in a raid made by the booze squad on the rooming house of Martin Salvo, 1710 Cass street.

According to the story of Mitchell, he came from St. Joseph to Fort Crook, and thence to Omaha, where he engaged a room at the above number. He brought with him two suit cases which, upon investigation, proved to contain a large quantity of whisky. He claims that he did not know that the suitcases contained booze when he left St. Joseph and did not discover the fact until the police raided his room and found them under the bed.

**Brother and Sister Meet on Way to Battle Fronts**



Anna F. Tighe

Lt. Leo H. Tighe

One bound for the west, the other awaiting a call to France, a Nebraska brother and sister met for a 20-minute visit in Omaha one day last week. Miss Anna F. Tighe, Red Cross nurse, in company with 100 other nurses, passed through Omaha on a special train from New York to San Francisco, where they will embark for Siberia to be with the expeditionary forces at Vladivostok. Her brother, Lt. Leo H. Tighe, who is stationed at Camp

Funston, impatiently awaiting overseas orders, obtained special leave to bid farewell to his sister. Their parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Tighe, of Manley, Neb., and several relatives and friends, were also present. Miss Tighe is a graduate of Mercy hospital, Chicago, and has served six months with the Red Cross in France with the Dr. John B. Murphy unit. Both the young people were born in Nebraska, the sister at Manley and the brother in Grand Island.

**Petitions Are Filed For Seven Candidates For Education Board**

Petitions have been filed in the election commissioner's office for the submission of the names of the following present members of the Board of Education for election on November 5: D. C. Eldredge, John Bekins, Charles J. Johnson, Francis A. Brogan, Edward Huwaldt and E. G. McGilton, four-year terms; Dr. J. H. Wallace, for unexpired term of two years, which was relinquished by Samuel Burns, who resigned and was succeeded by Dr. Wallace.

Bekins, Eldredge, Huwaldt, Johnson and McGilton were all appointed by the school board to succeed members who resigned. Of the seven whose names have been filed, Brogan is the only one who was elected by the voters.

An organization, probably will be formed to promote the candidacies of the men whose petitions have been filed.

**Spain to Borrow Money.**  
Madrid, Oct. 16.—Constitutional guarantees have been re-established by the cabinet. There has been a modification of the rules of censorship by the government. The cabinet has authorized the floating of a loan of 200,000,000 pesetas.

**Former Bee Reporter Assigned to Duty in Washington Office**

Capt. Ralph S. Doud has been ordered to Washington, D. C., for duty in the adjutant general's department of the War department and will depart at once. On account of the serious illness of his mother, Mrs. H. A. Doud, 144 North Forty-first street, he has been visiting here on leave from his former station, Camp Beauregard, La., where he was camp personnel adjutant. Captain Doud was a member of The Bee editorial staff before entering the army 17 months ago.

**Soup Kitchen Supplies "Flu" Victims with Food**

Gallons of soup have been sent out to influenza sufferers by the Red Cross soup kitchen installed at All Saints' church, Twenty-sixth street and Dewey avenue. No count has been kept, but the women were busy yesterday responding to calls sent in by the visiting nurses, who report cases where families have no one to prepare food for them.

"Any one having soup stock, jelly, custard or any other delicacy to contribute," said Miss Jessie Millard, "may send it to us and we will be very glad to have it. We need these things badly."

**DREAMLAND ADVENTURE Witch of the Night**

By DADDY

(Peggy, made small through a trick, is carried away to the den of the Witch of the Night. The Witch claims to be so powerful that she controls the thunder.)

**CHAPTER IV. The Fear of a Laugh.**

"W.W." had made you c-call me loony?" stammered the Witch of the Night, apparently very much upset.

Now Peggy realized how impolite she had been. It wasn't nice to call even a Witch loony.

"I beg your pardon for being rude," she said. "That word just slipped out accidentally."

"Oh," gasped the Witch. "You didn't mean it, then. That's different." For some reason this seemed to relieve the Witch's mind a lot.

She settled back on her seat and quickly resumed her former arrogant pose.

"Princess Peggy, indeed," she sneered. "Princess or no princess, you shall feel the power of the Witch of the Night. What did you mean pretending that you were me at the Birds' Harvest Carnival?"

"That was only fun," replied Peggy.

"Fun," creaked the Ravens, lining up in a row. "The word is forbidden here."

"We are the Dismals; hear our wail: 'Gaiest joy and mirth we loudly rail. Every ill we try to borrow in this vale of woe and sorrow.'"

This was a doctrine new to Peggy. She'd always believed in smiles and laughter. From the Night Herons, lined up on the opposite side of the Witch, came a similar chorus:

"We are the Dolefuls, never glad; We waste our time in being sad. No one can join our gloomy crew. Who doesn't cheerfulness receive?"

Peggy looked at them in puzzled curiosity. If they followed that policy no wonder they lived in a swamp in the company of a witch.

The Dismals gave a groan and the Dolefuls sighed loudly. This tickled Peggy's funny bone. She felt a laugh coming. It was just like a sneeze; she couldn't stop it.

"Hal hal hal!" the laugh burst forth. Its effect was surprising. The Dismals sat up straight, threw their heads back, and let out a lot of mournful croaks. The Dolefuls creaked like a lot of rusty hinges and tried to stand on their heads.

Peggy's laugh got away from her again.

"Hal hal ha!" she fairly shrieked. The Dismals and Dolefuls began to run around the Witch in a circle. The Witch herself screeched and squawked. And the faster they ran and the more the Witch squawked, the harder Peggy laughed.

"Stop that silly running around," shrieked the Witch, and the Dismals and Dolefuls obeyed. As they lined up and looked at Peggy, however, their croaks and creaks began to change into queer chuckles. Peggy's laugh was like a yawn or the measles—it was contagious. They couldn't resist it. In a minute the Dismals and Dolefuls had forgotten all about their mirthless doctrine and were joining in her merriment. And it was so long since they had laughed that when the laughs came they didn't know how to control them. They laughed until they rolled about on the ground.

"Stop," shrieked the Witch, and she let out her awful cry. That cry brought the Dismals and the Dolefuls up in a hurry. The Witch abruptly gave them orders.

"Dolefuls, go fishing. Dismals, prepare the cage of the Man-eaters. Roll thunder and hurry them."

The thunder rolled and the Dismals and Dolefuls vanished, leaving Peggy alone with the Witch.

"You are trying to ruin my court," angrily began the Witch. "If a good laugh will ruin it, the court deserves to be ruined," answered Peggy.

"I'll burn you up in my fire," threatened the Witch, pointing at the blue flame in front of her. Peggy laughed again. It was just a will-o-the-wisp glow, about which her father had told her, a heatless flame from decaying wood, just like the glow from the head of a wet match. She walked up to the flame and stuck her hand into it.

"That's all I care for your false flame," she said.

The Witch let out the dreadful cry once more.

"To the Man-Eaters with you," she shrieked. "You know too much. I'll have you eaten alive. To the Man-eaters with you."

The Witch pointed to a great cage at the side of the water. From it came a hungry, menacing hum like a subdued roar.

(Tomorrow will be told what happens to Peggy in the cage of the Man Eaters.)

**TAYLOR SAYS HE IS NOT MEMBER OF LION'S TAILS**

**Luikhart Says They Are Body of Disgruntled Former Employees Not Now on Payroll.**

W. F. Taylor, former stock selling agent of the Lion Bonding company, who says he severed his connection with the organization last February, denies he was even a member of the suborganization known as the "Lion's Heads," and that he is not now a member of the "Lion's Tails."

Speaking of the latter, Vice President Luikhart of the Lion Bonding company, says:

"They are a body of disgruntled former employees who have been separated from the payroll and they now have no connection with the company, officially or otherwise."

"If they feel they have any claims against the company they can have recourse to civil action."

All of the men connected with the company, who have been put out, were brought here about the time of the reorganization and none of them has served a full year.

Mr. Conger, who was mentioned as one of the suborganization, is still in the employ of the company and is at the head of the automobile insurance department.

Mr. Luikhart was non-committal in his reply to the question as to whether a meeting of the directors of the company had been called to consider matters arising from the former connection of the discharged employees. He would neither affirm or deny.

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**Grain Exchange Closes One Minute at Noon for Prayer**

For one minute, following the stroke of 12 o'clock noon yesterday, business on the floor of the Omaha Grain exchange ceased and all members joined in a prayer for the success of the United States and its allies on land and on sea.

As the clock finished striking the exchange room became as silent as the grave. All trading was suspended, telegraph instruments ceased to tick and each man prayed according to the dictates of his conscience.

**One-Minute Store Talk**

"War is hell," said the great General Sherman.

"War is surely hell," echo the clothing manufacturers.

If the enemy holds out for another year, buyers of clothing will say:

"This hellish war makes it almost impossible to buy all-wool clothes."

There's one answer—the clothes are here today—look ahead. Supply your needs.

**STYLE HEADQUARTERS**

Where Society Brand Clothes are sold



**True Thrift Can't Afford Cheap Clothes**

**PAY** a few dollars more and get clothes that will have better style and shape even at the finish, than others have at the start. Cheap clothes are extravagant at almost any price. And they handicap your progress by discounting your appearance.

**Society Brand Clothes**

To secure the maximum service and maintain a prosperous appearance, are the first principles of economy, and those things which assist in doing this should have the first consideration. In clothing this means Society Brand Suits and Overcoats. There is nothing better in fabric, fit and workmanship.

Their tailoring differs from ordinary clothes because it is more scientifically planned and more thoroughly carried out.

The style is built in to stay in as long as the fabric lasts.

Society Brand styles are authentic—this is the store at which to see them. The Society Brand label is the maker's pledge of unqualified satisfaction.

Fall Suits, \$25 to \$60 Top Coats, \$25 to \$45 Winter Overcoats, \$25 to \$85

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