

Bootlegger Booty



Omahans Attain Success By Making and Keeping New Year Resolutions

Prominent Business Men Tell How Success Crowned Their Efforts to Reach Goal Named in Resolutions Made Early in Life and the Effect They Noticed in Later Years

How many of your New Year resolutions have you already broken? In a special story last Sunday The Bee told you about a number of Omaha business men, men who today are doing their part—and perhaps a little more—in making Omaha the greatest city of the Great West, who made New Year resolutions and kept them.

Today it gives you the experience of a number of other Omahans, who years ago started out to make good on New Year resolutions and did it. Here they are:

Lee Huff, prominent automobile man and engineer, made a resolution, when a boy, to "work hard and persistently." N. H. Loomis, general manager of the Union Pacific, year by year made resolutions to save at least a part of his hard-earned money. Gurdon W. Wattle, capitalist and director of large business enterprises, resolved to be frugal and economical. W. M. Jeffers, vice president and general manager of the Union Pacific railroad, made a resolution to be respectful and loyal to his superiors. H. A. Tukey, prominent real estate man, resolved to invest his money safely and sanely.

Still Keep Resolutions. These men who know well the value of a dollar and who endured the patience of Job to acquire their wealth still believe in and keep faithfully their New Year resolutions of bygone years. They experienced their first investments when boys, which taught them lessons of frugality, safe investment, economy and success, growing out of practice of their resolutions. Have any of them modified or broken their resolutions? Ask them.

Mr. Huff earned his first money as a messenger boy for the Western Union in North Platte, meanwhile attending grade school and learning telegraphy. Thus in his early days he began the practice of his first New Year resolution. At 14 years of age he was a telegrapher and was agent for the old "Omaha Republican" of which Casper E. Yost, now president of the Nebraska Telephone company, was editor. When Mr. Huff was in his youth, he was making remunerative investments in real estate; and today, Lee Huff, who can boast of personal wealth in many figures, says:

"I urge upon the young man the policy of personal interest in his work and sticking to what he undertakes. Any job is worth being done well."

Start Dusting Furniture. Mr. Wilhelm dusted furniture in New York, when a boy. If the young man of today would make the same resolutions that brought success to C. M. Wilhelm, vice-president and general manager of an immense local business enterprise, he would likewise attain success. That resolution is "to fulfill to the best of my tact the duties of the work I am following through life."

Harry A. Tukey, prominent real estate man, earned success by following his New Year resolutions to "take personal interest in my work and invest sanely and safely." Not only has he made a success in the business world, but his early school and college days gave him opportunities to earn money. His high school days in Omaha were marked

"The Last Call"—Story of Little Alsatian That's Still Very New

By Alphonse Daudet. Translation by Ave Lector.

I was very late that morning on going to school and I was very much afraid of getting scolded, the more so because Monsieur Hamel had told us he would examine us on the participle and I did not know the first word about them.

The weather was so beautiful, so clear. The blackbirds could be heard singing on the edge of the woods and in the Rippert pasture behind the sawmill the Prussians were drilling. All this tempted me much more than rules about participles, but I had the strength to resist and I ran very quickly towards the school.

On passing before the administration building I saw that there were plenty of people standing close to the little enclosure where the announcements were posted. For two years it was from there that all the had news had come to us, the lost battles, the requisitions, the military orders, and I thought, without stopping, "I wonder what's the matter now!"

Then, while I was running across the place, Wachter, the blacksmith, who, with his apprentice was in the act of reading the announcement, called to me:

"Don't hurry so much, sonny; you'll get to school in plenty of time."

I thought he was making fun of me and, all out of breath, I entered Monsieur Hamel's little yard.

Ordinarily, at the beginning of a class there was a great commotion that could be heard out in the opening and closing the doors, while the carts were stopped so that the master's voice might strike the table which he called out "Silence!" I had listened on all these things to help me get on my seat without being late on this precise day every day was as quiet as a Sunday morning. Through the open window I saw my schoolmates already seated in the places, and Monsieur Hamel, who walked up and down with the terrible ruler under his arm. I had to open the door and enter in the midst of this great calm. You may easily fancy how I wished and how I was scared!

Well, nothing happened. Monsieur Hamel looked at me without anger and said very gently:

"Go quickly to your place, little Frank. We were going to begin without you."

Wore Pretty Green Coat. I straddled over the bench and seated myself quickly at my desk, then only a little recovered from my fright, I noticed that our teacher wore his pretty green frock coat, finely pleated shirt front and his bossed black silk breeches which were worn only on inspection days and the distribution of prizes. Besides this there was something extraordinary and solemn about the old class. But what surprised most was to see at the rear of the room on the benches usually by the people of the village seat-and as silent as ourselves, old user with his three-cornered hat, venerable mayor, the worthy postmaster, and a great many other people. All of this assemblage seemed to be sad and Hauser had brought an old primer with worn edges and he held it open on his knees with his great spectacles lying on the pages.

While I was being astonished at all this Monsieur Hamel had mounded his chair and in the same grave, sweet voice with which he had received me, he said:

"My children, this is the last time that I hold class for you. The order has come from Berlin to teach nothing but German in the schools of Alsace and Lorraine. The new teacher will arrive tomorrow. Today you have your last lesson in French. I ask you to be very attentive."

These few words completely upset me. Oh, the wretches! They were what they had announced at the administration building. My last lesson in French!

It Was Hard to Write. And I, who scarcely knew how to write, should learn nothing more! I would have to stop there! How I longed against time lost, classes missed to hunt for nests or to slide on the Saar! My books that a moment ago I found so tiresome, so heavy to carry, my grammar, my sacred history, seemed at present old friends whom it would be hard to leave. Likewise Monsieur Hamel. He thought that he was going to leave, that I'd never see him any more, made me forget his punishments, his raps with the ruler. Poor man! It was in honor of this class that he had put on his beautiful Sunday clothes, and now I understood why these old people of the village had come to sit in the end of the room. They seemed to say that they were sorry that they had not come

oftener to this school. It was also like a means of thanking our teacher for his 40 years of good service, and of going their duty to their country, which was departing.

I was in the midst of these reflections when I heard my name called. It was my turn to recite. What would I not have given to say the whole length of the famous rule of participles very loud, very clear and without a mistake! But I got all mixed up at the first words, and I remained standing, balanced on my bench, my heart large, without daring to raise my head. I heard Monsieur Hamel speaking to me:

"I shall not scold you, little Frank; you are probably punished enough, that is the truth. Every day people say, 'Bah, I have plenty of time. I'll learn tomorrow,' and then you see what happens. Oh, that has been the great misfortune of our Alsace, of always putting off instruction until tomorrow. And now those people have reason to say to us, 'Indeed, you pretend to be French, and you can't speak or read your language.' In all this, my poor Frank, it is not you who are the most to blame. We can all reproach ourselves about it."

"Your parents don't take enough interest in seeing that you are instructed. They would rather have you work in the fields or at the looms, so as to have a few sous more. As for myself, have I nothing to reproach myself with? Haven't I often had you water my garden, instead of study? And when I wanted to go fishing for trout, have I had any compunction about giving you a holiday?"

Then going from one thing to another, Monsieur Hamel began to talk to us of the French language, saying that it was the most beautiful language of the world, the clearest, the most weighty, that we ought to guard it within ourselves, and never forget it, because when any people fell into slavery, as long as they held their language it was as if they held the key to their prison.

France and Alsace. Then he took a grammar and read to us how well it was understood. Everything that he said seemed to me easy. I also thought that I had never listened so well, and that he never had so much patience in the explanations. One would have said that on leaving the poor man wished to give us all of his knowledge, to make it enter our heads at a single stroke.

The grammar lesson over, we proceeded to the writing lesson. For today Monsieur Hamel had prepared for us models entirely new, written in a beautiful round hand, "FRANCE, ALSACE, FRANCE, ALSACE." The models were like small flags floating about the class suspended from the upper part of our desks. It was worth seeing, the way every one applied himself, and what silence! Nothing was heard except the scraping of the pens on the paper.

Some flying beetles entered, but no one paid any attention to them, all of the little boys who applied themselves to trace their letters with a heart, with a conscience, as if these were to remain French. On the roof of the school house some pigeons were murmuring low and I said to myself, as I wrote:

"HOOPER HOGS" DOOMED AS WEATHER MAN UNLOCKS COLD WAVE.

Away back in the 70's nearly every pioneer family of Omaha raised a hog or two in the back yard, and this was the favorite hog killing season on those early days.

There has been a revival of these pioneering conditions due to the recommendations of Mr. Hoover, and to a practical ignoring of some of the features of the ordinances governing sanitation in the city and in some parts of the city many hogs have been raised in the back yards as a means of food conservation and solving the high cost of living problem.

Below zero weather the past few days has caused a revival of the old pastime of "hog killing" in the city. In some cases it is a matter of neighborly co-operation, just as it is done in the country. In other cases the killing is delegated to a butcher. George Hoffman, of Hoffman Bros., who runs an independent packing plant on the South Side, killed for Mrs. Tuma, who lives on Y street, a hog which weighed 700 pounds and dressed out 627 pounds.

The animal was the largest hog killed in Omaha this year and was fattened off table refuse furnished by the neighbors. It represented salvage in every particular outside the original cost when it was a weanling pig.

The value of the animal at current prices was \$119.

heard them, "I wonder if they will oblige them to coo in German, too." From time to time, when I raised my eyes from my page, I saw Monsieur Hamel immovable in his chair and gazing on the objects about him, as if he wished to take into his glance all the little school house. Think of it! For 40 years he had been in the same place, with his yard before him and his class always of the same kind. Only the benches and the desk were polished and worn with use. The nut trees in his yard had grown large and the hopvine that he himself had planted now twined about the windows and reached the roof. What a heart thrust it must have been for the poor man to leave all these things and to hear his sister walk back and forth in the room upstairs as she closed their trunks! Because they were to depart the next day and leave the country forever.

That Last Class. Nevertheless, he had the courage to hold the class to the very end. After writing we had our history lesson. Then the little fellows sang all together, Ba, Be, Bi, Bo, Bu. Far back in the rear of the room old Hauser had put on his spectacles and, holding his primer in his two hands he spelled the letters with them. One could see that he applied himself, too. His voice trembled with emotion and it was so strange to hear him that we all felt both like laughing and crying. Oh, I shall certainly remember that last class!

All at once the church clock struck noon, then the Angelus. At the same moment the trumpets of the Prussians returning from drilling sounded through our windows. Monsieur Hamel, very pale, rose from his chair. Never had he seemed to me so grand.

"My friends," he said, "my friends, I—I—"

But something stifled him and he could not finish the phrase. Then he turned toward the blackboard, seized a piece of chalk and supporting himself with all his strength he wrote in as large letters as he could:

"VIVE LA FRANCE!"

Then he remained there, his head leaning on the wall and, without speaking, he made a sign to us with his hand which meant:

"It's all over. Go home."

ABIE'S ADVICE. Just because a musician has on his program a lot, swell tunes like Brahms, Beethoven, Liszt and such, it ain't a sign he is a classed player.

When your second and third cousins begin to call you on telephone to ask how's your health, right after you bought an automobile, it's a reason for it.

THE PEACE TABLE. Seems 's if a story about the peace table would be a good Sunday paper feature. Where was it built? What are its dimensions? How many will it seat? These and a hundred other questions would make interesting reading. As there will be hundreds of delegates "at the peace table," it surely must be the largest ever made.

APPRECIATION. Up to the present I have received no Christmas or New Year's cigars from readers of The Bumble Bee. I shudder to think what I may have escaped. I thank you.

A STINGER. He's In Again. Art Donovan says he once wrote a "gripping story." It was about a wrestling match.

"Hope the new year won't be a 'flu' year."

Are any of your resolutions still intact?

IT GETS SILLIER AND SILLIER. N. P. Dodge can dodge nominations for congress. Brace Fonda is fond of the movies. C. W. Francis knows that France is in Europe.

R. C. Howe know how to operate a packing plant. Tom Kelly sells insurance like Kelly does. J. A. Medlar isn't either of the sort.

R. B. Weller is anything well er sick. W. B. Tagg hasn't played it since he was a boy. A. F. Stryker has never been one of A. W. Prince is that kind of a fellow.

Walter T. Page knows a whole book about the smelting business.

Rules for Success—Have Scotch Parents. RONALD LAW. J. BALFOUR. SIR ERIC GIBBES. MARSHAL HAIG. ADMIRAL WELLS. PRESIDENT WILSON.

And we're prepared to hear that Clemenceau, Joffre and Foch are Scotchmen, too.

An Echo From the Past. A pound or can social was given for Rev. and Mrs. J. G. Clark at the Presbyterian church Wednesday evening following the weekly prayer meeting service. A musical program was given, refreshments were served and a general good social time was enjoyed by all.—Beaver City Times-Tribune.

Nothing Personal, We Hope, Suhr (Burt County Herald).

Frank, seeing a bumble bee for the first time, said to his brother, "Hear that bug whispering to itself."

No Relation to the Bees. The Aagaard Brothers will hold a sale of their farm stock January 7, at Ord, we note by the "Quiz."

A CRITICAL MOMENT. In the "Headquarters Harpoon," a magazine published by the Headquarters company and detachment at Camp Funston and edited by Russell Pierce Phelps, formerly of The Bee staff, we find this palpitating paragraph:

"Ten minutes till 'lights out,' everyone around the board standing on 18 or better, Black Jack for the biggest bet—and the dealer with 14 to hit!"

EXAGGERATED. (Amherst News in Elm Creek Beacon.) We are very glad to say that Mrs. Ludwig received another telegram from the government saying that the telegram received last week should have read, that her son, John, was wounded, instead of killed.

Maybe They'll Preach Gospel Now. The time is about here when popularity-seeking preachers will go to do something else than shout "To Hell with the Kaiser" from their pulpits.

CHAPTER XLVII. Solution of the Mystery. "By adding two and two," Paredes laughed. "In the first place," continued Paredes, "you must all realize that we might have had no mystery at all if it hadn't been for Miss Katherine. I don't know that Maria could have done much in a legal way. Silas Blackburn had intended to dispose of the body immediately, but Miss Katherine heard the panel move and ran to the corridor. She made Jenkins break down the door and she sent for the police. Silas Blackburn was helpless. He was beaten at that moment, but he did the best he could. He went to establish an alibi through the book worm, who probably wouldn't remember the exact hour of his arrival. Water's house offered him, too, a strategic advantage. You heard him say the spare room was on the ground floor. You heard him add that he refused to open his door, either asking to be left alone or failing to answer at all. And he had to return to the Cedars the next day, for he missed his handkerchief, and he pictured himself, since he thought it was his own, in the electric chair. I'm right, Jenkins?"

"Yes, sir. I kept him hidden and gave him his chance along in the afternoon. He wanted me to try to find the handkerchief, but I didn't have the courage. He couldn't find it. He searched through the panel all about the body and the bed." "That was what Katherine heard," Bobby said, "when we found the body had been moved." "It put him in a dreadful way," Jenkins mumbled, "for no one had bothered to tell me it was young Mr. Robert the detective suspected, and when Mr. Silas heard the detective boast that he knew everything and would make an arrest in the morning, he thought about the handkerchief and knew he was done for unless he took Howells up. And the man did ask for trouble, sir. Well! Mr. Silas gave it to him to save himself!"

"I've never been able to understand," Paredes said, "why he didn't take the evidence when he killed Howells." "Didn't you know you prevented that, sir?" Jenkins asked. "I heard you come in from the court. I thought you'd been listening. I signaled Mr. Silas there was danger and to get out of the private stairway before you could trap him. And I couldn't give him another chance for a long time. Some of you were in the room after that, or Miss Katherine and Mr. Graham were sitting in the corridor watching the body just before Mr. Robert tried to get the evidence for himself. Mr. Silas had to act then. It was his last chance, for he thought Mr. Robert would be glad enough to turn him over to the law." "Why did you hide that stuff in Miss Katherine's room?" Bobby asked. "Jenkins flung up his hands. 'Oh, he was angry, sir, when he knew the truth and learned what a mistake he'd made. Howells didn't give me the report I showed you. It was in his pocket with the other things. We got it open without tearing the envelope and Mr. Silas read it. He wouldn't destroy anything. He never dreamed of anybody's suspecting Miss Katherine, so he told me to hide the things in her bureau. I think he figured on using the evidence to put the blame on Mr. Robert in case it was the only way to save himself.'" "Why did you show the report to me?" Bobby asked. "I—I was afraid to take all that responsibility," the butler quavered. "I figured if you were partly to blame it might go easier with me." Paredes shrugged his shoulders. "You were a good mate for Silas Blackburn," he sneered. "Even now I don't see how that old scoundrel had the courage to show himself tonight," Rawlins said. "That's the beautiful justice of the whole thing," Paredes answered. "For there was nothing else whatever for him to do. There never had been anything else for him to do since Miss Katherine had spoiled his scheme, since you all believed that

lieve, for everybody's sake, I did a good thing when I asked Silas Blackburn just before he disappeared why he had thrown his brother's body in the lake. I'd hoped it would simply make him run for it. I prayed that we would never hear from him again, and that Miss Katherine and Bobby could be spared the ugly scandal. Doesn't this do as well? Can't we get along without much publicity?" "You've about earned the right to dictate," Robinson said gruffly. "Thanks." "For everybody's sake!" Bobby echoed. "You're right, Carlos. Maria must be considered now. She shall have what was taken from her father, with interest. I know Katherine will agree." Katherine nodded. "I doubt if Maria will want or take it," Paredes said simply. "She has plenty of her own. It isn't fair to think it was greed that urged her. You must understand that it was a bigger impulse than greed. It was a thing of which we of Spanish blood are rather proud—a desire for justice, for something that has no softer name than revenge." Suddenly Rawlins stooped and took the Panamanian's hand. "Say! We've been giving you the raw end of a lot of snap judgments. We've never got acquainted until now." "Glad to meet you, too," Robinson grinned. Rawlins patted the Panamanian's shoulder. "At that, you'd make a first-class detective." "I disagree with you thoroughly. I have no equipment beyond my eyes and my common sense." He yawned again. He arranged the card table in front of the fire. He got the cards and piled them in neat packs on the green cloth. He placed a box of cigarettes convenient to his right hand. He smoked. "I'm very sleepy, but I've been so stupid over this solitaire since I've been at the Cedars that I must respect it in the interest of my self-interest before I go to bed."

The Abandoned Room

BY WADSWORTH CAMP

Bobby went to him impulsively. "I'm ashamed, Carlos. I don't know what to say. How can I say anything? How can I begin to thank you?" "If you ever tell me I saved your life," Paredes yawned, "I shall have to disappear, because then you'd have a claim on me." Katherine touched his hand. There were tears in her eyes. It wasn't necessary for her to speak. Paredes indicated two chairs. "If you aren't too tired, sit here and help me for a while. Perhaps between us we'll get somewhere. I wonder why I have been so stupid with the thing." After a time, as he manipulated the cards, he laughed lightly. "The same thing—the thing I've been scolding you all for. With a perfectly simple play staring me in the face I nearly made the mistake of choosing a difficult one. That would have got me in trouble while the simple one gives me the game. Why are people like that?" As he moved the cards with a deft assurance to their desired combination he smiled drolly at Graham, Rawlins, and Robinson. "I guess it must be human nature. Don't you think so, Mr. District Attorney?" "The condition Paredes had more than once foreseen was about to shroud the Cedars in loneliness and abandonment. After the hasty double burial in the old graveyard the few things Bobby and Katherine wanted from the house had been packed and taken to the station. At Katherine's suggestion they had decided to leave last of all and to walk. Paredes with a tender solicitude had helped Maria to the waiting automobile. He came back, trying to color his good-bye with cheerfulness. "After all, you may open the place again and let me visit you." "You will visit us perpetually," Bobby said, while Katherine pressed the Panamanian's hand, "but never here again. We will leave it to its ghosts, as you have often prophesied." "I am not sure," Paredes said thoughtfully, "that the ghosts aren't here." It was evident that Graham wished to speak to Bobby and Katherine alone, so the Panamanian strode back to the automobile. Graham's embarrassment made them all uncomfortable. "You have not said much to me, Katherine," he began. "Is it because I practically led to Bobby, trying to keep you apart?" She tried to smile. "I, too, must ask forgiveness. I shouldn't have spoken to you as I did the other night in the hall, but I thought because you saw Bobby and I had come together, that you had spied on me, had deliberately tricked me, knowing the evidence was in my room. Of course you did try to help Bobby." "Yes," he said, "and I tried to help you that night. I was sure you were innocent. I believed the best way to prove it to them was to let them search. The two of you have nothing worse than jealousy to reproach me with." In a sense it pleased Bobby that Graham, who had always made him feel unworthy in Katherine's presence, should confess himself not beyond reproach. "Come, Hartley," he cried, "I was beginning to think you were perfect. We'll get along all the better, the three of us, for having had it out." Graham murmured his thanks. He joined Paredes and Maria in the automobile. As they drove off Paredes turned. His face, as he waved a languid farewell, was quite without expression. Bobby and Katherine were left alone to the thicket and the old house. After a time they walked through the court and from the shadow of the time-stained, melancholy walls. At the curve of the driveway they paused and saw looked back. The shadow of loneliness and abandonment descending upon the Cedars became for them nearly ponderable! So they turned from that brooding picture, and hand in hand walked out of the forest into the friendly and welcoming sunlight.

THE END