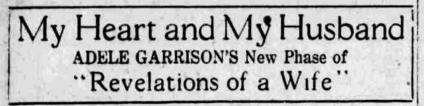
## THE BEE: OMAHA. MONDAY, JANUARY 26, 1920.



## The Reason Madge Told Harry Un- from which all hint of badinage had departed. derwood She Must "Hurry"

Along." When Harry Underwood took off

which I had labored so fruitlessly it was as if I watched another person-is brinant black eyes were fairly blazing with impatience. "That it concerns me, I suppose you mean," he snapped. "Well, just let me tell you something, my enter his corporal body. "heaven born mechanic"- it does concern you, and that d-d ality enter his corporal body. though entirely an amateur-there is nothing on sea or land or in the air that he cannot either repair or furnish some definite, helpful idea toward reconstruction. Lillian used to but which, at his words, seemed to to say that he approached any take on a subtle, sinister shadowbroken mechanism with the sure reverential touch of a great surgeon in it's going to take nobody else but the presence of a wounded body, little old me to get you out safely. while Dicky's drawling comment 1 So you'd better keep a civil tongue

ad heard many times: "Don't ever speak to old Harry or matters a rap to me, only you do go near him when he's fixing up look so d-d pretty when you're some tottering thing that couldn't get house room in a respectable rabbit hutch. The bats that flock to his never taking advantage of beauty in beliry at such times would beat you distress." to death with their wings."

## The Same Harry.

The comment came back to me forcibly as I watched the man's tall, powerful frame bending over the tire, his face absorbed as if the probem before him were a most intricate one instead of the simple thing t no doubt was to his experience.

What a magnificent animal he was! could not withhold the mental tribate, much as I disliked him. With coat off and bending over the tire, I could see that either his conincment in the war prison or his urmy life had taken from him every trace of the grossness, the hint of coming obesity with which his indulgenece in good food and wines had threatened him. His face, too, had lost the high color, the sugges-tion of flabbiness which had marred it in the last months that I had seen him.

He was evidently in splendid physical trim, his mentality unimpaired, but his moral sense? I realized as I looked at him, reviewed his mocking comments, his utter lack of remorse upon facing me-when he knew that I was aware of his infamous attempt upon Dicky's life-that he was the same selfish, unscrupulous, devil-may-care chap he had always been.

And Lillian, usually so sane, with so balanced a viewpoint, had put happiness out of her life because this man, once her husband, in the emotional remorse for the awful thing which even he would not have attempted unblinded by liquor, had sent an appeal to her saying he ceited creature, but the gentleman wanted to "begin over again.

I looked at the man bending over tile exasperation. For this splendid specimen of physical manhood, housing a reckless, selfish soul, needed nabody. Good impulses, generous impulses he often had farmer phraseology, "and it was without question; but close associa-

conscience.

"I cannot see-" I began icily then stopped as though hypnotized His brilliant black eyes were

"deeper in them than you think, and

in your head, my dear- not that it d-d pretty when you're

angry that I might be tempted to kiss you, and I pride myself on Curiously enough the blatant foolishness of his last words reassured me as to his attitude toward me. I think, indeed, that he meant WORLD. them to have this very effect, and that he shrewdly counted on my

seizing, as I did, upon the hidden menace to which he had referred. "What do you mean?" I faltered. Uneasy Moments.

"Simply that the nice, kind gentleman who blistered his face sitting in the sun in a rowboat out on the bay watching you for three days is still on the job. He's down the road a piece, and when he gets through fixing up a mile .... -made for him he's liable to jog along here at a right smart pace. I don't believe you'd care to meet him all by your lonely. I think even poor, old, tottering black skeep might be preferable.". The film which unrolled before

my mind was so terrifying that in-voluntarily I took a step nearer Mr. Underwood. Despite his wicked-ness, I had a feeling of safety, of protection with him, especially when menaced with the unknown terror which the mysterious espionage of the boat had presaged. "Yo umean-that some one is really following me, spying upon me?" I asked.

"Well, not just this particular minute," Mr. Underwood drawled. "Just now he's sitting at the side of the road wondering where in creation he's going to get three new shoes for his machine. I've had my eye on him right along-you see I haven't been watching you, you conwho seemed so interested in you-Lost in Work. "He needs me," she had said to morning I was old Sherlockia

Rouletable right on the job, and trailed him with this little old fliv-He's no great shakes of a driver," Mr. Underwood went on,

dropping into his old habit of adopt-Phone Doug. 159. Omaha, Neb. ing what he fondly believes to be simply punkin' pie for me to edge by tion with him was only a crucifixion him and then spread my machine a woman possessing ideals and a over the road so he had to stop, stalling his engine. Of course, he



Attention Mr. Automobile Owner We overhaul your car, rebore the cylinders, make piston and rings or any parts you might-need.

In addition to the increase of employment there has been an increase of pay, which is more to the point.

This increase, noted for one month for instance, a comparison of December with November, is found to be

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Robert Savarin, falling almost lifeiess at Lillian's feet after his quest of the man before me. She had nursed him back to life and then had made it worthless by sending old jack-knife. him away from her because of her fancied duty to the man whose only bond to her was the empty legal

A sob rose in my throat as I thought of the contrast between the almost invalided artist, spent in Lil-lian's service, whom I knew she are. loved with her whole royal heart, and this physically magnificent wastrel whom she loathed, but to hom she felt quixotically bound I bent closer over my knitting that my face might not betray my dis-gust if Mr. Underwood should look

I need not have feared. He neither looked at me nor uttered a word until he had repaired the inner tube and had adjusted the shoe. Then he examined the whole machine with the air of an expert, and when he evidently had decided that would do he rolled down his sleeves, put on his coat and sauntered over to me. "Haven't any cold cream and

powder in your knitting bag, have you, Lady Fair?" he asked mocking-ly. "I'm afraid my complexion is nearly ruined, and as for me delicate hands-hevings!"

Despite my disgust and auger, I mission of keeping the seas open to had hard work to repress a smile. knew that he had had months of enemy craft. the hardest kind of ambulance service in France, and he managed to

the board drew the policy that hanmake his demand for cosmetics whimsically humorous. I felt subtly dling artillery on shore, except such as might be landed from ships of the the old conviction steaming over fleet or a part of advance base equipme that there was no use wasting time in being angry at Harry Un-derwood. One could only take him ment, was an army function. .

as he was and keep out of his way

us much as possible. "I am sorry," I said quietly, determined to keep out of my answer anything save the most matter-of-fact air, "but I have nothing of the kind with me. Thank you so much for fixing the tire. I must nurry tee announced. along."

I made a movement as if to rise as I thanked Mr. Underwood for re-pairing the tire. As I did so, he stooped, and before I could prevent him had taken my hands, knitting and all, into his powerful ones, and swifty lifted me to my feet. He instantly released me, however, and there was nothing in the manner of his doing it which could possibly

have given offence. "There!" he exclaimed boyishly, triumphantly. "How's that for a skilful ambulance driver and stretchr bearer? There isn't a stitch of

"Thank you, no," I said sedately, but a triffe breathlessly, for I had wondered when he had taken my hands just what ridiculous thing he neant to do-I had vivid memories of Harry Underwood's reckless teasing in the old days. "And-" I tried to be gracious as I perfunc-torily thanked him again-"I am in-tinitely obliged-"

Madge Is Icy. "Don't prejure your exquisite, spotless soul," he laughed mocking-ly, "and you can wait to thank me until you are out of the woods. Where are you bound for?" His manner had abruptly changed. The last five words were uttered phagply in a business-like manner

