

A Literary Evening at Mrs. Ketcham's

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Miss Mabel Young, one of the most popular of the new school authors, reads a selection from some of her best known works

Wedged-Shaped Dome in Harney St. Puzzles Many

County Court Officials Worry Over Peculiar Construction, Ask Many Questions Before Solution Is Found—Many Guesses Made by Others, But None Is Right.

Clyde Sundblad, chief clerk of the county court, has been making some profound scientific investigations regarding the ingenuity of the human mind. His laboratory is the county judge's office and his "apparatus" consists of a peculiar wooden shack which has been erected across the street on Eighteenth, just south of Harney, covering the sidewalk and part of the street. It is used by contractors engaged in tearing down the old Washington hall building. This shack is a plain flat-roofed structure with this peculiarity: Out of the flat roof sticks up a wedged dome about four feet high. All Are Puzzled. This dome, at first sight, puzzled Clyde and Judge Crawford and License Clerk Stubbendorf and Probate Clerk McEachron and everybody else that looked at it. But they investigated and found out what it is. Then Clyde began his experiments. He would show people the peculiar dome and ask them what it was. "A ventilator," said some. "But it has no openings," Clyde told them. "A place where they store instruments that are too long for the height of the roof," said others. "Wrong again." "Ah, a skylight for use by the draughtsmen," said others. But Clyde pointed out that there is no window in the dome. There were other guesses. But no person has yet guessed the right answer. Here's the Secret. Here is the solution of the mystery: The dome is simply built to cover the two lights of an electric light pole. This pole happens to be right in the middle of the shack. They didn't want to build the roof as high as the lights and they didn't want to leave the lights exposed to possible falling debris from the building. So they built the wedge-shaped dome to protect the lights.

Wild But Juicy Grape Is Here

Thousands of Omahans Load Autos With Crop and Then Dream of Long Winter Nights With Cellars Well Stocked With Home Brew With Heavy Rebound.

Let 'em rave about the bumper corn crop. And the greatest wheat crop in history. And the pride of the grain belt. But Omaha turns her mind aside to revel in a bumper crop hitherto scarcely noticed—that of the wild fruits. Banks of streams in the vicinity of Omaha are crowded with hunters, not of beast or owl, but of the elusive but abundant wild grape. Trees bearing the previously acknowledged common plum, choke cherry and crab apple are rulers this year. Omahans are filling their tonneaus with baskets and beating a well worn trail for the country. And Larger, Too. Never before in the memory of old-timers has the wild fruit crop been so large. And never before in those same memories, have Omahans flocked to pluck the juice producing wild grape, crab apple and plum. The wild grapes this year are larger than ever. And the bunches heavier. But among the throngs which flock in the neighborhood of the vine and tree, one hears little comment of the H. C. of L. One hears brazen arguments on recipes. And close attention to the details of these recipes reveals the fact that canning and jelly-making are no ultimate results to be obtained. Cooling Beverages. Beverages to cool the parched throats of prisoners of this great desert of Nebraska and Iowa are to be concocted from the juices squeezed from these fruits which seldom reach the public market. Differences argued by the male members of the harvesting parties seem to revolve around the question of the amount of water to be added to the extracted juice, or whether the sugar content should be governed by the amount of the juice of the total mixture. And how long it should be allowed to stand in sealed bottle or crock or open vessel. Oh, how Mr. Volstead might feast his eyes on the daily pilgrimages of Omahans this fall to the haunt of the wild grape. Speeder Is Fined. Going to Funeral. Kansas City, Mo., Sept. 18.—Speeding in a motor car to play the snare drum at a Jewish funeral here Otto Bryant, a negro, \$5 in municipal court. Otto was arrested when he fell into a police speed trap on his way to the funeral. "I'm a trap drummer, and I was hurrying to get in the parade at a Jewish funeral," he told Judge Tower. "Fine of \$5," said the Judge. "Take your time next time."

Heart Secrets of a Fortune Teller



By RACHEL MACK. Open the Door to a Carrier.

Maybe you'll be surprised to know I'm not always promisin' the June bride idea an' applaudin' the sweet strains of the wedding march. Just to prove it, I'll tell you about an incident that happened some years ago. A young girl registerin' about 24 summers hurries into the studio for a consultation. While not beautiful, she's pleasant to look at, and neat to the last hook. She has that home like personality that makes you feel like relaxin' and being comfortable—one of the sort who could make a piano box seem like home, sweet home. "You wish a palm reading?" I ask. "I do," she answers. "I must take a decision, and I need help."

"Well," I announce, "Clarisse can run up the periscope and give you a peep at the breakers ahead. What's the question that's cuttin' down your sleep?" "Cannot Decide. "I can't decide," she answers, "which of two men to marry. For a month I've been fighting it out in my mind, and I haven't found the answer yet."

"H'm!" I says, rather thoughtful. "The mind's not exactly the customary place to think this marryin' question out. I believe the heart's considered the proper location. Something's wrong. Let's consult the occult." She gives me her hand, which is large and firm and rather practical. Of course I lend an eye to the love lines first, expectin' to see a couple of them cutting deep through the mount at the base of the little finger. But imagine my surprise when I find them among the missin'.

No Love Mentioned. "G'rlie," I asks, "did I understand you to say that you loved two men and couldn't pick the heavy party?" "No," she says very emphatic, "you did not. I said I could not decide which of two men to marry. There wasn't any mention of love in the statement."

heaven should you marry either of them?" "Well," she explains, "you might say it's up to me. My parents have spent all they can afford on me, and there are three younger sisters waiting to step into my shoes. Understand?" "Perfectly," I says. "It's not an unusual case. But why don't you get a job and support yourself?" "Knows How to Cook. "I'm not qualified," she says. "All I can do is manage a house. Instead of shorthand, I've studied domestic science. I haven't an interest in anything but planning meals and going to market."

"I see," I says. "Regular little housewife. Just the sort of person for a five-room flat and a vacuum cleaner. It's not surprisin' that you've tried to cultivate a taste for matrimony and the housekeepin' career. Natural mistake." "You think it is a mistake then?" she asks rather surprised. "I know it is," I says. "A woman tied to a man she doesn't love is about as contented as an Eskimo campin' on the equator, and you won't be any exception. Let's examine the lines again."

Small Teacher Crushes Store Sleuth Big Detective, Cat-Footing on Trail of Little Woman, Thinks He Sees Her Steal Vanity Case, But—

Sleuthing for shoplifters in Omaha department stores is a gay sport. But last week, one of the store detectives in an Omaha store was somewhat abashed. One of Council Bluffs' littlest school teachers was just back from a visit to Kansas City, where she had allowed her shopping mania to run away with her. She had purchased one of the latest things in a vanity case—sort of a silver box affair, all shiny and new. Strolling through the store, she noticed a number of similar vanity cases on a counter and stopped to examine them. She noticed a large man of fierce countenance keeping her within his gaze and felt somewhat annoyed at being so ogled by one of the firm's employees. Gently Hissed— But she continued to examine the vanity cases and soon started to walk away with her own on her wrist. Up bristled the large gentleman of the fierce countenance and deadly mien. "Better put that back," he gently hissed into her little pink ear, evidently trying to cover up his actions from other shoppers in the store. "Just what do you mean, sir," she replied hastily, rising to her full four feet 11 inches. "That vanity case you picked up from the counter," replied the fierce gentleman. "I'm sorry, sir, but I purchased this in Kansas City only last week," she returned. He Was Crushed. The fierce gentleman allowed himself to show her that he doubted her words. Gently, and with even a royal air, the little school teacher turned over her vanity case in her hand and proudly displayed to the sleuth the unmistakable and firmly imprinted name of Emery, Bird, Thayer & Co. of Kansas City. With which the small miss-crushed the fierce gentleman with a red hot glance and stalked from the store bristling with dignity. Yes, verily, sleuthing for shoplifters in Omaha department stores must often be a gay sport. Bavaria will produce aluminum from native clay instead of continuing to import bauxite.

City Commissioner Who Lives in Apartment Without Paying Rent Essays Role of Cook

Dan B. Butler, city commissioner and bachelor, was gloating among his friends at the Elks' club rooms, over his ability to prepare a meal, table d'hote, a la carte, buffet luncheon or any other style. He abides in the Drake apartments where the tenants have been living for several months without going through the formality of paying rent. His sister usually presides over the domestic economics of the Butler apartments, but when the sister recently went to New York on a vacation, Daniel, the daring and debonair, essayed the role of chief cook and generalissimo of the kitchen. Things went along merrily for a while. He encountered little difficulty in promoting the proper functioning of a coffee percolator, preparing three slices of toast and applying heat to eggs in a pan in such degrees that the eggs would be fried. He grew bolder in his culinary experiments. One evening he addressed himself to the enterprise of frying potatoes according to an approved method. While the tubers were undergoing the cooking process the commissioner went downstairs to discuss the league of nations with an apartment dweller. He forgot the potatoes. The atmosphere of the apartment room became redolent with the aroma of burned potatoes. The heavy footfall of Mr. Butler was heard on the steps. He rushed to a dresser to get a cloth to use in protecting his hand against the superheated pan. He dropped the dresser drawer on his foot. Then he put on his hat and coat and hurried downtown where he sought and bought a large meal. He has given up his ambitions to acquire knowledge of the culinary art. He is not gloating any more at the Elks' club rooms on his abilities as a chef. Oil of citronella will restore the color to most shades of tan or brown leather.

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