

### Counterfeiters In Berlin Duped With 'Gold Bricks'

#### Printers of Bogus Currency Arrested After They Fall Victim to Police "Swindle."

Chicago Tribune-Omaha Bee Foreign News Service.

Berlin, April 9.—Counterfeiters caught by a variation of the venerable gold brick device resulted recently from a series of incidents which are believed to have been a clever ruse throughout on the part of the Berlin police. Eight ingenious printers have been arrested. These skillful craftsmen had gone into the bank note printing and issuing business, with a zeal hardly exceeded by the government itself, as in a single week it produced paper money to the face value of 1,000,000 marks. The notes were exceedingly well done and certain banks have become badly victimized.

**Ready to Sell.**  
Recently two of them got into touch with Russian emigrants in one of the fashionable cafes of Berlin, which the gang made use of for the transaction of its business, and the Russians, in talking over a bottle of wine, let them into the secret that they had brought with them out of Russia gold coin amounting to 40 pounds in weight. The craftsmen thought this a priceless opportunity for putting some of their own notes into circulation against excellent cover. The Russians were ready to sell, and after some hard bargaining they bought the gold, not, however, before they had taken it to a jeweler, where the sample coins were assayed.

**Feel the Hook.**  
Having handed over the notes from their own bank of engraving, the printers put away their acquired gold reserve and proceeded in force to the bank to exchange for bank notes of the kind more commonly preferred in the best financial circles. At the first visit, however, they were informed by the teller that their gold was good imitation, but not good enough for the bank notes, as it was really only hard solder. The eight craftsmen, dumbfounded, could only burst forth into recriminations against one another, during which the police were fetched and the men are now awaiting trial.

The story is whispered that the Russians were but skillful men employed by the police, who manipulated real gold at the jeweler's and glittering dross outside. It is even said that the jeweler and the exchange bank were also in the "swindle," as the eight craftsmen thought fit to call the transaction.

### German Lottery Appeals Flood New Hampshire Town

Manchester, N. H., April 9.—The city of Manchester has been flooded with German lottery appeals coming from Earnest Schultz, Berlin, Germany. The communications have been sent to all sorts of people, including ministers and lawyers, as well as workers in the shops and mills. No attempts are made to disguise the fact that it is a lottery, the capital prize being named and directions given for forwarding money. The matter has been reported to the postal authorities by Postmaster Willis. No orders have been as yet received in regard to the lottery mail at the local postoffice.

### Old Resident Declares Devil Does Not Run Town

Worcester, Mass., April 9.—Former Alderman Wilhelm Forsberg, one of the oldest residents of Quinsigamond, resents a statement made by the Rev. Joel Fridtelt, pastor of the Quinsigamond Swedish Congregational church, that "the devil has run Quinsigamond long enough." "Quinsigamond is one of the most peaceful spots in Worcester," says Mr. Forsberg.

## Brides of a Feather—By Jack Lait

MRS. HAWLEY and Mrs. Wells hung out in the same back yard. Never mind exactly what they hung out. Every Tuesday they met in the yard, for Tuesday was their day to have the lines.

A bowing acquaintance soon warmed to friendship, and mutual visiting became the order between the Hawley three-room flat on the ground floor and the Wells four-room apartment on the third.

Exchanges of confessions and confidences revealed that neither had been married quite half a year, that both their husbands were dears and brutes, that matrimony was just adorable and all one-sided against the woman, and that the grocer was a profiteering scoundrel.

All went smoothly until Mrs. Hawley, with beaming visage, exhibited to Mrs. Wells a bracelet, set with the loveliest turquoise, which her husband had brought home to her—just for nothing at all; no anniversary or birthday or anything, just because he was a good kid and he loved her.

Mrs. Wells thought that was simply lovely. She thought so to Mrs. Hawley. But when Jerome Wells came home that night she thought differently to him—she thought it was a pity that every other man on earth brought gifts home to his wife, and he never as much as hauled in a bag of peanut brittle.

Wells kissed her, but that did not square it. He tried to read a paper, but she wouldn't let him. He threw up his hands and surrendered—yes! He had been at fault! All wrong! She cried a bit and said she was glad he at least had manhood enough to admit it. That was how and why he got some sleep that night. Next morning he didn't get so much. Mrs. Wells kept him awake for hours, raving to him over what a wonderful hubby-hub he was, bringing his birdie that beau-u-u-tiful bracelet with the reconstructed ruby setting.

Next morning, bright and early, Mrs. Wells descended on Mrs. Hawley, and, with significant nonchalance, flashed the bracelet. Mrs. Hawley turned pale—so did her turquoise. She stuttered congratulations and sweetly asked what was the occasion for this royal gift. Mrs. Wells said there wasn't any—in particular; just a crazy old darling's passion for showing a woman how much he thought of her, that was all.

Hawley got a careful of it that evening. So—he thought a turquoise of his bride, the girl whom he had said he loved more than any other man in all the history of all the world had ever loved any other woman, while this Wells idolized that putty-faced nuisance of his to the extent of a reconstructed ruby, eh?

Hawley said all right—all right; maybe Wells made more. Mrs. Hawley flew at him. What right did he have to make more? Was he any cleverer? Was he any better?

Hawley said for goodness sake he didn't know. He had only supposed that maybe Wells made more—he didn't even know Wells. He had only guessed at it—suggested it as a possible solution. Maybe Wells did not make more. Maybe he stole the money. Or maybe he had married money.

That was percussion stuff. Mrs. Hawley went into "a hysteric." Was that meant to be a dirty "dig" at her because she had been just a decent, honest working girl and didn't bring her marvelous husband a bank or a gold mine, as he undoubtedly deserved with his charms and blue blood? Hawley said for the love of Mike would she please come down to the floor and behave herself? He hadn't said anything to start a riot; and he was tired.

"Sure," she whined. "You're always tired. I slave all day and make you dinner and your bed and fix your home up so you can come home and tell me how tired you are. O, why did I ever—"

He wanted to say, "O, dry up!" But he worshiped her. So he just sighed and came up from behind

and put his two arms about her, and called her his little girl, and kissed her on the top vertebra, and gave her a little squeeze, and scratched her back and her scalp gently, and whispered in her ear that there was only one thing in this world that he wanted—and that was to see her happy. And—leave it to him!

The following day brought into the palm of Mrs. Hawley a cluster ring of chip diamonds.

She smothered him with evidences of her grateful appreciation, her boundless affection. Had she scolded him and misjudged him and been a beast to him while all the time he was planning this grand surprise for her? Hawley said it was nothing like that; he had merely saved enough by scrimping and cutting down his cigars to bring his lamb a modest 17-kicknack.

Modest, was it? Mrs. Wells scarcely thought so, though she did not have much to say aloud over it when Mrs. Hawley grandiloquently "pulled it on" her before another noon had heard its dinner whistles.

That evening brought Wells a cold supper. Before he had his hat off he sensed that some calamity had come upon his house, and when he had to find his wife in the kitchen instead of having her greet him, jumping up and down, at the hall door, he knew it.

"What's eating my cutie tonight?" he inquired.

"Little you care," she responded, and asked him to please not call her his little cutie—it sounded decidedly dance hall.

Wells scratched his head, but he couldn't make it out. He had done nothing that he knew of to destroy his bride's mood or vinegar the wine of her tenderest sentiments toward him. What the—what had happened?

She knew just how long he would endure that. It lasted 17 minutes. Then he shut off the jazz record in the middle, stalked out to the kitchen, took both her hands in a firm, resolute grip, and, pleadingly, but insistently, asked her for the love of the man in the moon to please let out her grouch. She

shook her head. "Come on, tell daddy," he urged, and she knew by the tone of it that he was now ripe. And she let him have it.

That impossible, snippy, slab-sided Mrs. Hawley had been down to crowd over her—to humiliate her—by showing her a gorgeous diamond studded ring that must have cost twenty-five dollars if it cost one red penny! Wasn't that enough?

Wells capitulated—in a heap. He surrounded her with his arms, he kissed her on the ear, on the nose, and on each eye, and assured her that his little peachy wasn't going to play second fiddle to any of these side-show freaks that were married to the simps in the neighborhood—no, sir; they wouldn't any of them—the best of them—have anything on his cutie.

She flung her arms around his neck and sobbed on his breast—she had been a horrid, hateful creature. Maybe it would be hard for him to buy her diamonds. Maybe she was asking too much. Maybe she was driving him—

It was nothing less than a three-quarters of a carat solitaire that Wells handed over, with a fool grin of joy, to his cutie, less than twenty-

four hours afterward. If his employer could have heard one-half the things she called him within the hour that followed he would have raised Wells' pay, for the bride declared him the grandest man on earth, the sweetest old baby-daddy in the world, the loveliest lovums under the sun.

In due time Mrs. Hawley had her eye put out with the solitaire. It made her cluster appear like cracked ice. Mrs. Wells' description of the presentation made the three-quarters of a carat swell to a boulder. When she ran away, saying as though she had suddenly thought of it that she had to hurry down and fix supper for her wonderful boy, Mrs. Hawley just sank on to the Morris chair and groaned. Hawley found her that way.

It took him an hour and half a dozen modes of attack to pierce her outward lines, and when he crashed through and got the news, with trimmings, with observations, with recriminations, with a Niagara of tears and an orchestra of yelps, he wanted to throw a lamp through the window. But he didn't—they seldom do. He came around.

And, long after normal good-night time, she mopped her eyes and hoped that she wasn't catty or mean, but—she just couldn't help it; she was only a child, and she loved pretty

things, craved them, was, O, so unhappy when she could not have them. Maybe she ought to be spanked, but it was her nature—this yearning for the beautiful, for the rich, for the luxurious. He said it was quite natural—pretty things longed for pretty things—just trust him and go keeey.

That scene brought a fur throw. Furs cost like the mischief, and no one knows it any better than women who receive them and men who pay for them. Mrs. Hawley knew this piece had set Hawley back a pretty check, and Mrs. Wells almost fainted when Mrs. Hawley "ran in" to show her, "by the way," what her silly boy had gone and shopped for her.

It was a rough evening on Wells, and it panned a silk-lined suit for his wife, the smartest two piecer in the ward. Mrs. Hawley gasped when she beheld it. Hawley squirmed when he heard about it, which he did for a week before he pawned his watch to come through with half a dozen pairs of sheer silk stockings and a jade necklace.

Mrs. Wells and Mrs. Hawley do not speak now. They both had their hanging-out day changed, so that not only do they not both hang on Tuesdays, but one hangs on Thursdays and the other on Mondays. But Wells and Hawley—shucks!

They go to lunch together and give one another cigars.

It came about thus: A week or so after the stockings and necklace episode, Wells met Hawley on the elevated. They had bowed once or twice before, as neighbors do, without even knowing names. When they got chatting on a subject of common interest—the candidate for alderman—they discovered that they were the husbands of the chummy wives.

Before they got downtown their heads were together.

Two days later Mrs. Hawley was skipping down to call on Mrs. Wells when she met Mrs. Wells hopping up to call on Mrs. Hawley. They halted in the No Man's Land of the second story landing, both began to speak at once, and when the smoke cleared each was holding out her right hand to the other, and in each right hand there was something

sparkling. Each looked at once. Then came the shock. Each had a bar pin trimmed with tiny pearls and timer diamonds, all in filigreed platinum. And they were exactly the same! (Copyright, 1921, by Jack Lait.)

The get-together medium—Bee Want Ads.

### 25% to 40% More Mileage Guaranteed

#### Absolutely Harmless Removes Carbon

The one Lisco Tablet in a gallon of gasoline. Guaranteed to remove 25 to 40 per cent more mileage, remove and prevent carbon and purify lowest grade gasoline.

Satisfaction or Money Back. Don't purchase with makeshift experiments. If your dealer hasn't Lisco, order 100 Tablets for mail for \$4.00. LIGHTY SPECIALTY CO., (Inc.) Kearney, Neb.

## LISCO

A LONG FELT WANT IN MOTOR LIFE

### Attention! Mr. Car Owner

I will furnish material and build good, strong 10x16 garage, two coats of paint, for \$125. Stevens, 4409 S. 22d. South 0527.

## A Message From the President of the Cadillac Motor Car Company

Year after year it has been necessary for us, at this season, to caution prospective buyers of the Cadillac Motor Car against possible disappointment in the matter of securing delivery.

The necessity was never more urgent, as it is our conviction that the months of May and June, and the remainder of the year, will witness the greatest shortage of Cadillac cars in the history of the company.

The Cadillac Company is firmly committed to the policy of building eight-cylinder cars which will continue to be the Standard of the World.

Present prices on Cadillac Motor Cars will remain unchanged throughout the year 1921.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY

R. H. COLLINS, President and General Manager.

# CADILLAC



When you want bearings in a hurry just call Tyler 2844

HYATT TIMKEN

Complete stocks of Timken, Hyatt and New Departure Bearings for all cars, trucks and tractors at this branch.

Omaha Branch 1812 Harney St. Phone Tyler 2844

# PAIGE

The Most Beautiful Car in America

## A Thoroughbred

Our New Series "Glenbrook 6-44" model is a true brother of the World's Champion Paige 6-66. It is a smaller and lighter car, but the sporting strains are identical. And what really counts is thoroughbred stock.

The "Glenbrook" looks the part—that you can see at a glance. And out in the open, where there are steep hills and real tests of spirit, it lives up to every tradition of a great name.

One ride behind the wheel will prove a thrilling revelation.

Let our dealer take you out today. Let him show you how it feels to accelerate from five to twenty-five miles per hour in nine seconds flat. Best of all, get behind the wheel yourself. Then, decide if life is really worth while without such a car.

New Series "6-44" Models  
Glenbrook Six Passenger Touring Car  
Ardmore Four Passenger Sport model  
Lexus Roadster Two Passenger  
Omaha Four Passenger  
Sedan Five Passenger  
Card Three Seats

PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR CO., DETROIT, Michigan

Manufacturers of Paige Motor Cars and Motor Trucks

## NEBRASKA PAIGE CO.

R. M. Austin, General Manager

27th and Harney Sts.

Omaha, Neb.