

Rector Says He Met With Angel By Appointment

Clergyman Asserts Heavenly Messenger Led Him to Doctor, Saving Sick Wife's Life.

Norwich, England, Oct. 29.—Much controversy has been aroused by a public declaration by Rev. G. Maurice Elliott that he has seen and walked and talked with angels.

Mr. Elliott is rector of the Lincolnshire parish of Snitterby. He has given a circumstantial account of a meeting with an angel at a time when his wife was seriously ill and medical opinion was divided on the question of performing an operation on her.

"My wife and I prayed that an angel might be sent to tell us distinctly whether an operation was required," says Mr. Elliott. "The angel came to us. We both saw him. He was of the male sex, bright and shining in appearance, and dressed in white. He said: 'In answer to your prayer the Lord has sent me to tell you that the specialist who advises an operation is wrong in his diagnosis, and that such operation would be fatal.'"

"I said to this guardian angel: 'Will you now lead me to some medical man or surgeon who will prove to me scientifically that you are right?' The angel replied 'Yes,' and told me to take my wife to Brighton."

"We went to Brighton and the angel led us to a certain hotel and told us to take rooms there, and said that seated next to us at table would be a leading London surgeon, and that after dinner he would go up into the drawing room alone, and that I was to follow him and engage him in conversation until I extracted the promise from him that he would examine my wife that night."

"All this actually happened. The surgeon, who was a Harley street man, examined my wife that night and assured me that no operation was needed and that everything would come out all right."

"I then told him that I was told to speak to him by a guardian angel, to which he replied: 'I am not in the least surprised, because before I left London to come here for a few weeks' rest by the sea I knelt down and asked God to lead me to some one to whom my knowledge and skill could be of real help. We grasped hands and gloried in the fact that there was such a thing as a lively faith.'"

Mr. Elliott holds firmly to his belief that a person's guardian angel is always with him. "There are many men and women with peculiar psychic gifts, and in the presence of such persons angels are able to materialize."

Jack and Jill

He tried to walk into the little dining room nonchalantly, but Jack's notion of nonchalance must have been gained from his observations of the manner of nonchalance of movie heroes, for he gave his Jill-girl a hint of a conspiracy.

"What is it?" she asked mildly, glancing up from the side table.

"What is it?" he repeated in feigned surprise. "What's what?"

"Well, I don't know," she dimpled. "But it's something."

"Gosh, Jill, you're the limit," he exclaimed. "Talk about intuition. And he trotted back into the hall to presently re-appear with a long cardboard box."

Jill opened it and there were a dozen beautiful red roses.

"Aren't they just beautiful?" Then she threw him an odd look.

"Whom are they for, dear?"

"Why, they're for you, of course," said Jack carelessly. "Whom should they be for?"

"But Jack—" for she had noticed the name of the fashionable florist on the box—"they must have cost—"

"It isn't polite for a lady to ask what flowers cost when a gentleman sends them."

She ran her fingers through the damp blossoms and breathed in their perfume gratefully.

"But—why?"

"Why did you get them?"

"Goodness, sake, honey," he cried, almost impatiently, "you talk as if I never brought you any roses before."

"You haven't—for a long time."

"Well, I'm so busy at the office these days I just forgot about 'em." But his Jill-girl was not satisfied. This was too trite, too transparent.

"But what made you think of them today?"

"Nothing. I just happened to think you'd like to have them so I stopped in on my way home, and bought them. Now, that's all there is to it. Of course, if you don't like them—"

"But of course I like them, dear. And it was awfully sweet of you to think of them."

And she kissed him.

"How much are roses these days?" she enquired idly, after a pause.

Beauty Sues for Gems



LYDIA LIPKOWSKA

Lydia Lipkowska, Russian prima donna, who has filed suit against Samuel Schepps, Inc., of New York, for jewels and furs valued at \$127,000. The jewels and furs were given to her by the late Czar of Russia, it is said. Mme. Lipkowska says Schepps gained possession of the articles by misrepresenting himself as a broker.

Day of Lunch Box Passes—Even Stenos Won't Be Seen With Noon Meal Under Arm

The lunch box has "passed." Do you remember a few years ago how every stenographer and clerk, and many business men came down town every morning with their lunches wrapped up in newspapers? Some of them used to carry their "snack" in tin boxes which folded up when empty.

But now you seldom see anyone carrying lunch. It isn't being done. Why, do you suppose for one minute that trim Mabel, the stenographer, in her French heels, silk dress and furs would be seen carrying her lunch? Not so you can notice it.

Cafe Business Booms. And with the passing of the lunch box has grown the eating house industry in downtown Omaha. No less than 10 new restaurants have been opened in downtown Omaha in the last year. And it is estimated that 70,000 meals are served in these eating houses every week day, of which 40,000, a little more than half, are noon-day meals.

Instead of opening her lunch in the office and eating stale sandwiches, hard-boiled egg and apple as she used to do, Mabel now trips out to an "eat" place where she pays all the way from 15 cents to \$1 for her meal.

Lunch Box Out of Date. The thrifty eat in the little, one-arm places—a cup of coffee and doughnuts or piece of pie, perhaps. From that it runs by degrees up to places like the new Brandeis tea room, Burgess-Nash tea room or one of the clubs.

But the man or woman who carries the lunch from home and eats it in office or store is decidedly out of date.

Ark Made of Cypress. The wood of which the ark was built has been identified by many scientists as cypress.

The Fontenelle Restaurants—A Hallowe'en Phantasmagoria

Coal black cats arch their backs, grinning pumpkin heads leer, old witches scowl, pranking puppets wink, weird lights blink, while in the background shocks of golden corn and piles of yellow pumpkins paint a fantastic picture of Hallowe'en. It's the Main Restaurant and Palm Room in their Hallowe'en dress.

The Fontenelle Invites You Today

The food is delightfully good, the music is peculiarly appropriate, the Hallowe'en decorations suggest coziness and comfort, and strolling through the lobbies you'll find here and there something to interest you—a Hallowe'en conceit, a quiet nook, an old portrait or a mischievous manikin.

Sunday Concert Dinner Supreme
In the Main Restaurant from six to nine at two dollars per cover.

After Dinner Mezzanine Musicale
From 8:30 to 9:30 on the Mezzanine Floor. The public is invited.

Beginning tomorrow evening, the beautiful Palm Room will open for after-theater dancing. NO COVER CHARGE.

HOTEL FONTENELLE

350 ROOMS "Built and Maintained for Those Discriminating Americans Who Instinctively Demand the Best." 350 BATHS

Newsstands in Paris Carry Ads Of Mate Seekers

"Matrimonial Notice Boards" Used by Both Sexes—Crowds Cheer or Jeer at Cards.

Paris, Oct. 29.—For more than a year there has appeared in France a Journal de Mariages, which prints long lists of "marriageable men and women." This sheet has a big subscription list. It is to be thought, however, that its columns are not big enough to contain all the names and qualifications of "marriageable persons," for quite recently newsstands along the principal boulevards have reserved notice boards for "matrimonial advertisements."

They contain such fascinating formulas as: "Fluigent brunette seeks husband." "Affectionate blonde wants to marry." "Alsatian and Lorraine widows and women divorced in their favor are legion. There is also the 'demolished' of 58, who looks only 45, of simple tastes, who would marry a widower or bachelor of about 45."

Then there is the man's side of the board where one may read: "Aged and faithful solicitor, serious, seeks pretty French woman between 35 and 40 and serious." There is the "neutral" who would give happiness to a young woman, or widow or divorcee with dowry. There is the "blonde Dutchman who wants to build up a happy home with a pretty French girl." There is the "only son of rich and aged parents who seeks demitelle of good morals."

Crowds gather round such boards and cheer or jeer as the cards are displayed.

Stenographers Click In Time to One-Step

London, Oct. 29.—Dozens of itinerant street bands, mostly brass, but occasionally of the string variety, are the latest additions to the attractions of London. The average number of performers is six, and, in addition, there are generally two collectors.

These bands spring out at one from every corner of the city. One may be turning a supposedly peaceful corner when the blarney note of a furious cornet causes a war-worn veteran to jump in the air. And barely has he recovered before a jingling collecting box, pushed into his face, gives him still a further shock.

The bands are having their effect on the life of London. The machines of a roomful of stenographers may be heard clicking in time to a one-step. It sometimes happens that a business man opens his checks to the strain of "The Hallelujah Chorus" and occasionally surveys his bills to the music of "The Dead March."

Wife Cruelly Deceived. "Poor Maud! She got cruelly deceived when she married that old man," said Jones. "Didn't he have any money?" "Oh, yes, plenty of money, but he is 10 years younger than he said he was."

Sad Happening in a Cafe

How Some Little Things Affect Some People Explained by the Canary Kid

By H. R. HARRIS.
"It's wery peculiar 't me wot I'll thin's upset some people," observed the Canary Kid the other morning. "Now 'ere I wuz in a restaurant th' other day an' m' waiter looks like 'is rich uncle done died an' left 'im th' fam'ly Bible. 'E's th' sadder lookin' thin' I seen since Mickey Dugan's cellar wall caved in on 'is las' nine quarts uv Ol' Taylor."

"Boys, I sez 't this waiter, 'it ain't sens'lar 't take nothin' so serious as you look. I ain' one uv these cookies wot tells a bird wit' a cracked lip 't smile, but at th' same time there ain't nobody but a hearse driver 'nitted 't wear a face like yore's. Now, wot's th' matter? Go 'ead an' tell me so I can cry wit' yeh."

Whole Day Spoiled.
"Well, sez th' waiter, my whole day wuz completely runt this mornin'—"
"Ow's that?" I axes.
"Aw'y, 'e sez, 'somebody spilt a bucket uv water all over th' dried herrin'."

"W'en 'e sez w'ich," concluded the Kid, "I swallowed a hard-boiled egg wit'out dentin' it an' I bin feelin' like cacklin' ever since."
The Kid made a wry face.

"This 'ere waiter," he continued after lighting up a cigar, "wuz 'nitted' different' from Seven Sam uv my 'ol' outfit w'en we wuz arguin' wit' Jerry in the Doggone woods."
"Yes?" I asked.

Chill Autumn Days Great Stimulus To Marriage in Omaha, Records Show

These chill autumn days are a great stimulus to marriage. So says the local marriage license bureau.

The reasoning sounds reasonable. Archibald has been keeping company with Agnes all through the good, old summer time. They've been going to Krug park dances and to the Rialto and Strand and Sun and over to Manawa and he's been calling at her house with boxes of candy and all that.

But now the parks are cold and nature is chill and, upon the imagination of Archibald dawns the charm of a home, a home of his own with a red-shaded lamp, and big easy chairs and a talking machine.

Ah, and who shall be queen of this little paradise? Who but Agnes? She's just made for the part. Archibald suddenly realizes this when the weather grows chill. How the picture glows in contrast with the thought of his own rented room where he is merely a stranger in the house!

Aw, fly by his resolutions to maintain against all comers his bachelor freedom. He will "put it to the touch."

And off he goes that very night to see Agnes, "pops the question," is accepted and gets the license.

"In the fall a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of marriage."

An Early Start.
"Is this disarmament movement something new?"
"Oh, no! Started with the Venus de Milo."—New York Sun.

The Shoes to Buy for Fall

When you select your footwear this season, will you buy the ordinary shoe and risk comfort and health; or will you change to sensible, efficient shoes that are good looking?

There's happiness in a good pair of shoes and as much damnation in a bad pair of shoes as in anything else of the same size except a vial of poison. The good shoes comforts your feet, eases your mind, invigorates your body, beautifies your disposition. The bad shoe can give you a nervous headache, a backache, a knee ache, beside many a foot ache; and the ultimate consequences may be serious enough to require long medical treatment.

Keep well and you will look well. Use good judgment when you decide on the type of shoes you will wear this fall. Give more thought to shoes than to any other article of your new wardrobe, because they can do you the most harm or the most good. Let us show you and demonstrate the Cantilever Shoe, which has made so many men, women and will do as much for you. Its flexible arch, natural lines, offer you comfort, strength and ease.

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Don't Wear 'Em So High in Australia

Skirts of Fair Mermaid in Annette Kellerman's Troup Drew a Crowd in Sydney.

San Francisco, Oct. 29.—Australian girls are ashamed of their legs—whether "for cause" or from old-fashioned maidenly modesty dependent saith not, for to date they have kept the evidence carefully covered.

So reports Miss Dorothy B. Summers, swimming girl in Annette Kellerman's troupe of diving beauties, who returned today from a tour of the Antipodes.

Miss Summers says she was nearly mobbed in Sydney when she took her first stroll around the streets, clad in the American plan as regards lower limbs. The men didn't mind, but the women—oh, my!

"I caused a traffic jam," said the mermaid.

"I hadn't been on the street 10 minutes before a crowd collected, mostly of members of my own sex. At first I didn't know what to make of it, but it wasn't long before I decided that the cause of the trouble was my skirt."

"It was just an ordinary American style skirt, too. But they had to

call an e... detail of police to disperse the crowd.

"They followed me from store to store, making remarks, as though I were a five-legged kangaroo or some other sideshow wonder. Even the police, when they arrived, had a hard time keeping their attention on their duties. I was glad to get back to my hotel."

"And when I got there I found Miss Kellerman swiftly sewing. She was letting out the hem of her skirt to make it as long as possible."

Shooting Prowling Cat No Crime, Judge Rules in Court

Atlanta, Ga., Oct. 29.—An air rifle is not a firearm, and shooting a neighbor's marauding cat is not a crime. This is what Judge George E. Johnson of the recorder's court here said. With these statements, he settled a quarrel between R. J. Donaldson and Mrs. J. P. Turner.

In court it was said that Mrs. Turner saw Donaldson's cat eating her prize hen. She shot at and missed it, Donaldson brought a charge of firing a rifle within the city's limits. Mrs. Turner, who served a copy of the charge, countered, charging Donaldson with allowing a 5-year-old nephew to range at large with an air rifle. Judge Johnson ended matters by stating Mrs. Turner was defending her property and that an air rifle was no firearm.

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Thin or run down folks who want to quickly get some good, firm, solid flesh on their bones, fill out the hollows and sunken cheeks with strong, healthy tissues and build up increased energy and vitality should try taking two of Mastin's tiny yeast VITAMON tablets with their meals. Mastin's VITAMON tablets contain highly concentrated yeast vitamins as well as the two other still more important vitamins (Fat soluble A and Water soluble C) all of which science says you must have to be strong, well and healthy.

They banish pimples, boils and skin eruptions as if by magic, strengthen the nerves, build up the body with firm flesh and tissue and often completely rejuvenate the whole system. By getting the precious yeast vitamins in a little concentrated tablet form you run no risk of causing gas or upsetting the stomach and can be sure of quick, gratifying results.

If you are thin, pale, haggard, drawn looking or lack energy and endurance you will find it well worth while to make this simple test: First weigh yourself and measure yourself. Next take Mastin's VITAMON—two tablets with every meal. Then weigh and measure yourself again each week and continue taking VITAMON regularly until you are satisfied with your gain in weight and energy. It is not only a question of how much better you look and feel, or what your friends say and think—the scales and tape measure will tell their own story.

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You can get Mastin's VITAMON tablets at all good druggists, such as Sherman & McConnell, Adams-Haight, Alexander Jacobs, J. L. Brandeis, Hayden Bros. and Burgess-Nash.

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