

Railroad Bill Holds Attention Of Lawmakers

Omaha Senator and Congressman Have Measures Affecting Rail Lines—Ready For Adjournment.

By E. C. SNYDER. Washington, Nov. 17.—(Special Telegram.)—When the railroad re- fund bill comes again before the senate, Senator Hitchcock will offer an amendment that until the railroads put into effect the reduced rates on grain and grain products and hay, as provided in the Interstate Commerce commission order of October 20, the bill shall not become effective.

Senator Hitchcock said he proposed to offer the amendment and press it as best he could, because he did not believe that the bill re- funding \$500,000,000 to the railroads should be passed without surround- ing it with some such safeguards as he proposed.

“Telegrams are coming to my office intimating that the railroads are endeavoring to postpone the order that rates be lowered on grain and hay in our territory,” he said. “I do not know if the stories I hear are well-founded, but I do know they ought to be lowered and the Inter- state Commerce commission should do direct.”

Bill Attracts Attention

In connection with the present situation affecting railroad legisla- tion, particularly reflected through the pending measure before the senate looking to the refunding of \$500,000,000 to the rail lines of the country. Congressman Jeffers' bill amending the interstate commerce act of 1887 is receiving much atten- tion. He proposes that railroads may put into effect and charge for trans- portation on hay, grain, potatoes, five stock, fruits, vegetables, eggs, milk, cream and other perishable food products, coal and building ma- terials a lesser rate or rates than the rate or rates theretofore fixed by the commission for the transportation of such commodity.

Park Favors Plan

Congressman Park of Georgia, writing Congressman Jeffers, said: “There is no sense in having the rail- road commission put a minimum price for railroads to charge ship- pers because it cuts out all competi- tion.”

Congressman McLaughlin of York, N.Y., said he was for the Jeffers bill because “until we can permit railroads to charge for hay, grain and other products to market, we cannot hope for a return of prosperity for farm- ers, shippers or for the nation.”

Others who have endorsed the Jeffers bill are: F. C. H. Mc Dearmon, general manager of the Nash Sales company; Charles F. Meth, Omaha; E. H. Mangold, cashier of the Farmers and Merchants bank, Gretna, Neb., and the Farmers Grain and Coal company of Tamora, be- sides numerous trade and transporta- tion bureaus and chambers of com- merce.

Should congress adjourn next week, as is expected, Congressmen Reavis and Jeffers will go to Ne- braska. Congressman McLaughlin has planned to go to Canada with a number of senators and representa- tives to make a first-hand study of the sales tax as operated in the domain. Judge Kinkaid will prob- ably remain in Washington, as will Mr. Andrews, until the convening of the regular session on December 5. Judge Evans is undecided as to his movements.

Exalted Ruler Astounded at "Pep" of Omaha Elks Lodge

W. W. Mountain, grand exalted ruler of the Elks, expressed himself astounded at the size and “pep” of the Omaha lodge, No. 39. He and Fred C. Robinson of Chicago, grand secretary of the order, spent Wednes- day here. There was something doing from 9 in the morning until the visitors left for Colorado Springs late last night. The principal feature was an entertainment following the lodge meeting in the Masonic temple last night.

Omaha Legion Will Feed "Buddies" Thanksgiving

“Feed a buddy” is the slogan adopted Wednesday night by the American Legion local post in a scheme to have ex-service men away from home or without homes entertained on Thanksgiving day. The post voted emphatic approval of applications for a charter for a women's auxiliary to the post. The date of the annual meeting and election of officers was changed from January 1 to December 3. The polls will be kept open December 4 and 5 for the benefit of those who are out of the city on December 3.

Supreme Court Affirms \$1,000 Fine for The Bee

Lincoln, Nov. 17.—The Nebraska supreme court today affirmed the \$1,000 contempt fine imposed on the Bee Publishing Company of Omaha by the district court of Douglas county in connection with a grand jury investigation following the court house riot in Omaha in 1919. The \$1,000 fine against Victor Rosewater, then publisher of the newspaper, was set aside. The Bee is now under different management.

“Daredevil” Promises Real Thrills for Omaha

Charles A. Vervaeke, daredevil and daredevil, arrived in Omaha Wednesday and announced that he will climb the Securities building, Sixteenth and Farnam streets, by the “human fly” method, and then ride a bicycle around the edge of the roof.

Proceeds are to go to disabled ex-soldiers, Salvation Army, Father Flanagan's boys' home and other causes.

“Mixer” at Beatrice

Beatrice, Neb., Nov. 17.—(Special.)—The Chamber of Commerce mixer will be held December 2, ac- cording to plans made at a meeting of the directors.

Former Banker Chief Deputy U. S. Marshal



Harvey L. Thomas

Harvey L. Thomas of Stuart, Neb., is to be the new chief deputy in the United States marshal's office. He was sworn in Wednesday. He was formerly president of the bank at Stuart and for the past three years, traveling auditor for a lumber company.

Aged Victim of Fire To Be Buried Saturday

Funeral services for Mrs. Johanna M. Baden, 82, who was burned to death in her home, 6314 North Thirty-eighth street, late Wednesday, will be held in the Healey & Healey chapel at 2 p. m. Saturday. Burial will be in Forest Lawn cemetery. Mrs. Baden's clothing caught fire while she was attempting to light an oil stove. She rushed into a bedroom and tried to smother the flames with bed clothing. The bed clothes caught fire and the flames spread so rapidly that the woman was burned to death before aid could reach her. Firemen extinguished the fire, however, before much property damage had been done.

Theosophist Tells About Color Aura of Human Body

Prof. Ernest Wood, theosophist, en route from India to England, told an audience in Theosophical hall, Le- fang building, Wednesday night something of the mysteries of the subconscious self, as discovered by the mystery men of India and other psychical researchers. “Thought transference from one mind to another without the use of words or gestures is the common- est thing,” he said. “An aura of colors radiates from each human body. This can be distinctly seen by those who try under proper in- fluence. Yellow in the aura indi- cates intellectuality; blue, devotion; gray, fear; red, love; scarlet, anger, and so on. These are scientific and easily demonstrated facts, not fakery.”

Road Conditions

(Published by Omaha Auto Club.) Lincoln Highway, East—Slippery at Omaha; rough near Marshall; town; roads rough Cedar Rapids and Belle Plaine road, DeWitt to Clinton now open. Lincoln Highway, West—Roads good, little rough in extreme western portion. O. L. D. Highway—Detour at Ashland; roads fine to Lincoln and west; detour Imperial to Cedar; follow Pole road Holy- oke to Sterling. S. Y. A. Road—Roads good. Cornhusker Highway—Roads in good condition. Highland Cutoff—Good condition. Omaha-Topeka Highway—Good condi- tion. George Washington Highway—Slippery at Blair; fair to Blount City; road now open. Omaha to Blount City. Black Hills Trail—Good to Norfolk. Custer Route—Slippery at Good. River to River Road—Good. White Pine Road—Slippery at Oakland and Atlantic; construction Anita to Adair; six-mile detour east of Coney. T. O. Short Line—Good. Blue Grass Road—Good. Five Mile Road—South—Roads fair; rough north of Missouri Valley. King of Trails, North—Rough in ex- cellent condition; rough near Atchison; detour still necessary between Leaven- worth and Kansas City on account of road work.

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The Fortune Hunter

By RUBY AYRES.

The Fortune Hunter waited a moment, then he laid down his paper, rose and slipped out of the bar un- observed. He had hoped to hear something that might be useful to his present position, but he had not expected to hear so much. So he was a jailbird, was he? The thought was unpleasant. Of all the minor crimes and in- discretions of which he had been guilty in the past, he always had managed to escape the disgrace of prison, and when he had stepped so willingly into another man's shoes he never had guessed where he would find the pinch.

A gaolbird, if this thing was true, and instinct told him that it was, one never knew what an hour's fate would bring. He had been so sure there had been on that of the poor devil who had met his lonely death in the silence of the wood. What was the crime for which he had so blindly taken the responsi- bility? The Fortune Hunter felt that he would have given five years of his life to know, as he crossed the garden and entered the door of Cherry Lodge.

Mr. Harding, crossing the hall, stopped to wait for him. “So here you are. Anne told me you had gone for a stroll.” “Yes, I'm used to being outdoors most of my time. I'm sorry, I hope I haven't kept you waiting.” “Not at all; you're not too tired for a little chat? Good! Come to my study then.”

He led the way to the room and shut the door. A lamp burned on the center table, and the Fortune Hunter took a chair well outside the circle of its light.

“I've told you once, so there's no need to repeat it,” Mr. Harding said, “that I'm glad to see you, and that I'm more than willing to wel- come you for Anne's sake. “The past—well, we're agreed to wipe it out. You made atonement and I'm going to forget it. But I love that girl as if she was my own daughter, and if I ever see her un- happy—through you... His voice rose fiercely.

Then he laughed and went on more quietly: “She loves you, John, and because she loves you I'm will- ing to believe you're worthy of her. A woman's instinct is wonderful, and there are not many girls who would have stuck to a man as she has to you, through all these year-—terrible years they must have been for her.”

The Fortune Hunter made no an- swer; he sat motionless, his eyes on Mr. Harding's earnest face, listening intently.

There was a moment of silence, then the elder man asked sharply: “Well, what have you got to say?” The Fortune Hunter roused him- self with an effort. “Only that I give my word I will do my best,” he said.

Mr. Harding said “Humph!” and added, half in fun, half seriously: “And your best, and my best, will only be half good enough for her. She's an idealist, you know. Of course, you know that all along she has believed in your innocence.”

The Fortune Hunter nodded; he could not find his voice at that mo- ment, and the old man went on: “You know, too, that she has money—that she is wealthy.”

The Fortune Hunter opened his lips to say, “I don't want her money,” but he knew it was a lie, and somehow the words stuck.

But tonight his thoughts were in a whirl. He did not understand himself, could not analyze his emotions; he only knew that for the first time in his life he was ashamed that he had not played the game better.

Mr. Harding tilted the shade of the lamp suddenly, letting its pierc- ing light fall full on the Fortune Hunter's face.

A haggard face it looked—a weary young face—during the brief second before he got control of himself and smiled.

“You're tired,” Mr. Harding said abruptly, “and I'm keeping you up listening to things that can be said easily during the next few days. You'll be glad to go to bed.” He

held out his hand. “Good-night, John!” But now the Fortune Hunter could not meet his eyes, and his reply was almost inaudible, as he turned and walked out of the room. He went upstairs to his room, feeling like a thief. He was dog- tired, but he never closed his eyes all night. Conscience, which had for so long lain dormant that he had be- lieved it dead, awoke and tortured him. When it began to get light he got up and sat down by the window, watching the grey mist slowly lift- ing from the garden and river and the first streak of sunshine creeping wanly through.

“I will go away,” he told him- self. “The thing is impossible. I will not stay.” And yet when he was dressed and out in the garden, walking about amongst the flowers, his resolution wavered.

It was Fate that had thrown him here, and he believed in Fate. He would stay yet a little while and risk what happened. It was heaven to be treated once more as a gentleman and to see love in a wo- man's eyes. If he went now, it would hurt these persons far more than if he stayed.

And then, from one of the upper windows of the house, Anne her- self called to him, smiling down with the sunshine in her eyes and upon her hair, and the heart of the Fortune Hunter beat fast as he called up to her rather unsteadily: “Come down—your're so far away up there—come down.”

She joined him in the garden almost at once, slipping a hand shyly through his arm.

“You're still here then! You're real! When I woke this morning I was half afraid that I should find it all a dream, and that you had gone.”

The Fortune Hunter smiled dryly, remembering his resolution of the night. “You slept well then,” he said. “I never woke up once. And you?”

“I never closed my eyes,” said the Fortune Hunter grimly. “My guilty conscience, I suppose. Her fingers tightened about his arm. “I will not let you say that. You promised me that there was to be no past—no looking back.”

“It's not so easy to kill the past as some of us wish,” he answered rather drearily.

She interrupted swiftly. “But it is killed—it is dead! The past cannot come back, don't think of it. I won't. I'm going to look forward now—only forward.”

The Fortune Hunter made no re- ply, but he thought of the foxy eyes of the man Fernie whom he had seen last night, and a breath of ap- prehension swept through him.

“And that's breakfast,” Anne said as a bell rang through the house. “Are you hungry? I am—and here's Tommy.”

Tommy waited for them at the

house door; he looked at the Fortu- ne Hunter with charged eyes. “We shouldn't have to go to London after all,” he said, “to fetch your baggage, I mean.” He turned and indicated a pile of boxes in the hall. “It's all just come up from the sta- tion,” he added disgustedly. The Fortune Hunter flushed crimson. When he had first entered upon this adventure, it had been more in the spirit of a joke which would last only for a moment, than the mani- fold tragedy into which it was slowly evolving. He looked at the rather battered and much-labelled luggage with desperate eyes.

The initials “J. S.” were painted in amateurish large letters on the side of each box, and bore beside the label of a well-known cross-Atlantic steamer, on which he himself had once worked a passage home. He smiled bitterly at the irony of it all. “Breakfast is ready,” Anne said suddenly. She had been standing by silently, and now she turned and led the way into the dining room.

Mr. Harding was already seated. He greeted the Fortune Hunter cheerily. “You won't mind my beginning—I'm in a hurry. They're going to hold an inquiry this morning about that poor fellow we found in the woods last night, and I'm rather in- terested.”

“I wonder who the poor man in the woods will turn out to be,” Anne said, thoughtfully. “You don't think any one—killed him, uncle?”

“Killed him!” The words broke from the Fortune Hunter in sharp dismay.

Mr. Harding laughed lightly. “Dear me, no. He died of heart failure, so I hear. The poor fellow was in a very bad state, from all accounts. The odd part of it is that there are no papers of any sort, or marking on his clothes.”

“A wanderer, perhaps,” said the Fortune Hunter, grimly, “with every reason for wishing to hide his identity.”

Anne blushed, the tears springing to her eyes, and the Fortune Hunter realized how painful his words must have been to her. His eyes shot her a remorseful apology, and she smiled.

Mr. Harding seemed not to have noticed; he hurriedly finished his coffee and arose.

“You'll excuse me if I run away,” he said. “See you at lunch, and, by the way, Anne, if Foster calls this morning tell him I want to see him, will you?”

Anne looked quickly at the For-

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New Woolworth Store to Be Opened Formally Friday

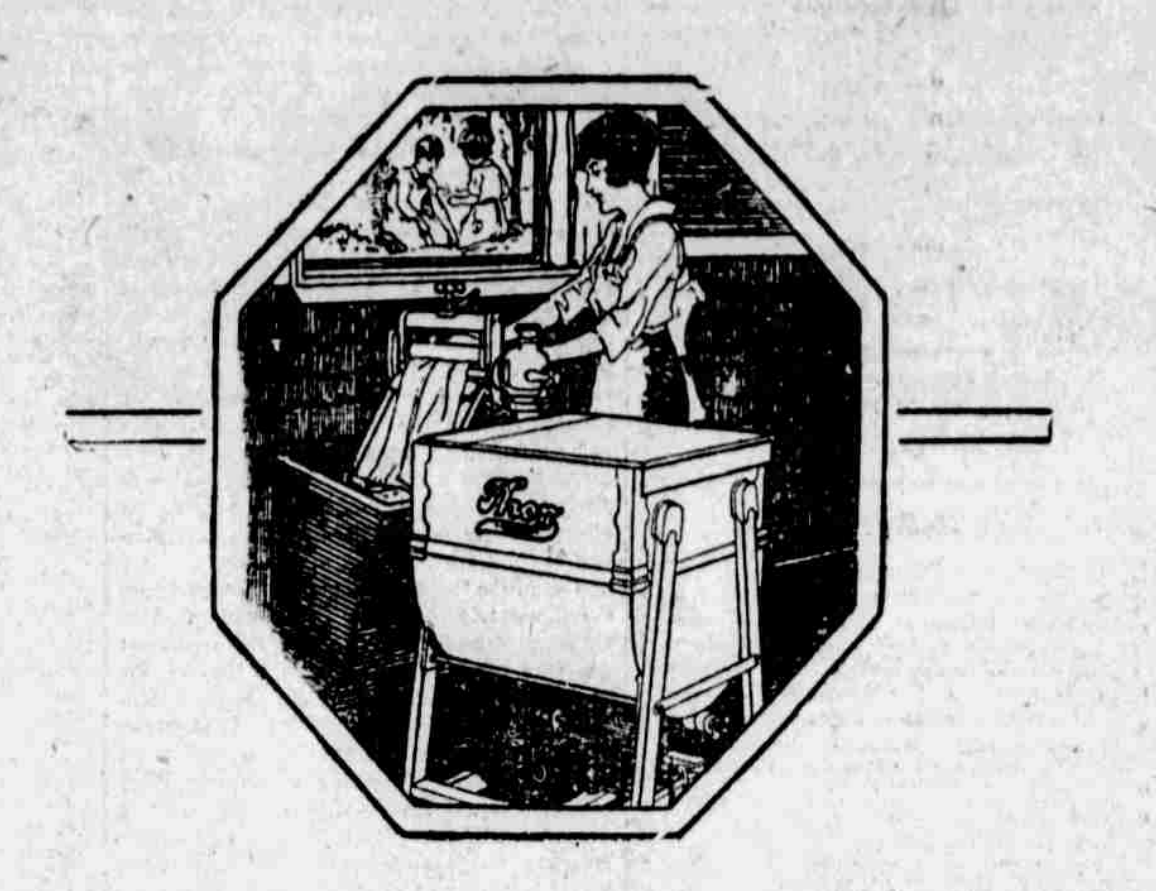
Formal opening of the new Wool- worth 5 and 10-cent store at Six- teenth and Douglas streets will take place tomorrow. Workmen have been busy day and night for

weeks getting the building ready. The store formerly was located in smaller quarters, immediately north of the present site.

Window frames are of copper con- struction with backgrounds of mir- rors and gold leaf. The stockroom is on the second floor, offices on the balcony and there are rest rooms for employees.

of our store,” said District Manager Allen, “including our Fifth Avenue store in New York. The 1,150 Wool- worth stores did a business of \$140,000,000 last year.”

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