

City in Dark as Cables Burn at Electric Plant

Origin of Fire Undetermined—Damage Is Estimated at \$5,000—Official Commends Firemen.

Omaha and Council Bluffs were plunged into total darkness Wednesday night at 5:58 when a fire of undetermined origin damaged the Nebraska Power company plant at Sixth and Jones streets.

Lights and power on the streets, in stores, hospitals, residences and every other place supplied by the power company went out. Moving picture houses had to stop business.

Emergency equipment was called into use in 11 minutes and the lights in the downtown district went on again. Some other parts of the city did not get light for three hours.

Estimates \$5,000 Damage. Gas light, candles and lanterns were used during the evening in residences.

J. E. Davidson, vice president of the company, estimated the damage to the plant at \$5,000, and the loss of revenue at about the same sum. He said several cables carrying 13,200 volt current to the South Side flared up. An explosion resounded through the power plant, with a flash of flame. Cables and their containers made of cast iron and porcelain were burned out instantly and no trace of them was found after the explosion.

Commends Firemen. The explosion cut off the switches which were supplying a 35,000 horsepower load to the users of the city.

Mr. Davidson commended the city fire department for its prompt work.

He said also that the entire \$6,000,000 plant would have been destroyed if the governors on the turbines and the safety valves on the boilers had not worked perfectly.

Injured Youth Gives Thanks

Hastings Men Come to Aid of Grand Island Boy Shot In-Eye by Playmate.

Grand Island, Neb., Nov. 24.—(Special)—Albert Peterson, 15, newsboy, says he truly has something to be thankful for this year. Two Hastings men, A. R. Thompson, president of the Nebraska National bank, and Dr. E. C. Foote, are responsible for his thankfulness.

Mr. Thompson stepped from a train here recently and while purchasing a paper, questioned Albert about his eye, which was bandaged. The boy told of having been accidentally shot in the eye by an air-gun in the hands of a playmate and not having funds with which to have an operation performed. The boy explained that his earnings were required by his widowed mother to support himself and two younger brothers.

The banker was touched by the boy's plight and made arrangements with Dr. Foote to donate his services while he paid the expense. An operation showed that the sight of the boy's other eye would have been destroyed shortly had relief not been given. A glass eye will be made available by the generosity of the banker and the Hastings doctor.

Suffocation of 64 Moplah Prisoners Arouses Indians

London, Nov. 24.—(By The Associated Press.)—Inquiry into the suffocation of 64 Moplah prisoners recently while being transferred in a closed railway wagon in the Madras district of India, has revealed that the incident created a sensation among the natives and provided the Nationalist press with effective propaganda material.

The Fortune Hunter

By RUBY AVRES.

(Continued from Yesterday.)

They went back through the garden and into the drawing room. Anne walked over to the piano and sat down, idly turning over the pages of a song that stood on the rack.

The Fortune Hunter stood at the open window, smoking and watching her across the room. "A penny for your thoughts," he said suddenly. As she did not answer he moved across and took the song from her hands, reading the words on the open page aloud.

"When you're jog, jog, jogging along the white road With your luck all upside down, Well, you don't much care if you're on the right road, When you're bound for nowhere town."

"I'm just as happy in the byways, my way—"

"Wherever I may be— For there's no friend waiting along the highways For a vagabond like me."

He laughed, shrugged his shoulders, and laid the music down again on the piano. "It might have been written about me," he said unthinkingly, and went back to the window and stood looking into the garden with moody eyes.

"What was he doing here when the road was his place—the road where, in spite of many hardships, he had known much simple happiness during his wanderings?"

"What are you thinking about, John?" Anne asked. She was watching him across the room with troubled eyes. He turned abruptly, not daring to trust himself to look at her. "I was thinking that I must get Tommy's bearskin," he said.

He went upstairs to the attic, where the moonlight was poking inquisitive fingers among John Smith's boxes, the words of the song ringing in his ears.

"For there's no friend waiting along the highway For a vagabond like me."

Would that be true of him again some day? he wondered. It almost seemed as if it lay with him at this moment to choose, as he stood there, hesitating to open the closed lid of the box before him; then, suddenly he moved, stooped and flung back the lid, and going down on his knees on the wooden floor, began slowly to take out the contents.

Clothes; most of them new, and apparently unworn; a few books, a few photographs of towns and wiles stretches of prairie, a number of letters and a diary on loose sheets of paper.

The Fortune Hunter took it up reluctantly; perhaps this held all that he wanted to know of the dead man's life.

Why hesitate, to read it when so much was at stake? Why jib at the last hurdle when the prize was so great?

Almost unconsciously he found himself turning the pages, reading extracts of the scribbled writing: "Today a letter from Anne. If only women would not be so fond of hero-worship; if only they would take a man at the world's estimate of him."

The Fortune Hunter read on, page after page, forgetting that it must be getting late, and that downstairs Anne waited for him; his face was stern and set in the moonlight when he reached the end of that eloquent story, then he flung it down with a snort of contempt.

"Lord! I thought I was a wrong 'un, but now..."

For the diary had told many things, and but little to the credit of the man who had died so tragically that September afternoon, and the Fortune Hunter knew now that it had not been love or loyalty that had brought him back to England after so many years, but because there had seemed to John Smith to be no way of ridding himself of a woman of whom he had wearied long enough ago.

Reading on and on, the Fortune Hunter completely forgot the errand which had brought him upstairs, until the mention of Tommy's name in the diary recalled the boy and the promised bearskin.

It lay in the top of the box next the one which Tommy had opened, a great furry robe, into whose folds more than one book and packet of papers had worked its way.

The Fortune Hunter paused only to give it a hasty shaking; then, with it bundled up under one arm, he rushed away to the stairs, eager to give it to the boy and get back to the diary once more. In fact, so eager was he that he failed to notice Anne, where she stood just within the door of his room, her arms filled with flowers from the garden.

She had come on an errand of love, to place fresh blossoms in the old-fashioned vases in his room; and at the sound of his step on the stairs had turned to watch him as he hastily descended them. Her eyes glowed with pride and love as they dwelt on the man to whom she had given her heart. Instinctively she ran forward and peeped over the bannister for a glimpse of him as he crossed the lower hall.

And then she saw the photograph which lay, face upward, on the top step. She remembered having almost unconsciously noted the flutter of something white falling from the folded bearskin that was bunched up under her lover's arm. The flowers fell softly from her arms as she stooped to pick it up.

It was the photograph of a woman—a very beautiful woman, obviously. And across the bottom of it, in clear, bold writing, were the words: "Dear John, with love from Irene."

In spite of the vague misgivings and doubt she might have felt now and then since the Fortune Hunter came to Somerton Anne never really had trusted him until now, when she stood at the top of the staircase with the photograph in her hand.

He had said that there had been no other woman in his life; and it was a lie. The thought escaped her before she was aware of it, and in a panic she tried to smother it. John would never have lied to her; there was some simple explanation; she would show it to him, and he would laugh, and everything would be right between them again.

And yet—when presently she heard his step ascending the stairs—she turned back into the room, thrusting the photograph into the bosom of her frock.

She was afraid; although she would not acknowledge it even to herself, she was afraid to question him. The Fortune Hunter came into the room eagerly. "Have I been long?" Tommy kept chattering. He put his hands on her shoulders, turning her round to him. "What is it, Anne?" he asked swiftly.

The Fortune Hunter looked after her with a frown. Something had happened, but what? He shrugged his shoulders, though there was a line of pain between his eyes. Well, it would have to come sooner or later, he knew; the first doubt, the gradual estrangement, and then—then sooner he walked out of her life the better.

He went over to the gabled window and looked out; the road wound through the trees and towards the town; the road by which he had come to Somerton; the road which some day he would take again—out into the world.

Tommy called again from the bottom of the stair. "John! John!" "Coming!" The Fortune Hunter went slowly downstairs.

"Well—what is it?" Tommy raised a preoccupied face from the task of arranging his bearskin over a sofa at the foot of his bed.

"Nothing; only Anne asked me to tell you that Geoffrey Foster is coming to dinner tonight." He shrugged his shoulders. "Such a bore. I suppose we'll have to dress for dinner all of us." He looked up with sudden interest. "I say, have you got a dress suit?" he asked.

The Fortune Hunter smiled cynically. "I believe I have," he said. Tommy looked embarrassed. "Oh, well, I only asked," he said apologetically. "I know you couldn't have had much use for one bear shooting."

"No," the Fortune Hunter agreed dryly. But he was rather pleased with his appearance that evening when he had fixed the last stud and struggled his bow into place.

The mirror in his wardrobe door showed him a tall, well-set-up man with immaculately brushed hair and a well-cut dinner jacket, and he made a wry grimace at his reflection.

"If things were only what they seem!" The thought went through his mind, with great bitterness as he went down to be introduced to Geoffrey Foster.

"Geoffrey"—it was Anne who introduced them—"this is John." There was a shy sort of pride in her voice, and the Fortune Hunter was quick to see the unfriendly gleam in the other man's eyes as they formally shook hands.

"Er—pleased to meet you," he spoke with a slight drawl. "Heard so much about you, don't you know, but never thought we should see you at Somerton."

The Fortune Hunter met his gaze steadily. "I've always had a reputation for doing things that are not expected of me," he said quietly, and turned away to speak to Tommy, who had limped into the room, looking very cross and uncomfortable.

"It's all rot," he growled as the Fortune Hunter sat down beside him. "Why should we all dress up like idiots, just because Foster chooses to come to dinner?"

"You don't like him?" Tommy shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, he's got a decent laugh," he said evasively.

(Continued in The Bee Tomorrow.)

doing things that are not expected of me," he said quietly, and turned away to speak to Tommy, who had limped into the room, looking very cross and uncomfortable.

"It's all rot," he growled as the Fortune Hunter sat down beside him. "Why should we all dress up like idiots, just because Foster chooses to come to dinner?"

"You don't like him?" Tommy shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, he's got a decent laugh," he said evasively.

(Continued in The Bee Tomorrow.)

Star Foot Ballers Kept Out Of Game for Going to Trial

Auburn, Neb., Nov. 4.—(Special)—Deep gloom hovers over Auburn. This is the day of the Auburn High school foot ball team's contest with its ancient enemy, the Nebraska City High school foot ball team.

And this morning, Miss Wellhausen, principal of the Auburn High school, compelled four star players of the team to check in their foot ball outfits and remain out of today's game as punishment for attending the trial of Mrs. Lucy Neal yesterday afternoon instead of their classes.

The boys are John Broady, captain; Clarence Watkins, Rex Gage and Jim Gillan.

A company is being formed in France to exploit the oil fields of Algeria.

HERE is the ideal laxative for elderly people who are chronically constipated. Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin will give you daily elimination in a mild, gentle way without griping and soon medicines of all kinds can be dispensed with. It is much better than drastic cathartics, salts, mineral pills, etc.

DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN THE FAMILY LAXATIVE

Thousands of old folks will only take Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. It is a safe vegetable compound of Egyptian Soda and other simple laxative herbs with pepsin. The formula is on package. A dose costs less than a cent.

HALF-OUNCE BOTTLE FREE

Present a Hartman Wardrobe as a Gift

What could be more appropriate as a Christmas gift than a Hartman Wardrobe Trunk? They are renowned in the estimation of thousands of owners for their serviceability.

Priced at \$42.50-\$47.50-\$61 and better. Including tax

HARTMANN FREILING & STEINLE 1803 Farnam St.—Omaha

Important: No school Friday. An ideal time to outfit the children for cold weather.

The Original Children's Store of Omaha Announces for Friday and Saturday

Coats

for Girls and Misses

In two big sale groups

At \$9.95 At \$13.95

Previously to \$15.00 Previously to \$18.50

A timely sale of good, warm winter coats for school and dress wear. The price quoted means a real worth-while saving.

All of these coats are specially designed along the most youthful lines to best become the growing girl.

Well tailored and lined throughout. Belted models. In navy, brown and heather mixtures. Sizes 8 to 14 years.

Lined throughout. In navy, brown, sorrento, maroon and cinnamon brown. Sizes 8 to 14 years.

Second Floor

Boys' Blouses \$1.00

Extraordinary values for Friday and Saturday. Exceptionally well made of a good quality percale. Light and medium patterns.

Tim Caps \$1.85 and \$1.95

The Cap of the hour for the boys. Special assortment.

MAIN FLOOR

It's a Great Life When They're Wearing an

"Elrey, Jr." Overcoat or Mackinaw

Specially Priced Friday and Saturday

At \$10

Out in the great open where Jack Frost delights in nipping toes and fingers and noses—that's where your boy should be. He surely will be properly protected in one of our Mackinaws or Overcoats—garments that give all the desired freedom, as well as plenty of warmth and style.

Overcoats come in ulsterette style with warm storm collar, belted models with muff pockets. Just like Dad's. Mackinaws, double breasted style, belt all around with patch pockets.

Boys' "Elrey, Jr." Suits—\$7.45

Newest models in a variety of attractive mixtures that will please both parent and son.

Eldredge-Reynolds Co. The Store of Specialty Shops.



Her Comfort Means Success

Every nurse needs to see to it that her feet never draw her mind from her duty of administering to humanity's ills. Her job calls for patience. She should have no "nerves." Her touch is a boon to the sick. Unless every nurse is relieved of aches from long hours on her feet she is not at her best. Her success is at stake.

Ease-All

The Shoe of Invisible Comfort and Visible Style

In the Ease-All has been created a shoe for the nurse of smart appearance. Beneath its graceful contour are invisible features, unknown except for perfect comfort given. They hold the foot to its natural position, giving rest no matter how long you stand, besides keeping one in the popular mode.

The Ease-All is recommended by foot experts.

Florida

Kansas City-Florida Special

An All-Steel Through Train

Leaves Kansas City 5:30 pm

Arrives Jacksonville 8:45 am

(second morning) via Frisco Lines and Southern Railway.

Dining car service all the way. Fred Harvey meals on the Frisco.

Florida literature, reservations and information at

Frisco Ticket Office

709 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo.

J. C. Lovrien, Division Passenger Agent