

Nebraskans at Washington Hold Annual Meeting

Congressman McLaughlin Is Elected President—C. W. Pugsly Is Principal Speaker.

By E. C. SNYDER, Washington Correspondent Omaha Bee. Washington, Dec. 1.—(Special Telegram.)—Congressman M. O. McLaughlin of York was unanimously elected president of the Nebraska State society of this city at the annual meeting of the organization last night.

McGrew of Lincoln, who has held the post for two years. The following officers of the society were re-elected: Miss Edith Lathrop, former superintendent of Clay county schools, vice president; Miss Gertha Henderson of Fairbury, secretary, and H. A. Harding of Oakland, treasurer.

Roads to Save Big Sum By New Working Rules

Chicago, Dec. 1.—Two important changes and an estimated saving of \$50,000,000 to the railroads annually were the outstanding features of new working rules governing the 400,000 members of six federated railroad shop crafts as promulgated today by the United States railroad labor board.

The two chief changes were: Representation of minorities in presentation of grievances to meet the contention of the railroads that the old method virtually forced a closed shop.

Gothenburg Priest's Auto Struck by Train

Shelton, Neb., Dec. 1.—(Special.)—Father Monohan, a Catholic priest of Gothenburg, narrowly escaped death when the automobile in which he was riding was wrecked by a Union Pacific freight train near here.

Legion Allowed to Appear In Suit Over Language Law

Lincoln, Dec. 1.—The Nebraska supreme court today allowed the motion of the American Legion representatives to appear in the suit pending testing the constitutionality of the Reed-Norval language law passed by the last legislature.

Fremont Man Is Candidate For Head of State Firemen

Fremont, Neb., Dec. 1.—(Special.)—John Martin, Fremont, vice president of the Nebraska State Volunteer Firemen's association, is being boosted for the presidency at the annual convention at Norfolk next January.

There'll be an announcement of \$100,000 Reward in next SUNDAY'S BEE. Watch for it!

Train Hits Auto; Man Killed, One May Die

Hamburg, Ia., Dec. 1.—(Special Telegram.)—E. C. Coy of Farragut, Ia., was killed instantly and his nephew, Arthur Coy, seriously injured when the auto in which they were riding was struck by Burlington passenger train No. 3.

Four Army Flyers Killed in Crash

Lawton, Okl., Dec. 1.—Four army aviators, two officers and two privates, were killed yesterday when the two airplanes in which they were practicing combat duty collided at an altitude of 2,000 feet and crashed down a half-mile east of Post Field, Fort Sill, Okla.

Two Officers and Two Privates Meet Death When Planes Collide in Air

The dead are Captain Loomis, Lieut. A. T. Lanfall, and Privates Tubbs and E. A. Smith. As the gasoline tanks exploded, enveloping the wreckage in flames. Ambulance attendants were unable to reach the bodies until after they had been charred beyond recognition.

Iowa Supreme Court Will Hear Trolley Case At Term in January

Des Moines, Ia., Dec. 1.—(Special Telegram.)—The Iowa supreme court will hear the appeal of the street railway franchise case at a sitting of all seven justices, probably January 10, according to an announcement yesterday.

W. E. Miller, corporation counsel, who appealed the case after District Judge Hume had ordered the election stopped last Saturday, has asked early consideration of the case.

The hearing could come up in the supreme court December 13 at the final session of the September term of court, but Corporation Counsel Miller has informed the court he will not be prepared to present the case for the city at that time.

Anita Youth Is Killed When Thrown by Pony

Anita, Ia., Dec. 1.—(Special.)—Donald Trimmer, 6 son of Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Trimmer, farmers, was instantly killed when his head was crushed under the wheels of a heavy truck. The boy was riding his Shetland pony home from school.

Healing Cream Stops Catarrh

Clogged Air Passages Open at Once—Nose and Throat Clear. If your nostrils are clogged and your head stuffed because of catarrh or a cold, get Ely's Cream Balm at any drug store.

High Quality Draperies Offered at the H. R. Bowen Co. at Money Saving Prices

Do not deny yourself of having nice, new draperies for the home this holiday season. Our new stock, which is indeed most complete, will greatly interest you, as the showing is a large one, and our prices are so moderately low that you can today buy draperies for the home at trifling cost, considering what the same quality draperies cost a few months ago.

Only by making a personal visit to the Bowen store can you fully realize the splendid values offered. The savings made in dollars by purchasing your home furnishings here is one you should take advantage of. We measure, make and hang draperies to order.

The Fortune Hunter

By RUBY AYRES. (Continued from yesterday.) The Fortune Hunter turned round slowly, and looked down into Fernie's crafty face; then he laughed, and a defiant ironical laugh, as he shook the elder man's hand from his arm, wrenched open a carriage door and boarded the train.

After all, how much had Fernie seen? How much had there been to see? Nothing surely that would carry much weight with it. The Fortune Hunter dismissed the subject from his mind, and began to think of the meeting which lay before him.

What type of woman would she prove to be, this woman who had followed John Smith half across the world? The Fortune Hunter thought of a dozen plans with which he would greet her, but he had forgotten them all when the train steamed into the London terminus, and he mingled with the crowd along the platform.

There was a curious sense of nervousness at his heart; he knew that probably the next hour or two would decide his fate once and for all, and it was with some vague desire to put off the evil moment for as long as possible that he walked the distance to the Savoy hotel at which the meeting was to take place.

He walked past the Savoy entrance twice before he finally squared his shoulders and turned into the courtyard, his head carried at rather a defiant angle and his face a little pale.

There were a great many persons about, daintily-dressed women who looked interestedly at him as he stood hesitating in the entrance uncertain as to his next move.

A porter approached diffidently. "Can I be of any service to you, sir?" The Fortune Hunter started. "Yes, at least—there is a Miss Claver staying here. I wish to see her—my name is Smith—I haven't a

card, but if you will tell her—she is expecting me." He spoke quite calmly, though his pulses were racing; he thought of Anne, and her trust in him, and for a moment something seemed to tighten in his throat. What would she think of him if she could see him now? The porter was beside him again. "That is Miss Claver on the couch by the archway, sir."

So that was Irene Claver! He was conscious of an almost overwhelming sense of relief as he recognized the type of woman with whom he had to deal. Handsome, well dressed, if a little too flashily, with a rather hard face, a little wearied in repose, as if life had not gone too easily for her.

She was smoking a cigaret in a long, slender holder, and idly turning the pages of a magazine. The Fortune Hunter went forward slowly till he stood beside her. "Miss Claver, I think?" His voice was perfectly cool and controlled, though there was a little nervous pulse leaping in his throat.

She nodded. "Yes—go on! Your name is John Smith, of course?" The Fortune Hunter flushed at the unexpected question. "Does that matter?" he asked evasively. She shrugged her shoulders. "Not in the least," she agreed. "Please, go on," he laughed self-consciously.

"It will not sound very plausible to you," he said. "But it all happened so naturally. I landed in England some weeks ago, with hardly a pound in my pocket. I tramped about the country, too glad to be back home to think seriously about finding work; not that I'm fond of work—I've always lived by my wits. The weather was fine, and I slept here, there and everywhere—out of doors, in barns, and got my meals where I could. Then . . . one day I found myself at a place on the river called Somerton—I'd never been there before, and I was going through the woods when hidden in the bracken . . . He paused. "Dead," he added.

Husband and Wife



My husband passes the collection box in church.—H. G. R. What does your husband do? (Copyright, 1921, George Matthew Adams.)

turned out afterwards that she was a cripple . . . there was a girl with him. "Don't his voice grow strained and jerky?" She screamed out to me to save the boy—her brother, it appeared . . . and . . . Irene made a swift little movement slowly till he stood beside her. "Miss Claver, I think?"

"You needn't trouble to explain—that was the girl, of course! Anne Harding—you see, I know all about her, and the brother—isn't his name Tommy?—a nasty, mean little brute, from all accounts."

The Fortune Hunter began to object, but she interrupted him ruthlessly. "Don't defend him, I've heard of him in my life, but I've heard a lot about 'im. Anyway, we won't argue . . . Well—you pulled him out of the river and went home with them—is that it?"

"Yes," she recognized you as . . . John Smith?" "Yes."

Irene Claver's dark eyes wandered over the Fortune Hunter's handsome, moody face, half mocking, half sympathetically. "It's not to be wondered at," she said at last. "She didn't see you for 10 years, and the likeness is enough to make it pass. You've got a stronger face than John had, though," she added reflectively.

There was a little silence, then she went on: "And so you took what the gods gave, and kept up the game, eh? You're John Smith to them all down there and the girl's in love with you." The fortune Hunter flushed scarlet.

"I beg your pardon but I cannot allow you to speak of Miss Harding like that," he said fiercely. "Perhaps I've got the likeness of her submitted whimsically. 'Per-

EMPRESS TWO SHOWS IN ONE FIVE TROUBADOURS, Swiss Yodelers and Singers; WARREN & O'BRIEN, in "DON'T DEFEND HIM"; F. BARRETTE, in "Mariusetta Going Up"; HUGH O'DONNELL & CO., in a Venetian Musical Surprise; Photoplay Attraction, "THE MATCH BREAKER," featuring VIOLA DANA.

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SUN Today—11-1-3-5-7-9 OVER THE HILL Presented By Wm. Fox

SHOWING TODAY AT THE EMPRESS The MATCH BREAKER is a picture about Jane Morgan, an anti-vamp and VIOLA DANA plays Jane

haps I ought to have said 'you're in love with her?' For a moment he made no answer, then he looked up with burning, defiant eyes. "I'd give 20 years of my life for a decent record," he said. "Oh," she half shrugged her shoulders. "It's like that, is it? That is why you're here today?"

She blew a cloud of smoke from her cigaret and watched it melt away thoughtfully. "You must have been very clever," she said suddenly. "How is it you hadn't given yourself away?" The woman looked up slowly, keeping one hand on an open page of the magazine, and for a long moment her eyes met those of the Fortune Hunter unflinchingly; then she rose to her feet.

"I was right then," she said, and there was just the faintest touch of emotion in her voice. "You are not John Smith, though you are sufficiently like him to deceive—any one who knew him less well than I do." She stopped, her breath coming fast. "It is—of course, he is—dead?" she asked.

There was a poignant silence; the Fortune Hunter never took his eyes from her face; he knew that the next few seconds would decide his fate once and for all, but she did not even lose color, though for a brief moment she closed her eyes, and his lips trembled a little. Then she looked at him serenely.

"I am quiet ready for lunch, if you are," she said. The Fortune Hunter caught his breath on a harsh sigh of relief. So she had not cared for John Smith! The greatest danger of all, then, had not to be faced. He felt 10 years younger as he followed her to the luncheon room.

"I looked a table—I was very sure you would come, you see." He half shrugged his shoulders: "You gave me no option," he answered. She laughed at that.

"You are not very gallant! However, I forgive you." She took her seat opposite him at a small table at the side of the room. She was perfectly self-possessed. If what she had heard had been a shock to her she showed no sign of it. She ordered lunch and

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drew off her gloves carefully, smoothing and patting them into shape. When the waiter had moved away she said abruptly: "You copied his handwriting well, but the signature was wrong. You must be more careful in future." The Fortune Hunter flushed dully; so she was taking it for granted that he was an adventurer, even before she had heard one word of his story; it was surprising how her attitude hurt his pride even though he knew it to be deserved.

"There is one thing I must tell you," he said curtly after a moment, "and that is, that I have only about 16 shillings in the world. I hope you are in a better position financially." She looked up and laughed outright.

"I like your candor," she said. "I think we shall be friends. Yes, I think I can manage to foot the bill—she took up the wine list. "What will you drink?" I prefer champagne, in honor of the occasion. It's a long time since I lunched with . . . she hesitated, then added deliberately, "a fortune hunter."

The Fortune Hunter looked at her curiously; he was reluctantly obliged to admit that there was something rather attractive about her; perhaps her self-possession, but at any rate, against his will, he began to be interested.

Who was she? what was she? and what could she tell him of John Smith? A thousand questions crowded to his lips, but he realized that it would be better to allow her to take the lead, and kept silent. She chatted away on ordinary subjects for the first part of the meal; she frankly enjoyed her food, and it was only when coffee was brought that she leaned her elbows on the table, and with her chin in her clasped hands, looked steadily at the Fortune Hunter.

"Well—I think I'll hear your story first," she said abruptly. The Fortune Hunter smiled nervously, half shrugging his shoulders. "There's not a great deal to tell—at least, I'm not the type of adventurer I can see you think I am," he said slowly. "I've knocked about for years in every corner of the world, but this is the first time I've ever . . . deliberately played a low-down trick, and this time—well, I'm

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PRISCILLA DEAN "CONFLICT" MOON Last Times TODAY HARRY CAREY "THE FOX"

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