

THE GUMPS—SEE IT IN COLORS IN THE SUNDAY BEE

TRUE LOVE NEVER RUNS SMOOTH

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Lawyer, Starting as an Office Boy, Takes High Post

John Dill, Studying at Night School While Working, Made Counsel for Express Company.

It was a long trail that led from the position of office boy for the Wells-Fargo Express company at Atchison, Kan., to that of assistant general counsel for the American Railway Express company, with headquarters at New York, but this trail, by 20 years of endeavor, has been covered successfully by John A. Dill, young Omaha attorney, who left last week for New York to take up his new duties.

John Dill entered the employ of the Wells-Fargo company when he was 15. By diligent application he worked his way up, as wagon driver, express messenger, depot agent and chief clerk, successively. In 1910 he was transferred to Chicago, where he studied law at night school. Fitted for Law. "John was fitted by temperament for law," said Edward Fitzwilliams, Omaha agent of the American Express company, who has known Mr. Dill for many years. "Considering the fact that he never studied law until after he had assumed the responsibilities of a family, he has done remarkably well."

Runaway Lincoln Boy Taken as He Attempts Disguise. Ralph Linden, 10, Lincoln, Neb., high school youth, ran away from his mother Saturday. In their round of cheap lodging houses in Omaha yesterday Detectives A. C. and M. E. Anderson came upon a boy as he sat before a mirror attempting disguise with a fake moustache and an eyebrow pencil. He told the officers his name was Charles Taylor. Letters in the youth's pocket showed that he was Ralph Linden. He was placed in charge of juvenile authorities.

Aulabaugh Will Speak on Trip to Frozen Northland. G. N. Aulabaugh, owner of fur trading post at Tonawaga Lake, Ontario, will give a lecture on his frozen northland tonight at 8 in Dundee Presbyterian church, Fifteenth and Underwood avenue. The lecture will be illustrated with motion pictures taken by Aulabaugh. M. V. Robins of the Good Fellowship club, Omaha, will be in charge of the program.

Monarch Gets Permit. City council approved yesterday the recommendation of the Board of Public Welfare, granting to Leroy Broomfield a public dance hall permit for this year, applicable to the Monarch cabaret, 107 South Fourteenth street. Commissioner D. B. Butler voted against the permit.

Parents' Problems. What course should be followed with a little boy of 5 who sulks when his manners are corrected? The little boy, has probably been corrected in the presence of other people. His pride has been wounded, and the thought, and feeling of that mortification, is in him when again corrected. Watch and remember the faults in his manners and tell him quietly where and how he failed, when you are alone with him. When you are tucking him into bed is a favorite moment. Help him to see that strangers are judged by their manners because we cannot see their real selves. He will see the reasonableness of this.

The Story of Ninette

By RUBY M. AYRES. (Continued From Yesterday.) NINETTE NEVER in a cheap lodging house in London costs the life of her mother's woman of refined appearance who had been living alone, dividing either her past or her name in the other room. The landlady is about to send the waiting maid to the kitchen when she notices a young man, who is able to send her to a private school. Ninette, who is 18, is in the room. Now go on with the story.

CHAPTER IV Bitter Disappointment. Josh had been ill for six weeks, and there was no money left; she had forced him to let her draw his small savings from the postoffice, and it had all gone in wine and necessities for him. The woman from whom they rented their rooms did not know the meaning of the word pity, and told Ninette frankly that they must either pay or go.

Ninette pawned everything pawnable, even her best pair of boots. It would have broken Josh Wheeler's heart had he known it, but he was too ill to know, or knowing, to have cared. His work had always been that of a free-lance, and he had never had a regular salary from any of the papers for which he worked. It was with desperation at last that she wrote her first on her knees by Josh Wheeler's bed, by the light of a shaded lamp, and she was too driven by need and desperation to realize what a thoroughly uninteresting and badly written article it was. She sent it to a weekly paper under Josh Wheeler's name and waited in trembling hope for a reply.

CHAPTER V "You Have Stayed Too Long." Ninette looked at him and quickly away again. Every day now she could see a change in the face she loved better than anything on earth; every day the Shadow of Death seemed to be creeping nearer and nearer. At that moment she felt she could have committed murder in order to save him; she thought of Peter Nothard, and she clenched her hands. He might have helped her—what would a couple of guineas have been to him, when from all that Josh had said, he was one of the richest men in London? She hoped that some day she would get her chance to pay him out—she hoped that some day he would want something of her desperately badly, and that she would be in the position to refuse it.

It was late October then, and the evenings were drawing in rapidly; the silence and depression of the room nearly drove her mad; the knowledge of her impotence made her frantic; she could well understand how desperation turned people into criminals. When the only lock in the house struck 8, she could bear it no longer; she put on her hat again and stole out once more into the street. A fine rain was falling, and the air was humid. Ninette walked along, too miserable to heed in which direction her steps carried her. Her thoughts all with the man she had left in that cheerless, silent room. She could not imagine her life without him; she knew that she owed everything in the world to him and yet now she was powerless to do anything in return for him.

She must have walked some distance when she found herself in the quiet street of a far better class neighborhood than that in which she and Josh lived. The houses were mostly semidetached, and stood in their own grounds; there were lights in many windows, and their cheeriness brought the tears smarting again to her eyes. How unfair life was, that some people had everything, and others nothing at all. A garden gate clanged to close beside her, and she stepped into the roadway to avoid two men who had come from one of the houses. She could see by the light of a street lamp that they were both evening dress, and she caught the whiff of an expensive cigar as one of them stopped with an annoyed ejaculation. "Never mind! I shall miss the train if you wait; you'll be back in 10 minutes." "Bother! I've left the latchkey in the door." Ninette heard the words disinterestedly, heard too, the other man's impatient retort. "Never mind! I shall miss the train if you wait; you'll be back in 10 minutes." They hurried on together and Ninette stood quite still, looking at the darkened windows of the house from which they had come. (Copyright, 1921, by Wheeler Syndicate.) (Continued in The Bee Tomorrow.)

SLEEPY-TIME TALES THE TALE OF TURKEY PROUDFOOT

By ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY. XVI. Drumming on a Log. Turkey Proudfoot was not always content to stay in the farmyard. Although Farmer Green fed him well, he liked to range over the fields in search of extra tidbits, such as grain, seeds and insects. Sometimes he



wandered even as far as the pasture. And one day he strayed into the edge of the woods beyond the pasture fence. There he discovered a beech tree. And Turkey Proudfoot was enjoying the nuts that he found on the ground beneath it when all at once a thump-thump-thump startled him. He raised his head and listened. The thumping sound came faster and faster, then died away in a rumble. "Ho! it's only Johnny Green drumming. Probably his mother wouldn't let him drum near the farm house, so he came to the woods where she couldn't hear him." Turkey Proudfoot paid no more heed to the drumming, which rolled through the woods now and then. He went on with his search for beechnuts. But at last a thought popped into his head. "Johnny Green must be eating most of the time of his drumming," Turkey Proudfoot muttered. "He must have found a beech tree."

Soon Turkey Proudfoot decided to join Johnny Green. He hoped that beechnuts were more plentiful beneath Johnny's tree. So Turkey Proudfoot crept her hands, and guided by the thump-thump-thump which once in a while boomed upon his ears, at last Turkey Proudfoot came into a little clearing. There on a log sat a speckly, feathered, short-necked gentleman with a tall spread in much the fashion in which Turkey Proudfoot so often carried his own. Turkey Proudfoot drew back behind a bush, out of sight. "I'll show that bird a tail that is a tail," he muttered to himself. So he spread his tail and then stepped proudly forth. A dry twig snapped beneath his weight. At that sound the stranger on the log turned his head quickly. Just for an instant there was an eager look on his face. But when he beheld Turkey Proudfoot it changed to one of disappointment.

"Who are you?" the stranger asked in a most unpleasant tone. "I'm Turkey Proudfoot," said the ruler of the farmyard. "I live down the hill at Farmer Green's place." "Then you'd better go home where you belong," said the stranger on the log. "I was expecting someone else. I've been drumming for a friend. And when I heard you step on that dry twig I thought she's come. I had my tail spread in her honor."

"Drum again!" Turkey Proudfoot ordered. "Call your friend at once and I'll show her a tail that is a tail. Yours is no bigger than Mrs. Green's fan." The stranger made no move to obey. He appeared somewhat sulky. "What's your name?" Turkey Proudfoot demanded. "I'm Mr. Grouse," the stranger snapped out. "I supposed everybody in Pleasant Valley knew me." My drumming is famous." "Indeed!" cried Turkey Proudfoot. "I thought it was Johnnie Green making that noise." "No wonder!" Mr. Grouse sniffed. "You're only a barnyard fowl. You can't be expected to know anything about us game birds." (Copyright, 1922, by Metropolitan Newspaper Service.)

Nebraska's Giant Youth Visits Friends in Omaha

Ralph E. Madison towered into town Monday, stooping carefully to avoid trolley wires. Ralph is only 24 but has risen higher in the world than anyone else in Nebraska. He stands 7 feet, 6 inches, without his brogans. He's been visiting his parents in Creighton, Neb., and was en route back to Chicago. He stopped here to visit his friend, Fred J. Ramey, manager of the Wellington Inn. Ramey ordered two of the hotel's biggest beds lashed together to accommodate the giant. But Madison just stopped between trains and went on to Chicago Monday night, occupying a couple of berths in a Pullman car.

Bonds Given for Chipley. Harry S. Byrne of a local surety company yesterday furnished \$5,000 bonds for William G. Chipley of New York, defendant in two federal indictments returned here last week. The bonds are \$2,500 for each.

Belts on Wane in Omaha; Galluses Come Into Their Own. Galluses are coming into their own again. And belts are on the wane. Sales of suspenders in Omaha during the last six months have increased from 50 to 60 per cent, according to the city's leading haberdashery.

Three Memorial Windows to Be Placed in Church Here. The First Congregational church of this city will be dedicated next Sunday, it was announced yesterday. This week three memorial windows designed and stained of glass in the country, will be installed on the east side of the building. Ernest Connick, brother of the designer, will have charge of the work. These three windows will be the only ones of their kind in the city, it is said.

Teacher Files Complaint Against High Clay Bank. A warrant against Alfred Thomas, jr., real estate man, 604 First National bank building, was issued in Central police court yesterday on a charge of maintaining a nuisance. Complaint was made to police by Proudfoot mittered. "He must have found a beech tree."

Marriage statistics go to prove that men of any age tend, in the mass, to choose wives of an age corresponding to their own.

BRANDEIS Three Days, Starting Tomorrow, Matinee Saturday. The Supreme Mistress of Her Art. KATHRINE McDONALD "The American Beauty" "Her Social Value" "A Barnyard Cavalier" with BOBBY VERNON

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New Ordinance Cuts Light Rate Half Cent

The cost of electric lights will be reduced from 6 to 5 1/2 cents per kilowatt hour, if the ordinance introduced by the special committee of the city council for the revision of electric lights and power rates yesterday passes the council. In the construction of this ordinance the committee has acceded to the wishes of Mayor Dahlman and Commissioner J. B. Hummel, Joseph Koutsky and H. W. Dunn, who objected to the rate of 5 cents per kilowatt hour as agreed to by the majority in conference at the mayor's office Monday. The proposed ordinance contains

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