THE BEE: OMAHA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1922.

SUEE PY-TIME TALES

as they stood in their stalls.

THE TALE OF

PONY

EWINKLEHEELS

BY ARTHUR SCO. BAHLET.

Noted Magician Makes Inquiry of 'Wonder Girl'

Houdini Wants to Know If Newspaper Reports True-**Miss Dennis Finds Lost** Necklace.

aid presently: "If you have so easily forgotten, Houdini, president of the American Society of Magicians, 1,000 as you say, perhaps it will be inter-esting to you to hear that I am to be strong, wants to know the truth married as soon as-Dorothy is well about the powers of Eugene Dennis, enough? 'wonder girl." For an instant it seemed to Ninette

"Please notify me at once if eastern newspaper reports of your ex-periments with her are successful," from head to foot, and for an instant he great Houdini asked David P. she thought she was going to faint. bbott, in a letter received Thurss av. Harry Keller is another magician have lied than let him see how his Abbott, in a letter received Thursa

inquiring for first-hand information have lied than let him see how his of the "wonder girl."

She found a valuable necklace, lost two weeks, for Mrs. Judith Matthews, 1515 Park avenue, at her two ast performance in a local theater. Abbott declared.

"It's not anywhere on the floor, as you think, but it's hanging in some-thing. Look up for it," Miss Dennis instructed Mrs. Matthews. The trust herself to answer-and at that woman went home immediately and moment Mrs. Cranford came into looked in a bag hanging on the side the room. of the dresser.

There she found her necklace, afterwards. She went upstairs wearcaught on the inside. Mrs. Matthews telephoned the

formation to the box office of the theater. Her affidavit will be in-cluded among others Abbott will send to a psychic research society.

Jack and Jill

Tvc a wonderful dream-scheme, Jack. Let's have a real picnic for two in the woods, where the wildflowers grow,"

"Maybe they're so wild they'll bite. But tomorrow's a holiday, and I'll use of shirking a fresh stab of pain try any drink once. We'll take our now, when all her life she had got to camera along. Where do we go?" "Up the old Burbage Hill, in the

the state reservation. It's an hour by trolley and we save on fares." They started out early next day, but the conducter had such a habit of coming along every few minutes little distance from where the girl

for 6-cent fares that an hour was sat, and the first thought that went

for 6-cent tares that at notice as great expense. "The street car company says through Ninette's mind—was: "She looks just the same-just the same!" they fre losing money. No wonder-we were the only passengers—no-body can tiffer to ride in these lines now but the rich, and they have their motors." said jack as they dis-mounted at the state park gate. "We could have come here by taxi for "You haven't been to see me be-

climb up the rustic roadway to the

"Everything is nowadays. Sit still cept Mr. Nothard." and I'll snap a picture of you. Soon they were high enough to get Dorothy said slowly:

a view of the surrounding country. "Now that we're here what shall

we do?" asked Jack, sitting down on a sharp rock hidden in the grass, and rising very rapidly. "Enjoy the scenery, pick the won-derful wild flowers and delve into nature." and Jill was quite haughty. "You re au unromantic brute: would we do?" asked Jack, sitting down on a sharp rock hidden in the grass,

The Story of Ninette By RUBY M. AYRES. amentations and protests. "Who can have told you? No-body knew. Peter will never foroppright, 1971, by the Whatler Nous-(Continued From Yesterday.) CHAPTER XLIV.

give me!" In the middle of it Ninette turned and walked out of the room. Ninette Sees Dorothy. "Never any happiness in my life Ninette drove him to be cruel and

t was with deliberate intent that he mind as she went upstairs,

could she go? So many times life had seemed about to open a gate through which she might enter-a gate that would lead into a pleasant garden of happiness-and always it

had closed again in her face. that a dreadful silence fell on all the If only Peter and Mrs. Cranford knew of this fresh humiliation, then Peter must have told Dorothy himfrom head to foot, and for an instant self-Peter, who professed to love her!

> CHAPTER XLV. I Have Given Up My Lodgings.

She went back to her room and all the will in the world could not egan to gather up the few little tings which really belonged to her. The little book of poems which had and after a moment Nothard said been found when her mother died, ne of the chrysanthemums which she "You have not quite forgotten, had been carrying one day when she then-Ninette?" met Peter, some keensakes which she met Peter, some keepsakes which she She turned away-she could not had had since the days when she The trust herself to answer-and at that lived with Josh Wheeler-they were pitifully few, yet to Ninette they

meant far more than the gorgeous diamonds which her father had given Ninette made her escape soon ily, too sick at heart to think, or to The jewels she laid in their leather

feel very much. She knew only that case, which she placed in the drawer she longed desperately to be alone. of her dressing table. "Perhaps Mrs. Cranford will sell so that she turned, with a frown of

hem and take the money for this last annoyance, when one of the nurses month that I have been here, incame from Dorothy's room and stead of letting Peter pay for it," she reflected, a little bitterly, as she

"Miss Manvers would very much closed the drawer and dropped the like to see you, if you could spare her a moment," she said. key into a cloisonne vase on the dresser. She stood for a long time

Ninette flushed crimson. staring at herself in the mirror with "Miss Manvers! I-please tell unseeing cycs. her-" She broke off. "Very well; No money in the world-nothing!

again, hoarsely:

spoke to her.

back to Dorothy's room.

'Peter!'

I will come in a moment." After all, why not? What was the And the daughter of a man who had taken his own life in order to escape from the dishonorable actions he had done. What a record! She began

carry the deadly wound in her heart. to laugh helplessly, but its hoarse She took off her hat, and without a sound in the silent room frightened glance at herself in the glass, went her, and she put her hands over her lips with a quick little gesture of The fire had died down now, but a

repression. What could she do now? Where could she go? Looking backward on bay that had spoken first, "except the past years, it seemed that she that running away wouldn't do any through Ninette's mind-was: "She had always been searching for a

alf that cost." It was a good hour and a half limb up the rustic roadway to the "No." Ninette hardly knew how to the thought of Peter the hot tears a terrible stretching."

"I thought if you had started into her eyes, but she top. "Pretty steep, isn't it, honey?" wanted me you would have asked asked Jill, as she sat down breath-not well, enough to see anyone ex-She picked up her traveling bag

There was a little silence; then paused a moment for one last glance at the room where she had "I thought you always called him muned with happiness a little while.

The chaise lounge, with its deli-cate silk cushions: the low, wide bed, gay with garlands of painted flow-ers; the little desk-her throat

choked with sobs as she bade them all good-bye. She had dreamed of

Parents' Problems

in the days when sh

retween Twinkleheels and the bays. Rome Must Put Off Genoa oked acorniully at the two grun-Meet If England Agrees

London, Feb. 10 .- (By A. P.)-"Think of the oats Farmer Green gives you every day?" he exclaimed. Great Britain will agree to no post-"I should suppose you'd be glad to carn some of them."

such postponement emanates from "The trouble is-" said the earest him-"the trouble is, we have o carn not only the oats that we it was authoritatively clared here today. The French am-bassador, it is understood, was so eat, but those that Farmer Green iceds to you and that pony." "I've helped thrash many a time,"

"Well-I dare say you have," the bay admitted. "But what about that of the conference.

The pair of bays were feeling bay admitted. "But what about that rumpy. Thrashing time had come, pony? I never saw him do any work. I venture to say that he's never a day's work in his life." Twinkleheels couldn't help feeling Twinkleheels couldn't help feeling

Ebenezer declared.

"I don't see why you object to urning the tread mill for Farmer Teen," Twinklehecls said to them, I'd like to try my hand at them,

"Id like to try my hand at it-or an undertone. Then one of them my feet, I should say. I should said: "You might refuse to eat any

more oats." care for that suggestion; and he said not you have taken the tablets a few as much. as much "What's the matter with hay?" the

other bay asked him, "If you have plenty of hay, you ought to be satisfied. 'No!" Twinkleheels told him: -1 can't get along on hay alone. Johnnie Green expects me to be spry and

playful. And you know very well tating. that a horse or a pony can't be spirit-ed unless he has plenty of oats." greedy,

"You don't need any oats," they said. "You have more to cat than we do, all the time." Twinkleheels was astonished.

"I don't know what you mean,"

terday I saw Johnnie Green and "We don't agree with you," the some other boys walking on the bays retorted. "You have meal, And terday I saw Johnnie Green and tread mill and making it go They you must eat a lot of it, too."

scemed to find it a lark." "Huh!" said one of the bays, "They'd hate it if they had to walk "Never!" Twinkleheels declared. "Why do you say that?" "You have a mealy nose," they exup hill hour after hour and never get

plained. "It always looks as if you'd just taken it out of the meal bin." (Copyright, 1922, by the Metropolitan Newspaper Service.) anywhere. The noise of the tread mill and the thrashing machine is most unpleasant." "It wouldn't be so bad," said Man Who Advertised Jobs "if Farmer Green would let in Omaha Held in \$500 Bond us cat all we wanted of the oats that

we help thrash. But he doesn't give For the small sum of 25 cents J. us even an extra, measure." Albert B. Martin, 804 South Thir-"We'd run away," remarked the teenth street, agreed to give a printed list of Omaha business firms to

You have more to eat than we do

think it would be great fun. Yes-

all the time'

mate.

The old horse Ebenezer, who stood ADVERTISEMENT. She picked up her traveling bag and turned toward the door, then and turned toward the plance Coughs and Colds com



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cold—if in spite of

what you are doing

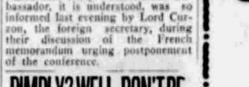
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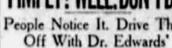
strength.

hangs

for

still





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Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets do that which calomel does, and just as effectively, but their action is gentle and safe instead of severe and irri-

ed unless he has plenty of oats." Once more the bays muttered to each other in a low tone. And at last they told Twinkleheels that he was

table compound mixed with olive oil; you will know them by their

bowel complaints, and Olive Tablets only cats and hay: and that's no more than you have." See how much better to a week.

> **Relieve baby's** itching skin with ~

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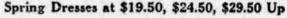
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No-

ou're an unromantic brute; would has happened. you rather cat? If so, run along to ome spring and get some water. Here, use this pail we brought the lunch in."

After a long while Jack returned his pail fall of water. with "Where did you find the spring?"

Jack breathed hard and admitted that it was way down the hillside.

"Oh, Jack dear, it is all full of pollywogs and skippers! We'll have to eat without anything to drink." "Well, they're doing that all over

the country," and Jack grinned sto-ically as he mopped his brow. "I'm certainly hungry. You're got the lunch all spread out, haven't you? It's a lovely lunch—that friend chicken and layer cake and sand-wiches and salad."

As he picked up a sandwich he groaned. "Honey dear, the red ants and the

black ants and whole darned family of uncles, ants and cousins have come here by the dozens! Look!" Jill was horrified! Every morsel of her lovely lunch was covered with the little insects. She had foolishly spread it out on the white tablecloth over the grass a quarter of an hour before, expecting Jack back any

minute. "Never mind, honey," and Jack put his arm around her shoulder, as the tears began to trickle down the long lashes. "We'll take some more pictures and go down the hill on the other side. I saw a roadside nn, with big electric signs."

It was more than an hour before they reached the inn.

Jill was ashamed of their dirty, muddy, torn clotes, but too hungry to withstand the smell of food. The waiter was quite condescend-

ing with the unkempt pair, until he heard Jack's order, and received an and that Peter Nothard is paying

advance tip of a dollar to speed up the cook. It was barely another 15 minutes before they had start d on Cranford's face and die down again You know how road-s break the speed laws! "My dear child, what are you talktheir dinner.

that-

side inn cooks break the speed laws! When the bill (and such a bill) ing about? Peter-" Ninette stamped her foot; she was was paid they left the inn, in the Ninette stamped her foot; search for a railroad station. It was almost beside herself now. not far-merely another mile and a "Is it true? Is it true?"

Mrs. Cranford broke into helpless When they finally reached home Jack raced for the shower bath, came weeping and Ninette drew a long breath. She was answered! down in his cool flannels, with his Paying for her to stay here! The favorite pipe and waited for Jill who had disappeared into the kitchen. man she loved! The man who was soon to marry another woman! She "Could you eat something, dear? felt choking with outraged pride; I left part of the lunch home, in the

"Could I? That automobile inn dinner didn't satisfy my appetite-it just deadened it. Now it's alive

What a horrible fizzle as a picnic, dear, and Jill was quite unhappy. "Darling, it was a great success. We won't climb any more hills until the prices of woodland picnics come

the prices of woodland pichics come down. But this one proves to me what a picnic life is for me every day in the week! And right here in our own little dovecote." "Oh, you darling boy," gurgled Jill, hugging him. "You'd have been a great poet if you hadn't decided to be a great husband. I love you so much now that I've seen your so much now that I've seen your beautiful nature, that I can hardly

Same here, honey. By the way, I wonder if there is any more potato salad, with those wonderful onions in it, in the icebox?" (Copyright, 1921, Thompson Feature Service.)

and Josh Wheeler had lived in their rid of your Ninette's slender figure stiffened. "I don't understand. What do you plain, unattractive lodgings. Now cough or having had such a room, she was mean? And-what has happened?" leaving it forever. she said quictly. (Continued in The Bee Monday.)

"I only mean," Dorothy went or in the same smooth voice. could hide so much spite and bitter-ness, "that if you don't know him very well it seems rather odd that

How can boys and girls of high in very real school age best be led to take an in- danger. terest in civic affairs, having for ing cough or long-standing cold, the Peter's a dear and I know he doesn't their aim the betterment of life in more your resisting power is lowmind in the least, but all the same-" Ninette rose to her feet. She was the town or city? quite white, but she spoke calmly

The object for which one works wholesome food tonic. is the object in which one is inter-"I can see you are trying to insult ested. Give the boys and girls something to do. Form a club, with me, of course, but I am afraid that I must ask you to explain, all the the whole outfit of officers, constisame. What do you mean, exactly? That-Mr. Nothard is paying for me tution, by-laws and badges. Make the aim of the society exceedingly to be here? My father left me enough money to live with Mrs. Cranford, and-" definite, well within their reach, and attainable at a reasonable time. Take

for instance, the beautifying of the backyards of the place, beginning Medicing with those of their own homes. Show success. "Oh, that's only what they let you think!" she said airily. "As a matter pictures of what has been done elseof fact. Peter told me himself that where and read interesting accounts. your father would have left nothing Have the members bring plans of for you at all by the time his credtheir yards and discuss the best itors had been paid, and that as he

looked upon you as a sort of-moral responsibility, he felt it his duty to make it up to you as best he could." Hold meetings often and have reports of what has been accomplished There was a breathless silence; then without a word Ninette turned presented.

and walked out of the room. Peter had gone and Mrs. Cranford sat by the fire reading.

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Dorothy laughed.

New York, Feb. 10 .- Passing into "I see by the papers, my dear at---" she began, then broke off. quarantine during a dense fog early today the Southern Pacific steamship "Why, whatever is the matter?" She rose to her feet in alarm. "Is and sank the barge White Haven off Dorothy worse? Why, Ninette-" Red Hook. The barge was one of a Ninette asked a hoarse question: tow of two. "Is it true that I have no money

El Valle from Galveston rammed Red Hook. The barge was one of a

Steamship Sinks Barge



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