

Noted Magician Makes Inquiry of 'Wonder Girl'

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

Houdini, president of the American Society of Magicians, 1,000 strong, wants to know the truth about the powers of Eugene Dennis, "wonder girl."

Harry Keller is another magician inquiring for first-hand information of the "wonder girl."

Jack and Jill

"I've a wonderful dream-scheme, Jack. Let's have a real picnic for two in the woods, where the wild-flowers grow."

"Maybe they're so wild they'll bite. But tomorrow is a holiday, and I'll try any drink once. We'll take our camera along. Where do we go?"

"Up the old Burbage Hill, in the state reservation. It's an hour by trolley and we save on fares."

"The street car company says they're losing money. No wonder—we were the only passengers—no body can afford to ride in these lines now but the rich, and they have their motors," said Jack as they dismounted at the state park gate.

"I was a good hour and a half climb up the rustic roadway to the top. Pretty steep, isn't it, honey?"

"Everything is nowadays. Sit still and I'll snap a picture of you."

The Story of Ninette

By RUBY M. AYRES. (Copyright, 1921, by the Wheeler Novelists.) (Continued from Yesterday.)

CHAPTER XLV.

Ninette Sees Dorothy.

Ninette drove him to be cruel and it was with deliberate intent that he said presently:

"If you have so easily forgotten, as you say, perhaps it will be interesting to you to hear that I am to be married as soon as Dorothy is well enough."

For an instant it seemed to Ninette that a dreadful silence fell on all the world. She felt herself growing cold from head to foot, and for an instant she thought she was going to faint.

She bit her lip hard to try to recover herself. She would rather have lied than let him see how his words had cut her to the soul. But all the will in the world could not keep the pallor from her face or the look of astonishment on her eyes, and after a moment Nothard said again, hoarsely:

"You have not quite forgotten, then—Ninette?"

She turned away—she could not trust herself to answer—and at that moment Mrs. Cranford came into the room.

Ninette made her escape soon afterwards. She went upstairs wearily, too sick at heart to think, or to feel very much. She knew only that she longed desperately to be alone, so that she turned, with a frown of annoyance, when one of the nurses came from Dorothy's room and spoke to her.

"Miss Manvers would very much like to see you, if you could spare her a moment," she said.

Ninette flushed crimson.

"Miss Manvers! I—please tell her—"

After all, why not? What was the use of shirking a fresh stab of pain now when all her life she had got to carry the deadly wound in her heart.

She took off her hat, and without a glance at herself in the glass, went back to her room.

The fire had died down now, but a pink-shaded lamp had been lit some little distance from where the girl sat, and the first thought that went through Ninette's mind was—"She looks just the same—just the same!"

"You're not a moment older," she said to herself. "I'm glad you are better," she said to herself.

"No," Ninette hardly knew how to answer. "I thought if you had wanted me you would have asked for me. I thought perhaps you were not well enough to see anyone except Mr. Nothard."

There was a little silence; then Dorothy said slowly:

"I thought you always called him 'Peter'."

Ninette tried to laugh.

"Oh, no! Why, I don't know him very well! What made you think I did?"

Dorothy shrugged her shoulders.

"I thought you must, seeing what has happened."

Ninette's slender figure stiffened.

"I don't understand. What do you mean? And—what has happened?" she said quietly.

"I only mean," Dorothy went on in the same smooth voice, which could hide so much spite and bitterness, "that if you don't know him very well it seems rather odd that he should be paying Mrs. Cranford to have you live with her! Of course, Peter's a dear, and I know he doesn't mind in the least, but all the same—"

she hardly heard Mrs. Cranford's lamentations and protests.

"Never any happiness in my life! Never any happiness!" The old thought came again and again into her mind as she went upstairs.

What could she do now? Where 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.

If only Peter and Mrs. Cranford knew of this fresh humiliation, then Peter must have told Dorothy himself—Peter, who professed to love her!

CHAPTER XLVI.

I Have Given Up My Lodgings.

She went back to her room and began to gather up the few little things which really belonged to her.

The little book of poems which had been found when her mother died, one of the chrysanthemums which she had been carrying one day when she met Peter, some keepsakes which she had had since the days when she lived with Josh Wheeler—she gathered them up pitifully, yet to Ninette they meant far more than the gorgeous diamonds which her father had given her.

The jewels she laid in her leather case, which she placed in the drawer of her dressing-table.

"Perhaps Mrs. Cranford will sell them and take the money for this month that I have been here, instead of letting Peter pay for it," she reflected, a little bitterly, as she closed the drawer and dropped the key into a cloisonne vase on the dresser.

She stood for long time staring at herself in the mirror with unseeing eyes.

No money in the world—nothing! And the daughter of a man who had taken his own life in order to escape from his dishonorable actions he had done. What a record! She began to laugh helplessly, but his hoarse sound in the silent room frightened her, and she put her hands over her lips with a quick little gesture of repression.

What could she do now? Where could she go? Looking backward let us eat all we wanted of the oats that we help thrash. But he doesn't give us even an extra measure.

"We'd run away," remarked the boy that had spoken first, "except that running away wouldn't do any good. All our running would only make the mill turn faster."

"We can't even stand still if we want to," his mate muttered. There's a bar that crosses the top of the tread mill, right in front of us. Farmer Green ties us to it. There are sleds. When he unlocks the tread mill we have to start walking or we'd slide down backwards; and unless our halters broke, our necks would get a terrible stretching."

The old horse Ebenezer, who stood



THE TALE OF THE PONY

CHAPTER XIX. Thrashing Time.

The pair of boys were feeling grumpy. Thrashing time had come. And they knew that they would have to spend long hours in the tread mill out in the field, where the oats were stacked. They grumbled a good deal, as they stood in their stalls.

"I don't see why you object to turning the tread mill for Farmer Green," Twinkleheels said to them.

"I'd like to try my hand at it—my feet, I should say, I should like to try it."

"You have more to eat than we do, all the time."

think it would be great fun. Yesterday I saw Johnnie Green and some other boys walking on the tread mill and making it go. They seemed to find it a lark.

"But I hate it if they had to walk up hill hour after hour and never get anywhere. The noise of the tread mill and the thrashing machine is most unpleasant."

"It wouldn't be so bad," said his mate, "if Farmer Green would let us eat all we wanted of the oats that we help thrash. But he doesn't give us even an extra measure."

"We'd run away," remarked the boy that had spoken first, "except that running away wouldn't do any good. All our running would only make the mill turn faster."

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Coughs and Colds That "Hang On"

To Get Rid of Them Take Father John's Medicine

If you cannot get rid of your cough or cold—if in spite of what you are doing for it, it still hangs on, you are in very real danger.

The longer you have this irritating cough or long-standing cold, the more your resisting power is lowered and the greater need for a wholesome food tonic.

Take Father John's Medicine. It soothes and heals the breathing passages, drives off impurities and actually rebuilds wasted flesh and strength.

Don't Experiment With Colds. It is dangerous. Take Father John's medicine, which has had 65 years' success.

Woodward's Billet Doux CHOCOLATES

INNER-CIRCLE CANDIES

Steamship Sinks Barge

New York, Feb. 10.—Passing into quarantine during a dense fog early today the Southern Pacific steamship El Valle from Galveston rammed and sank the barge White Haven off Red Hook. The barge was one of a tow of two.

Just Unpacked and Featured for Saturday Clever New Spring Millinery \$5.95 to \$9.95

Saturday—A Great Sale of Bungalow APRONS 79c

Worth to \$1.50 Fine Checked Fast Color Percales

Here's a special no shrewd shopper will want to miss—smart styles—cut full. The quantity is limited, so be here early Saturday morning.

Your Credit Is Good Here

BELDEO 1417 DOUGLAS STREET

between Twinkleheels and the boys. looked scornfully at the two grumblers.

"Think of the oats Farmer Green gives you every day!" he exclaimed.

"I should suppose you'd be glad to earn some of them."

"The trouble is—" said the boy nearest him—"the trouble is, we have to earn not only the oats that we eat, but those that Farmer Green feeds to you and that pony."

"I've helped thrash many a time," Ebenezer declared.

"Well—I dare say you have," the boy admitted. "But what about that 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 uncomfortable.

"I'd be glad to help with the thrashing," he said. "But what can I do, if Farmer Green won't let me?"

The boys talked to each other in an undertone. Their one thought said: "You might refuse to eat any more oats."

Somehow Twinkleheels did not care for that suggestion; and he said as much.

"What's the matter with hay?" the other boy asked him. "If you have plenty of hay, you ought to be satisfied."

"No!" Twinkleheels told him. "I can't get along on hay alone. Johnnie Green expects me to be spry and playful. And you know very well that a horse or a pony can't be spirited unless he has plenty of oats."

Once more the boys muttered to each other in a low tone. And at last they told Twinkleheels that he was greedy.

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

Twinkleheels was astonished.

"I don't know what you mean," he cried. "Johnnie Green feeds me only oats and hay; and that's no more than you have."

"We don't agree with you," the boys retorted. "You have meal. And you must eat a lot of it, too."

"Never!" Twinkleheels declared. "Why do you say that?"

"You have a mean nose," they explained. "It always looks as if you'd just taken it out of the meal bin."

Man Who Advertised Jobs in Omaha Held in \$500 Bond

For the small sum of 25 cents J. Albert B. Martin, 804 South Thirtieth street, agreed to give a printed list of Omaha business firms to poor men out of work. He inserted ads in papers in numerous cities, "10,000 Jobs—Come to Omaha." He was getting 100 letters a day and it looked like easy money, but the postal authorities caught on.

Martin was arrested Thursday and held by United States Commissioner Boehler under \$500 bond on a charge of using the mails to defraud.

Rome Must Put Off Genoa Meet If England Agrees

London, Feb. 10.—(By A. P.)—Great Britain will agree to no postponement of the Genoa economic conference unless the treaty for such postponement emanates from Rome, it was authoritatively declared here today.

The French ambassador, who is understood, was so informed last evening by Lord Curzon, the foreign secretary, during discussion of the French memorandum urging postponement of the conference.

PIMPLY? WELL, DON'T BE

People Notice It. Drive Them Off With Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets.

A pimply face will not embarrass you much longer if you get a package of Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. The skin should begin to clear after you have taken the tablets a few nights.

Clears the blood, bowels and liver with Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. The successful substitute for calomel; there's no sickness or pain after taking them; no irritating cathartic.

No one who takes Olive Tablets is ever cured with a "dark brown taste," a bad breath, a dull, listless, "no mood" feeling, constipation, torpid liver, bad disposition or pimply face.

Olive Tablets are a purely vegetable compound mixed with olive oil; you will know them by their olive color.

Dr. Edwards spent years among patients afflicted with liver and bowel complaints, and Olive Tablets are the immensely effective result. Take one or two nightly for a week. See how much better you feel and look. 15c and 25c.

Relieve baby's itching skin with RESINOL

Soothing and Healing Has just the cooling touch to produce comfort and permit sleep Does not smart or sting when applied

The Fashion 111 SOUTH 16TH STREET

Across From Hayden's

All Winter COATS

Will Be Sold Out!! Regardless of Cost or Losses

All \$12.50 to \$17.50 Winter COATS Closing-Out Price—Now

All \$18.50 to \$25.00 Winter COATS Closing-Out Price—Now

All \$30.00 to \$45.00 Winter COATS Closing-Out Price—Now

All \$45.00 to \$50.00 Winter COATS Closing-Out Price—Now

Children's Coats

Sizes 4 yrs. to 14 yrs. Regular \$8.50 to \$10.00 values. \$4.95

Regular \$12.50 to \$16.50 values. \$8.95

Don't Miss This Sale

DRESSES

Brand New Taffeta and Canton Crepe Dresses

For Friday and Saturday Selling Only

Regular \$18.50 Values \$12.75

Regular \$25.00 Values \$16.75

UNION OUTFITTING COMPANY



Tired of Your Winter Clothes? Our Convenient Credit Plan Is Waiting to Dress You in Smart

Spring Apparel

Thousands of the best dressed women in Omaha get their clothing on easy terms—at the "Union." They realize they can secure the latest, the smartest and best made apparel at moderate prices and on payments to meet their convenience.

Over 200 NEW Spring Dresses Have Been Received

Made up in crisp Taffetas, bright Paisley Crepes, durable Satins, Crepe Romanes and Twills; they are becoming as can be. Bright fruit and flower trimmings, pretty braids, bead motifs and embroidery add to their attractiveness—and prices are LOW.

Spring Dresses at \$19.50, \$24.50, \$29.50 Up

Spring Millinery New and original effects of braids and silk at— \$5.95 Up

Entire Stock of Mid-Winter Suits, Coats, Dresses 1/2 Off

Spring Suits Styles that will win your admiration as low as— \$29.50 Up

Big Bushy Ferns Saturday 49c

Victor Records 49c

A Special Purchase Bed Sale

Brass and Steel Beds From Simmons and Other Makers

At Almost 50c on the Dollar

45-lb. Layer Felt Mattress \$6.95

Simmons Steel Beds—In white enamel finish with 2-inch continuous posts; a \$12.50 value \$5.95

Oxidized finish... \$6.45

Full Size Steel Bed—In dark walnut finish with 2-inch posts and ornamental caps; a \$17.50 value in this sale \$9.75

Full Size Brass Bed—In bright finish with continuous posts and substantial fillers; a \$30.00 value in this sale \$15.75

\$7.50 Vernis Martin Bed at \$3.75

\$10.50 White Enamel Bed at \$5.75

\$12.50 White Enamel Bed at \$6.95

\$17.50 Vernis Martin Bed at \$8.95

\$15.00 Bed and Spring Outfit at \$9.75

\$17.50 Vernis Martin Bed at \$10.50

\$22.50 Vernis Martin Bed at \$12.95

\$37.50 Large Brass Bed at \$21.50

\$39.50 Large Brass Bed at \$22.50

\$60.00 Massive Brass Bed at \$32.95

\$69.50 Massive Brass Bed at \$39.75

\$72.50 Massive Brass Bed at \$42.50

Scores of Other Remarkable Values

Saturday Only—Easy-to-Pay Terms

Same here, honey. By the way, I wonder if there is any more potato salad, with those wonderful onions in it, in the icebox?"

"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 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 beautiful nature, that I can hardly eat!"

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