Rail Heads Will See Pile Driving Tests in Omaha

Governors of Three States and Other Public Officials Also to Witness Demonstration Here.

Representatives of railroad, navigation and engineering interests will meet in Omaha today. The occasion will be a demonstration of the sinking of anchor pile in the retard work being done along the Missouri river by Woods Brothers.

Between 200 and 300 nationally prominent public officials, railroad presidents, bridge, navigation and reclamation engineers and state officials will attend the exhibition north of Carter lake at 10 this morning.

Three Governors Here.

Among the most prominent who will be here are: Governor Arthur M. Hyde of Missouri; Theodore Garry, head of the Kansas City Telephone company; Governor Nate Kendall of Iowa and a staff of state officials; Governor R. L. McMasters of South Dakota with state engineers and officials; a delegation of engineers from California headed by W. P. Dwyer, president of the Sacramento Navigation company that is doing reclamation work along the Sacramento river; prominent railroad men from Chicago, including Vice President Baldwin of the Illinois Central railroad, President Sam Felton of the Great Western, Vice President L. C. Fritch of the Rock Island; Lee Spratlin, assistant to the president of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul; C. E. Perkins, chairman of the board of directors of the Burlington railroad, and representatives of the Great Northern, Northern Pacific, Missouri Pacific and Kansas City & Southern railroads.

A special train of seven cars will arrive in Omaha early this morning, bringing the Chicago parties.

Two Boat Trips.

The anchor pile that has been so effective in retard work along the Missouri river is known as the Bignell pile, patented by Ed Bignell of Woods Brothers. It is of concrete and is sunk to bed rock in two or three minutes by water power.

The day will open with presentation of motion pictures of the current retard operation in the ball room of Hotel Fontenelle at 9. Automobiles will take the visitors to the demonstration. Luncheon will be served in Hotel Fontenelle, followed by inspection trips along the river on Woods Brothers' boats.

One boat will take a party up the river to inspect retards installed one year ago near the Illinois Central narrows. Another boat will take a party down the river to inspect the work near Lake Manawa, Bellevue and Gibson.

Ak Membership Near 2,000 Mark

Characters, Costumes and Scenes All Ready for Opening of Den Show.

King Ak is acting in double quick time in lassoing thousands of his subjects for membership in Ak-Sar-Ben this year, a bulletin at headquarters states.

A dozen majors have their field forces in the roundup and the ninth day of the campaign shows the membership near the 2,000 mark. Maj. J. E. Davidson, in charge of District No. 2, has corralled 313 members, while Maj. Charles E. Black, Omaha's postmaster, stands second with 308. R. S. Wilcox and Thomas A. Fry, who helped organize Ak-Sar-Ben 27 years ago, are hustling again this year for King Ak.

Characters, costumes and scenes all have been arranged for the opening show at the den on May 29, it was announced today.

W. W. Morrow Dies.

Afton, Ia., April 25.—W. W. Morrow, treasurer of the state fair board and former state treasurer, died at his home here this morning.

Brief City News

Fairfield Leaves Bee—E. M. Fairfield, treasurer of The Bee Publishing company since February, 1920, has resigned his position, effective May 1.

Robs Cafe—A lone bandit entered the Auditorium restaurant, 1510 Howard street, yesterday morning, locked the proprietor in the icebox and rifled the cash register.

"Drys" to Fight Hitchcock—T. A. High of Lincoln, superintendent of the Anti-Saloon league, stated yesterday that the "dry" democrats will fight Senator G. M. Hitchcock in the coming campaign.

Breaks Jaw—Hyman Katz, peddler, 5211 South Twenty-fifth street, started arguing with a balky horse yesterday. He is now in Wise Memorial hospital with a broken jaw and other injuries.

City Thanks Army—Col. G. G. Bailey of Fort Crook received a vote of thanks yesterday from city council for co-operation extended to the city by loan of automobile trucks for clean-up week.

Glad Car Could Speed—A score of speeders drew fines in Central police court yesterday. Mrs. Therese Sommer, 534 Park avenue, was elated to learn her car had made 40 miles an hour. She said she did not know it could go so fast.

Membership Day—Thursday is national membership day of the National Association of Credit Men. Omaha members of the association will endeavor to increase the membership of the local organization on that day.

Changes Name—Morris E. Schlaifer, former Omahan, United States diplomatic clerk at Vienna, became Edward M. Schlaifer yesterday by an order signed by District Judge Sears. The change is made to avoid confusion with his nephew, Morris Schlaifer, the fighter.

Park Concessions Approved—Park concessions for this season to the following persons and in consideration of the amounts shown were approved yesterday by the city council: Hanscom, Albert Maher, $500; Fontenelle, W. A. Wilcox, $275; Riverview, George F. Yager, $606; Carter Lake, William Weiner, $500.

The Dancing Master

By RUBY M. AYRES.

(Copyright, 1922.)

(Continued from Yesterday.)

Elizabeth walked away from him and stood looking into the street. She knew he was right; knew that the only other work she could do would be a distasteful drudgery, and yet she hated the thought of owing anything to this man, even if it was only for a time.

Farmer thought he read indecision in her silence, and he said again, urgently. "It is not only I who will be disappointed; there is Mme. Senestis. She has built so much on what she is sure you can do."

"Yes, I know," Elizabeth said, but it was not the thought of madam that influenced her so much as the memory of what Royston had said only last night. "You've got to be happy; you've got to be a success." It would please him, she knew; and that was all she cared for.

She turned around and looked at Farmer; his handsome face was flushed and eager, but it was of the look in Pat Royston's eyes that she thought as she said with a sigh: "Very, well—if you wish it, I will go on."

"And—I am forgiven?"

She said "Yes," because it was such a small thing to her.

Neil Farmer took her hand and raised it gently to his lips. "You will find that I am your devoted friend—always," he said.

But his humility left Elizabeth unmoved; she merely tolerated him when he came to the house.

For a week she struggled against the despair in her heart. She clung to the belief that something would happen to put things right, though what could happen she did not know.

She wrote a dozen letters to Royston and tore them all up; sometimes at night she cried herself to sleep, and at other times nothing seemed to matter. She was swung helplessly first this way, then that, by the pendulum of her emotions.

Neil Farmer was, as he had said he would be, her devoted friend.

She knew that he must have spoken to Mme. Senestis about her, for all at once the rigorous treatment to which the French woman had subjected her relaxed; she was allowed to go out alone whenever she liked and she was not worked so hard.

And slowly the week dragged to a fortnight, the fortnight to three weeks, and all hope left Elizabeth's heart.

She wrote to Netta, and a short, hurried answer came: "I am very busy, as we are leaving London next week. My foot is ever so much better. Excuse a short note; I'll write again when we are settled down and tell you all about it."

But no further letter came, and once again Elizabeth was conscious of the forlorn feeling that she was, indeed, cut out of both Netta's life and Royston's forever.

Perhaps it was only natural that in the circumstances she should turn to Neil Farmer.

He was so often at the house and so attentive; he seemed to guess her wishes beforehand, and yet he never presumed on her half-hearted forgiveness or made her regret it.

Unconsciously she had begun to call him by his Christian name; unconsciously she was gradually adopting the Bohemian ways of Madame's set. The irregularity of the life no longer annoyed her, perhaps because she had begun to realize that it is always easier to let oneself go with the tide.

Preparations for her debut were proceeding apace; Madame talked of nothing else.

A certain duchess with a penchant for "discovering" people was giving an entertainment at her house for some convenient charity, and Elizabeth was to appear.

"Madame thinks it will be better than a public appearance," Farmer told Elizabeth. Apparently the duchess in question was an adept at advertising, and Elizabeth did not know whether to be amused or annoyed at the subtle "booming" which was already prepared for her.

"Does anybody ever get on in London because of their own ability?" she asked Farmer with unconscious cynicism. He laughed, and admitted that very little was done nowadays without advertisement.

"If a new actress suddenly flashes before the public," he said, "it's generally after months of careful thought and preparation. If her press agents are good enough, and beat the drums loudly enough, she's almost morally certain to find herself a success."

Elizabeth sighed.

"I don't like to feel that I may only be a success because of things like that," she said.

His eyes warmed as they looked at her. "In your case you are bound to be a success, even if there were no press agents in the world," he said.

Elizabeth liked to hear that; Madame was always reluctant in her praise, and Elizabeth often felt discouraged.

"I may not be a success at all," she said, as she had once said to Pat Royston. "You may never get your money back."

"That is the least of my concerns," he answered quietly.

Elizabeth looked at him with wistful eyes. Suddenly she asked an irrelevant question.

"Do you ever see Dolly?"

She had never seen Dolly herself since that day in the restaurant. Everyone seemed to have slipped out of her life.

"I only wondered," said Elizabeth carelessly.

(Continued in The Bee Tomorrow)