

Cattle Advance to \$8.65 a Hundred in Omaha Market

Top Price of Day Received by Crofton Feeder—Dawson Ranchwoman Visits Yards.

The top of the cattle market, \$8.65 a hundred, was received yesterday by Martin Mischke of Crofton, who brought in 37 head of purebred Hereford steers that averaged 1,104 pounds.

Lloyd Smith of David City brought in a load of well-finished heaves yesterday that averaged 1,360 pounds and sold for \$8.60 a hundred. Mr. Smith said he had not been in the cattle raising business very long, but that he had started with good-bred stock and made a study of feeding.

Seek to Enter Omahan in Governorship Race

Lincoln, May 8.—(Special Telegram.)—A petition signed by 27 Omahans asking George W. Sterling, 2107 Farnam street, to become republican candidate for governor, was filed here today.

Early Colonist of O'Neill Succumbs at Age of 94. O'Neill, Neb., May 8.—Thomas Connolly, 94, one of the original Irish colonists of O'Neill and Holt county, who settled here under the leadership of Gen. O'Neill, May 10, 1874, died here early yesterday.

Beatrice Nurse, 33, Dies of Cerebral Meningitis. Beatrice, Neb., May 8.—(Special Telegram.)—Miss Vera Warthen, 33, professional nurse, well-known in Beatrice and Gage county, died here this morning of cerebral meningitis.

For your Health's Sake drink Jett's Sterilized Beverages. Buy them by the case. Phone your order to Jack on 4251, or Market 0505.

Mother's Day. The second Sunday in the month of May is the day that has been dedicated to "Mother." The day of days—Mother's Day—for the Friends of Friends—MOTHER!

The Dancing Master

By RUBY M. AYRES. (Copyright, 1922.)

(Continued from Yesterday.) Elizabeth tried to speak, but no words would pass her lips; she saw Royston's face mistily, as if he were a long way off; she bit her lip and clenched her hands hard, recovering her self-control with a great effort.

"I—I didn't expect to see you," she whispered. "No." He drew a chair forward. "Netta and I thought we would like a day in the country, so I hired a car, and—" He broke off to ask sharply: "Is Mme. Senestis with you?"

The color was beating back to Elizabeth's cheeks; her whole body was throbbing with jealousy. He had cut her out of his life, withdrawn even his friendship from her, but he could bring Netta out here into the sunshine; apparently his marriage was no barrier between them.

She forced herself to speak. "Mr. Farmer is with me." She was glad when she saw the passing of pain that crossed his face, and she seemed to add to her own intolerable bitterness and jealousy.

They looked at one another silently; then, almost against her will, Elizabeth broke out passionately: "You said you couldn't even be friends with me. I suppose I suppose Netta is different."

"Elizabeth!" said Royston hoarsely. He took a quick step toward her, then fell back as he heard a step in the passage and Netta walked into the room. She gave a little scream and rushed at Elizabeth.

"You! My lord! Where have you come from—out of the earth?" She gave her a hug. "Who are you with? Not alone, surely?"

"No, Mr. Farmer is outside with the car; we've come in for lunch." Elizabeth never knew she controlled her voice sufficiently to answer; she felt as if she was moving and speaking in a dream.

Netta made a grimace. "So you're with him! My word! He won't want to see us, will he, Pat?"

Royston did not answer, and Netta rattled on: "Have you been ill? You look ill, doesn't she, Pat? Or have you had too many late nights?" she asked.

"I've not been ill," said Elizabeth; she turned to the door. "I think Mr. Farmer is coming."

Farmer greeted Pat Royston in a friendly manner; he shook hands and said he was glad to see him. Elizabeth introduced him to Netta, and Netta immediately appropriated him.

She sat next to him at lunch and talked so much that the silence of the other two passed unnoticed. "We've been down on the east coast all the week, Pat and I," she told Elizabeth. "We came back to town last night, but it seemed so stuffy I suggested a day in the country, and here we are. But I never dreamed we should see you." She turned to Farmer. "What have you

done to the child?" she demanded; "she looks positively ill. She's been worked too hard."

Elizabeth flushed; she protested that she never worked hard at all, that she was quite well, and ever so happy.

Not once did she glance in Royston's direction, but her heart was beating so fast that she thought it must suffocate her.

"You said you were hungry, Elizabeth," Farmer said presently, "but you've hardly touched your lunch." A little spark of fire flashed into Royston's eyes at the sound of that Christian name.

He looked at Elizabeth, and away again. He knew that he ought to be glad if she could forget him and find her happiness somewhere else, but the mere thought of such a thing hurt him as nothing else on earth could have done.

"I think we must be making a move," Farmer said when they had finished coffee and there seemed no longer any excuse to linger. He rose to his feet and walked over to the window, which looked out into the yard where his car stood.

Elizabeth had followed him, and meant to do her best to impress him. Elizabeth heard her laughing and chattering as they disappeared together.

Her own heart was numbed with misery. When Royston spoke beside her the face she turned to him was white and peaked, as if she was in actual physical pain.

For the first time in her life the torture of jealousy was rendering her, and even when Royston broke out passionately, "My dear—my dear! She's nothing to me," she hardly heard or understood.

Netta was with him—Netta, who loved him, too. That was all she knew, and the knowledge was more

than she could bear. For the first and last time in her life she answered him with a deliberate cruelty: "I don't care if she is; I don't care what you do!"

Then she walked away from him and joined Netta and Neil Farmer. She never looked at Royston again; it was not until she and Farmer were speeding once more down the road

that the iron hand seemed to relax from her heart and she realized what she had done. She looked back along the road behind them, but a bend in it had hidden the inn from sight.

Deliberately she tried to picture the two they had left—Netta and the man she loved. They would drive home together presently through the

warm spring evening. She pressed her feet hard to the floor of the car to keep herself from crying out; she hated Netta. She hated Royston. In the extremity of her pain she wished she was dead.

Farmer looked down at her. "You are very quiet," he said. Elizabeth raised her eyes to his face.

"Am I? I thought you were." He moved a little, so that his arm touched hers. "Is Royston in love with that girl?" he asked presently.

Elizabeth laughed. "I dare say he is; she likes him, I know."

"Hard luck on the poor devil," Farmer said, "tied to a woman like that wife of his. They say she drinks like a fish."

Elizabeth shivered; somehow she was less jealous of Enid than she was of Netta. (Continued in The Bee Tomorrow.)

Monday's business in the May White Sale is proof conclusive that the Brandeis Store's customers appreciate the service rendered by the "Look-Out in the Foretop." It is a feature of this system that our White Sales come at a time when white goods are particularly needed, and the prices are made low enough that every woman may feel justified in supplying her white goods needs for the entire season.

White Silks. A collection of 10 different silk weaves, all at the one price. These are very splendid crepes.

Four Big Silk Bargains. Baronet Satin—Splendid quality, genuine baronet, 40-inch, 2.50 yard.

Laces. Lace Camisoles. Point effects, 6 inches wide. 25c value, per yard 6c.

Remember Mother! Sunday, May 14th, is Mother's Day. Our art department is showing attractive imported baskets filled with lovely artificial flowers.

Tuesday in the Great MAY SALES!

THE BRANDEIS STORE

—May White Specials in— DOMESTICS and WASH GOODS

- Notions —Specials— An unusually large number of special prices on notions are offered for Tuesday. When you stock up on standard articles which are always needed, there can be no question but that you are effecting a genuine saving.

Remnants of Bleached Muslin--Cambric. A good quality and in all of the useful lengths. Very special, per yard, at 8 3/4c.

Long Mill Lengths Pajama Checks. For underwear, pajamas, boys' and girls' waists. 36-inch width. In long mill lengths 14 1/2c per yard.

Basement—North

White Sale Linens Irish Linen Table Cloths and Napkins

These linens were secured at a very low price in a purchase of a big manufacturer's samples and rejects. The rejects are all marked by threads, so no one will be deceived in what they are buying.

Glass Toweling. Special for Tuesday. Pure Linen Glass Toweling—Blue and pink check, 25c per yard.

Bleached Irish Damask. Bleached Irish Linen Table Damask—An Irish manufacturer's rejects of rough threads, small stains or black threads. 1.49

Our Great May Sale of Lingerie. Begins Thursday, May 11th. Heaps of dainty silk and muslin undergarments will be offered at special prices.

May Sale of Draperies. Irish Point Curtains. 500 pairs of Irish Point Curtains, made of the finest quality Swiss with wide borders and beautiful medallion corners; 15.00 values, per pair 7.50

Greatly Reduced Fares to Colorado California

Only \$26.50 from Omaha to Colorado and return, effective daily June 1; only \$22.00 to California and return, effective daily May 15; corresponding reductions to other vacation territories.

Rocky Mountain Limited. From Omaha at 11:55 p. m. daily, or the COLORADO EXPRESS at 2:00 p. m. daily. Each train takes you direct to either Denver or Colorado Springs.

Golden State Limited. From Kansas City at 9:05 a. m. daily; direct to Los Angeles, Santa Barbara and to San Diego, through Imperial Valley and stupendous Carrizo Gorge.

Rock Island Lines. Complete travel information, reservations and illustrated booklets on application to Consolidated Office, 1416 Dodge Street or Union Station.