

Judge Lectures Parents of Girls Accusing Youth

Two Young Girls Tell of Thrilling Auto Ride Ending in Alleged Attack.

Parents who went to Central police court Wednesday to hear two girls, one 14, the other 15, tell their story of a thrilling motor car ride ending in alleged attacks, were themselves lectured by Judge W. F. Wampich.

The testimony does not impress me," he said, as he fixed the bond of Joe Leonardo, 22, 1029 South Twenty-second street, one of the young men accused, at \$500.

Girl Faints

Evelyn Garner, 15, 531 South Twenty-fifth avenue, one of the victims of the alleged attacks, fainted and was carried from the courtroom.

Lucille Britton, 14, 521 South Twenty-fifth avenue, the other girl victim, accused Leonardo.

While they were on their way to church last Wednesday night, the girls testified, they met Leonardo and one of his friends in a motor car and, being coaxed, entered. A wild ride to Ak-Sar-Ben field followed, the young men holding the girls in the car and gagging their screams with their hands when numerous other motorists were passing, the girls said.

Companion Sought

The girls returned home at 10 and Lucille Britton told an older sister. Parents learned the news. Leary L. Oberlin, a private detective, was hired, and Leonardo was arrested the next day. His companion is sought.

Seized Property Is Returned to German

Heinrick Sinjen is \$100,000 richer today than he was yesterday. A decision of Federal Judge Woodrough yesterday restored to him property seized by the alien property custodian during the war.

Sinjen is a former Franklin county citizen of German extraction. He returned to Germany for a visit 14 years ago and didn't come back before the war. Then he couldn't.

That he never relinquished his American citizenship was the defense of his attorney, Arthur Muller. D. H. Stanley, special assistant from the attorney general's office in Washington, represented Uncle Sam's interests.

The property involved included rich farm land, cash, notes and real estate. The case was the first suit of its kind on record in federal court here.

Mothers Give Tea in Honor of Retiring School Principal

Miss Mary A. Reid, retiring principal of Franklin school, will be the guest of honor at a tea given by the mothers of the children at the school tomorrow afternoon at 2. A luncheon is to be given in her honor at the Happy Hollow club Saturday afternoon by the teachers of Franklin school.

My Marriage Problems

Adela Garrison's New Phase of "REVELATIONS OF A WIFE"

(Copyright 1922)

What Madge Finds She Must Discover in Allen Drake's Eyes.

At my request that she bring me some flowers, Marion darted toward me to give me an ecstatic little hug, then stopped short with a thoughtfulness far beyond her years.

"I almost crushed your dress," she cried remorsefully, "but, oh, Auntie Madge, you're just like a picture in that gown. And those scarlet and orange nasturtiums, they're exactly the colors to set you off. You do think of the nicest things. I'll hurry like everything and get them. One of each from Grandpa Spencer's room, you said."

She danced off, repeating my last injunction, and I turned to my mirror again with eager questioning.

Was it true what the child had said, or was the compliment simply the tribute of her childish imagination? I remembered that Dicky had said laughingly when he had designed the gown for me that it brought out the "red hair" of me, referring to the auburn tint which my hair holds in some lights.

But Dicky had expressed no unusual admiration when I first had donned the dress for his inspection. Indeed, I had felt with a trifle of pique that he was more concerned with the success of his own handiwork than with my appearance in the gown.

I scanned myself relentlessly in the mirror for the little lines which should tell me that my youth was flitting away from me. But excitement had given me the fillip I needed, and with a little gratified thrill I acknowledged not the truth of Marion's words—I wasn't so vain as that—but the undeniable fact that I never had looked better than I did in this gown.

Madge Is Triumphant.

I possess very few jewels, all of them presents from Dicky and my father, and I opened my case with a distinct idea of the thing which I should select. My father had once given me a necklace of quaintly-carved Oriental beads in odd shapes, strung irregularly upon a slender silver chain. This I fastened around my neck, and when Marion, breathless and triumphant, returned with the flowers, I fastened them in my corsage. Then I bent to kiss the child, whose eyes, wide and lustrous, remained fastened on me in the enthusiastic admiration which only childhood can give—the most genuine feeling in the world.

"Run and tell mother I'm ready, sweetheart," I said, and when the child had departed obediently, I turned to my mirror again with a most unholly little feeling of triumph.

"I'm old enough to know better, am I?" I mocked aloud. "Well, perhaps I am, but I'm still young enough not to sit down tamely in a drab dress and knit by the fireplace while my husband disports himself at a luxurious Adirondack camp."

Not until then had I realized fully how deep my mother-in-law's strictures had cut. She had taken the position that I was past the age for youthful gowns, that I had no business making myself attractive. In fact, so caustic had been her words that I had wondered if I were not losing my youth, and the first freshness of what Dicky in his atrocious slang called "the map and mop" which first attracted him.

A Sure Test.

Dicky's fitting to the city, his reference to Edith Fairfax, this trip to the Adirondacks—all had intensified

my fear that I was losing my lure for my husband.

The particular little devil which always comes to me when I am troubled whispered in my ear: "Why don't you find out?" "Find out what?" I answered, startled into speaking aloud.

"You know," the answer came almost as distinctly as if it were a spoken one, and startled, shaken, I knew that I did recognize the meaning of the question.

If I were really losing my youth and attractiveness, I knew with a certainty which told me how surely I had read the man, I would read it in Alan Drake's eyes. Fastidious to a fault, selfish and spoiled, his regard for any woman, I knew would be but admiration, which would automatically cease when her attractions lessened in any degree.

For a moment, my conscience lifted its head and tried to speak to me, but another glance at Dicky's telegram smothered my scruples. And at the ring announced Allen Drake's arrival sounded through the house, I sent another satisfied little glance into the mirror and went down stairs to meet him.

Dog Hill Paragraphs

By George Bingham.

Somebody in the neighborhood of Thunderation the other day set the



dogs on the Deputy Constable. This is the tightest race he has had since he ran for re-election the last time.

Sap Spradlen has been needing a hair cut all this week, but has decided to wait until Saturday afternoon, as that is what nearly everybody else does.

The Tin Peddler, who has been in our midst for several days selling jewelry, is preparing to leave town, while the jewelry is still holding its color.

Wife Refuses to Lash Mate, So He Must Serve Jail Term

"I'd rather take the 30 lashes than stay in jail 30 days," said William Baker, 2880 Binney street, in Central police court yesterday, when brought before Judge Wappich on the charge of wife beating.

But Mrs. Baker, who had pleaded with the court to keep him in jail as long as possible, refused to manipulate the lash. Baker was taken back to jail.

The Bee leads all the other papers in sport news. Read The Bee first.

SLEEPY-TIME TALES THE TALE OF SNOWBALL LAMB

BY ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY

CHAPTER XVII. A Terrible Mix-up.

There was a terrible mix-up. Some sheep were trying to cross the stone wall in one direction. Some were trying to cross it in the other. And in the midst of the fleecy tangle,



As for the bear, he didn't say a single word.

Snowball struggled in vain. He found himself face to face with aunt Nancy Ewe, who was so huge that he couldn't budge her. He pushed and shoved until she cried out: "Where are your manners, young man?"

"I don't know," Snowball stammered. "Maybe I left them in the berry bushes, with the bear."

Well, the moment she heard the word bear Aunt Nancy blatted at the top of her lungs. With a mighty heave she turned about on the top of the wall, sweeping Snowball off it as if he were nothing but a fly.

He fell backwards among the raspberry bushes, fully expecting to be eaten by the bear. He shut his eyes and held his breath and lay with his feet in the air, waiting for the bear to seize him.

"Oh dear!" he groaned. "I wonder if he'll begin with my head or my tail!"

Just then he felt a terrible nip at the end of his tail.

"He's begun! The bear has begun to eat me!" Snowball thought.

As for the bear, he didn't say a single word. And that seemed odd. Somehow Snowball didn't quite like it because the bear didn't exclaim how nice and tender he was. His tail was still held fast. And that was as much as Snowball knew.

At last he slowly opened his eyes. To his astonishment he saw no bear. In fact he saw nobody at all. For the last of Farmer Green's flock of sheep had vanished. And Snowball noticed, resting on the tip of his tail, a stone. Though he did not know it, the last sheep to leave had kicked it down upon him purely by accident.

Snowball gave a gasp of surprise and relief. With a little effort he managed to jerk his tail from under the stone. Then he sprang to his feet. And since there was no knowing where the bear was, Snowball made all haste to get on the other side of the stone wall and join the flock of sheep once more.

When Aunt Nancy saw him she did not act half as pleased as he had expected. She would.

"You got us into a pickle, young man!" she greeted him.

"It seems to me," he replied, "that you are the one that made all the trouble. If you hadn't made me jump, the wall—"

"If I hadn't made you—" Aunt Nancy interrupted. And turning to her companions she cried: "Did you ever hear anything like that in all your days?" And everybody said, "No!" And then somebody asked, "Where's the bear?" But nobody could answer that question.

Common Sense

Are You a Vain, Playful Animal? Are you improving your physical well being at the expense of your mind and morals? Are you in for every active sport, but out when it comes to study? Do you not know that the well balanced man or woman, is the successful one every time? It is always the physically active, who glow with warmth and good spirits, who exert the greater influence unless you have learned to balance yourself.

Take a Ride in the New HUDSON

ance yourself. In fact there are certain individuals, very nice sort of people they are, too, companionable, and often helpful—physically—who carry you off your balance because they are so full of the animal spirit.

Do you want to be merely a vain, playful little animal? Do you preen your feathers and perk your head daintily because there is so little in it? Instead, cultivate your mental, your moral and your humorous side so fully that you can see how ridiculous you are to prepare for a day, gone tomorrow, when there is all eternity.

H.R. Bowen Co.

For Thursday's Selling



This White Enamel Kitchen Cabinet, full size, with porcelain top ..... \$39.50



White Enamel Kitchen Table, regulation size, with porcelain top ..... \$7.95



Cabinet Gas Ranges with white enamel panel oven door ..... \$36.00



Aluminum Dish Pan for ..... 85c



Oil Mop and Bottle of Oil ..... 65c

10-quart Galvanized Buckets ..... 19c

Long Straw Enamel Handle Brooms ..... 29c



Large Size 4-passenger Lawn Swings, stand 3 feet high ..... \$8.65

Small Size Child's Lawn Swing ..... \$5.95



Two-Passenger Hardwood Porch Swings, complete with 7-foot chains and books ..... \$3.45

H.R. Bowen Co.

The Dress Shoppe Mezzanine Floor Paxton Block 16th & Farnam - Take elevator at 217 So. 16th Announces Its Opening Thursday Morning, June First THE "DRESS SHOPPE" has been created by two Omaha ladies whose experience in Specialty Shops has been wide and varied. It will be the policy of the "Dress Shoppe" to costume each patron with the least expenditure that is consistent with quality and good taste. Starting Thursday we are showing an unusual assortment of dainty summer frocks and sport dresses, including sizes 14 to 46. We extend all a hearty invitation to attend our opening. McGuire & McCoy

AS WELCOME AS THE FLOWERS IN MAY Good Old-Fashioned Doughnuts and Crullers The Kind you can only get at Home DOUGHNUTS 1/2 cup Kingsford's Corn Starch 1 teaspoon Salt 4 teaspoons Baking Powder 1/2 cup Karo 1/2 cup Milk 1/2 cup Sugar Flour 2 Eggs 3 tablespoons Mazola 1 teaspoon Vanilla Sift dry ingredients. Beat eggs, add Mazola, flavoring and milk. Stir liquids into dry ingredients and add sifted flour to make soft dough. Roll one-quarter inch thick, cut and fry in deep Mazola. CRULLERS 3 1/2 cups Flour 1 cup Sugar 1/2 cup Kingsford's Corn Starch 3 level teaspoons Baking Powder 1/2 teaspoon Soda 1 teaspoon Salt 2 Eggs 1/2 teaspoon Nutmeg or Cinnamon 2 tablespoons Mazola 1 cup Thick Sour Milk Sift dry ingredients. Beat eggs light. Add Karo, Mazola, and sour milk. Stir liquids into dry ingredients and add flour to make a soft dough. Roll one-quarter inch thick, cut and fry in hot Mazola. If desired substitute one cup rye flour and add one and a half squares melted chocolate for chocolate crullers. IT is not necessary to purchase both a bread and pastry flour. By using 1/2 cup of Kingsford's Corn Starch to 1/2 cup of any good flour the percentage of gluten is decreased and the starch content increased so that home prepared flour will make a lighter and finer grained cake. FREE—Ask your grocer or write Cereals Products Sales Co., 8th and Jackson streets, Omaha, Neb., for beautiful folder of the new Kingsford's Corn Starch recipes.

America's Favorite Since 1848 Grandmother would say The richer the shortening the better the bread—in short Bread of quality it's HARD ROLL BREAD quality

THE BRANDEIS STORE Beginning Thursday and continuing until sold, 980 pair of our better grade Women's Low Shoes 3.85 Formerly Sold from 6.50 to 14.50 This lot comprises 42 distinct styles in the most favored leathers and fabrics. Included are white kid, white calf, white linen, patent leathers, stunning two-tone combinations and satins. All are made over the newest lasts with high or junior French or box heels. You are practicing economy by purchasing 2 or 3 or more pairs. Morning shopping advised. First come, first served. Efficient sales force on hand to give you courteous and prompt service. Third Floor—East.