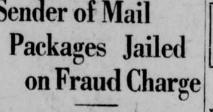


Parents' Problems

How can a girl of 16 be given an in-

terest in serious things? Sixteen is not the age of serious

BUY

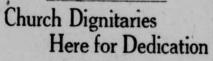


from the United States Radio company would arrive for him C. O. D., asking the hotel to advance the charges and promising to pay when he arrived the next day.

The packages were very businesslike, bearing printed labels and "in-They contained nothing but waste paper, it was said. fail! In Lemon's room a number of

packages ready for sending out by express were found. Two letters bearing express money orders for \$12.98 each have come to the Leavenworth street address since the officers took charge.

salary formerly as an advertising Inspector Coble says he operated the same sort of scheme as this one in Minneapolis



Many Catholic church dignitaries,

including four archbishops, a dozen bishops and any number of priests, are expected in Omaha today to participate in the dedication of the Dowl- are certain little articles of my equip ing Memorial building of Creighton university. Solemn memorial mass in memory

Solemn memorial mass in memory of John A. Creighton and Edward Creighton and their wives, founders of the university, will be celebrated in St. John church this morning at 10, with Rev. John F. McCormick, president of Creighton, as celebrant.

Special guests of Omaha and other cities will be present, representing parishes and civic organizations.

Edgar H. Anderson, 71, Dies After Illness of Three Years

denly.

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"Capt. Lewis is mad. Look at that

river! They say that when the boat letter! He looked at it wonderingly, started last week it took them an kicked the ends of the embers tohour to make a quarter of a mile, when they struck into the Missouri.

"I thank you, madam!" A feeling somewhat akin to awe fell upon Meriwether Lewis. He felt

"Oh, you must start now, I preume-in fact, you have started; but want you to come back before your

"I told Shannon, my aid, to meet me' here," he said at last. "There ment over yonder in the wharf shed. Would you excuse me for just a moarit?

to us once more? Oh, if only I had the right-if only

"When are you coming back have gone far enough." On ahead are Edgar H. Anderson, 4020 Cass street, died at a local hospital Mon-day night following an operation. Mr. Anderson had been in ill health for

old you one time I would lay my all the honor of it. I was going hand upon your shoulder out yonder. ne matter where you were. I said that you should look into my face, surrender my place to you." "You cannot desert us, Merne! You shall not! You—"

that you should look into my face, yonder when you sat alone beside your fire under the stars. You said that it would be torment. I said that none the less I would not let you go. I said my face still should stay with you, until you were willing to turn back.

Uncle Sam Says

Fleas and Their Control. Instructions given for getting rid of leas on dogs and cats will make this

booklet, which is issued by the Fed-

eral Bureau of Entomology, valuable to many readers. The main steps in control, as de-

scribed in this booklet, are the elimi-

nation of breeding places and the de-

mals. If breeding places receive

proper attention, the premises often will be cleared of fleas, even though

little or no attention is given to the

tain a copy of this little booklet free

"Go animals themselves. erson Readers of The Omaha Bee may ob-

Turn back now, Meriwether Lewis! Come back!

The letter was not signed, and needed not to be. Meriwether Lewis sat staring at the paper clutched in distance apart, his eyes fixed on the motionless figure outlined against the sky. his hand. The dawn came at last. Clark say Lewis sharply, imperatively to his his friend rising and advancing to

friend Day or night William Clark was in-

Lewis, advancing toward him, "Listen-tell me, Will, why did you do this?

Clark was now on his feet, and Lewis held out the letter to him. He took it in his hand, looked at it won-(Continue stream or down? "The expedition (Continued in The Morning Bee.)

deringly. "This letter"-began Meriwether

Lewis. "Certainly you carried it for me-why did you not bring it to me long ago?"

Indians, with whom they succeeded "What letter? Whose letter is it, in establishing friendly relations. At Merne? I never saw it before. What night, after a buffalo hunt in which all had taken part, Lewis, preparing "I think so," said Lewis, "I think "I think so," said Lewis. "I think I must be. Here is a letter-I found it but now in my bed. I thought perhaps you had it for me a long time, and placed it there as a surprise." "Who sends it, Merne? What does struction of fleas on the infested aniit say?" "It is from her, Will. She asks me to come back!"

"Burn it-throw it in the fire!" was a folded and sealed envelope-a said William Clark sharply. "Go back? What, forsake Mr. Jefferson

-leave me? gether so that they flamed up, bent

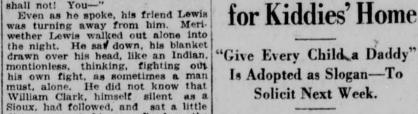
gether so that they flambd up, bent forward to read the superscription-and paused in amazement. Well enough he knew the firm, upright, characterful hand which addressed when they struck into the missourit and panet knew the firm, upright, ing myself too ill to finish this jour-1 washing take to ascend to the mountains? Your men will mutiny and destroy this missive to him: "To Capt, Meri-

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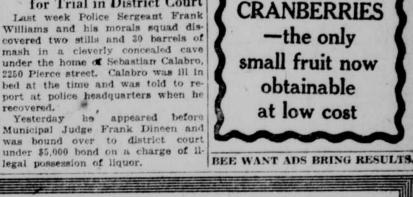
"Give every child a daddy!" With these orphan boys and girls." that slogan the Lions club prepared resterday at a luncheon in the Fon- Possessor of Stills Held

Lions Begin Drive

enelle hotel to launch the campaign him. Once more their hands gripped, as they had when the two first me for a \$40,000 building fund for the Ne Day or night William Clark was in-stantly ready for any sudden danger. "Who calls there? Who goes?" he cried. "It is I, Will," said Meriwether Lewis, advancing toward him, "Uisten the Will why did you"."While may for a time. "Give the orders to the men to foll out, Capt. Clark," said he at length. Tuesday and Wednesday to soliciting contributions. Each man is expected bed at the time and was told to re "Which way, Capt. Lewis-up to raise at least \$100. Dr. Max Emmert, who is in charge recovered.

of the Lions, told of the success of the Omaha Woman's club, which is en- Municipal Judge Frank Dineen and

leavoring to obtain \$1 subscriptions was bound over to district cou rom each woman in the churches. under \$5,000 bond on a charge Frank Myers, field manager of the legal possession of liquor



"This building will be a temple for things! Church, Sunday school and placing children in homes where they occasional talks with father and

will have the same chance as your mother about the meaning of citizenchild and mine," said V. A. Has-call, one of the captains. "Every dol-lar put into this cause is going to



drive, spoke of the "1,000 club," which

has been organized by The Omaha Bee to obtain \$10 subscriptions from

women, whose names will be placed

on a tablet in the new receiving home

to be built on Fontenelle boulevard.

help find a father and mother for

for Trial in District Court

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selves at his feet here in the savage wilderness. It was from her. It ran thus Dear Sir and Friend .-- Greetings to you, wherever you may be when this shall find you. Wherever you be, our hopes and faith go with you. You are, as I fancy, in a desert, a wilderness, worth no man's owning. Life passes meantime. To what end, my friend I fancy you in the deluge, in the hurricane, in the blaze of the sun, or

in the bleak winds, alone, cheerles perhaps athirst, perhaps knowing hunger. I know that you will meet

not go, that she could not let him away from her.

away from her. But the words she had spoken had caught him, after all. He had been pondering—had been trying to set them aside as if unheard. "Coming them aside as if unheard. "Coming you back! Methinks then I would. You could do so much for us back?'

once more. They were now both within the shelter of the old building. "Yes, Merne!" she broke out sud-"Yes, Merne!" she broke out sud-

As she spoke, they were approach-ing the long wharf along the water-front, lined with rude craft, and, far off at the extremity of the line, the boat which Lewis and his friends were to take. The gaze of the young leader men fixed in the direction Ho leader was fixed in that direction. He did not make an immediate sign that he had heard her speech.

these things like a man. But to what end—what is the purpose of all this? You have left behind you all that makes life worth while—fortune, He stooped at the low door and

he began, and stopped short all-so much for me. It would m

a cold prickling along his spin was for him, yes-but whence had it come? There had been no messenger from outside the camp. For one brief instant it seemed, indeed, as if this bit of paper-which of all possible gifts of the gods he most coveted-had dropped from the heavens them

able success of the plan which my father and I have put before you so often. We need you to help us. When are you going to come back to us, Merne?"

earing express money orders for 12.58 each have come to the Leaven-vorth street address since the officers ook charge. Lemon is said to have earned a big

Anderson had been in ill health for several years. He came to Omaha from Walnut, Ia., three years ago. He is survived by his wife, Estella Anderson; three daughters, Mrs. W. C. Beal and Mrs. A. C. Ware of Omaha, and Mrs. W. G. Ticknor, Mitchell, S. D. Funeral services will be held at 2 Wednesday afternoon at the H. K. Burkett & Son chapel. The body will be taken to Walnut Thursday morning for burial.

Ten Added to Roster of Seventeenth Infatry

Ten recruits were added to the ros ter of the Seventeenth infantry Monday and Tuesday, according to compapy officers. They are Edward Joseph Schultz, Kewaunee, Wis.; Clyde Dalbert Larrick, Nebraska City, Neb.; George Graham Miller, St. Joseph, Mo.: Herman Robert Scholtz, Chamberlain, S. D.; Harry Jerome Silver, Chicago, Ill.; Charles Miller, Billings, Mont.; Emil Fujan, Farwell, Neb.; Rudolph Christensen, Farwell, Neb.; Constantine Florian Wincha, Hamtramck, Mich., and Everard Ambrose Curtis, Mitchell, S. D.

Seized Cars to Be Sold. Two automobiles confiscated by federal authorities because they were of the postoffice between 2 and 4 this afternoon by United States Marshal Cronin.

Be Beddeo's Guest DANCE **EMPRESS** GARDENS MONDAY EVENING FEBRUARY 12TH Splendid Prizes Everything Free Call at our store, 1417 Douglas St., umber of tickets you desire.

DAME NATURE CREAM Ends Chap spoke very slowly, deliberately. "Coming back to you. And you call me by that name? Only my mother, Mr. Jefferson, and Will Clark ever did so."

"Oh, stiff-necked man! hard to be kind to you? And all I have ever done-every time I have followed you in this way, each time I have humiliated myself thus-it always was only in kindness for you!" He made no reply.

"Fate ran against us, Merne," she went on tremblingly. "We have both accepted fate. But in a woman's heart are many mansions. Is there none in a man's—in yours—for me? Can't I ask a place in a good man's heart—an innocent, clean place? Oh. think not you have all the unhappi ness in your own heart! Is all the world's misery yours? I don't want you to go away, Merne, but if you do-if you must- won't you come back? Oh, won't you, Merne?" Her voice was trembling, her hand half raised, her eyes sought after him. A single, little chance word, a nickname of endearment—that was what did it. That little, spark, dropped almost by chance, worked its havo in the tremendous magazine of this man's nature. "Merne!" she had said.

For a moment only meaningless sounds came from him, but at length he said broken: "Theo-Theo!" The flood of his pent nature had burst forth at last-the stern conused in transportation of liquor will wol of a mighty soul was gone. In a be sold at auction on the north side flash he caugh her in has arms, held her, kissed her-kissed her once-the imprint of soul on soul, life on life, stern, masterful, as if the time had come, the great hour for both of them; and indeed it was their great

But he started back, his arms half spread, arrested as they had fallen away from her unprotesting body. She stood motionless, herself now a woman of stone, speechless, her face white. She tottered, thembled, looked about for some support; and as he hastened to her once more he saw the tears come. She wept without a sob, without a cry, her face white sob, without a cry, her face white, the tears welling strongly from her eyes, from her soul-her hands clasped above her bosom. She did not sob-only those blistering tears came from her soul. She wept as a child does when hurt by something-it has trusted-silently, with grief too

as trusted—shently, with grief too great for voice. As for him, he stood accused and convicted of sacrilege. He had lifted his hand to what was another's. He had sinned against the law. He could see his kiss flaming on her lips now-never would they cease to reproach him. "Oh, God, what have I done? Theo, I have wronged you. I never thought this could have been. How did it come?" She did not speak, and he went on

The did not speak, and he went on trying—with his trembling hands—to dry her tears. "Forgive me, Theo, oh, forgive me!" he was whispering. "It was not I—I do not know what it was. Something passed by—some-thing with mighty wings—I know not what it was. I heard it. I felt it. Forgive me, it was not I myself: Oh, Theo, what have I done?" She could not speak, could not

She could not speak, could not even sob. Neither horror nor resentment was possible for her, nor any protest, save the tears which welled silently, terribly.

Unable longer to endure this, Meri-wether Lewis turned to leave behind him his last hope of happiness, and to face alone what he now felt to be the impenetrable night of his own destiny. He never knew when his hands fell from Theodosia Alston's face, or when he turned away; but at



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