

14 Speeders and Reckless Driver Sentenced to Jail

Woman Is Among Motorists Who Draw One-Day Imprisonment—Mother of Girl, 13, Freed.

Fourteen speeders and one reckless driver were sentenced to jail by Judge George Holmes in municipal court yesterday. Lloyd Thompson, 108 South Thirty-second street, was sentenced to 10 days on a charge of reckless driving. Mrs. W. L. Renick, Seventy-fourth and Grand avenue, first woman driver to be sentenced to jail for speeding since the edict was issued from municipal court, drew one day.

Others who received one-day sentences are: J. Jensen, Fifty-eighth and Pacific streets; H. H. Heck, 2332 Spencer street; E. B. Hakel, 1120 Park avenue; Sam Sitoski, 3414 North Eighteenth street; E. Cook, 2701 Leavenworth street; Harry Whitfield, 2553 Ames avenue; Mike Calabro, 1423 North Seventeenth street; H. W. Dickey, 3012 North Twenty-fourth street; Orville Perring, 2120 North Fifteenth street; James Hoffmann, 214 North Seventeenth street; and E. W. Benning, 1334 Ogden street.

Two-day jail sentences were given Tony Leonardo, 1029 South Twenty-second street, and George Dalus, 2411 South Eleventh street.

Mrs. R. M. Harmon, 1901 Ernest street, charged with speeding, was discharged because she has a daughter 13, in school. Five others were fined.

Mrs. Carrie Whalen, Wife of Realty Dealer, Dies

Mrs. Carrie Whalen, 45, 2023 Wirt street, died Thursday afternoon following an illness of six months.

She is survived by her husband, James Whalen, real estate dealer; one brother, John Berg, and two sisters, Mrs. Anna Douglas, Pato Alto, Cal.; and Sister M. Lantio, order of Notre Dame of Milwaukee. Mrs. Whalen has resided in Omaha more than 25 years. Funeral services will be at 8:40 Saturday morning at the residence, and 9 at Sacred Heart church. Burial will be in Holy Sepulcher cemetery.

"Ye Diamond Shoppe" to Be Opened Here on Saturday

"Ye Diamond Shoppe," Omaha's newest jewelry store, will open today at 1508 Douglas street, in the World theater building. I. W. Pope will manage the store and L. P. Watt will be in charge of the repair department. D. B. Gross is owner and will take an active interest in the business. The store will specialize in diamond merchandising and platinum work.

Truck Turns Over Twice; Two Men Receive Scratches

Their transfer truck overturned twice and they were thrown out, but W. E. Little, 2064 North Nineteenth street, and Jack Sexton, 3012 Leavenworth street, were only scratched in an accident yesterday morning. The truck overturned when it and a sedan driven by W. E. Lamb, 4801 Underwood avenue, collided at Twentieth street and St. Mary avenue.

Health Clown to Visit Omaha Public Schools

Cho-Cho, health clown, will be in Omaha for 12 days beginning March 12, according to announcement by Charlotte Townsend, supervisor of health work in the public schools. This idol of the children will visit five schools a day, limiting his time at each to 25 minutes. He will speak to the boys and girls of the first four grades.

Girl Only 18, Stars in "Mighty Lak a Rose"



Dorothy Mackall, only 18, the pretty little English actress, who won a place for herself in the Ziegfeld Follies chorus, is being starred in First National's first picture made by that firm—it's former pictures having been purchased. Miss Mackall began her active stage career when only 15 and has danced in musical productions in Paris and London, finally coming to the States. Her work in "Mighty Lak a Rose," will win her a place in the popularity list of many an American picture fan.

She is dividing honors this week in her first feature picture with the much talked of Emile Coue, who also is experiencing his first feature picture, a two-reeler in which he portrays for film audiences his thoughts of "better and better."

Flapper, Old and New, Film Theme

Cecil de Mille's 'Adam's Rib,' Opens for Long Engagement at Strand.

Followers of the cinema in Omaha will be given an opportunity next week to view features which have been the subject of much talk in motion picture circles and magazines devoted to the screen.

Cecil de Mille's "Adam's Rib" opens for a long engagement at the Strand theater. Mr. de Mille has the problem of the flapper in prehistoric times and her similarity to the flapper and to woman of today as his theme in his newest picture. In spite of this, the film is a sparkling modern day story. Mae Murray, in her latest success, "Jazzmania," has a light drama with plenty of laughs, thrills and the gorgeous display of gowns, costumes and scenery.

"Mighty Lak a Rose," the first picture which First National, one of the biggest of the distributors, has ever made under its own name, will be at the Rialto, sharing honors with Emile Coue.

George Arliss returns to Omaha at the Brandeis in "The Man Who Played God." Priscilla Dean, in an entirely new sort of role, is in "The Flame of Life at the Moon. The spur of competition also brings excellent pictures full of entertainment at the Empress. World, Muse and the neighborhood houses.

On the Screen Today.
Empress—"The Loves of Pharaoh."
Strand—"Adam's Rib."
Sun—"The Flirt."
World—"Till We Meet Again."
Moon—"A Kindling Courage."
Muse—"The Argyle Case."
Rialto—"The Pilgrim" and "Bell Boy 13."
Victoria—"The Ten Dollar Raise."
Grand—"The Infidel."
Hamilton—"Dr. Jack."

An observing station on a trunk-line highway in Massachusetts records 129 vehicles passing it per hour.

ONE OF OURS

By WILLA CATHER.

(Continued From Friday.)

Claude Wheeler and his brother, Ralph, living on a Nebraska ranch, plan to attend a circus at Frankfort. After Claude places early for the trip, his father, Nat Wheeler, disapproves him by saying that the two boys must use a wagon and team of mules in order to take some hides to the fair. Claude, however, has two young men, whom Claude dislikes because of their roughness and cruelty to animals, agree to accompany the hides. Claude's mother, a former school principal, sympathizes with him. Nat Wheeler is a jolly, easy-going man who spends a great deal of his time away from home visiting among the neighbors. Another son, Bayliss, is a successful implement dealer at Frankfort.

CHAPTER II.

Claude and his mules rattled into Frankfort just as the callopie went screaming down Main street at the head of the circus parade. Getting rid of his disagreeable freight and his unamiable companions as soon as possible, he bowed his head above the crowded sidewalk, looking for some of the neighbor boys. Mr. Wheeler was standing on the Farmers' Bank corner, towering a head above the throng, chaffing with a little hunchback who was setting up a shell game. To avoid his father, Claude turned and went into his brother's store. The two big show windows were full of country children, their mothers standing behind them to watch the parade. Bayliss was seated in the little glass case where he did his writing and bookkeeping. He nodded at Claude from his desk.

"Hello," said Claude, bustling in as if he were in a great hurry. "Have you seen Ernest Havel? I thought I might find him in here."
Bayliss swung around in his swivel chair to return a plover catalog to the shelf. "What would he be in here for? Better look for him in the saloon." Nobody could put meander situations into a slow, dry remark than Bayliss.

Claude's cheeks flamed with anger. As he turned away, he noticed something unusual about his brother's face, but he wasn't going to give him the satisfaction of asking him how he had got a black eye. Ernest Havel was a Bohemian, and he usually drank a glass of beer when he came to town; but he was sober and thoughtful beyond the worst of young men. From Bayliss' drawl one might have supposed that the boy was a drunken loafer.

At that very moment Claude saw his friend on the other side of the street, following the wagon of trained dogs that brought up the rear of the procession. He ran across, through a crowd of shouting youngsters, and caught Ernest by the arm.

"Hello, where are you off to?"
"I'm going to eat my lunch before show time. I left my wagon out by the pumping station, on the creek. What about you?"

"I've got no program. Can I go along?"
Ernest smiled. "I expect. I've got enough lunch for two."

"Yes, I know. You always have. I'll join you later."
Claude would have liked to take Ernest to the hotel for dinner. He

had more than enough money in his pockets; and his father was a rich farmer. In the Wheeler family a new thrasher or a new automobile was ordered without a question, but it was considered extravagant to go to a hotel for dinner. If his father or Bayliss heard that he had been there—and Bayliss heard everything—they would say he was putting on airs and would get back at him. He tried to excuse his cowardice to himself by saying that he was dirty and smelled of the hides; but in his heart he knew that he did not ask Ernest to go to the hotel with him because he had been so brought up that it would be difficult for him to do this simple thing. He made some purchases at the fruit stand and the cigar counter, and then hurried out along the dusty road toward the pumping station. Ernest's wagon was standing under the shade of some willow trees, on a little sandy bottom half enclosed by a loop of the creek which curved like a horseshoe. Claude threw himself on the sand beside the stream and wiped the dust from his hot face. He felt he had now closed the door on his disagreeable morning.

Ernest produced his lunch basket. "I got a couple bottles of beer cooling in the creek," he said. "I knew you wouldn't want to go in a saloon."
"Oh, forget it," Claude muttered, ripping the cover off a jar of pickles. He was 19 years old, and he was afraid to go into a saloon, and his friend knew he was afraid.

After lunch Claude took out a hand-ful of good cigars he had bought at the drug store. Ernest, who couldn't afford cigars, was pleased. He lit one, and as he smoked he kept looking at it with an air of pride and turning it around between his fingers. The horses stood with their heads

over the wagon box, munching their oats. The streets trickled by under the willow roots with a cool, persuasive sound. Claude and Ernest lay in the shade, their coats under their heads, talking a very little. Occasionally a motor dashed along the road toward town, and a cloud of dust and a smell of gasoline blew in over the creek bottom; but for the most part the silence of the warm, lazy summer noon was undisturbed. Claude could usually forget his own vexations and chagrins when he was with Ernest. The Bohemian boy was never uncertain, was not pulled in two or three ways at once. He was simple and direct. He had a number of impersonal preoccupations; was interested in politics and history and in new inventions. Claude felt that his friend lived in an atmosphere of mental liberty to which he himself could never hope to attain. After he had talked with Ernest for awhile, the things that did not go right on the farm seemed less important.

Claude's mother was almost as fond of Ernest as he was himself. When the two boys were going to high school Ernest often came over in the evening to study with Claude, and while they worked at the long kitchen table Mrs. Wheeler brought her darning and sat near them, helping them with their Latin and algebra. Even old Mahalley was enlightened by their words of wisdom.

Mrs. Wheeler said she would never forget the night Ernest arrived from the old country. His brother, Joe Havel, had gone to Frankfort to meet him, and was to stop on the way home and leave some groceries for the Wheeler's. The train from the east was late; it was 10 o'clock that night when Mrs. Wheeler, waiting in the kitchen, heard Havel's wagon rattle across the little bridge over Lovely Creek. She opened the outside door, and presently Joe came in with a bucket of salt fish in one hand and a sack of flour on his shoulder. While he took the fish down to the cellar for her, another figure appeared in the doorway; a young boy, short, stooped, with a flat cap on his head

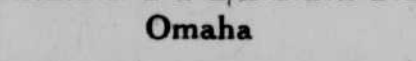
and a great oilcloth valise, such as peddlers carry, strapped to his back. He had fallen asleep in the wagon and on waking and finding his brother gone, he had supposed they were at home and scrambled for his pack. He stood in the doorway blinking his eyes at the light, looking astonished but eager to do whatever was required of him. What if one of her own boys, Mrs. Wheeler thought. She went up to him and put her arm around him, laughing a little and saying in her quiet voice, just as if he could understand her, "Why, you're only a little boy after all, aren't you?"

Ernest said afterwards that it was his first welcome to this country, though he had traveled so far, and had been pushed and hauled and shouted at for so many days, he had lost count of them. That night he and Claude only shook hands and looked at each other suspiciously, but ever since they had been good friends. (To Be Continued Monday Morning.)

Two Fined for Disturbance.

Arthur Doty and Thomas H. Smith, alias A. P. Jones of Council Bluffs, were fined \$10 each in municipal court yesterday morning on charges of disturbing the peace. They were arrested at the Rustic garden Thursday night.

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