

Michigan Tied With Illinois for Conference Title

Illini Points to Defeat Handed Huskers—Badgers Win but One Conference Game.

Chicago, Nov. 25.—Michigan and Illinois, both with a perfect string of victories, divide the honors for the western conference football championship at the close of the 1923 season. Michigan's victory over Minnesota Saturday and Illinois triumph over Ohio State left them with clean slates, both in and out of the conference. Illinois defeated five conference and three nonconference teams, while Michigan won four in the conference and four out.

Both teams played Ohio State, Iowa and Wisconsin. Michigan defeated Ohio State, 23 to 0; Iowa, 9 to 3; Wisconsin, 6 to 3; Illinois defeated Iowa, 9 to 6; Wisconsin, 10 to 0; Ohio State, 9 to 0. Iowa was the only conference team crossing the Illinois goal line. Although Michigan's goal line was not crossed in any conference battle, Iowa and Wisconsin each registered a field goal against it.

Illinois rosters point to the decisive defeat of the great Nebraska team when Illinois defeated it 24 to 7. Michigan supporters point to the Wolverine victory over Case by a 36 to 0 score and the defeat of Vanderbilt, conqueror of Georgia, by a 3 to 0 score.

Chicago, in undisputed third place with its victory over Wisconsin Saturday, dragged down five conference teams, during the season bowing only to Illinois by a score of 7 to 0. Its victims were Northwestern, Purdue, Indiana, Ohio State and Wisconsin.

Minnesota, winning from Northwestern and Iowa, losing to Michigan and tying with Wisconsin, finished in fourth place. Iowa divided its season, winning from Purdue, Ohio State and Northwestern and losing to Illinois, Michigan and Minnesota. Iowa placed fifth with Indiana, who defeated Northwestern and Purdue, and lost to Chicago and Wisconsin.

Wisconsin, a strong opponent for the leaders of the conference, won only one of its four conference games, placing seventh. The Badgers defeated Indiana, tied with Minnesota and lost to Illinois, Michigan and Chicago.

Ohio faced a stiff conference schedule and won only from Purdue, losing to Michigan, Iowa, Chicago and Illinois. The Buckeyes placed eighth. Purdue played ninth by defeating Northwestern and losing to Iowa, Chicago, Ohio and Indiana.

Northwestern failed to win a conference game, but gave Iowa a serious score in Saturday's game when it led a large part of the game, and was finally defeated by a 17 to 14 score. Northwestern met Indiana, Chicago, Illinois, Minnesota, Purdue and Iowa.

Harold Grange, halfback of Illinois, stood out without a close competitor in the individual scoring of the conference. He had a record of 12 touchdowns for the season in conference and nonconference games. Grange was directly responsible for the greater share of the Illinois victories.

Grange's touchdown gave Illinois six of its nine points in defeating Iowa. His touchdown defeated Chicago in the 7 to 0 score of that game. His touchdown was the factor in the 10-point score which defeated Wisconsin and his touchdown was the greater part of the team's 9 to 0 score against Ohio State.

His closest competitor in the conference is Captain Martneau, Minnesota, who scored seven touchdowns and one goal after touchdowns. Fry, Iowa, scored seven touchdowns and Workman, Ohio State, scored two touchdowns, 10 goals after touchdowns and five goals from field.

The final standing follows:

Team	Won	Lost	Points
Illinois	5	0	100
Michigan	5	0	100
Chicago	6	1	82
Iowa	3	2	80
Minnesota	3	2	80
Indiana	2	2	60
Wisconsin	2	2	50
Ohio State	1	4	20
Purdue	1	4	20
Northwestern	0	6	0

x Played scoreless tie.

DEMPESEY TO HUNT BEARS

Las Vegas, Nov. 26.—Jack Dempsey, world's heavyweight champion, arrived in this city last night to match his skill against the bears, deer and mountain lions of New Mexico. He is planning to hunt in the mountains in the vicinity of Las Vegas for a week. Approximately 500 persons greeted the monarch of the squared circle on his arrival here.

COLLEEN MOORE

as the Ideal Flapper
MILTON SILLS
as a Man of the World
ELLIOTT DEXTER
as a World Wise Cynic
in a Story of
NECKERS, PETERS, SENSATION SEEKING WOMEN

FLAMING YOUTH

It'll surprise you.

'HIS CHILDREN'S CHILDREN'

—With
BEBE DANIELS
Dorothy Mackall, Mary Eaton, Hale Hamilton, George Foresett

EDDIE'S FRIENDS



Believe It Or Not

CONRAD YOUNG is one of the ardent snipe shooters of Omaha and in the old days used to hunt the wily little bill out near Herman, Neb., but in late years has confined his hunting to local marsh grounds.

A short time ago he and friends went to a certain favorite pasture and when Con decided to go it was in such a hurry that he went dressed in office clothes. Plus a white stiff collar, a fine linen shirt, an expensive fedora, he pulled on boots over his silk socks and proceeded to wade the shallow water for Jacks.

Without soiling any of his apparel he shot away a box of shells, picked up the snipe and was waiting in the car as clean and spick and span as if he had dressed for an afternoon tea.

Friends believe that Con is the hunter who went out for a duck hunt in a dress suit, got the limit, and returned in time to address a banquet at the Omaha club.

Huskers to Play Orange Next Year

Lincoln, Nov. 25.—Nebraska football players came through the hard-fought Syracuse game without injuries of consequence, and are fit for the concluding battle of the Missouri Valley conference season with the Kansas Agricultural college here Thanksgiving day. The only man forced out of yesterday's game was Hutchison, and his retirement was the result of injuries sustained in the game with Ames the Saturday previous. The Thanksgiving day struggle is not expected lightly by Coach Dawson and his Cornhusker squad, but there is confidence that Nebraska will win by a slight margin and retain her standing of being unbeaten by any conference 11 this season, although twice tied. It will require Thursday's game in the valley to determine the championship.

Coach Meehan and others of the athletic board of Syracuse, before leaving for home took occasion to deny the report emanating from Syracuse last week that yesterday's game would be the last between the two schools. They said there was no other intention than to renew athletic relations with Nebraska, and that the feeling between the two boards was of the utmost cordiality.

The Pelham Affair

By Louis Tracy

(Continued from yesterday.)

"I must say that for a soldier you certainly do show some intelligence."

"Why are you so down on the army, Mr. Prideaux?"

"I'm not down on the army. An army has to obey orders and fight, and heaven knows the British army does those two things thoroughly. I'm jibing at the men higher up, the brass hats. You young boys don't realize the middle and mess of the first three years of the war. Cre nom—'If ever I write a book.'"

"It should take the form of a dialogue between Mr. Somers and yourself. I'll be happy to supply a few notes. But, seriously, Mr. Prideaux, if my cousin is in danger something must be done, and done thoroughly."

"Meaning?"

"He must be protected."

"It's pretty hard to safeguard a man who denies us his confidence. A set of international crooks is bent on his destruction, it would seem, yet he refuses all information, and tries deliberately to mislead us as well as them. Somers gave him every opportunity to speak plainly last night, but he avoided each opening that offered."

"Is it quite fair to judge him by last night's broken talk over a telephone? He had just been told of his mother's death, and the dreadful manner of it."

Prideaux merely grunted. His heavy black eyes were gleaming at the vista of crowded Champs-Élysées. At last he spoke, but his thoughts must have wandered far afield in the meantime, as it was only a question concerning the present political condition of India. Pelham was not surprised. Twice within a few hours he had come perilously near uttering a caustic criticism of the mighty C. I. D. Somers had challenged him at once, but Prideaux had kept silent, which was much more remarkable.

To the best of his ability he delivered a little essay on the Gandhi tenets until he discovered that his companion was not listening. To make sure he hesitated, and deliberately broke off in the middle of a sentence. They were passing the bank at the moment, but Prideaux gave no sign.

"All right," thought Pelham with a smile. "If it's a case of army v. police training I'll enter the lists." Then he said aloud:

"Reverting to the cause of this morning's joy-ride, Mr. Prideaux, there is always the possibility, you know, that Scotland Yard may not be following the right line of inquiry."

"Always," agreed Prideaux. "In fact, finding the right line where no line exists is the bane of our lives."

"But in this affair there is a line. We have 'Vaqueres,' 'Matador' and '69,' already marked in your records as spies and probably criminals. My cousin was employed in naval intelligence. Is it not conceivable that he may have come across those men while discharging his official duties, and earned their deadly hatred?"

"That is practically certain. If I hated any fellow so cordially as some of these rascals hate Sir Arthur Pelham I'd have killed him once a month during the last three years."

"Is the feud of such long standing, then?"

"It began with the armistice. Don't misunderstand me. My crowd was kept in the dark in certain respects. I think we are beginning to see light. Yet, if you really feel that Scotland Yard is an obsolete institution, don't spare it, or me. There is seldom any shred of humor about our sordid work, but we do extract amusement occasionally from ill-informed analyses of our methods."

"After that, two silent men drove through Leadenhall street. The policeman colored—that is to say his many eyes on the residence of the late Monsieur Raymond Carré."

"Upstairs, sir. Second floor back."

"They mounted a rickety staircase, and were peered at furtively by women and children, from dim interiors through half-open doors. There were no men to be seen."

"Too many cops about," murmured Prideaux. "If one could give every able-bodied inmate of this house twelve months' hard straightaway justice even then would have leaned toward mercy. But the kids! Good Lord! The poor doomed kids!"

Suddenly it struck Pelham that his merciful little friend had said no definite word as to the manner of Lady Pelham's death, nor detailed such additional information as he might have obtained at Cedar Lodge the previous evening. Being thoroughly convinced by now that Prideaux, despite certain eccentricities of thought and speech, was a man of great intelligence, it might be of genius, he believed that every sentence the detective uttered bore on the quest of the hour, so it was strange indeed, that he had been so reticent with regard to the actual facts of the murder.

However, he could endeavor to solve that minor enigma later. Here they were, outside a broken door, whose riven panels had been hurriedly thrust into position again. Prideaux tapped, and a policeman admitted him. A younger man in plain clothes was kneeling by the side of a trunk, and emptying it of its contents. A soiled linen sheet revealed the outlines of a body lying on a bed.

Detective Dodson rose to his feet. "I'm glad you've come, Mr. Prideaux," he said. "There are some things here I don't understand."

"You've done pretty well as it is, my lad," was the answer. "Leave other matters for the moment. This is Captain Pelham. I want him to tell us whether or not Raymond Carré is the man who attacked him the other evening. . . . Wait one second," as Dodson was about to exhibit his prize, "How did this fellow kill himself?"

"The doctor says it was poison, sir. He collapsed in our hands. That's an old door, of tough oak, and it simply wouldn't give way at once. And just look at the lock!"

"People who live in these cribs ask for strong locks," he said. "Where is the doctor?"

"Gone to arrange a post-mortem, sir."

"Very well. Off with the lid!" The body of a tall, slightly-built man of middle age was revealed. He was not a pleasant object to look at. No effort had been made to compose his features or close his eyelids, and the natural pallor of death was made ghoulily by the remains of grease-paint only partly removed. A brown wig, intended to conceal thin grey hair closely cropped, lay on the floor. He was fully dressed, and seemed to have been partaking of a simple meal when the police, heralds of eternity, demanded admittance because some bread butter, and cold meat were set out on top of a chest of drawers.

Pelham, to whom death in many forms was only too familiar, glanced at the distorted face. He shook his head, but to make sure, bent and examined the dead man's nose, neck and wrists.

"No," he said, straightening himself. "This is not the man. He seems to be of the same racial type, but I have never seen him before."

"I thought not," said Prideaux. He turned to the constable stationed at the door. "Accompany Captain Pelham to my car, tell the chauffeur to drive him home, and come straight back. Then ask your inspector to have some clear photographs taken of this poor devil, full face and profile. The undertaker's men will assist, but the eyes must not be touched until the photographer is satisfied that he has secured good pictures. You promised to be in your flat before eleven, captain," he went on. "Leave all this misery and squallor," and he waved a hand around the room and its contents, "behind you as you drive west. After eleven o'clock ring up Cedar Lodge. This time I am quite serious. You will find plenty to talk about for a couple of hours."

Pelham understood, of course, that Prideaux was alluding to Phyllis Daunt and really wanted him to meet that young lady without delay. Moreover, he had placed no embargo on the exchange of whatever news each had to tell. It was becoming more and more difficult, Pelham felt, to guess correctly just what lay behind the detective's instructions, but he was certain they had a definite object, no matter how cryptic or far-fetched they might sound.

"Right-o," he said. "I'll obey orders."

At the main exit, where a whiff of fresh air and a shaft of sunlight brought relief from the oppressiveness of the death-haunted room above, he halted in front of the policeman on guard there.

"By the way, how did Mr. Dodson describe Mr. Prideaux?" he inquired.

The man grinned, peered up the stairs, and said, almost in a whisper: "He told me to look out for a queer little greaser with a funny face," he confided.

The other constable was interested, too.

(Continued in The Morning Bee.)

INDIGESTION!!!

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Chew a few Pleasant Tablets, Instant Stomach Relief!



Instant relief from sourness, eructation, acidity of stomach, flatulence, indigestion, flatulence, palpitation, headache or any stomach distress.

The moment you chew a few "Pape's Diapetsin" tablets your stomach feels fine. Correct your digestion for a few cents. Pleasant! Harmless! Any drug store.

Don't Suffer Pile Torture

Send Today for a Free Sample Package of Pyramid Pile Suppositories.



Remember that for 25 years Pyramid Pile Suppositories have been the family relief for itching, bleeding, protruding piles or hemorrhoids. They have saved hundreds from operation and a single box has been sufficient in many cases that had suffered for years.

No wonder you can get these blessed suppositories in any drug store in the U. S. and Canada at 60 cents a box. But do not take any substitute. Send your name and address on coupon for free trial package.

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Send your name and address on coupon for free trial package.

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DIRECTOR OF ALL PLAYS

FLAMING YOUTH

With
Colleen Moore
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Pep
Snap
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Peters
Cocktails
Cigarettes



The Photoplay that is Setting Omaha Ablaze.

Choose an advertising medium as you would choose a salesman

How would you hire a salesman? Would you select him merely because he might possess 285 pounds in weight? Would you choose him just because he measured 6 feet 4 inches in his stocking feet?

HARDLY! You'd look FIRST for evidence of his ability to SELL. To intelligently present your proposition and deliver your message to a reasonable number of prospects. You'd consider RESULTS. You'd prefer ten calls a day with five orders, to fifteen calls a day with but three orders.

Use the same methods in choosing an advertising medium. More and more advertisers ARE. They're choosing The Omaha Bee with its daily calling list of 73,000 substantial homes. They're selecting The Omaha Bee, not altogether for the extent of its circulation, but rather for the selected list of BUYING HOMES they are able to reach profitably.

These 73,000 homes PREFER The Omaha Bee. Most of them have no other newspaper in their home. Much of their needs are procured through Omaha Bee advertisers.

You will be tremendously interested in the things an Omaha Bee advertising man will be glad to tell you. Why not call AT LANTIC 1000 today and ask for "Display Advertising Dept."

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Over 80,000 on Sundays

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ALL WEEK
Mats., Thurs., Sat.
AUGUSTUS PITOU PRESENTS

MAY ROBSON

THE REJUVENATION OF AUNT MARY
Mats., 6:00-8:15; Evenings, 8:00-10:00

Blossom Time

FRANK SCHUBERT'S OWN MUSIC.
FRANK SCHUBERT'S OWN COMPOSITIONS.
With the Original N. Y. Cast
By special concession, no increase in price.
Ev'ngs, 8:00-10:00; Wed. Mat., 5:00-8:00

Orpheum

ORPHEUM CIRCUIT VAUDEVILLE
NOW PLAYING—2:25 AND 8:20

SOPHIE TUCKER

AND HER TWO SYNCOPATORS
TED SHAPIRO AND JACK CARROLL

FRANK DIXON
CAPT. BETTS' SEALS
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World's Greatest Cellist
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Fables—News—Topics

Next Week—BENNY LEONARD

Gaiety

Omaha's Fun Center
Mats. and Nite Today
The Show That Did the Gaiety's
Biggest Week Last Season
—NOW GREATER THAN EVER—
Columbia
Wine, Woman and Song
With Heri Bertrand & Honey Girl Chorus
Ladies' Zie Bergin Mat., 2:15. Wk. Days
Thanksgiving Day Matinee at 3:00
Saturdays—Musette and Wallace—"Honey
Hop" and "Liza's Shufflin'" Band

NEIGHBORHOOD THEATERS

GRAND — 16th and Binney
Johnnie Walker in
"Children of the Dust."
"Days of Daniel Boone," Chapter 8.

MOON NOW SHOWING

TOM MIX

in
"Soft Boiled"

Laughs and Thrills Galore

SUN NOW SHOWING

"RED LIGHTS"

The Mystery Play That
Outbats "The Bat"