

Thieves Said to Plan Holiday Raid on Stores State Retailers' Association Warns Members of Menace to Christmas Stocks.

Warning of a series of robberies planned to be perpetrated by an "organized gang" of criminals in Nebraska between now and Christmas, has been mailed to its members by the Federation of Nebraska Retailers. The warning points out that at this time, when stores are heavily stocked for Christmas, and when the roads are in excellent condition, conditions all over the state are most propitious for the successful staging of crimes of this nature.

THE SILENT DRAMA

In "Little Old New York" Marion Davies is called upon to act a role entirely different from anything in which she has previously been seen, and she acquiesces herself with the utmost credit. Not only does she make a charming and graceful foil, but she acts with an unaffected naturalness and quiet poise, which makes the spectators surrender completely to the illusion of seeing in the flesh an old-fashioned girl of the early years of the 19th century.

Miss Davies brings to the role of Patricia O'Day, a wistful pathos and a sense of tender fun, which are new qualities in her artistic equipment. The story concerns the arrival in New York in 1810 of Patricia O'Day and her father from Ireland. Her brother Pat had died on the voyage and she had been left in the charge of her father's friend, who had been masquerading as her brother in order to inherit the fortune left by an uncle.

Patricia falls in love with Larry Delevan, step-son of the uncle, who believes he is going to inherit the fortune. Much of the comedy as well as the pathos of the picture grows out of her confusion with Larry, who until almost the end of the film, believes she is the youthful lady she pretends to be. The fight between Billy Boy Brewster and the Hoboken Terror is one of the funniest scenes ever screened and the scene in which "Pat" is seized by a mob of the thousand angry fight fans and dragged to the whipping at the hands of one of the boxers, is spectacular in the extreme.

Miss Davies is most capably supported by Harrison Ford as Larry; by Courtney Foote as Robert Fulton, inventor of the steamboat; Fulton Hamilton as Washington Irving; Andrew Dillon as John Jacob Astor; by Norval Keedwell, J. M. Kerrigan, George Barraud, Riley Hatch, Charles Kennedy, Spencer Charters, Harry Watson, Louis Wolheim, Charles Judels, Gypsy O'Brien, Mary Kennedy and many others.

Marshall Neilan has a most peculiar film in "The Eternal Three," on the Sun screen this week. It revolves around the theme of a surgeon's duty to the public and a conflict of emotions is caused when home responsibilities conflict with his ideal of his profession. Mixed in with the serious subject matter of the film is the characterization of the adopted son of the surgeon, who proves to be the never do well of the family and the cause of the troubles that arise. The characterization of the son is overdramatic to the extent that Raymond Griffith who portrays it in an attempt to be the carefree and don't care type of wastrel is never still a moment and through his flitting around through several reels does bring into the picture a number of laughs.

The dramatic realization of the position of the surgeon's wife with this son, the relations of the son with another girl, and his general bad faith all through is the climax of the story, along with the familiar episode of the son being operated on. Later the father on the operating table. Later a similar scene of duty brings the father to horseplay this son whose life he has saved in an attempt to mend his morals, and strange to relate the beating seems to have an instantaneous effect. Neilan has handled the maze of individual scenes well and with a daring unusual in a director. The humorous hits brought out by Griffith's characterization fit these scenes well and will bring many a laugh in an otherwise serious story.

Rudyard Kipling's famous story, "The Light That Failed" as a dramatic drama of the films has been blessed with a remarkably capable cast who strive mightily to make out of a difficult story a cinema success. The acting of Percy Marmont as the artist who strives to finish his masterpiece before blindness overtakes him, is affected by the work of Jacqueline Logan as the London street girl are the highlights of the production and give to the picture the greatness which the producing company has claimed for it. But the tale of a hero, who suffers agonies because his country has gone to war and is unable to take his place in the ranks of marching troops, is a subject for entertainment of movie masses and necessarily proves slow action as shown upon the screen.

The plot of the story includes London society life, the lower edge of Port Said, desert scenes of the Sahara and the climax in a Soho studio. The tragic romance of the artist's life, in his striving to be worthy of the girl in the case, is a theme that gives greater opportunities for dramatic moments and as a success along this line, "The Light That

New Vice Presidents of Women's League of Voters

The two vice presidents of the Women's League of Voters re-elected at the meeting last week are shown here. Mrs. Harry J. Holmes was re-elected first vice president, while Dr. Jennie Callfas was chosen second vice president.



Filled" will hold a place in pictures. The work that can be credited to George Melford is the final suggestion in his picture that possibly might return to the artist. It lightens materially the sad ending of the play. Sigrid Holmquist and David Torrence complete the quartet of leading characters.

At the Moon. One of the essential things in a successful motion picture is to have a real story as a basis to work from. In this very important attribute, "The Man From Glengarry," takes first rank, as it is based on Ralph Connor's famous novel of the same name.

All the action, thrills and atmosphere of the lumber camps immortalized by Mr. Connor have been embodied in the screen version. The story deals with a feud between rival lumber camps and the resulting complications and struggle, which reaches a dramatic conclusion in a breath-taking battle in mid-stream. In addition to plenty of thrills and action there is a logical plot and a love interest which is replete with surprises and grips the attention from beginning to the final reel.

Warner P. Richmond in the title role gives a convincing portrayal of the boy Donald, and Randolph in the character of Big Mac Donald. Other members of the cast are Marian Swayne, Pauline Garon, E. L. Fernandez, Harlan Knight, Jack Newton, Frank Badgley, William Colvin and Marion Lloyd.

"Just Like a Woman" starring Marguerite de la Motte and the production work of a woman producer, Miss Grace Hawkins, is a comedy drama of a girl who is supposed to be wild and addicted to a fast life, because her mother was an actress. She decides to teach her two sons a lesson and in the style of the famous comedy dramas of Wallace Reid she starts to set them back by masquerading as a missionary girl. The laughs are frequent and in the final moment love overcomes the desire for revenge of the two aunts and she confesses the hoax.

At the Empress. If you like one of those tense red-blooded outdoor stories with plenty of action and thrilling moments, mixed up with a couple of good lively free-for-all fights, you'll like "The Rapids" at the Empress. It's Harry T. Morey, and in spite of the fact that the film story is full of all this action the tale is about a young man who decides to harness the latent power of the Sault St. Marie rapids and make a lot of money. His difficulties he meets with action and Morey is good in that sort of a role. Mary Astor plays opposite.

Adele Garrison "My Husband's Love"

Harriet Braithwaite's Call Portended Some Revelation. For a long time after the clamor of the door which marked Dicky's turbulent exit I sat motionless, looking into the fire I had built in the tiny grate before his home-coming. I had triumphed at every point in the battle I had waged for Leila. Bess Dean's maneuvers to keep Alfred interested were effectively checked—Dr. Braithwaite had seen to that—and I had been the victor in the worthy battle which Dicky had begun when he reached home after his discovery that I had told Dr. Braithwaite of Bess Dean. But there was no feeling of exultation within me. Instead, I realized to the full what the old phrase, "dust and ashes" meant. I could taste both of them as I went over and over again Dicky's surprising revelation that he had been trying to put Bess Dean's true colors on canvas for Alfred's benefit.

I never thought of doubting his statement. It had too sincere a ring to be discernible. I had not been in previous suppositions concerning Dicky's part in the affair. I knew very well that Bess Dean had no attraction for Dicky, but I had believed him to be perfectly willing to abet Alfred in what both no doubt considered to be perfectly harmless and profitable. His stormy revelation of his real attitude gave me the sense of having done him a grave injustice, something, I think, which was most salutary for me.

The Bell Rings. I do not know how long my self-reproachful mood would have lasted had it not been terminated by a ringing of the doorbell. By both the sound and the indicator I knew that it was not the lower hall door of the building, but the upper one of the apartment whose hall and bell were compelled to share with the Marks family. For a second or two I forgotting that I had any friends who could get into the building without ringing, I waited for Mrs. Marks to go to the door. Then, with an ex-

Bills Prepared Concern Club Women.

Six bills being prepared for presentation to congress are of special interest to Omaha club women as well as to 3,000,000 members of the General Federation of Women's Clubs in all parts of the country. Five of the bills are supported by the women's organizations, while one is strongly opposed. A seventh bill closely concerns women's interests, but the women's organizations are not in entire agreement upon it.

These measures are discussed as follows in the General Federation News for December: The five favored bills include: "The child labor law, the uniform marriage and divorce amendment, the creation of a United States department of education with a secretary in the president's cabinet (Sterling bill). This department is deemed necessary by the organized women of the country as preliminary to a successful campaign toward the elimination of illiteracy in America, a bill for a federal prison for women in Virginia and the modified immigration bill.

Snyder Bill Opposed. "The bill opposed by the women of the country is the Snyder bill which is considered the successor of the Bursum bill, defeated last session upon the General Federation's initiative. "One more bill that holds especial interest for organized women and in which there is a difference of opinion of the majority of the board of directors of the General Federation, who are believed to represent the club women's sentiment in their states, is considered at this time somewhat drastic for the reason that it will nullify certain legislation for which the General Federation has worked for years, and which is believed needed to protect the laboring class of women who cannot protect themselves. "This includes, members of the General Federation point out, special legislation now in effect such as punishment for rape, and protecting women in industry, inheritance, rights of wives, mothers' pensions, and other laws passed at the instigation of organized women and which would be nullified or made complicated and practically impossible to enforce, should the blanket amendment be adopted.

"I think the bill unfortunately worded," said one ardent suffragist. "All of us favor equal rights for men and women, and none of us want to go on record as being opposed to equal rights. Nevertheless, until industrial conditions are better than they are, and until capital can no longer exploit labor the way it can now, and until economic conditions continue to grow better for women, many of us suffragists believe the blanket amendment would do much good without offering anything satisfactory in its place."

climation of annoyance at my own stupidity, I remembered that my sister-in-law, Harriet Braithwaite, had temporary quarters on the floor above me, and I rushed to the door.

Mrs. Marks' voice, raised impatiently, reached me before I opened it. "Have a heart," she admonished the person outside. "I ain't no lightning performer. One ring is enough. Well, what is it?"

I heard Harriet's well-bred toes, in low inquiry, and opened my door quickly to hear Mrs. Marks in voluble apology.

Mrs. Marks Apologizes. "Oh! Gee! I'm sorry! I didn't know—you must be her sister-in-law—oh, Miss Graham!" she turned, and greeted my unexpected appearance with a little scream.

"I'm as nervous as a cat," she said, and with no more words, for which I was truly thankful, she scuttled down the hall to lead the way back into the apartment with a dread of Harriet's comments upon my bizarre relatives is averse to give criticism unasked, although Harriet, to do her justice, is the least of the offenders. But she gave no sign of having seen anything unusual in Mrs. Marks' appearance or greeting.

The Pelham Affair by Louis Tracy.

(Continued from Saturday.) Pridoux knew his low-class lodging-house keeper; Mrs. Watt fled to the basement. As he said once to Pelham, when the chase was active he took nothing for granted. Sheldon mounted guard in the passage; the others climbed the stairs. Pridoux leading, with the policeman and pistol expert next, Pelham and Jameson were unharmed. They had seen the less-moored mansions so hurriedly that they gave no thought to weapons.

Hailing at the door indicated by Mrs. Watt, Pridoux knocked. "Who is there?" inquired a septuagenarian, after a pause, and some movement of furniture of a folding-door. "I want Mr. Mallen and Signor Grizzio," said the detective.

"The police. Open the door, and offer no resistance, or you will be shot at sight!" To evildoers penned in a room 30 feet above ground level such an announcement is perhaps the most unnerving that can fall to their lot. There was no answer. A chair fell over with a crash. Pridoux, of slight physique for smashing doors, moved aside, and his aides applied the necessary suasion to a lock which was so amenable to pressure that the policeman nearly fell headlong into the interior.

There was no fight, however, not even the semblance of one. Two men, attired as chauffeurs, whom Pelham recognized instantly, stood in the center of the apartment. They were pale, but defiant. The taller one, "Vaquero," spluttered a sonnet in an attempt to "outrage" but he, like "Matador," was grabbed unceremoniously and searched for firearms. The pair were handcuffed together.

Her eyes were smiling, and she held out her hands. "I never lost faith in you," she said, speaking with difficulty, for the words were full of tears and sobs. "Somehow, I thought you would know what had happened."

"He's a marvel," cried Pridoux, his ivory-white face crinkling in a smile. He turned to the whispering assistant of the men whom she now saw in the grip of a policeman. "Get out," he snapped, and thrust her into the front apartment. "Captain Jameson," he went on, "join us here for a moment, please."

CHAPTER X. The "Yard" Plays a Waiting Game. Pridoux's eyes sparkled like a pair of black diamonds.

"Good girl," he cackled. "Captain Jameson, go with the policeman. While Captain Pelham is buying the tickets—" he broke off suddenly and whirled around on Pelham. "Have you enough money in your pocket?"

"Over my head just what I want," Pridoux said, yet might be regarded otherwise as a most surprising answer.

"Right. I'll be at the 'Rag' for lunch. Give me a call. Bye-bye, Miss Daunt. Hope you like being kidnaped twice in one day."

"The rain-clouds were sped, and London looked trim and smokeless in the evening sunshine. Phyllis, being a healthy young person, was not only drinking milk but nibbling a sandwich. Pelham's whisky and soda was contained in a soda-water bottle, and tasted like nectar. They hardly exchanged a word until the train was whirring through Wimbledon."

Then Phyllis's woman's mind evolved the inevitable question: "Where in the world are we going?" "They're splendid. Mrs. Wood will greet you as a sister. She and her husband have been my best friends for years."

Phyllis did not follow up this opening. Gag or no gag, she felt that a "Where did you find out where I was?" she inquired. "I don't know, but I think I can make an accurate guess. From the fact that Pridoux was thoroughly posted as to a telegram I sent to Lyndhurst this morning, and the relief thereto by the Woods. I take it that no telegram or telephone message to or from anyone of the name of Pelham, or otherwise connected with the affairs of Cedar Lodge, has escaped the attention of Scotland Yard during the past fortnight. Moreover, you must have been watched most carefully."

"Where in the world are we going, and what will your friends say?" "They're splendid. Mrs. Wood will greet you as a sister. She and her husband have been my best friends for years."

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"I was perfectly simple. I would never have believed that one could be tricked so easily, and whisked into captivity, in London—in broad daylight—out of a fashionable hotel. You remember that the day I first saw you I was going to the academy with a girl friend."

"Yes. You met her after leaving me in Soho." "Well, about half-past four—good gracious, only three hours ago—I received a telegram. Here it is."

Calling for you in a car at five sharp. Do come for an hour, please. I'll wait for you at the door. Gwen. "Well," said Phyllis, "that sounded reasonable enough after a wet morning when a smart car drove up, with a man in livery by the side of the chauffeur. The footman hopped off, and ran to meet me, so the hotel attendant did not interfere. Someone wearing a hat and dress like Gwen's was seated in the limousine, and waved at me, but, of course, I recognized her late that her hand concealed her face. Miss Daunt," said the man. "Yes," said I. Miss Townsend's car," he said. Naturally I followed him across the pavement. He held the door open, and I had my foot on the step when I saw that the woman inside was a total stranger, and an ugly one, too, being the wretched creature who mounted guard over me in—what street was that?"

"I was going to say something, but the man pushed me in, followed, and the car started. I found myself struggling against the fumes of chloroform while a sponge soaked with it was held over my mouth and nostrils. I screamed once, but that was all. The next thing I knew I was in that horrid room, tied to a chair and gagged, though I must admit they promised not to hurt me. Now, it's your turn."

"I can only keep on guessing. Suppose Scotland Yard was aware of that bogus telegram before it even reached you, and its origin was suspicious, they would detail a couple of motor-cyclists to watch events. These men would either know you by sight, or ascertain your name from the door man at the hotel, since he would certainly have noticed the strange treatment you received. They would follow the car and, when you were carried out of it, one would remain on guard while the other telephoned headquarters. It was exactly 6:45 when Mr. Somers gave me the news. Jameson had come to my place for a camp dinner. We had been talking orange-farming all the afternoon, and would probably have kept it up till midnight."

"But you had telegraphed these people we are going to?" "Yes. I meant leaving London tomorrow, and not returning until I

soiled for South Africa in October. You see, I had read the announcement of your forthcoming marriage in the day's papers."

Pelham was so dead in earnest that he was blind to the embarrassing nature of these logical deductions from events to which they bore no visible relation, so Phyllis contrived not to blush, and strove most valiantly to keep her comments within the same vein of sincerity.

"Of course, I shall never get married now," she said, with a bland seriousness that would have delighted Pridoux, were he present. "I heard too much while a prisoner. One of the men, 'Vaquero,' if he is the tall one, returned when I was fully conscious. He had been telephoning Cedar Lodge, and, I suppose, told Sir Arthur that I was held as a hostage. At any rate, Sir Arthur had agreed to meet 'Vaquero' tomorrow at Victoria station. They were so sure of being powerful that they laughed at the notion of his communicating with the police. Unfortunately, I know very little German, but I could follow their talk closely enough to gather that. Moreover, the short man—he who followed us from the restaurant that day—was no better at German than I and he often spoke English."

"What about the woman?" "Oh, she is German-Italian—probably from one of the Austrian Alpine provinces. She was very nervous, and began praying when you broke in the door of the sitting-room."

"Praying!" "Well, it is hard to tell the difference between prayers and curses with some of these people. But—that I wanted to say was—that when I was sitting there—with a gag in my mouth—I realized—that I could never talk closely enough to gather that—that I was being used—to hide something. . . . Oh, I can't explain any more. I was just wretched, and miserable. All I knew was that I would rather die than become that man's wife."

In all likelihood, Phyllis's nerves were strung more tensely than she imagined. The excitement and uncertainty of her captivity had brought to her aid a fine courage which yielded now that the strain was ended. Be that as it may, her eyes filled with tears, and she threw out her hands

with a pathetic little gesture which pierced Pelham's heart. He, too, was swamped by an emotional wave, which rose so swiftly from the soles of his feet to the roots of his hair that he behaved rather hysterically, because he caught Phyllis's hands, and, before either he or the girl regained their senses, they were in each other's arms and every tear-drop was removed by a kiss, and they were saying foolish things which they would dislike intensely to see reproduced in cold print.

Nevertheless, it was a quite demure and self-possessed Phyllis whom Mrs. Wood welcomed rovingly on the platform at Lyndhurst Road about 9:30 P. M.

"My dear," gasped that lady, when introductions were hurriedly affected, "what a romance! The detective-man, who started us nearly out of our wits at 8 o'clock, put things so nicely that Henry and I wouldn't hear of his saying that Arthur would make no mistake in the girl he sought for a wife, and I felt it would be ridiculous to have such a charming lady-sty very fine as a policeman. Besides, this Mr. Pridoux insisted on complete secrecy for a day or two, and—"

Then Mr. Wood broke in. "I don't know why, mother," he said, with the choked utterance of one trying hard not to laugh, "but you are making these young people blush furiously. Now, suppose we all blub something to eat, and let them have something to eat, and if not too tired to talk afterwards, you can tell us the whole thrilling yarn."

(Continued in The Morning Bee.)

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