

### Beal May Ask for Grand Jury

Last Convened in Douglas County in 1919—Query of Institutions.

County Attorney Henry Beal favors calling a grand jury after the first of the year. He is planning to ask district judges to call the jury when they hold their annual meeting on January 2.

"The grand jury serves as a safety valve for the community," said the county attorney. "It is the jury's duty to investigate conditions of the county hospital and of the county jail. There probably wouldn't have been a jail riot if the prisoners could have laid their grievances, either real or imagined, before a jury."

"There are also many complaints made by people to the county attorney's office on which the county attorney cannot take action, usually because of lack of evidence. Often people who make these complaints feel that something is wrong, that we don't want to help them. They have a right to go before a grand jury, and whether or not any action is taken they feel better about it."

The last grand jury in Omaha was in 1919.

### Schools Closed All Next Week

Public school pupils will have all next week to enjoy themselves. All schools, with the exception of Technical High, will be reopened Monday, January 7. High will be reopened next Monday morning.

### Burgess Bedtime Stories

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

To do a thing that must be done, you'll always find more ways than one. —Grandpa Pelican.

### Danny Watches Two Fishermen.

Danny Meadow Mouse when he had been living on the Green Meadows near the Smiling Pool had watched several fishermen. He had seen Plunger the Osprey shoot down from high up in the sky, plunge under water and come up with a fish in his claws. He had seen Rattles the Kingfisher dart down from the trees and snatch a minnow swimming close to the surface. He had seen Longlegs the Big Blue Heron, stand at the edge of the water motionless for the longest time, and then like a flash strike down and catch a little fish that had come within reach. But the fishing of the two fishermen he watched that day far down in the Sunny South was altogether different, and a whole lot more interesting.

One of these fishermen was Grandpa Pelican and the other was Darter the Snakebird. They were unlike as two fishermen could be in appearance and in the way they fished. But both were splendid fishermen. Yes, three, both were splendid fishermen. Danny had found an old stump close



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to the water, and up this he had climbed that he might see better. For a long time nothing had happened. Grandpa Pelican sat on his favorite stump, apparently to be half asleep. Darter the Snakebird sat on a dead branch of a tree a short distance away, but there had been nothing in his appearance.

Danny had almost lost patience and had almost decided that there would be no fishing that day when he chanced to look over to where Darter was sitting just in time to see him drop from his perch into the water. He didn't go in head first as divers do. He seemed to just drop straight down with his head still up. He went completely under. The water was still and very clear so that Danny could see down in it. He caught a glimpse of the swiftly moving forms of a school of fish, and then closely behind them appeared Darter. My, how he did shoot through the water! Instead of having his neck stretched out at full length, it was drawn back. Suddenly it shot forward like a flash. That sharp bill, which was like a dagger, passed right through a fish.

At once Darter came to the surface. He gave a quick toss of his head which threw the fish he had speared into the air. It came down head first straight into the open mouth of Darter. He gulped it down, then started for another.

Danny turned to see what Grandpa Pelican was doing. Grandpa Pelican had wakened the instant Darter dropped into the water. His keen eyes had seen those fish. When Danny looked he was lying above them. Then he plunged into the water, with his great bill wide open. The big bag under his bill was spread wide, and into it he scooped a fish. He used it like a net. Then he in his turn tossed the fish in the air and gulped it down. There were many fish, and for awhile those two fishermen were very busy. It was exciting to watch. Danny didn't know which he admired the most, the way in which Darter speared his fish, or the way in which Grandpa Pelican netted his fish. They seemed equally successful. At last the frightened fish disappeared, and the two fishermen returned to their perches to rest and digest their catches.

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The next story: "Danny Returns to Nanny."

### EDDIE'S FRIENDS

The Fellow Who Resolves Not to Play for a Year



### STELLA DALLAS

By Olive Higgins Prouty.

#### SYNOPSIS

Stella Dallas separated from her husband, owing to incompatibility of temperaments, and her daughter, Effie, who is the "cheapest room" of a fashionable hotel in Milwaukee, where she passes much time reading, Laurel, a friend, who is away on a business trip to Chicago. After seeing her daughter, Stella goes to a cafe where she meets an old admirer, Alfred Munn, with whom she attends a musical.

(Continued from Yesterday.)

Between October, when he first went to New York, and the New Year, Stephen spent three Sundays with Stella. Each one was an ordeal to him, and each one a more difficult ordeal than the one before. The long periods of absence tended to make him more sensitive to Stella's offenses. He supposed it seemed to him as if she almost delighted in doing the sort of things he disliked those week-ends; indulging in all the striking slang of the day, indulging in all the striking styles of the day (she knew how she disliked her in conspicuous clothes), carrying on long giggling conversations over the telephone with "one of the girls," gossiping, tale-bearing; carrying on long giggling flirtations over the telephone with one of her male admirers, going through a series of smiles and smirks, shrugs and arch expressions, as if the man himself were present to see her, ignoring Stephen behind his back at the other end of the room as if he were a plant or piece of furniture; dashing off for her riding lesson at 10 o'clock Sunday morning with Alfred Munn, while Stephen read the paper or went to church or took a walk by himself. Going back on the train after his third week-end with Stella, Stephen asked himself why he persisted in these self-inflicted periods of torture.

To what end? To what purpose? The idea of separation or divorce had always been distasteful to him, but some things were worse—a thousand times worse, after love had turned to contempt, and respect to scorn. Of course, there was Laurel. But wasn't it better for Laurel not to grow up beneath the shadow of a constant chiding and irritation? He could see Laurel. She could come to New York occasionally. He could have his child alone.

On a certain week-end in January, which Stephen forced himself to spend in Milhampton, he had found upon his arrival some cigar stubs in a tray upstairs in the living room of Stella's bedroom. Stella didn't smoke. At that time few of the women in Milhampton smoked. Stephen didn't refer to the cigar stubs, but he did refer to her. He had too desirous to care who had left the ashes there. He didn't doubt Stella's fidelity. Not then. It was just another offense in a long list of offenses. He was sure to argue, to harangue, to acclaim in a tone that would become loud and harsh, that she could see no difference between a man's smoking upstairs and down. And the pity of it was she couldn't see the difference.

A month slipped by. Two months. Stephen wrote only the briefest notes to Stella and they were far between. Oh, how easy it was to drift out of the troubled waters! What a comfort and relief!

At first Stephen's periods of absence were a comfort and relief to Stella, too. It was simply wonderful, she told Effie McDavid, to go about unhampered, when, where, how and with whom she pleased, and have a little harmless fun in life, without being preached to for hours afterwards. It didn't seriously occur to Stella that Stephen's absences portended anything permanent. When Effie suggested such a possibility, she "pooch-pooched" the idea.

"Oh, goodness, no," she said. "It would just about kill Alfred if his domestic affairs got aired in the newspapers. I know Stephen. I never could even mention divorce, or separation, in our squabbles, even as a joke, without his sort of turning away, as if I'd said something indecent. No. We'll stick—won't we?"

In early March, Stella wrote to Stephen and asked him when he expected to come home next. She'd like to know so as to be there. There was a good deal going on and Rosamond was planning a house party out at her country place, over some week-end soon.

Stella was unprepared for Stephen's reply. He told her that he had no definite plan as to when he was coming to Milhampton next. She was not to worry about expenses, the letter went on significantly. She would see that she and Laurel were always provided for. Had he known in January that he was not coming back again for so long a while, he would have told her. But after all they had already had their discussions.

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(Continued from Yesterday.)

ment when she had "something on her mind."

"You'd think we'd had a row or something, the last time he was here, but we didn't. In fact, it seemed to me, if anything, he was a little more friendly than usual. I can't imagine what he's got up his sleeve. I think he had a right to kick up a little dust, don't you? Puts me on a little playing around alone, and calling myself a grass widow, as a joke. But the real thing is an entirely different matter. It's no fun being an extra woman of any kind long in society. If you don't own a husband, or a brother, or some two-legged article in trousers, you drop out of things—out of evening things, anyhow. Of course, there are luncheon, and tea, and women's shindies left, but I got on best with men, and I look best in evening clothes, too. I'm the kind, anyhow, who wants everything that's going. The more places you're seen at the more you go to, and it's just life to me to keep going! Why, when I don't go out for a week—have a wave and a manicure and a hot bath and get all dressed up in my best clothes, and set out for a real little party of some sort somewhere—I get horribly depressed. Listen here, Effie, I haven't eaten a dinner outside my own house for three weeks now! I haven't been to a River club since Alfred Munn took the horses south in December. I've known for quite a while it was time for Stephen to come back and get Laurel and me."

Effie wanted to know why Stella didn't write to him, and urge him to come back and get her. Stella exclaimed, "Indeed, I won't! I've got a little pride left, I hope. I never urged a man to come back to me yet, and I don't intend to begin. Oh, I'll manage somehow. Don't worry. You'll see."

She herself worried a good deal. What was she to say? She couldn't go on indefinitely, telling people that Stephen arrived so late on a Saturday and been obliged to go back so early on Sunday, that he hadn't seen any of his friends. Nor could she repeat many times the subterfuge she had successfully carried through once, of stealing across the river, and burying herself for three or four days in the little red cottage with her father, returning with the story that she had been in New York.

It had been necessary to practice involving deceptions in explaining her absence from such generally disapproved functions as the River club costume dance and the annual charity ball. Once she had pretended a turned ankle, another time a headache. But the truth was that on both occasions she had stayed at home and had gone to bed at 10 o'clock, because no one had invited her to a dinner party beforehand. She couldn't go to a dance without either a man or a party!

She had tried to get up a party of her own before the ball. But everybody's plans seemed to be made. Rosamond might easily have included

her in the dinner party she gave. She had two extra men. Neither Edith nor Rosamond had had her to a single dinner party since Stephen had gone to New York. And they were her "best friends" in Milhampton now. She had had them one night with two other couples. A real party! Not in all, she had given them two cocktails apiece and a generous amount of Stephen's champagne. Not one of her guests had reciprocated yet by an invitation of any kind.

The possibility of an empty engagement calendar, the consideration of long stretches of idle days with no climax at their ends, filled Stella with alarm. Frightening ghosts of various kinds filtered through the cracks of Stella's bedroom, during this time, woke her up every morning about 5, and kept her awake until it was time to get up and dress. The tragic idleness of a certain new gown she had bought in January loomed before her. There is nothing so long as to wear the gown. It would make an impression. Now that she could no longer contribute a man to society it was necessary for her to contribute at least an impression. A conspicuous gown could do a lot for a woman at a dance, Stella believed.

"But it can't if it hangs in the closet," she sobbed into her pillow.

When Alfred Munn returned from Florida with his horses for another season at the River club, he put many of Stella's ghosts to flight. He filled her engagement calendar; he provided climaxes to her days; he saw to it that there was never a week when Stella didn't dress up in her best clothes and set out for a "real little party" of some sort somewhere. He broke the back of the worst goblin of all—her fear (her almost conviction now) that when a woman's husband goes out of town for any length of time and people begin to wonder why, to her old admirers, turn tail and run, too, to avoid any possible danger of being mentioned in a scandal. Life wouldn't be worth living, Stella felt, if she had no admirers.

Riding was still popular in Milhampton that spring; Alfred Munn was still popular. Stella grasped at his attentions eagerly, instinctively as she would at a rope tossed to her from the basket of a balloon that offered to rescue her from some unfortunate fate and carry her aloft. But the balloon of Alfred Munn's popularity in Milhampton had already begun to carry Stella far. Alfred Munn should have been throwing off balloons instead of taking more on. For a while, though, it lifted Stella out of the valley and diverted her attention from his shadow. Under the excitement of Alfred Munn's attentions, Stella took heart.

(Continued in The Morning Bee.)

### Kansas Bonus Issue Legal.

Topeka, Kan., Dec. 28.—The state supreme court held that an additional bonus bond issue of \$2,500,000 to pay compensation claims of former Kansas soldiers not already paid from the original bond issue of \$25,000,000 was legal.

### Pleasure Seeker in Danger of Losing Real Man

They Differ on Question of Gayety—She Loves Him Although He Is Staid—Wants Fun Out of Life.

HERE'S a girl whose standards of life are becoming warped by the festivities of holiday time. The wild party only breaks down your power of resistance and saps your vitality. Don't let it cost you honest love and companionship. Evelyn, of a man who has a sense of values. If you don't watch your chance for happiness will fly by you. Your headaches from the wild parties may go away, but your heartache for chances lost may stay with you for years.

A Sheik. Dear Miss Allen: I have a girl friend who has been going with a married man for some time. The man tells her he is desperately in love with her and anxious to marry her. His wife will not give him a divorce. My friend goes away with him on trips. She tells me that this man is jealous of her. He doesn't want her to have the company of even girl friends. I have been told that his wife works for her living and for the support of their child. It has been said that my friend is not the first girl to whom he has told this story. What should this girl do? D. M. This seems to be a very plain case of a man who preys upon women. Any girl in her right mind ought to know

that this man is not a desirable acquaintance. Far better men than this one are serving terms in prison for chasing about with such girls as the one you describe. Can't you see that this girl is rapidly destroying her good name, if such a girl ever had any—and is going rapidly down the road to unhappiness and remorse? Unless she is willing to throw everything in life that is worth while she will have to pass by such men. Men of this class are contemptible and are the kind that any fine woman should ignore. By the way, this girl left the right kind for a friend. If she will not listen to you, don't get mixed up in the mess that is sure to have a disastrous end. It is kind of you to want to help her, but she doesn't seem to be the sort who asks help from anyone. She is a girl who learns nothing from the experience of others.

If you have any love problems or other questions you want answered, write to Martha Allen and they will be answered in the order they are received.

### Woman's Illness Puzzles Doctors

Wife of Omaha Physician Suffers Peculiar Malady at Local Hospital.

Mrs. Glenn Miller, wife of Dr. Miller, 3022 Deer Park boulevard, is reported to be seriously ill at the Methodist hospital. Mrs. Miller was taken to the hospital a week ago and has had a high temperature that has puzzled physicians in consultation over the case. This morning at the hospital the case was diagnosed as typhoid fever.

Mrs. Miller, formerly was Miss Frances Noble, daughter of Sophus Noble, editor of the "Danish Pioneer." Mr. Noble who had planned a trip to Florida, has postponed it on account of the illness of Mrs. Miller.

### Henry Kingston Dies.

Henry Kingston, 68, living on South Madison avenue, Council Bluffs, died last night at a Council Bluffs hospital after an illness of five months. He had lived in Council Bluffs for 40 years.

### Candidate for Mayor.

Sioux City, Ia., Dec. 28.—John A. Johnson, Sioux City attorney and former clerk of the district court, has announced his candidacy for mayor.

# MEN! Here's The Clothes Buy of the Season BERG'S CHOICE OF HOUSE



# SALE

The biggest selling of men's clothing this store has ever offered, and at prices that make the values almost unheard of. This store rarely has a sale, the only merchandise carried in stock is our regular makes and usual qualities, yet we are taking every suit and overcoat in the place and marking them at these ridiculously low prices. Men of Omaha, who know Berg quality, will realize what this sale means in values.

All \$22.50 and \$25 Suits and Overcoats \$15.75

All Our \$27.50, \$30 and \$32.50 Suits and O'coats \$19.75

Our Regular Stock of \$35, \$37.50, \$40 and \$45 Suits and O'coats--in one group at \$29.75

Better suits and overcoats, all beautifully made and of fine materials. We have included in the sale national known makes of garments. Every color and every style you could want.

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