

Martha Allen PROBLEMS THAT PERPLEX.

So many girls marry because they think they are responsible for them and they will be able to drop all care of earning a living. Here's a message from Dora with the same thought. "My chum is going to marry next month just because she is tired of working and thinks that she is foolish not to jump at a chance for rest," she writes. "I tell her that her real work will just begin. Then we argue some more and finally end up mad. What can I tell her to convince her that she is making a big mistake?"

You are right, Dora; a girl is never so free from responsibility and care as when single. Tell your chum that when she marries she must promise to do many more things than just live with the man. She must raise his children, make him content and sacrifice and work for the partnership.

Tell her that she is like so many girls who never stop to think that marriage is supposed to be enduring. That is just why so many of them ask for freedom from the bonds of matrimony after a few years' trial. If we would consider just what duties she assumes at the time of marriage she would probably succeed a great deal more than entering that state in the attitude against which you are warning.

Marriage is the ideal state for anyone in which to live; life was meant to be just that way. If the girl would try to look at the situation sanely she wouldn't have to shift her ideas after a time. She wouldn't have so many surprises, disappointments or jolts.

Marriage doesn't mean one round of entertainment and a full pocket-book for the asking. It means doing your share to such an extent that you feel justified in taking money for your efforts to make the partnership a success.

But if you chum, Dora, has made up her mind to marry anyway, you can't dissuade her. It is easy to see that you will make a kind of wife of whom any man would be proud. It is unfortunate that good influence has no effect upon your foolish friend.

Failed to Keep Date. Dear Martha Allen: I am not a foolish love-sick girl. I am 25, so ought to know my heart. For a long time I have admitted and loved a popular young man. Last week I had my first and last date with him. He made another date for the following Thursday and was to have called. He neither telephoned nor appeared. I am so much in love with him that I have been in misery ever since. I heard that he "ditched" me intentionally, but he says he did not. A conversation was overheard in which he said that he "ditched" a date last Thursday.

I had a boy ask him if that date was with me and he said "no." He doesn't seem to care for another date with me. I called him up, but I realize that it was a mistake and I do not care to run after him. He gave a good excuse for failing to appear Thursday, but I have my doubts as to the truth of it. I cannot give him up if I try. I don't believe that I can ever love another. What shall I do? R. V. T.

Yours is a case of watching and waiting. R. V. T., instead of constant chasing. You have messed up things. It seems to me instead of using a great deal of diplomacy in making this man care for you. Why listen to others who talk and then ask questions founded on that idle talk? You just lose out by suspecting, calling and chasing.

I'll have to disagree with you when you say that you aren't love-sick. I think you show all the symptoms of the malady. As far as I can judge you will just have to recover. The man evidently doesn't care as much for you. There isn't a thing to do, I am sorry to say. You'll just have to call the affair an episode and let it go at that. In a short time you will wonder why you declared that you would never love another. The world is too young to make such rash statements.

ADVERTISEMENT. COLDS The slightest cold may develop "Flu" and then run into pneumonia. Go to your druggist and be sure to get a 25c box of Zerbst's Chloro-Pine. Simple, effective, and you'll feel fine. For that cough use Zerbst's Chloro-Pine.

ADVERTISEMENT. COLDS Let Not Man Put Asunder IS LIFE SWEET? Better Use NEBRIN (In place of Aspirin or Acetanilide) For Colds, Headaches, Pains

ADVERTISEMENT. COLDS "Pape's Cold Compound" Breaks a Cold Right Up Take two tablets every three hours until three doses are taken. The first dose always gives relief. The second and third doses completely break up the cold. Pleasant and safe to take. Contains no quinine or opiates. Millions use "Pape's Cold Compound." Price, thirty-five cents. Druggists guarantee it.

ADVERTISEMENT. Are You Fat? Just Try This Thousands of overfat people have become slim by following the advice of doctors who recommend Marmola Prescription Tablets, those harmless little fat reducers that give relief. If you are overfat, buy a box of Marmola Prescription Tablets. If you are fat, buy a box of Marmola Prescription Tablets. If you are fat, buy a box of Marmola Prescription Tablets. Price, thirty-five cents. Druggists guarantee it.

EDDIE'S FRIENDS



WELL, JOE, WHAT DO YOU SAY—READY TO GO? YOU KNOW WE SAID WE WOULDN'T PLAY ANY LATER THEN ELEVEN—THIRTY SO THE BOYS WON'T MIND. SURE, WELL CASH IN AN BEAT IT—I CAN USE A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP. YOU FELLOWS WOULDN'T PULL A STUNT LIKE THAT, WOULD YOU? LET EM GO BEFORE THEY WIN ANY MORE MONEY. THE BANK IS BROKE—YOU'LL HAVE TO STICK AROUND UNTIL I MAKE ENOUGH TO PAY YOU FOR THOSE CHIPS.

STELLA DALLAS

By Olive Higgins Prouty.

After seven years separation Stella Dallas is requested by her husband's attorney to get over to New York. When she refuses she is told the alternative will be an action in which she will be charged with immoral conduct with Alfred Mann, an old admirer from whom she received attention while her daughter, Laurel, is, was visiting her. Stella's father, Mr. Morrison, also known as Mrs. Morrison as correspondent in a country, she tells her mother, is impossible. Four years later, finding herself estranged, Stella seeks an interview with Mr. Morrison. He tells her to get a divorce if she will marry Stephen. She agrees and gives the girl good standing. The offer is gladly accepted and Laurel refuses to marry after her father marries Mr. Morrison.

It would hurt her, of course—poor girl—first her father would get all white with horror and dismay. But she'd be rid of me—free, and after a while she'd forget it. She's young, she'd get over it. Or would it also be a story—like to whisper about behind Laurel's back. Her mother committed suicide. You don't mean it! And her father's father, too, so I've heard. Really? Runs in the blood on both sides. How shocking! Years ago Stella had read in a magazine somewhere that suicidal tendencies were inherited. She recalled it now. Heaven and what if Laurel should grow up and read that, too? Good Lord, it might make her afraid for herself if it was on both sides. A wave of relief swept over Stella. "I must think of some other way." She went back to the window seat again. Oh, how scared I was! What a terrible, terrible coward. What if! All the next day she submitted compromise after compromise to Laurel. She would keep a servant if only Laurel would get two servants. A companion; two companions, return to an apartment hotel, if only—if only—But Laurel simply shrugged her shoulders.

Again and again that day Stella was forced to face the unwelcome consideration of discovering some method of whiffing out that might not arouse suspicion. Slipping down in front of an automobile, making a mistake about sleeping powders. It might be done. But, oh, she didn't want to die that way. Not that she was much of a religionist, but she didn't want to take any such chances with immortality. There must be some other way.

It was sometime during the course of the second night, when she was weary and exhausted almost to the breaking point, that the "some other way" flashed across Stella's mental field of vision. The first consciousness of it came when she was sitting in the car. She had carried it about in her shopping bag for a long while. Here! This looked like it! Yes, this was it! No, it wasn't! Yes, it was. Yes! Yes! She had it! She held it up close to the electric light.

ALFRED MUNN. 172 North Blank Street, Boston, Mass. She's go to bed now. She's go to sleep. "Thanks, oh, thanks," she said on her knees three minutes later. "Do please help me bring this business out all right." Stella looked at Laurel as she was sleeping soundly and sweetly at dawn on the second morning.

CHAPTER XXII. Stella set forth in quest of 172 North Blank street the next afternoon. She had been a writer of course. If it had been a matter of less importance she would have written. When Ed had given her this address he had meant that she should write.

"Uncle Sam will find me here," he had told her. "Drop me a line sometime when the offending away and you're feeling lonesome." That was over a year ago, when she had chanced to run across Ed one afternoon in the lobby of a moving picture theater. She hadn't seen him since. He might feel entirely different about her now. A year was an awfully long time, and he might never really wanted to marry her. He had always laughed when he had suggested it, and she had always laughed back, when she had refused his crazy offers. For years it had been sort of a huge joke on both sides. She guessed Ed would be surprised to be taken seriously all of a sudden. She did hope he had married anybody else. Not that she could imagine such a thing. Ed wasn't a bit of the marrying kind, but just hoping so hard made her think of all sorts of catastrophes. Perhaps he'd moved away from Boston entirely. Perhaps he was dead, or perhaps—what if she wasn't attractive to him any more? She was a whole year older, and a whole year after you're 40—well!

He'd find her alimony attractive, anyway. She guessed Ed hadn't been very successful in his various business ventures. But say—look here, there wouldn't be any alimony would there, if she married again? Hadn't there been some such clause? She had never given it much thought because she had been so dead sure she never was going to marry again. "Gracious, she hadn't thought of that! Well never mind, she could contribute something in the way of funds. She had a savings bank account amounting to over a thousand dollars. That wasn't too much, was it? Last time she had seen Ed, it looked to her as if he hadn't a bank account amounting to anything. "It's sort of out of luck this year," he'd told her apologetically. (The lining of his overcoat had been frayed and ragged round the cuffs. He had caught her looking at it. "But I can still give you a good time, little girl, just the same. See?" He had opened his overcoat. She had caught a glimpse of a lady's shining. He had patted her tenderly. "More when it comes from, too," he had winked. "but say, it's awful expensive stuff now. A awful Dearer's a woman! Prohibition has played the devil and all with my capital, Stella." No, Ed might not scorn her little nest egg. She became more and more convinced he might not, and she approached the vicinity of the address on the card. She had never been down this way before. Why, it was almost—regular slums! North Blank street was a narrow, roughly-cobbled sort of alley. There was a row of low brick houses on each side, dilapidated and out of repair. There was a dark damp look to the alley and a dark damp smell, too, that reminded Stella of underground cellar stairs. Unlike most of the other doorways in North Blank Street, 172 still had all three of its digits clinging to the battered brown paint. Stella, standing on the narrow sidewalk, reached up over the top front steps and knocked loudly, just below the knocker. She knocked three times, then receiving no answer, turned the loose knob and walked in.

"An invitation? From whom, mother?" Stella smiled. "I haven't got so many admirers. I guess you can guess."

The color flooded to Laurel's cheeks. "Mother, not Mr. Munn? You haven't accepted an invitation from Mr. Munn?" "I'd like to know why I haven't!" Stella smiled. "I feel about him—how I dislike him!" "Gracious, Lollie! Honestly, it's funny! You act as if you were the mother, and I the child!" "That creature! How you talk! Why, Laurel, Ed's a real nice man." "I don't want to discuss him, mother. I don't want to hear you stand up for him. I don't see why you're bringing him up again. I thought you'd decided we'd drop him long ago."

"You mean you decided it. I never did. Mercy, I've got to have a little independence. With you away so much every day, Laurel, and nothing for me to do, I'd be a very foolish woman indeed to allow a notion of yours to cheat me out of a little harmless entertainment."

Thus did Stella proceed. She mustn't marry Ed immediately, out of a clear sky, on top of the discussion with Laurel following her return from New York. Laurel might smell a rat. There must be no blundering this time. Ed must be slipped onto the field of action naturally, inadvertently. Funny how things worked around. That which Ed had been years ago between herself and her husband, through carelessness and indifference, now, today, through diligence and effort, she must make him become again, between herself and her child—an issue, a sore point, a bone of contention. Not until then would she be able to marry Ed. Steadily, unswervingly, Stella set herself to her task.

In France a law has been proposed to prevent children born in that country of non-French parents adopting alien nationality when they reach voting age. It is estimated this would give France an additional 30,000 youths a year for military service.

Dancing Under the Palms Fanned by fragrant breezes, under mellow lights and whispering palms, dancers step to the spirited strains of open air orchestras

Only Solid Thru Train to Miami The Floridian The De Luxe Train Daily—Fastest and Finest to Florida Through Sleeping Cars to West Coast Resorts

Leaves Chicago 11:40 A. M. Leaves St. Louis 3:10 P. M. Arrives Birmingham 5:00 A. M. Arrives Jacksonville 8:10 P. M. Arrives Palm Beach 7:20 A. M. Arrives Miami 10:20 A. M.

Observation, club and dining cars; drawing room, compartment—single or en suite—and open section sleeping cars to St. Augustine, Palm Beach, Miami, St. Petersburg, Tampa and Bradenton, also serving Sarasota. Valet and maid. Powerful new mountain-type locomotives insure smooth riding and on-time arrivals. Pullman passengers only. Illinois Central Service all the way For reservations, fares and descriptive booklet, ask City Ticket Office, 1416 Dodge St. Phone Atlantic 9214 C. Haydock, Division Passenger Agent, Illinois Central Railroad 313 City National Bank Bldg. 16th and Harvey Sts. Phone Jackson 0264, Omaha, Neb.

ADVERTISEMENT. Illinois Central The dependable all-year train to Florida—leaves Chicago daily 9:10 p. m.; leaves St. Louis 9:32 p. m. Arrives Jacksonville 7:50 second morning, connecting for all Florida resorts. Through Pullmans with drawing rooms, compartments and open sections to Jacksonville, Tampa, Miami and Savannah. Ob. Observation car, dining car and coaches.

Burgess Bedtime Stories

By THORNTON W. BURGESS. A pleasant word may have the way. For friendship that will always stay.—Old Mother Nature.

A Good-Natured Relative. It was a long time before Danny Meadow Mouse dared to creep out from under the great pile of brush where he had escaped from Yowler the Bob Cat. Then he made straight for home, and he didn't stop until he got there. He had been gone so long that Nanny Meadow Mouse had been badly worried.

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself to leave me here alone to worry for so long?" she demanded sharply as Danny entered the doorway under the stump.

"Don't be cross, Nanny," Danny begged. "Don't be cross. I didn't stay away because I wanted to, but because I had to. I never had the most terrible time. I never was more frightened in my life, and I'm sore from my nose to my tail."

Then Danny told Nanny all about his adventure with Gray Fox and Yowler the Bob Cat, and how he had been knocked about in the old rusty tomato can. "My, but it is good to be home again!" he added at the end of his story.

"Then I hope you'll have sense enough to stay home and not go wandering about, taking such awful chances," replied Nanny. "If you had come home with me all this wouldn't have happened."

Danny knew that this was true, so he wisely said nothing. For several days thereafter he was content to go no further than was necessary in order to get food enough. They saw no more of Gray Fox or Yowler the Bob Cat. In fact, they saw no one to be afraid of. Bob White came around every day and Whitnose the Fox Squirrel paid them a visit now and then. They began to feel quite content and happy. They saw nothing more of their unpleasant relative, Little Robber the Cotton Rat, and they had no desire to see more of him.

They had about decided that there had no other relatives down there in the Sunny South when one moonlight night, when they had ventured a little further than usual from home, they unexpectedly came face to face with a stranger who, at the first glance, they knew must be a relative. That he was a member of the Rat branch of the family they had no doubt whatever.

He was considerably bigger than

Little Robber the Cotton Rat, and quite naturally Danny and Nanny were afraid of him. They turned to



"Folks call me Trader the Wood Rat," replied the stranger promptly.

"Don't do that," squeaked the stranger. "I won't hurt you. It seems to me I've never seen you before. You must be cousins of mine, so let's get acquainted."

His voice was squeaky, but he spoke so pleasantly that Danny and Nanny stopped. He was sitting full in the moonlight, so that they could get a very good look at him. The very first thing they noticed was that he had big, soft, dark eyes. There was nothing ugly or mean about those eyes, as there is about the eyes of most members of the Rat family. They were gentle eyes, and at once Danny and Nanny lost all their fear.

"Who are you, if it is polite to ask?" inquired Danny.

"Police call me Trader the Wood Rat," replied the stranger promptly. "It must be that you are strangers down here not to know me. I thought everybody knew me. We must get acquainted, seeing that we are relatives."

(Copyright 1924.) The next story: "Danny and Nanny Admire Their New Cousin."

Young Wood to Go to Europe

Manila, Jan. 22.—Lieut. Osborne C. Wood, son and aid of Governor General Leonard Wood, whose financial activities through which he is reported to have made \$500,000 in speculation, recently received wide publicity, will sail from here January 25 on the steamer President McKinley. Lieutenant Wood will change steamers at Hong Kong and go to Europe via Suez. He plans to spend some time in Europe before returning to the United States.

CHILDREN CRY FOR

Fletcher's CASTORIA MOTHER:—Fletcher's Castoria is a pleasant, harmless Substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Teething Drops and Soothing Syrups, especially prepared for Infants in arms and Children all ages. To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of Charles Fletcher. Proven directions on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.



Reel and Unreel

The Weeping Wonders. We had a very tearful experience the other afternoon over at the Hollywood studio. We saw three ladies weeping in three different bedrooms on three different stages, and all about different things.

First we went in to Harold Lloyd's set to see Jobyna Rastop, and she was weeping into a pillow because Harold had gone away with another gal—in the picture, of course.

Then we went on to Flinn Fox's set and there was Mae Bush weeping into a pillow because her long-lost son had turned out to be a minister and converted her from her wicked ways.

So there, "Sarafan" is a comedy, and there was Betty Compton weeping into a pillow, but by that time we were crying so hard that we couldn't ask what it was all about.

Today's Moral. "Thoughtless" writes to state that after mature deliberation and solemn communion, he has decided that the only way to avoid movie scandals is for those here Hollywood folks to learn to drive their own cars.

Russian Novelty to Headline New Bill at World This Week Sarafan is a gala Russian holiday and it is from this that the title of the unusual headline act now at the World was derived. At the celebration of the "Sarafan" all Russia gives itself up to a mad carnival of joy.

B. Fridkin and D. Makarenko, the producers of "Sarafan," have taken this for a theme of their big spectacle which employs a company of 14, all of them premier Russian entertainers. A parade of the Coesocks in the Caucasian mountains is a most impressive spectacle and for a whirlwind finale is the tumultuous celebration of the Sarafan.

A novelty production in every sense of the word, "Sarafan" is a combination of the spectacular, artistic and laughable all done in a manner which has made it one of the record headliners of the Pantages circuit.

ARE ATTENDING WORLD REALTY THEATERS THIS WEEK? Proclaiming the attractions in each World Realty theater "the best of the season."

WORLD SENSATION OF EUROPE "SARAFAN" Company of 15 You Have Never Seen Anything Like It Before FIVE OTHER ACTS "STEADFAST HEART"

MOON Two Women Fighting for the soul of a Man "THUNDERING DAWG" J. WARREN KERRIGAN—ANNA Q. NILSSON

SUN NOW SHOWING "The Marvel of the Screen" "Down to the Sea in Ships" Ask Anyone Who Has Seen It "Entertainment of Every Kind for Every Mind"

Orpheum ORPHEUM CIRCUIT-VAUDEVILLE 2:20—NOW PLAYING—8:20 CHARLES "CHIC" SALE RENE ROBERT GIERS-DORF SYMPHONISTS Senator Murphy Inez Courtney with Sid Kayes and Starke Patterson Hall, Ermine & Brice Parisian, Tit George Whiting and Sadim Burg NEW WEEK-DAY PRICES: (Monday to Saturday, inclusive) Ev'ngs, 22c, 45c, 68c, \$1.00, Plus Tax Matinees . . . 25c and 50c, Plus Tax

BRANDEIS Thursday, Friday, Saturday ZIEGFELD'S GREATEST SUCCESS First Famous Ziegfeld Show Here in Years LEON ERROL Greatest of All Comedians in SALLY Cast includes WALTER CATLET, ORIGINAL AND ONLY COMPANY, 50 GLORIOUS ZIEGFELD GIRLS. Nights, \$1 to \$5; Mat., \$1.00 to \$2.50. No Phone Orders, No Tickets Laid Away

Shandy Far Greater Than "The Miracle Man" REX BEACH'S GREATEST STORY "BIG BROTHER" "For once a picture lives up to the motto, for it is greater than 'The Miracle Man.'" —St. Louis Globe-Democrat

Yayey Omaha's Fun Centre Mat. and Nite Today THE SEASON'S GALA EVENT "MONKEY SHINES" Columbia Burlesk with Geo. Shelton and Wally Sharple and a Gorgeous Rouser of Glorious Girls Ladies' 25c Bargain Mat., 2:15 Week Days Sat. Mat. Wks. Barney Gerard's All in Fun.

Haze Improves; Gunman on Bond

Eyesight of Detective May Be Saved in Part—Youth Still Held.

Cenek Hrabik, 57, arrested Monday after a gun battle near Gibson, Neb., in which Detective Paul Haze may lose an eye, was released Monday afternoon on \$10,000 bond.

His son, Cenek Hrabik, Jr., 18, who, with his father, held off police who surrounded their home for half an hour, is held in default of \$4,000 bond.

Haze's condition at Nicholas Sent hospital this morning was reported to be improved.

Dr. C. A. Newell, attending physician, said there are about 19 buckshot in the left side of his face which will always be there. Neither will he make any effort to remove the shot which is lodged behind the left eyeball, he said, although he hopes to save the sight of the eye.

This morning with his injured eye Haze was able to count fingers, and if complications do not set in this much sight will be retained, although the vision will be blurred.

Cenek Hrabik, Jr., this morning said that after his father fired one shot from the house they both ran and hid under a feather bed on the second floor. His statement that only one shot was fired was denied by detectives.

The boy will be turned over to juvenile authorities.

Mrs. Hazel Shelly Dies. Mrs. Hazel L. Shelly, 30, wife of C. W. Shelly, died Monday at a local hospital. The husband, one and three daughters survive. Funeral services and interment will be held in Glenwood, Ia.

Judge Woodrough Returns. Federal Judge Woodrough returned Tuesday from Des Moines where he presided in federal court Monday.

OMAHA BEE Want Ads BRING BEST RESULTS

RIALTO TODAY ALL WEEK THE COURTHSHIP OF MYLES STANDISH with CHARLES RAY