

### 47 Cars of Coal in Dispute Here

#### City Clerk Claims Surplus Belongs to Bryan—Demurrage Heavy.

City Clerk James Hoctor and his clerk, William Rooney, who direct the municipal coal department, are in a quandary over disputed shipments of coal.

Hoctor said he recognized 21 cars now on track here and explained that 47 other cars were billed to the city coal department by Governor Bryan's coal company.

The municipal coal department says it is up to the governor to come and get his coal.

Hoctor figures the total demurrage on these 21 cars to date is \$42. Today's demurrage orders, he stated, will reduce the number of cars to 19 and he estimates that two cars will be sold each day, based on the average sales of this week. Warm weather reduced the orders.

Another revelation of the affairs of the municipal coal department is the piling up of demurrage charges during December and for the first eight days of January. These bills, which have not been checked by the city clerk, call for \$1,029 in December and \$1,417 for January 1 to 8.

The city clerk explained that the municipal coal department has no funds with which to build yards.

### National Head of Business Women Coming

Miss Adella Pritchard, Portland, Ore., president of the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's clubs, will be the guest of the Omaha Business Women's club next Wednesday, February 27. She will speak to its members and friends on "What Our Federation Means to Its Membership," at a banquet Wednesday evening at 6:30 in the Burgess-Nash tea room. State officers and delegates from the Fremont and Council Bluffs clubs have been invited.

Miss Pritchard, who comes from attending the midyear council of the national federation, arrives in Omaha early Wednesday morning. She will breakfast with Miss Florence Hathaway, president of the Omaha Business Women's club, and lunch with the executive board and committee chairmen at noon in the Brandeis restaurant.

Mrs. Fred Daugherty will arrive home this week after a visit in Greeley, Col., with the John Daughertys.

### Hotel Rome Cafeteria The Best That's All

### Corns

No Paring—End Them  
Don't let the agony of corns destroy your comfort. Apply Blue-jay—and instantly the pain vanishes. Then the corn loosens and comes out. Does away with dangerous paring. Get Blue-jay at any drug store.

### Blue-jay

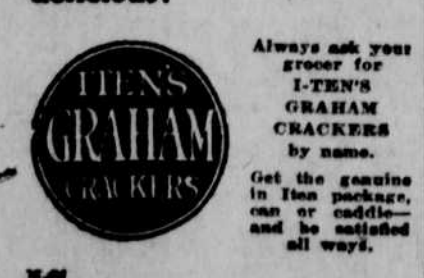
### COLDS

### "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.

### You will enjoy CORN FLAKES

more thoroughly when you crumble a few Iten's Graham Crackers in the bowl with them. The blend of corn and wheat flavors with milk or cream or half-and-half is simply delicious!



### Tech High Students Sink Teeth in Thousands of Delicious Buns Daily at School Cafeteria



Hazel Lewis, right, and Lucille Petersen, left, juniors at Technical High school, eating the buns that are so popular with the students during the lunch hour.

The plebian bun has come into its own at least at Technical high school. No, it isn't because it can be thrown easily or because it is easier to grab in a hurry.

Students in the new cafeteria of the school are neither disorderly nor in a rush at noon. The bun has won in popularity over all other food at the cafeteria because special buns are made for the students. These buns are of the right size, a little more flat than the ordinary ones.

They don't stretch one's mouth all out of shape to take one bite. They are delicious with brown crust and are made into sandwiches of various kinds for the students.

Thousands of these buns are sold daily, according to Miss Kate Klewit, in charge of the cafeteria.

"But the buns are not the only food in great demand," said Miss Klewit. "Mashed potatoes are next in line for popularity."

"The boys eat a good square meal, well-balanced as to choice of foods. Perhaps they eat more than the girls because a good many of them work before and after school. The girls like salads and puddings."

There is such a demand for ice cream and cake that tables for their distribution have been placed at each end of the large dining hall.

Coffee is not sold at the cafeteria. Cocoa and milk are the favorite drinks. A few cups of tea are sometimes sold to teachers.

More than 900 students are fed at the cafeteria every noon of the school week.

### BEHIND THE SCREEN Adele Garrison "My Husband's Love"

(Continued from Yesterday.)

After the enthusiasm of this greeting had ebbed away Charlie introduced the pair. He was Jackie Coogan and his mother. When they had moved on from our table Chaplin turned to me.

"There's a boy you ought to have," he commented, "He's a great actor."

Possibly Chaplin never shone more brightly in any human relationship than he has in his association with Jackie Coogan. His tremendous love and tenderness which he expressed for "The Kid" on the screen had, in fact, a source of actual feeling. He really loved and does love this small boy. As to the latter I have already indicated in my account of his greeting how touchingly Jackie returns this affection.

If you ask the tiny star today who is his best friend his answer is prompt: "Charlie Chaplin." Equally loyal is the professional stinger he gives to his friend. One day somebody asked him who was the greatest living actor.

"Charlie Chaplin, of course," he reported.

"And who is the second greatest?" persisted his interviewer.

"Jackie Coogan," he answered with all the serenity of the critical mind that is unshaken by any personal consideration.

"And the third?"

"Oh," said he obviously somewhat impatient with the doggedness of this research, "I have told you the two greatest. What does it matter about the third?"

Even in that first casual greeting with this gifted boy I was struck by the perfect unconsciousness which sets Jackie apart from the ordinary stage child. He didn't seem to realize in the least that he was a famous personage, and I hear that it has been kept from him always—the enormity of his earnings, the fact that he, a lad not quite 8 years old, has already earned almost a million dollars. Certainly the evening he was just a kid radiant at seeing the grown-up who had played games with him much more absurdly than any other small boy could have done. Indeed, I have always been told in Hollywood by people who knew the Coogans well that he is first of all a real boy possessing perhaps even more of the average boy's affinity with dirt.

Not long ago a friend of mine dropped in to see the small star. It was during the production of "Morris Twist," and the set was pre-empted by some older members of the company. For a time Jackie, attired in blue overalls, listened to the director's voice and watched the rival talent. Then, going over to his father, he caught the other's hands and looked up appealingly into his face.

"Oh, Daddy," he pleaded, "I'm not getting any kick out of this. Mayn't I go outside and play?"

When this permission was granted Jackie walked himself an opportunity to assemble his favorite playthings. These consist of a hammer, some old nails and a plot of ground outside the studio. Here for half an hour the juvenile actor, who might recruit the most costly electrical toys—these have been showered upon him by people all over the world—squatting on the ground and hammering his beloved nails into stray pieces of wood.

While he was thus occupied the friend I have mentioned happened to refer to the gold chain she was wearing as looking like a royal decoration. "The Order of the Golden Fleece," she added laughingly to the group of older people watching with her over Jackie's recreation.

He stopped his hammering for an instant and quickly, with a look of most eager intelligence, he lifted his eyes to her face.

"The Golden Fleece," he repeated. "Oh, I know all about that. It's what Jason had after."

I quote this to show the information already at the command of this astounding lad. All I have heard from me, in fact, that his histrionic ability is accompanied by one of those childish minds which work in all directions, which positively have to be held back from learning too much.

One incident in connection with the production of "The Kid" throws into relief Chaplin's feeling for his small co-star. He was directing the child in a particularly affecting scene when suddenly he turned to Jackie's father.

"You direct him—I can't stand it!" he said, turning away quickly. "The child's tears, even though histrionic ones, had been too much for the high-strung, emotional Chaplin."

Charlie's devotion to Jackie Coogan is explicable to me after one glimpse of the child. So, too, are the words of a certain woman I know.

"There is something about that boy," says the latter, "that always makes me feel like crying. I don't know why, for he seems so gay and happy. I myself caught in an instant that same touching, even solemn, quality. What is it? Perhaps because in those wide childish eyes one feels a wisdom brought from some other world and not yet dimmed by that of this world. I feel that I cannot bring my recollection of Chaplin to a close at a point more deeply significant of his artist's nature than the account of my own preview of "The Kid." When he finished with this picture, attended as it was by his conflict with Mildred Harris, he was in an abnormal state.

"Sam," said he one day, "I wish when you have nothing else to offer you'd come over to my studio and look at my new picture. I'd like to get your opinion of it—advice, too, if you have any to offer."

"What do you think of it?" I asked him.

"Rotten!" he answered. "I'm awfully discouraged over it. I had heard such comments from him before on similar occasions, for by the time that he had finished a story he has so completely lost all sense of perspective that nobody can convince him that the production has one glimmering ray of merit. Consequently I attached no importance to this mood of his. Putting down his words to the divine discontent of genius, I went over that very day with Gouverneur Morris to see "The Kid."

Even my prejudices in favor of anything that Charlie does did not prepare me for this supreme manifestation of his artistry. Just as the words were about to do, Morris and I laughed and cried and gasped at the wonderful story unrolled before us.

Charlie, he looked at us unbelievably. He simply could not make himself understand that we were not feigning this appreciation.

"Charlie," I said after it was all over, "if you never had done, never should do another picture your name would go down into history as the creator of "The Kid.""

"I don't think it's good then," he asked. "You're not just saying this to make me feel encouraged?"

"If you don't believe me," I answered, "I'll call in a few others to help convince you. I tell you, I added, "let me do something, won't you? Let me give a dinner over at my studio and then we'll show them "The Kid."

Very reluctantly he agreed. I thereupon sent out invitations, and I don't suppose there was ever more brilliant constellation of names represented at any Hollywood celebration than that afforded by this preview of "The Kid" at the Goldwyn studio. Among others we had Sir Gilbert Parker, Somerset Maugham, Elinor Glyn, Edward Knobloch, Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, Rupert Hughes, Rex Beach and Rita Weiman. Among the many famous personalities of the screen were Elsie Ferguson and Pauline Frederick. As this group began to concentrate upon the picture, Charlie, who had been intensely nervous throughout the course of the dinner, seemed stricken with terror.

I have attended many previews in my life, but never have I seen anything like the enthusiasm with which "The Kid" was greeted by these distinguished people of pen and screen and stage. Tears streamed down the faces of many of the women and some of the men. Shouts of laughter were interspersed with cries of applause. Yet still little Chaplin sitting here beside me, could not believe in the miracle of success.

"Do you really think they like it—do you sure it's going over?" he would whisper to me from time to time.

I doubt if he was convinced even after the performance when many of the women went up and threw their arms about him and when even the men forgot Anglo-Saxon reserve in their congratulations.

On assuming a seat from this evening I was struck by a word of Elinor Glyn's. During the course of the dinner she happened to tell us all that she had never, in her life, answered with prompt acquiescence. "The finest picture I ever saw in my life." I have no doubt that by this time she had persuaded herself of broad facilities of comparison.

(Continued in The Morning Bee.)

### New Solemnity Marks Celebration of Washington's Birthday

George Washington's shadow seems to grow larger down the centuries, judging by the number of affairs being given in his honor today on the anniversary of his birth. It is striking to notice also the change in the character of the entertainment which honors the father of his country.

Some years ago a Washington's birthday party was a hilarious celebration for children, and hatches of food its principal ornament and occupation. Planning paper hatches, blindfold, on a painted cherry tree was the chief entertainment of the evening; or, for variety, some luckless victim was thrust into the center of the circle and required to answer truthfully all questions which might be asked him.

Today we remember the father of his country with awe and reverence quite in keeping with his dignified appearance. Nothing less stately than a minutee seems appropriate to the occasion. Sedate wigs and elegant coats set off with lace at the sleeves, demure and aristocratic deportment of 20th century business men, who 365 days out of the 366, are simply jolly good fellows, while knee breeches put a strain on calves unseen since boyhood. Meanwhile the flapper vanishes in a haze of voluminous petticoats; the bob is snowed under by a powdered wig; rouge on her cheeks gives way to matches and the cigaret holder yields to the fan as an implement of flirtation.

Instead of hatchet thrusts, we have for entertainment historical lectures and playlets or talks on Americanization, with a minutee or a Virginia of the frivolous. Most interesting is the tendency to direct attention toward the new citizen shown in a number of Washington day programs in Omaha. Chief among these is the reception of new citizens conducted by the Council of Americanization tonight in the county courthouse. The same impulse, however, is shown in the citizenship pageant presented by 16 children of the Mason school before the

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A new standard of high quality. Think before you buy this year and visit the Cadillac Bldg.

### Clubwomen at Blue Hill.

Blue Hill, Neb., Feb. 21.—The annual county convention of the Federation of Women's Clubs was held here Wednesday. About 125 ladies were seated at the banquet tables and the Christian church parlor was crowded at each session. Mrs. Burr of Guide Rock, county chairman, and Mrs. Perryman of Ord, state president, were guests of honor.

### SKINNER'S

The Superior  
MACARONI PRODUCTS

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—George Washington

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Beware of imitations of genuine "Phillips" Milk of Magnesia. The original Milk of Magnesia prescribed by physicians for 60 years. Accepted only the genuine "Phillips."

25-cent bottles, also larger size, contain directions and uses—any drug store.

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### 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 Grip Caplet. Follow simple directions and you'll be surprised how quickly you'll feel fine. For that cough use Zerbst's Chloro-Pine.

### "Tell Your Neighbor"

proxy at the Athletic club Saturday evening to put the cake for his guests, including a minutee, impersonations, Max Barber and Doris Sheldon will give a program in colonial costumes, including a minutee, impersonations and songs

### Yellow Cab

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Only an actual ride in a YELLOW CAB can adequately demonstrate the truly remarkable riding qualities of our new equipment.

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### The Omaha Bee and The Farmer

The Omaha Bee started the movement for saving the Nebraska potato crop, it fought for seaboard freight rate reduction on wheat and started the "Buy Wheat Campaign" in the middlewest.

The Omaha Bee urged vigorously the heavy purchase of American wheat for the Japanese relief and inaugurated many other movements to aid the FARMER in securing higher prices and lower freight rates.

The Omaha Bee fought continuously for lower freight rates on agricultural products and urged marketing methods which will bring to the farmer the largest proportional share of what the consumer eventually pays.

Almost single-handed The Bee has been fighting for a higher tariff on imported wheat, to bring the market price up to the cost of production and beyond. It watches and records every turn of the grain and live stock markets, and never fails to discuss the situation and outlook in a helpful and illuminating way.