

GRANDPARENTS AND STILL THEY TANGO

Mrs. and Mrs. Henry Hiller Join Children in Celebrating Thirty-Fifth Wedding Anniversary.

VISITORS JOIN IN UNIQUE SONGS

A little folder was printed for the occasion, containing the songs, and the photographs of the couple in 1880 and 1915, also in a little box in the center of the program was contained the following significant chronological summary of the married life of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hiller.

1880. Rose and Henry. 1890. Pa and Ma. 1911. Grandma and Grandpa. 1915. Oh, You Tango Kids. Sons, daughters and grandchildren of Mr. and Mrs. Hiller joined Thursday evening at a dinner at the Hiller home, 3221 Farnam street, celebrating the thirty-fifth anniversary of the marriage of that estimable couple. A few friends were invited besides the immediate descendants, which were Mr. and Mrs. Lou Hiller and Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Jacobs of Omaha and Mr. and Mrs. Lester Kirshbraun of Chicago, together with the grandchildren, Richard Hiller and Ruth Kirshbraun.

Married at Des Moines. Mr. and Mrs. Hiller were married in Des Moines, Ia., in 1880. Mrs. Hiller was Miss Rosa Riceham. After their marriage they lived in Red Oak, Ia., and came to Omaha thirty years ago. Catchy songs were written by the members of the family for the occasion and set to popular music. "Rosie, Rosie, I've Been Thinking," was the title of one song of seven stanzas, paraphrased from the original, "Reuben, Reuben, I've Been Thinking."

Parody on "Tipperary." To the tune of "It's a Long Way to Tipperary," a song of six stanzas, rang through the dining room, of which the first two stanzas are as follows: It's a long time since they were married, It's a long time today, It's a long time since we met Rosie And stole her heart away.

Look now, see the family, Look now, here they are, It's a long time since they were married, And that's why we're here.

Holdup and Series of Robberies Are Reported to Police

One hold-up, a series of house breakings and one pickpocket case were reported to the police during Friday night. Eddie Riville, driver for the Grand Union Tea company, was held up at Fifty-fourth and Blando streets as he was returning from his delivery route and robbed of a small watch and \$50 in cash. The culprits are described as being of medium height and both were masked, carrying huge blue steel revolvers.

Entering the front door after breaking the plate glass, thieves carried away \$25 in cash and \$30 worth of merchandise from the L. N. Jensen store, 3557 Leavenworth street.

Bishop Williams Back from Chicago

Bishop Arthur Williams of the Nebraska diocese of the Episcopal church has returned from Chicago, where he assisted in the consecration of Bishop Sumner of Oregon, who has been a deacon in the Illinois metropolis. On January 5, Bishop Williams will participate in the ritual making Rev. Paul Matthews, formerly of Omaha, the bishop of New Jersey, with headquarters at Burlington, in that state. After leaving this city, Rev. Mr. Matthews became the dean of the cathedral at Cincinnati. He is a son of the late Justice Matthews of the United States supreme court.

BUFFALO CLUB ENJOYS A REUNION OF MEMBERS

Friday evening the Douglas Auditorium audience entertained its families and a few friends at a "party" and reunion of the Buffalo club. The association is composed of a drill team that four years ago took high honors at the Modern Woodmen of America encampment at Buffalo. The Buffalo club is composed of the wives, sweethearts and mothers of the team members. This was the first gathering of the nature in three years. The evening was spent in music and dancing, there being several numbers of "square" dances on the program, which was enjoyed by all. Refreshments were served and the evening closed with a flood-light waltz. There were about seventy-five couple present.

TEACHERS' COMMITTEE TALKS OVER ROUTINE

The executive committee of the Nebraska State Teachers' association held a meeting in the office of Superintendent E. I. Graff at the city hall to attend to a mass of routine business. "And that was about all," said Prof. R. J. Barr of Grand Island, chairman of the committee. Those present were Chairman Barr, John F. Mathews, treasurer, also of Grand Island; V. G. Mays, Lincoln; Charles Arrott, Schuyler; Frank Beers, David City; C. M. Barr, Hastings; O. W. Neal, Kearney; Superintendent Graff of Omaha.

MILLER TALKS SUNDAY TO THE THEOSOPHISTS

Burd F. Miller will lecture at the Theosophical hall, suite 201, Bee building, this evening at 8 o'clock, on "Evolution of Life and Form," giving the relation of this to thought process, mental telepathy and man's condition after the death of the body. Stereoscopic views will be shown of the subtle bodies of man, as well as charts of the evolution of different forms of life. The lecture is free to the public.

Strengthens Sore Back. Helps Kidneys. Take six drops of Sloan's Liniment four times a day and apply to small of back. It kills the pain. All druggists.—Advertisement.

MRS. ANNA ROQUEMORE ROGERS, first of the three wives of Lorys Elton Rogers, who pays a visit each day to the bedside of Rogers' common-law wife, Mrs. Ida Sniffen Walters Rogers, said to be dying in Lebanon hospital, New York, from attempted suicide after murdering her two children with poison. The present legal wife of Rogers, Mrs. Caroline Giddings Rogers, is said to be in a serious condition as a result of the revelation of the double life her husband had been leading.



SUFFS POSE FOR THEIR PICTURES

Movies Are Taken as They Enter Hipp Theater to Secure Tickets to a Suffrage Production.

SUFF BABY IN PICTURE, TOO

"My, but it's a lot more fun being a suff than an anti," laughed a number of Omaha suffragists, who posed for the moving picture camera man in front of the Hipp theater at noon. Close to 200 suffrage women gathered in the east corridor of the court house at 12 o'clock and then proceeded in a body to the Hipp, where these pictures, which will be shown at the Letter Carriers' movie show at the Auditorium later in the month, were taken.

The pictures were taken of the women as they entered the theater and then walked out bearing in their hands coupons to be sold for the production of "Your Girl and Mine," a suffrage movie play which will be shown here later. The picture was taken without a hitch, with the exception that some of the women displayed their coupons upon entering the theater, although they were not supposed to have acquired them until they came out of the building.

Mrs. A. C. Anderson, a prominent worker, brought her little daughter, 4 years old and known as the "suffrage baby," to have her picture taken also.

Mrs. Benedict Comins. Mrs. Elsie Vandergift Benedict, who was an active worker during the fall campaign, will arrive from Denver next Saturday morning on her way east to begin campaign work in Cleveland as an organizer for the national suffrage association. Mrs. Benedict will be the guest of Mrs. H. C. Sumney and will be the chief speaker at a meeting of the city central suffrage committee, which will be held at the Young Women's Christian association at 2:30 o'clock that afternoon. Local suffragists had planned a luncheon for Mrs. Benedict, but her letter states especially that "no eats" be arranged for. Mrs. Benedict's marriage to Ralph Benedict, a Denver newspaper man, was celebrated at the home of Judge and Mrs. Ben Lindsay in Denver at the close of the Nebraska campaign.

"Fowl" Language Gives Away Theft

Paul Moore, 122 Dodge street, was arrested by Officer Turner when the latter heard "fowl" language emitting from a suit case which the former was carrying. Opening the grip the officers discovered a half dozen live chickens several dead ducks and a slowly laid egg. The entire "cargo" had been stolen Friday evening from R. Manna, 1113 Capitol avenue.

FINES AT LIBRARY FOUR DOLLARS AND HALF A DAY

About \$150 was collected each day the public library was open during the year 1914 as fines on books borrowed and kept out longer than the regular time allowed. This is shown by a report of Miss Edith Tobitt, librarian, who says a total of \$1,466 was realized from such fines during the year. The fine assessed is 2 cents per day on each volume delinquent.

MINIATURE BOWLING PINS FOR LIBRARY EXHIBIT

Miss Edith Tobitt, public librarian, can now play ten-pins if she wants to do so. Two score of miniature bowling pins have been presented to the library museum by G. W. Tanner of the Omaha Furniture Repair company. However, the pins are framed at present and form an unusual collection, each pin being made of different kind of wood. They will be exhibited in the museum.

KINSLÖE FOUND GUILTY OF MANSLAUGHTER

ABERDEEN, S. D., Jan. 9.—Charles Kinsloe, charged with killing Hugh Bergert at New Edin, S. D., January 4, was found guilty at Britton, S. D., of manslaughter in the first degree today. The killing was the result of a quarrel. Mrs. Florence M. Rhoades, who has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Rhoades, during the holidays, has returned to New York City, where she occupies a position as accompanist in the Burratt studio.

The Exploits of Elaine

(Continued from Page Ten.) water and carefully sterilized Elaine's arm just above the spot where the red mark showed. Then he drew the hypodermic from his pocket—carefully sterilized it also and filling it with scopolamin from the bottle. Just a moment, Miss Dodge, he encouraged, as he jabbed the needle into her arm. As we watched Elaine going under slowly Craig talked. "That night," he said, "warily, the masked criminal of the 'Clutching Hand' bent over, his arm crooked, might have been seen down below us in the alley. Up here, Miss Dodge, worn out by the strain of her father's death, let us say, 'A second later he had thrust his hand into his pocket and had taken out a small glass bulb with a long thin neck. That was ethyl chloride—a drug which produces a quick anesthesia. But it lasts only a minute or two. That was enough. As he broke the glass neck of the bulb—letting the pieces fall on the floor near Elaine's face, 'Now, come on!' he said, indicating with the gun that he wants me to follow him away from the safe. At the desk he repeats the search. But he finds nothing. Almost I think he is about to kill me. 'Where else did your father keep papers?' he hisses, fiercely, still threatening me with the gun. 'I am too frightened to speak. But at last I am able to say, 'I don't know!' Again he threatens me. 'As God is my judge, I cry, 'I don't know!' It is fearful. Will he shoot me? 'Thank heaven! at last he believes me. But such a look of fisted fury I have never seen on any human face before. 'Sit down!' he growls, adding, 'at the desk.' I do. 'Take some of your note paper—the best.' I do that, too. 'And a pen,' he goes on. My fingers can hardly hold it. 'Now, write!' he says, and as he dictates, I write. 'This,' interjected Kennedy, earnestly holding up the letter that he had received from her. Elaine looked it over with her drug-laden eyes. 'Yes,' she nodded, then lapped again to the scene itself. 'The road it over, and as he does so says, 'Now address an envelope.' Himself he folds the letter, seals the envelope, stamps it and drops it into his pocket, hastily straightening the desk. 'Now, go ahead of me—again. Leave the room—no, by the hall door. We are going back upstairs.' I obey him, and at the door he switches off the lights. How I stand it I don't know. I go upstairs mechanically, into my own room—and this masked man. 'Take off the kimono and slippers!' he orders. I do that. 'Get into bed!' he growls. I crawl in fearfully. For a moment he looks about—then goes out—with a look back as he goes. Oh! Oh! That hand—which he raises at me—that hand! The poor girl was sitting both upright, staring straight at the hall door, as we watched and listened fascinated. Kennedy was bending over, soothing her. She gave evidences of coming out from the effect of the drug. I noticed that Bennett had suddenly moved a step in the direction of the door at which she stared. 'By heaven!' he muttered, staring, too. 'Look!' We did look. A letter was slowly being inserted under the door. I took a quick step forward. That moment I felt a rough tug at my arm, and a voice whispered: 'Wait, you chump!' It was Kennedy. He had whipped out his automatic and had carefully levelled it at the door. Before he could fire however, Bennett had rushed ahead. I followed. We looked down the hall. Sure enough, the figure of a man could be seen disappearing around an angle. I followed Bennett out of the door and down the hall. Words cannot keep pace with what followed. Together we rushed to the back stairs. 'Down there, while I go down the front!' cried Bennett. I went down, and he turned and went down the other flight. As he did so Craig followed him. I bumped into a figure on the other side of the portieres. I seized him. We struggled. Hip! The portieres came down, covering me entirely. Over and over we went, smashing a lamp. It was vicious. Another man attacked me, too. 'I've got him—Kennedy!' I heard a voice rant over me. A scream followed from Aunt Josephine, suddenly the portieres were pulled off me. 'The deuce!' puffed Kennedy. 'It's Jameson!' Bennett had rushed plump into me, coming the other way, hidden by the portieres. If we had known at the time, our Michael of the sinister face had gained the library and was standing in the center of the room. He had heard me coming and had fled to the drawing room. As we finished our struggle in the library he rose hastily from behind the divan in the other room, where he had dropped, and had quietly and hastily disappeared through another door. Laughing and breathing hard, they helped me to my feet. It was no joke to me. I was sore in every bone. 'Well, where did he go?' insisted Bennett. 'I don't know—perhaps back there,' I cried. Bennett and I argued a moment, then started and stopped short. Aunt Josephine had run downstairs and now was waving the letter into Craig's hands. We gathered about him curiously. He opened it. On it was that awesome Clutching Hand again. Kennedy read it. For a moment he stood and studied it, then slowly crushed it in his hand. Just then Elaine, pale and shaken from the ordeal she had voluntarily gone through, burst in upon us from upstairs. Without a word she advanced to Craig and took the letter from him. Inside, as on the envelope, was that same signature of the Clutching Hand. Elaine gazed at it, wild-eyed, then at Craig. Craig smilingly reached for the note, took it, folded it, and unconcernedly thrust it into his pocket. 'My God!' she cried, clasping her hands convulsively and repeating the words of the letter, 'Your last warning!'

HOW TO USE A DOCTOR

CHAPTER XI. The well qualified physician of today no longer treats his patients as if they were merely machines. He regards all of the processes of life—the blood circulating through the vessels, as it is propelled by the heart at the pumping station; the glands elaborating their secretions, wherein is found the marvelous chemical laboratory that regulates all physiological activities; the lungs interchanging gases; and the nerves that flash their messages to the brain and bring back its command. He regards the living, breathing sentient human being endowed with life, with senses and sentiment, appetites and passions, needs and the will to secure their fulfillment. All these must be considered in comprehending the complex functioning of a healthy body and mind, and disease is considered in regard to its origin, its present state and its future course, as regards the internal activities of the human physiology and its external relation to the world about it. To see "disease" merely in spots, and to treat accordingly, is so often worse than useless. An elderly lady from another state was sent to me by her physician after she had paid \$1,500.00 for surgical intervention for the relief of a severe pain without the slightest lota of benefit. Her pain and suffering were great and she was discouraged and hopeless in the extreme. After a few short weeks under my care, she returned to her home comfortable and happy and has remained well ever since—about two years. If you are sick and have tried the various methods of treatment commonly in vogue without relief, you are the person whom I most desire to see. INTELLIGENT, COMPETENT AND EFFICACIOUS PROFESSIONAL SERVICE POSITIVELY GUARANTEED. HENRY S. MUNRO, M. D., 505-5 Brantley Theater Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

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