

LEAGUE MEANS MARKED CHANGE IN U. S. POLICY

Acceptance of Plan Would Involve Abandonment of Monroe Doctrine, Says Senator Borah.

Washington, Feb. 16.—Prediction that acceptance by the United States of the proposed constitution for the league of nations would mean the end of the Monroe doctrine was made in a statement by Senator Borah of Idaho, a republican member of the foreign affairs committee.

"The instrument as a whole," said Senator Borah, "requires much study to know what in detail shall be its obligations in case it is finally adopted. But one thing is perfectly clear and that is as it stands it is a renunciation of the Monroe doctrine. It distinctly wipes out all distinction between European and American affairs. We obligate ourselves to go to Europe and participate in European affairs within the jurisdiction of the league, and European powers oblige themselves to come here and deal with western affairs.

The Monroe doctrine is a personal doctrine, as it were, to the United States. We have never permitted any one else to have anything to say about it or be in any respect responsible for its enforcement or non-enforcement. That is the distinguishing and indispensable essential of the doctrine.

"I apprehend that no one will contend that under the sweeping territorial jurisdiction given to the league the Monroe doctrine will not disappear."

Habeas Corpus Writs Granted Women in Appealed Cases

Judge Redick in district court Saturday granted writs of habeas corpus in behalf of Dolfie Dean, Ruth McLane and Nellie Atkins, upon the presentation of their cases by Attorney John M. Berger.

These women filed cash appeal bonds in police court for review of charges upon which they were convicted in the lower court, and the police then attempted to hold them for physical examination by health department physicians. Attorney Berger told the higher court that if the police attempt to examine these women against their will, he will hold them liable for assault.

The women were given their liberty by Judge Redick, subject, however, to appearance when the other cases are called in the district court.

In this connection there was a fourth case, that of Ethel Johnson, who was granted a writ of habeas corpus and the police court ordered to accept her appeal bond.

Beatrice Manley Sent Valentine Poems to School Officials

Little Beatrice Manley, daughter of Robert Manley, commissioner of the Chamber of Commerce, is the poetess of Field school and she composed valentines and sent them, in the name of the school to Superintendent of Schools, Beveridge and Assistant Superintendent Belle Ryan. Mr. Beveridge's reads as follows:

"We send this with our friendship true;
We feel we owe so much to you;
For us you plan both day and night;
We'll try to please you with all our might."

Miss Ryan's reads:
"We send this with our love to you;
Our feelings all our words outshine;
But this we know is very true—
We want you for our Valentine."

Dr. and Mrs. Emerson Back from Golden Wedding Event

Dr. and Mrs. Charles J. Emerson have returned from Allison, Ia., where they attended the golden wedding anniversary of Dr. Emerson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Emerson, pioneer Minnesotans, who are spending the winter in Iowa. All six of the Emerson children are living and they all attended the golden wedding celebration with their families.

Dr. Emerson says his father and mother acted like a bride and groom taking the "first plunge," instead of being remarried again after a half a century of happy wedded life.

"Hope I've as much pep" as the governor when I am 74 years old," averred the Omaha dentist.

Omaha Women to Hear the Governor of Kansas Speak

Red Cross women in uniforms of the different branches of service will attend in a body Henry J. Allen's lecture on "The Red Cross in Europe," Thursday morning at 10 o'clock before the Transmississippi Readjustment congress in the Auditorium.

Allen, who is governor of Kansas, went abroad with a Red Cross mission during the war, remaining for some time with a front division.

A large section of seats will be reserved for the Red Cross party. W. B. Tapp, chairman of Omaha chapter, issued an invitation to all members in Douglas county to attend.

Editor of "Roadmaker" to Address Omaha Congress

Joe Long, editor of The Roadmaker, a good roads paper published in Davenport, Ia., has accepted an invitation to deliver an address at the Transmississippi Readjustment congress to be held in Omaha, February 18 to 20. His talk will probably be before the highways group of the congress. The date is not announced.

The mayors of Denver and Kansas City are coming to the congress and during their stay will address the civic groups.

Labor Leader to Speak at U. Club and Omaha Congress

John P. Frey of Cincinnati, one of the most prominent labor leaders in the country, will address the University club of Omaha on the subject, "What is Industrial Democracy?" at its noonday luncheon next Wednesday.

Mr. Frey is a strong advocate for co-operation between business and labor. He is editor of the International Moulders' Journal of Cincinnati and was a member of the labor committee sent abroad by President Wilson to study industrial conditions in Europe. Mr. Frey will also speak at the Auditorium before the Transmississippi Readjustment congress Wednesday evening.

The following will be guests at the speakers' table:

J. J. Kerrigan, president of Central Labor union.
T. W. McCullough, editor of The Omaha Bee.
John T. Hansen, business agent, Painters' union.
John M. Gibb, business agent, Electricians' union.
Jack Casson, business agent, Building Labor and Hod Carriers' union.
C. A. Johnson, president, Moulders' union.
S. C. Jackson, secretary, Central Labor union.
John P. Frey, speaker and editor of The International Moulders' Journal.
S. B. Caldwell, speakers' committee.
N. H. Loomis, president, University club.
F. A. Brown, chairman, executive committee, Chamber of Commerce.
R. K. Brown, chairman, war adjustment committee.

"VIRTUOUS WIVES"

Owen Johnson's Sparkling Society Novel, which is making such a hit in the movies.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Half an hour later, Forrester heard his wife come into the bedroom and went in.

"How's the costume?" she said hastily. He noticed in her eyes, as they passed from his, a touch of alarm.

"The costume is all right," Morley, at this moment, went out on an errand before she could think to retain her. They were left alone.

He waited, and she waited for the word of explanation that ought to come. When the moment had passed, he said deliberately:

"You have nothing to say to me after I have come a few thousand miles?"

"I wonder why you came," she said, with a rebellious flash. His anger always awoke in her the instinct to struggle against his masterfulness.

"You wish to know? I'll tell you. I've come so that nothing should be said against you, as there certainly would have been if you'd given this fete and I had been away."

"And your name?"

"I have the greatest pride in my good name—yes."

"His dignity—he's always thinking of that! It isn't because he's jealous of me—I could understand that. It's just his vanity," she said to herself, though, in a calmer mood, she would have recognized the injustice of this.

A knock and Morley appeared. The jeweler wished to know at what hour madame wished the necklace brought.

"Ten o'clock will be time enough," she said, a little confused. She explained hurriedly: "Case and Fontenelle are lending me a wonderful necklace to go with my costume."

"Lending?"

"Oh, for almost nothing. It'll be a great advertisement for them."

"I see, May I ask you to wait a moment?" he said, as she started to ring for Morley. "I have come quite a distance, and I am leaving early. May I have half an hour's talk with you—uninterrupted?"

"Now?" she cried in dismay at the storm she felt powerless to avoid. "Now? Don't you realize I have a hundred things to attend to?"

"You are developing quite an executive ability," he said, exasperated by her attitude of evasion.

She understood the allusion, and a flash of anger showed in her face. Luckily, one thought dominated her. Tonight she must be at her best. If she cried, her eyes would show it. At this moment a box arrived with the wig from the coiffeur's.

"You see?" she said reproachfully.

"Can wait," he said, going to a chair and sitting down.

Pignatelli, a stoop-shouldered little man, came in with profuse salutation. The trying of the wig consumed half an hour. She was so delighted with the effect that she gave a cry of delight.

"Exquisite!"

She felt herself transformed, so radiant that her husband, could not resist her; in his pride at perceiving how beautiful she would be, his irritation must soften. But when she turned to him, there was the same obstinate reserve in his eyes which she could not comprehend. No; it was not human to act as he did.

Then, once more they were alone.

"Andrew, I'm in no mood to listen. I'm all wrought up," she said sharply.

"I regret it,"

"What?" she cried again. "You wish to make a scene now—at such a time?"

"Excuse me. It isn't I; it is you who have made an explanation necessary. I left the decision to you. You have sacrificed me to bring that young Dawson into the house!"

"Dawson! Dawson!" she exclaimed irritably. "Always—harping on that idiotic affair! Besides, he isn't here alone. He's here with half a dozen others—because I'm at my wits end—because every one must help me."

"Good heavens! Don't reason like a child," he burst out in turn. "Face the situation; understand the gravity! Be at least a woman!"

She turned, feeling escape impossible.

"Well?"

"I have left the solution to your sense of delicacy, of loyalty, to decide; and you have done so."

"I have decided," she said definitely.

"What?"

"That I will not be bullied by you into doing unreasonable things."

"Unreasonable? You regard my request as that?"

"Exactly."

"In other words, you intend to go your own way, regardless of my wishes," he said in his deliberate, businesslike manner, which had the power of doing away with her better feelings, and arousing a blind revolt.

"That depends entirely on you."

"Your attitude does not surprise me," he continued slowly. "After all, Dawson is just an incident. How many others there are, I don't know," he said, with a shrug of his shoulders. "The crisis has been coming on for months. The trouble is

that you are not interested in my life. You do not care in the least for my problems. I asked to you to be careful of expenses—and this fete is the answer."

"Now that is how unjust you can be!" she said, two red spots standing out in her cheeks. "Who wished me to give it, who suggested it, five months ago?"

"Then I wasn't worried."

"But I couldn't give it up after it was announced!"

"My dear Amy, you could do anything you wanted to, but you didn't want to. The trouble is, you don't love me."

"No; that's not the trouble," she cried angrily, for even at this moment she recoiled from pronouncing this tragic finality. "The trouble is that you are heartless and brutal, that you wish to order me about as you do one of your clerks, that you haven't any pity on me—that you are thoroughly selfish."

"I, selfish!" he said with a laugh, that came back to him with its ugly echo. "That is too much. The truth is we've reached the point most marriages arrive at. We are utterly apart and out of sympathy with each other. We don't look at things in the same way."

"It's your fault," she cried desperately.

"We won't discuss whose fault it is. The question is, what is to be done?"

"Done?" she cried, opening her

eyes. "Are you actually going to threaten me—now—at this moment?"

"I am not threatening anything. I am convinced that you are at the present moment simply carried away by flattery and adulation. I don't believe for a moment that there is anything serious. If I did—" he stopped, frowned at the leap of his pulses, passed his hand wearily over his forehead, and said, "But we have not come to that yet. At present I intend to protect myself."

"What do you mean?"

"I don't intend to wreck my life because you refuse to understand. In other words, in order to avoid bankruptcy—he repeated the word—bankruptcy—I shall put you on an allowance and insist that you keep to it. For the next year or two we will materially change our scale of living."

Her nerves, long taut, snapped at the vision of the future, which seemed the end of her ambitions. She burst into tears.

"You come in and spoil everything—you make me hate everything. You've spoiled it all now—all! And I was so happy!"

"Happy! Good God!" he thought. "When my heart is breaking! Who can talk to her—who can make her understand?"

He threw up his hands in the air in token of defeat and left the house.

(Continued Tomorrow.)

In the Good Old Days

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