

Ex-Omahian Shot Down in Rage by Foiled Holdups

David Harding, Formerly a Liquor Dealer Here, Near Death in Kansas City Hospital.

Dave H. Harding, former Omaha liquor dealer, now manager and one of the proprietors of the Liberty theater of Kansas City, was shot and dangerously wounded at 9:35 Wednesday morning when two bandits made a fruitless attempt to hold up the theater.

Louis and Ben Harding, Omaha brothers of David Harding Wednesday night for Kansas City. In a chase downtown through thousands of shoppers, one of the bandits was captured. The other escaped. Mr. Harding may die. He is in a Kansas City hospital.

The two robbers arrived at the theater building early in the morning. They stood about looking at pictures in the lobby. Two negro porters, Fred Reeves and Melon Wise, were busy cleaning the floor of the lobby. Reeves went upstairs to dust the manager's office. Wise went inside the theater to work.

The bandits mounted the stairs to the manager's office. Both drew revolvers on Reeves and commanded him to open the safe. He told them he did not know the combination. "Sit down there," one of them ordered. "We'll wait till some one comes who knows it."

Lock Porters In. Then the telephone rang and Wise went upstairs to answer it. "You sit down there, too," said one bandit, pointing to a chair beside Reeves. They closed the door, which was equipped with a catch lock opening only from the inside.

It was 8:05 o'clock. Then began an hour and a half wait with the porters held as prisoners in the office. At 9:35 Mr. Harding knocked on the door. One bandit, revolver in hand, opened the door, stepping behind it and using it as a shield. The other stood against the wall. As Mr. Harding entered the room he saw the man against the wall with the revolver in his hand.

Fires Through Door. Harding shouted and turned to flee. The man behind the door fired. The nose of the revolver was against the door. The bullet pierced the thickest part of the panel and entered the small of Harding's back.

Mr. Harding was born in New York. He went to Kansas City four years ago from Omaha and became associated with his brother, Sam Harding. Another brother, Louis K. Harding, lives here.

A telegram received yesterday noon stated one bullet had been removed and Harding had regained consciousness. He has a wife and three children.

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Marriage of Barry Wicklow

By RUBY M. AYRES

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(Continued from yesterday.) Barry shook his head. "No, thanks." He kept his eyes lowered. He was afraid that if he looked up, Hulbert would see the rage in them. "I'm taking her out to supper tonight," Hulbert went on, complacently.

He was a vain man, Barry had heard his boast before, scores of times, about his many conquests. "She's never been anywhere or seen anything, you know," the elder man went on. "It'll be sport to see what she thinks of London as I shall show it to her."

He blew a cloud of smoke into the air and smiled meaningly. "Where are you taking her?" Barry asked. He was surprised at the steadiness of his own voice. Hulbert shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know. There are so many places. You must come along one night, Wicklow, and see the fun."

"Thanks, I should like to." There was a moment's silence. "I suppose," Barry asked then, "I suppose she isn't married—or anything like that, eh?" "Married. Who? Little Hazel! Lord, no, I should say not! Why, she can't be more than about 18. She told me she'd lived in the country all her life, on a farm. I can't believe it. She looks as if she'd been brought up on cream and new-laid eggs."

Barry rose to his feet. His face was flushed. This man's careless words had driven him back to the night at Cleave Farm when he first kissed Hazel. It all came to him again so easily—the dusky evening, the faint scent of the hay, the touch of her soft hair against his face. He seemed to hear her voice.

"I never knew that I really loved you—till you kissed me." Well, she didn't love him now, at any rate. She must hate him very heartily to have so deliberately kept the fact of their marriage hidden. Norman and he had both thought her beneath them, but now it was Hazel who was not proud to have to admit she was Mrs. Barry Wicklow.

Hulbert touched his arm. "Dreaming! I've asked you twice what you'll have to drink." He strode on savagely. He could only think of Hazel in the company of this man and his friends; Hazel in a night-club; Hazel with her wild-rose face, one of a crowd such as Delia always had round her.

He had stayed away from her purposely all this fortnight. He had been so sure that she would be sorry and want him, but she had made no sign. She had just ignored him. He hardly knew that his steps had turned towards Delia's flat till he found himself at the door, but he went on and up in the lift and rang the bell.

Hazel was his wife, and it was the place of a man's wife to do as her husband wished. He kept on telling himself this as he waited for an answer to his ring. It seemed an eternity till the smart maid opened the door. Barry flushed beneath her quizzical eyes as he asked for Miss Hazel.

He had almost asked for Mrs. Wicklow, but just checked himself in time. He was not going to thrust his name upon her if she was unwilling to take it. Yes, she was in. If he would go to the drawing room.

Barry obeyed blindly. The blood was singing in his ears, and for a moment he could hardly see when at last he stood in Delia's gaudy room. There was a fire burning, and the couch with the golden cushions was drawn close to it. There was the same faint scent in the room which Barry loathed. He shook his shoulders distastefully as he went forward.

Hazel was sitting on a low stool on the hearth rug. She looked up startled when she heard his step; then she rose to her feet.

that she blushed whenever she was spoken to. There was no sign of agitation in her face now. Her blue eyes met his dispassionately. She was dressed all in black, but such smart black that somehow she did not look as if she were in mourning. Barry, glancing at her hands, saw that she wore no rings at all.

He ignored the chair she had offered. He went straight to his point. "I've just been talking to Hulbert—you know Hulbert. He tells me you are going on the stage under the management of that—that man Greaves."

He spoke a little breathlessly. "Well," said Hazel. "And what if I am?" "I won't have it, that's all," Barry answered, excitedly. "You're my wife and I won't have it. I tell you the stage is no place for you. I told you when I first met you that I hated it. I repeat it now, and I forbid you—I absolutely forbid you—to have anything to do with it or that man Greaves."

"Well, I am going to, all the same," she said, quietly. There was a little table standing at her elbow. It held Delia's cigarette case. Hazel put out her hands and took it up. She opened it with a little click and selected a cigarette. Barry watched her with burning eyes.

If he had only known it, Hazel had never smoked a cigarette in the whole course of her life, but the longing to hurt him, to shock him, put the thought into her head. She held the cigarette daintily towards him. "Please give me a light."

Barry stood quite still for a moment. Then he leaned forward, and, snatching it out of her hand, threw it into the fire. "How dare you smoke!" he said, furiously. "I hate to see a woman smoke. Don't you ever let me see you do it again."

She raised her eyebrows. "How very absurd!" she said, amusedly. She put out her hand again towards the silver case, but Barry was before her. He snatched it up and sent it flying across the room. "I suppose you're trying to copy your estimable cousin," he said, bitterly. "If you are, you're behaving like a little fool. I thought better of you, Hazel." His voice softened wonderfully. "Oh, my dear," he said, pleadingly.

She rose to her feet, frowning pettishly. "Why do you come here? I told you I never wanted to see you again, and I meant it. I'm quite happy. Why can't you leave me alone? I thought you understood that it was all over between us."

"All over when you're my wife!" She would not look at him. "I never should have married you if I'd known. You know that. We can forget all about it. I haven't interfered with you."

"I wish to God you would!" Barry exclaimed, hoarsely. "What he had most dreaded had come to pass. Hazel was adopting Delia's life. She was quite happy in her new surroundings; quite happy without him."

Instead of this last fortnight tightening his hold of her, it had relaxed it. There was no longer a place for him in her life. She was standing twisting her fingers together, and frowning. She seemed like a stranger to him. He could not believe that she was the little girl who had been so happy with him down at Cleave Farm.

not give him time to answer; she rushed on. "It can be done. I know it can. Delia says so, too. She knew a girl who got tired of her husband, and—" She stopped, arrested by something in Barry Wicklow's face.

"Don't quote Delia to me," he broke out passionately. "I might have known what it would be! I'd no right to have allowed you to come here. I always hate the thought of you living with her."

Hazel shrugged her shoulders. "We don't need to argue about that," she said with a touch of impatience. "I like it; I've never been so happy in my life." But her voice wavered a little as if she did not quite mean what she said. "I always wanted to live in London. I can't think how I ever put up with Cleave Farm for so long."

Barry covered the ground between them in a stride; he took her by the shoulders and shook her. "How dare you say such things? I can hardly recognize you, Hazel. What in heaven's name has changed you so? It's not three weeks since we were so happy together. I won't believe that any woman could change so quickly."

She looked at him with hard eyes. "If I have changed it's your fault," she told him. "I was happy with you. I did love you; I thought you were the most wonderful man in the world." Her voice quivered a little, and she laughed quickly to hide her unwilling emotion. "I was an idiot! I suppose I ought to have guessed that you were not what I thought. Delia says that men never are what you think them. I wish I had listened to Uncle Joe—oh, I wish I had!"

Barry released her violently. "Barry wished to heaven you had, too," he said, with sudden passion. "If you think it's any pleasure to me to be tied to a woman who hates the sight of me, you're mistaken. I should like to be free as much as you—perhaps more. But you must have out of your mind to think that such a thing can be done. We're married, and we've got to make the best of it. I could make you live with me if I chose; the law is on my side."

Hazel laughed scornfully. "All the law in the world wouldn't make me live with you. I don't know why you came here—I didn't want to see you—I was quite happy."

"I came here to forbid you to have anything to do with Hulbert and men like him; they're no fit for you to mix with. Hulbert tells me he's taking you out to supper; well, I forbid you to go."

Hazel did not answer: she went back to the sofa and picked up the magazine she had been reading. "Did you ever see what I said?" Barry demanded after a moment.

She raised her eyes for a second, and dropped them again. "I should think every one in the flat must have heard," she retorted. (Continued in The Bee Tomorrow.)

Common Sense Are You Made of "Quitter" Stuff? Are you one of the "quitters"? Instead of marshalling your strength—mental and physical—you just naturally give up and quit. You would rather fail than make the effort needed to win! If you are a person of this sort, have you not come to see that if you had shut your teeth with grit and a fighting spirit, and resolutely fought with every enemy, that might you now have lost? If you are a boy, and you want some real man to take an interest in you, you have got to show a fighting spirit to overcome. You may need a friend to lend you money some day, to speak a good word for you, to help you to a big position, to back you at college. Every boy and every man needs friends who really know him. If these friends can say, "there is a man in you who will hang on and never give up till he wins," the tide is going to turn his way, and he is going to get a chance in the world. But the one who sagged, and lagged back and quit—what can be said for him or for her? Well, just that—but the interest is gone. Tramps are made of "quitter" stuff, so get more ambition than a tramp. Copyright, 1922.

Army Equipment Valued at \$100,000 Taken at Ft. Bliss

Captain in Engineers Arrested by Order of General in Command—Charges Filed.

El Paso, Tex., Aug. 3.—Department of Justice agents were attempting to recover more than \$100,000 worth of government property alleged to have been taken in the last three months from Fort Bliss without proper authority. The search followed the arrest Tuesday at the army post of Capt. Clifford E. Black of the Eighth engineer regiment by order of Gen. Robert L. Howe, commander at Fort Bliss.

Army officials refused to reveal the exact nature of the charge against Capt. Black. H. R. Gamble, special United States attorney here, said that charges would be filed Thursday in federal court against the captain.

Capt. Black was in command of a detail which for months has been collecting and assembling surplus army equipment at Fort Bliss, the largest cavalry post in the United States. Hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of supplies which were to be sold at auction, were stored there.

Gus Morsen, president of a local hardware firm, told Department of Justice agents that he had purchased \$2,800 worth of steam radiators from the captain. He said that the captain told him he was authorized by the government to make the sale. Five members of the \$20,000 and \$25,000 worth of equipment alleged to have been taken from the fort to an El Paso warehouse. Thirteen wagons and three auto trucks were needed to transport the supplies from the warehouse to the post.

Members of the detail of Capt. Black's company—Sergt. R. A. Ferguson, J. E. Fitch, E. J. Edmonds and E. J. Moore—were held by military police for investigation in connection with the case. They were arrested in Capt. Black's automobile Monday.

Woman Held as Postal Embezzler Shortage of \$798.40 Reported; Carelessness Is Blamed by Attorney.

Mrs. Maud L. Ballard, postmistress at Bartlett, Wheeler county, Nebraska, was ordered taken into custody by federal authorities on a complaint charging her with embezzlement of \$798.40.

Mrs. Ballard's husband is employed as her postal clerk. They have several children. Mrs. Ballard's shortages have accrued over a long period, according to George A. Keyser, assistant United States attorney, who filed the complaint.

"Several shortages are due to carelessness, but much of the funds is simply unaccounted for," he said. The postoffice in Bartlett is operated in connection with a general store, not owned by Mrs. Ballard. She was removed from office last week, but no report of her successor has yet been made to the local postoffice.

Postal inspectors uncovered the shortages. A \$250 shortage in postage stamp money was made up by Mrs. Ballard's bondsmen. It was learned from local postal officials. The shortage with which she is now charged is for money orders. Mrs. Ballard held the office of postmistress for more than eight years. She did not receive a regular salary, but was paid according to the number of letters cancelled from her office, which is fourth class.

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August Sale Price, at **23.75**

Push-the-button Royal easy reclining chair equipped with foot rest. In golden oak and mahogany finished frame.

\$39 Fireside Wing Chair



August Sale Price, **29.75**

Large spring edge wing chair with loose spring filled cushion seat; upholstered in tapestry and velour.

What Buick Did Aug. 1st

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