

TRAINING SCHOOL FOR PLAY LEADERS

Recreation Superintendent English Will Hold Playground Institute March 13 to May 18.

EXPERTS TO GIVE LECTURES

Superintendent English of the Recreation board announces he will hold the Omaha Playground Institute at Central High school, from 7 to 8:30 p. m., Monday and Thursday evenings, March 13 to May 18.

The purpose of the institute will be to train those who expect to work in this or other cities as supervisors of public playgrounds. It is not expected the institute will turn out perfectly trained play leaders, but will impart some knowledge of child nature, of the conditions under which children grow, of the meaning and functions of play, and something of the technique of stimulating and directing the play impulses. It is intended to provide a practical training which will be required of play leaders in Omaha next summer.

The lecturers and instructors of the institute will be Dr. W. O. Henry, Mary I. Wallace of University of Nebraska, Dr. Solon R. Towne, Principal Masters of Central High school, Hess I. Dunsmuir of University of Nebraska, C. H. English, superintendent of the Recreation board, R. E. Carns, supervisor of physical culture in public schools; Florence Clark and E. S. Wyckoff. Special lectures will be given by A. W. Miller, probation officer; J. B. Hummel, city commissioner; Huldah Peterson, state director of boys and girls club work; Karl P. Adams, principal of High School of Commerce; Karl L. Schreiber, superintendent of the Welfare board; I. E. Gittings, University of Nebraska; Joy Higgins, secretary of the Audubon society; Judge Estelle of the district court.

Three Times Glass Door is Smashed at the Postoffice

For the third time within a month the big plate glass in one of the doors leading into the postoffice was smashed Wednesday night.

Twice it has been smashed at night and once on Sunday, and in spite of the racket made by the falling glass the glass smasher has not been found.

The glass is very heavy and measures about two by six feet. It is believed to be the work of some monomaniacal person.

Argue Motion for New Trial for Art Hauser on March 4

A motion for a new trial for Art Hauser, convicted of the murder of W. H. Smith, Woodmen of the World cashier, will be argued before District Judge Sears on March 4. The plea for another trial will be made by Attorney Richard S. Horton, public defender. County Attorney Magney will resist the motion. Hauser was convicted before the late Judge English, whose death transferred the motion for a new trial to Judge Sears' docket.

Connell and Dunn Appear in Court

Health Commissioner R. W. Connell and Chief of Police Henry W. Dunn appeared before Judge Leslie in district court Thursday afternoon, to try to show cause why they should not be restrained from enforcing the health board rule, excluding small children from motion picture theaters. Their appearance was ordered by Judge Sears, when twenty-one managers of photo theaters asked for an injunction to stop the officers in their alleged discrimination against the movie men.

After hearing arguments of Attorneys von Dorn, for the movie men, and Attorney Lambert for the city officials, Judge Leslie continued the hearing till this morning.

Decision of Omaha Court is Upheld

The decree of the United States supreme court in the case of the Ekman Manufacturing company has been received here. It affirms the decree of the Omaha division of the federal court rendered in this case December 10, 1915.

The government charged the defendant company with misbranding its product contrary to the food and drugs act. The medicine, it was stated by the makers, is "effective as a preventive of pneumonia." Also this statement: "We know that it has cured and that it will cure tuberculosis."

Both of these statements the supreme court finds to be misbranding.

Fee Grabber Smith On the Defensive

"Bob" Smith, clerk of the district court, is on the defensive. Seizing on Judge Sears' decision, allowing him to hang onto \$3,000 in naturalization fees, as a life-saver, he has had a large number of copies of the judge's decision printed, ready to go out by mail.

"I'm having many inquiries," he explains, "so thought I'd save writing letters by just mailing out copies."

"Bob" has had several thousand printed and of course says he is not sending them to voters, or using them for campaign purposes.

ROSCOE CRICHLAW BOUND OVER TO DISTRICT COURT

Roscoe Criclow, charged with the larceny of goods belonging to boarders at the home of Mrs. J. C. McKenzie, 417 Park avenue, was arraigned in police court and bound over to the district court on a charge of grand larceny, with bonds fixed at \$750.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS

James McDonald, business man of North Platte, is visiting the automobile show.

The Strange Case of Mary Page

By Frederick Lewis, Author of "What Happened to Mary" :: Pictures by Essanay

SYNOPSIS. Mary Page, actress, is accused of the murder of David Pollock and is defended by her lover, Philip Langdon. Pollock was intoxicated. At Mary's trial she admits she had the revolver. Her maid testifies that Mary threatened Pollock with it previously, and Mary's leading implicates Langdon. How Mary disappeared from the scene of the crime is a mystery. Brandon tells of a strange hand print he saw on Mary's shoulder. Further evidence shows that horror of drink produces temporary insanity in Mary. The defense is "repressed psychosis." Witnesses described Mary's flight from her intoxicated father and her father's suicide.

(Continued from Wednesday.)

CHAPTER VI.

The Nurse's Story. "I-I felt that I ought to know what he looked like that I might make no mistake, so I went down the hall towards the reception room. As I reached the door, however, it was opened, and Mr. Pollock stepped out. At sight of me he paused, then asked me if I was Miss Page's nurse. I said I was, and he motioned me to come into the reception room with him."

She was speaking slowly, as one who must choose her words with extreme care, lest she be misinterpreted. The law would not let her explain the thoughts and impulses that had inspired her seemingly inexplicable conduct. Langdon had told her that, and so she must, she felt, tell with a caution that was unnatural of the events of that long-ago day.

"When we were in the reception room, Mr. Pollock told me that he was the fiancée of Miss Page, and that Mr. Langdon was taking advantage of Miss Page's nervous condition to influence her against him. He told me that—that he would make it well worth my while to help him remove her to another sanatorium which had been selected by her mother, and indeed, on the fact that Mrs. Page had not come with her daughter as indicating dissatisfaction with Dr. Foster's hospital."

"Did you agree to help him?"

"A hot flush dyed her cheeks, and her fingers nervously fumbled her gloves as she answered softly.

"What instructions did he give you?"

"He—he told me to give Miss Page a sleeping draught that night, and said that when the hospital was quiet he would have his automobile outside and if I would let him in, he would carry Miss Page to it, and take her to the other sanatorium. He also asked me if I would take the case, as a private nurse, and when I said yes, he wrote the name down on a piece of paper for me."

"Do you mean," interrupted the judge, "that you were ready to throw up your position with Dr. Foster, and allow one of his patients to be stolen from his sanatorium, without investigating the truth of the man's statements?"

"You mean about Mr. Langdon?" she stammered. "Oh—I-I knew that was not true. I-I agreed because of—a certain plan I had in mind."

His honor sat back with the shrug of one who dismisses the possibility of understanding the other sex, as Langdon asked:

"Did Mr. Pollock leave immediately after giving you the address of the new sanatorium?"

"No. He heard Dr. Foster and Mr. Langdon speaking and slipped through one of the French windows and stood on the veranda till they had passed the door of the reception room; then he came back and told me to administer the sleeping powder at 10, as he would be there at 11. Then—he—he led me to expect that he would pay me well and left."

"Miss Walton, do you recall the name of the sanatorium to which Mr. Pollock wished to take Miss Page?"

"Yes, it was Prof. Zellar's sanatorium at Ortonville."

"Did you carry out your plans for that night?"

"No. The plan I had formed miscarried, because of the watchfulness of Mr. Langdon, who unwittingly hindered me."

"Will you tell the court, Miss Walton, just what did happen that night?"

Again she hesitated, and her nervous fingers pulled at her gloves, but at last like a diver taking a plunge she said quickly:

"I gave Miss Page a sleeping-draught at 10 o'clock and then put on my own hat and laid my cloak ready. At 11 I went down to the reception room and unlocked one of the French windows which were almost immediately opened by Mr. Pollock. He followed me back to the bedroom, and picking up Miss Page whom I had carefully wrapped in blankets he carried her out to his automobile. As soon as he was on the veranda I closed the window and started to run to the front of the house, but I was stopped by Mr. Langdon, who was spending the night at the sanatorium and had already discovered Miss Page's absence. He—he caught me by the arm and demanded to know where she was. I tried to get away—because—because moments were precious just then, but he wouldn't let go and finally I told him that Mr. Pollock had just carried

while I went boldly up to the door and rang the bell. I asked to see either Dr. Zellar or Mr. Pollock, and was taken into an office, where both men were sitting. Mr. Pollock seemed relieved to see me, as he said Miss Page was very much excited and had been sobbing and screaming, but he was obviously suspicious of me. I—I told him, however, that I had had a fierce battle with Langdon to hold him back from pursuing them, and that it was he who had fired the shots; so at last he seemed convinced and took me up to Miss Page's room. She was hysterical and feverish and clung to me desperately. She was sitting on the edge of her bed, in a narrow room whose windows were heavily barred, while the door had not only a lock, but two bolts as well."

"Was Miss Page locked in when you got to her room?"

"Yes, and Mr. Pollock would have locked us both in, had it not been that I protested, saying that if Miss Page grew violent in the night I must be free to get out and call for help. But even though he left the door unlocked he lingered just outside for a long time, and I was unable either to soothe Miss Page or give the signal for fear of arousing his suspicions. At last I heard him go downstairs, and I told Miss Page that Dr. Foster and Mr. Langdon were outside, and when she had sunk back crying with relief I carried the lamp to the window and gave the signal. Then I started down stairs to let the men in."

"Were the halls deserted?"

"Yes, both deserted and dark. But just as I was slipping back the bolts of the front door, the door to the office was opened by an attendant and in the light that streamed out he could see me plainly. I tried to slip the last bolt before he could reach me, but it was stiff and I couldn't move it. With an oath he grabbed me by the arm and dragged me into the office. Both Dr. Zellar and Mr. Pollock were there, and he told them what I had been doing. At that Mr. Pollock grabbed me and shook me and demanded to know what I was up to. He hurt me and frightened me so, I couldn't think of anything to say and just screamed, thinking that those outside would hear me and break in. They did hear me, for they began to hammer on the door and demand entrance, and I screamed again. But at that Mr. Pollock clapped his hand over my mouth and Dr. Zellar caught my wrists, and between them they dragged me into a little room beyond the office and flung me into a chair. Then I saw that Dr. Zellar had a revolver in his hand and he thrust it into my face, promising to do for me if I made any noise. They went out and locked the door, but as soon as they were gone I ran to it and listened, and I heard the doctor tell his assistant (the one who caught me at the door) to go upstairs and watch 'the girl.' Then he and Mr. Pollock had a conference and decided to let Dr. Foster and Mr. Langdon in, but to deny that Miss Page was there. 'I'll go upstairs and wait till you get rid of them,' said Mr. Pollock. Then I heard a door close and everything was quiet."

"How long did that silence last?"

"Only a few moments. Soon I heard Dr. Foster's voice saying, 'Miss Page has been forcibly dragged from my sanatorium and brought here. I demand her instant release, and I have my car outside to take her back to the hospital.' At that Dr. Zellar laughed sneeringly and said, 'Is it your usual method of getting patients to run about at night and kidnap them from rival sanatoriums?' I could hear Dr. Foster give a little muttered oath of anger, but Mr. Langdon broke in sharply, saying, 'This is no time for listening to any tomfoolery from you, Zellar—what we want is Miss Page, and, by heaven, I'll get her out of here, if I have to kill you and break down every door in the place.' 'Even that wouldn't get her,' said Dr. Zellar, 'for this Miss Page, as you call her, is not here.' 'You lie!' shouted Langdon, 'we know she is. The nurse has already signalled us to that effect.' 'I'm afraid your friend has been drinking a little too much,' sneered Zellar, speaking, apparently, to Dr. Foster, for it was the latter who answered: 'I suppose,' he said dryly, 'that you will deny also that a woman screamed to us for help a few minutes ago.' 'One of the patients had a nightmare,' said Zellar, but he spoke unseeingly, and suddenly Mr. Langdon shouted, 'Nurse Walton! Nurse Walton!' And in answer I beat upon the door and cried, 'In here! In here!' Almost instantly it seemed I heard the sound of running feet, and the door was unlocked and I stumbled out almost into Mr. Langdon's arms. But before we could either of us move away from the spot:

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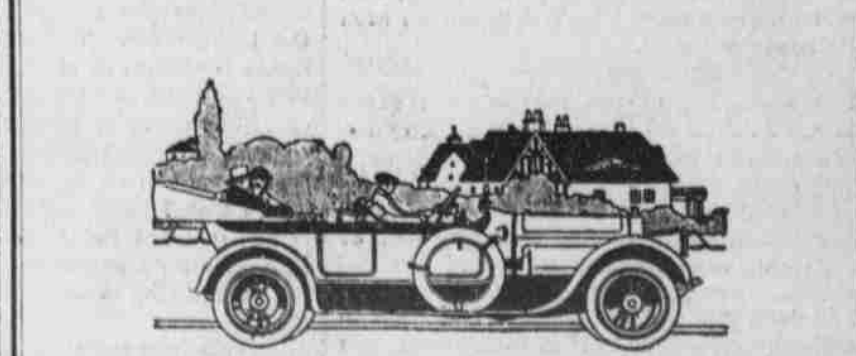
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