

Hitchcock-Bryan Combine Scored by Dan Butler

Commissioner Has Letter Asking Democratic Support of "Wet-Dry" Team—Asks Explanation.

City Commissioner Dan R. Butler, candidate for the democratic nomination for governor, yesterday denounced the Hitchcock-Bryan combination which is endeavoring to unite these two machines behind a double-headed ticket in the forthcoming primary.

Butler has a letter on stationery of the democratic state committee and carrying the name of J. S. McCarty as vice chairman. The letter calls upon all democrats to support the Hitchcock-Bryan "wet-dry" combine. It promises that the daily press of the state will be solidly behind the two.

"What I want now," said Butler, "is positive word from Hitchcock and Bryan as to whether or not they are behind this move. If they are, they are acting directly against the primary law, which the democratic party claims to have fostered. The spirit of that law is that the voter choose his own candidates without combination or intimidation. If they are not behind this move, I expect them to aid in revealing its origin."

"They say the press will be behind Hitchcock and Bryan. Can they muzzle the newspapers? What is their power and where do they get this confidence?"

Defendant Tried Without Lawyer

Booze Charge Dismissed When Judge Rules Search Warrant Faulty.

Sylvester "Vet" Conklin, Thurston county farmer, got along without a lawyer when the United States case against him on a liquor charge came up for trial yesterday.

"You'll get just as fair a trial without a lawyer as with one," Federal Judge Woodrough assured Conklin when his lawyer failed to appear.

He did. So did John H. Binder, Indian agent, on whose complaint "Vet" was arrested for illegal possession of a barrel of mash.

But the truth Binder told—that he obtained a search warrant without any one having sworn to a purchase of liquor in Conklin's domicile before—won a verdict in favor of the defendant.

"The search warrant was illegally obtained; therefore, I discharge the case," the judge announced. "Officers cannot search a man's home on mere hearsay."

J. C. Kinsler, United States attorney, acted as prosecutor in the absence of his assistant, George Key, whose father is dangerously ill at St. Joseph's hospital. The sick man, John Keyser, 425 Park, is an old employe in the railway mail service.

Four Accidents Mar Fourth in Lincoln
Lincoln, Neb., July 5.—(Special Telegram).—Five persons were injured in four accidents, while celebrating Independence day here.

Henrietta Sitzman, 4, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Sitzman, sustained a fractured skull and other injuries when she was run over by an automobile driven by Herbert Hansch, 12.

Frank Rehurek, 1414 William street, Omaha, was severely injured when another car collided with his machine near Havlock at 4 this morning. He was taken to a Havlock hospital where attendants believe he will recover.

Nowhere

(Continued From Yesterday.)

"Lord!" she said disgustedly. "What a puppy!" She looked at Violet. "Are you going to marry that?" she asked, amazed.

Violet raised her heavy eyes. "He's got Ronnie!" she said tonelessly. "He's Ronnie's father; he's got Ronnie; and Ronnie cries all day—"

"Oh!" Olive was puzzled. She sat down on the edge of the table and stared frowningly at the floor. "He's Ronnie's father, is he? Well, what about the other man, then? What about Ronald Hastings? I don't see where he comes in!"

She thought of the paper she had taken from Violet's drawer—the paper which was even now locked up in her own box. It was all certainly very mystifying.

Violet explained as well as she could. The words sounded parrot-like, as if she had learned them by heart. Olive listened and watched her. Suddenly she left her seat on the table, she crossed the room.

"Here," she said, not unkindly. "You're going to be ill; get into bed, and you shall have the kid. I'll see that you have him. You're not fit to sit up on earth's matter with you."

Violet began to sob; she was utterly wrought and ill; the first kind word broke her down entirely. Olive helped her into bed, then she called Mrs. Higgins.

"Look here," she said. "You've got to stay with Violet; she's real bad. I'm just going out to do a bit of business on my own. I shan't be long."

She ran up the stairs to her room and dressed hurriedly. She took a paper from her locked box—the paper that had been given to Ronnie's habby little frock—thrust it into her satchel and went quickly downstairs again.

At the front door she met a telegraph boy. He handed her a yellow envelope. It was addressed to herself. Olive tore it open agitatedly. When she read this one through she gave a sigh of relief. It was short but business-like.

"Regret inform you my poor wife died yesterday. Will you see me?"—Gatwick.

Olive suppressed a chuckle. "No answer," she said laconically. The boy went off whistling.

Olive read the message through again. She sighed suddenly as she thought of Mr. Green, of the ribbon department, with his undying devotion. She decided that she would make him head floorwalker in the dress and mantle department. It had always been the height of his ambition.

But she felt far from happy as she walked down the road in the warm spring evening. For almost the first time she was beginning to realize that perhaps, after all there were things to be had out of life which one could not possibly buy with pounds, shilling and pence.

She was young, and Mr. Gatwick was—how old? She did not like to think, but the remembrance that when she first entered his drapery emporium she had disrespectfully dubbed him "the old codger" came back to her now rather unpleasantly.

She had a great deal if he had been tall and handsome and smartly dressed like Hastings. She wondered how soon she would be expected—as the second Mrs. Gatwick—to stay at home and read bits out of the paper for her husband's amusement.

She knew well that Mr. Gatwick intended to propose to her. THE ADVERTISEMENT.

pleasurable anticipation was something marred by the thought of poor Mr. Green of the ribbon department. She hoped sincerely that he would not do anything foolish. He was so fond of hitting at a sudden and horrible death he did not realize that the man who commits suicide seldom or never threatens it.

When she neared the corner where the omnibuses passed to the West End she ran into a man coming breathlessly in her direction. He was short and apologetic looking, and he breathed heavily as he had been running hard.

"Gracious!" said Olive. "Edward!" It was Mr. Green himself. The poor little man was almost overcome at sight of her. He looked very much as if he would have liked to burst into relieved tears.

He gulped hard and passed a gayly colored handkerchief across his hot forehead. Olive regarded him quizzically. He was not looking his best by any means, and somehow, at sight of his hot red face and colorless eyes, like a hot wire finds himself all at once out of the water. "Where are you going? May I walk a little way with you?"

Olive hesitated. "I was going up to Mr. Hastings—Mr. Ronald Hastings," she answered with elaborate care. "You can come a little way if you like. Is anything the matter?"

Mr. Green turned eagerly to walk beside her. He slipped off the curb as he did so, and the sudden shock sent his hat spinning into the road. He was extraordinary that he nearly always managed to make himself at all ridiculous when he was most anxious to appear at his best. Olive turned her head away to hide a smile.

"No, there's nothing the matter; at least I hope not." Mr. Green recovered his bowler, rubbed it vigorously on the sleeve of his coat and planted it firmly on his head.

"At least I hope not," he repeated again, with a sort of dread. He looked up at Olive. She was several inches taller than he. "Olive, Mrs. Gatwick's dead."

"Is that all?" Olive looked annoyed and relieved together. "What a fuss about nothing! Have you raced up all this way, and nearly killed yourself, to tell me that?"

"I thought you'd like to know." "Why?" The monosyllabic question was icy.

"Because, oh, Olive, you know why quite well. Mr. Gatwick has always admired you. He means to ask you to marry him. I know he does; and then what will become of me?"

"Don't be so stupid," Olive spoke impatiently; she could not tolerate Mr. Green when he whined. "Supposing Mr. Gatwick does propose to me, I'm not obliged to accept him, am I?"

"That," said Mr. Green tragically, "is what I want to know." Olive quickened her steps. "I think you're very impatient. It's no business of yours. Oh, for heaven's sake stop sniveling!" she added angrily as poor little Mr. Green gave a sob. "Do you think I want to be seen walking down the street with a weeping man? I'm going to get on a bus here. I've very important business with Mr. Hastings."

Mr. Green had forgotten his fancied jealousy of Ronald Hastings in the terror of the new and much more real one which now threatened his happiness. He caught Olive's hand as she would have turned away. He held it in his hot, throbbing clasp.

"Olive, no man will ever love you as I have!" Olive looked at him. He was a very pitiable object. His loose lips quivered, tears stood in his eyes, his head broken loose from its moorings and shifted round toward his left ear. Olive snatched her hand away from him with a sort of impatience.

"I should hope not," she said. "I never want to be loved in your way again. She jumped on a passing bus and left him standing there looking after her with misty eyes."

The meeting had ruffled her. She wished to goodness she had not seen him, and yet she knew that there was truth in what he said—that no man would ever again love her so well as he had done!

When Alfred Suture left Mrs. Higgins and the ugly street where all the houses looked alike he went straight to Park Lane. He did not often visit Ronald Hastings, but when he did it always meant the same thing—money. It meant that now.

and—how the devil dare you speak to me in this manner?" he blustered. Hastings turned away. He hated himself for his loss of self-control. After all, why should it be a lie? There was a moment's silence. Suture preened himself—he felt that he had scored heavily.

"I'm beastly sorry if I'm treading on your corns," he said, bumptiously. "She's a ripping sort, simply ripping, but—well, she prefers me, I suppose, and so—"

"What do you want me to do?" The words cut the silence like a knife. Hastings' hands were clenched. "My dear boy, I don't want you to do anything. But you offered, and you know what a poverty-stricken beggar I always am—and poor little Violet's ill."

"Yes, jolly ill, she's in bed. They sent her home from the hat shop. She's very bad, and that wretched room of hers—"

"Go on," he said hoarsely. "I thought," he began jauntily, "if you could see your way to—"

Hastings was glaring at him, white-faced and violet-tinged. "You liar!" he said between his teeth.

Suture scrambled to his feet. He had flushed a dull red. He thought Hastings was going to knock him down.

"Tell you yourself," he protested, hotly. "I tell you it's the truth. I knew her years ago. We were engaged, and—"

Ronald kept him waiting 10 minutes. He was in evening dress when he came in. He nodded curtly in recognition of his cousin's look. He never quite knew why he allowed him to sponge upon him, except that it was his nature to be generous. The hardest thing in the world was for Ronald Hastings to say no when any one asked for help.

He had more money than he could spend. Sometimes he was ashamed when he realized the extent of his wealth. He did a tremendous lot of good unostentatiously.

Suture went back to his easy chair. He liked to pretend to feel at home in his cousin's house. He knew it annoyed Hastings.

"I've got some news for you," he said. "And—may I have a cigaret?" He took one from a silver box on

the table and lit it with great care. "Fact is," he resumed, puffing smoke into the air, "fact is, I'm going to be married."

Hastings made no comment. He stood leaning against the mantelpiece, staring after him awkwardly. "You promised you know," Suture went on rather awkwardly, "you promised you'd give me a start when I—"

He did not like his cousin's silence. Hastings looked at him through his eyes. Suture envied him that eyes-glass. He could not wear one himself.

"Who is the lady?" he asked, curtly. Suture brightened. He was pleased with this faint show of interest.

"She's a jolly nice girl," he answered, fatuously. "I've known her all my life—on and off—though it's more than three years now since I ran across her. We were engaged then, but—well, we had a little difference. However, it's all cleared up now, and she's going to marry me. Her name is Violet—Violet Ingleby—and it's an odd coincidence, dear boy, that she's been working at your own shop—the hat shop place. Of course, I shall take her out of that, but—I say, what's the row?"

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stopped as some one tapped at the door. (Continued in The Bee tomorrow.)

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Designed in Paris and made in New York, exclusively for J. L. Brandeis & Sons, a great many extreme, new styles in fashionable footwear are being shown here for the first time.

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Patent leather pump with red kid inlay and red kid-covered heels.

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If you want something absolutely new and different in footwear to wear with your smartest frock, visit our Shoe Department and give us the pleasure of showing you these delightful novelties.

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Pennsylvania VACUUM CUP

CORD AND FABRIC TIRES AND "TON TESTED" TUBES

For Instance—

VACUUM CUP TIRES:
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32x4 CORD \$29.25

"TON TESTED" TUBES:
30x3 1/2 - \$1.95
32x4 - \$3.95

Remember - Reduction Applies to ALL SIZES - Quality Unchanged

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JOHN W. THOMAS, well-known insurance man of Wilmington, Del., who declares Tanlac promptly overcame his stubborn stomach trouble and run-down condition following two attacks of influenza. Gains weight and now feels fine.

Bowen's

THE VALUE GIVING STORE



Before-Inventory Sale

The last week in July, we take inventory and the less merchandise we have on hand at that time the better off we are. In order to reduce our stocks to the minimum we have gone through and made big reductions on odds and ends, broken lots and in many cases on items that we have too large a number of, so that during this sale you can buy furniture, rugs, draperies, stoves and home furnishings at prices that are exceptionally

Value-Giving



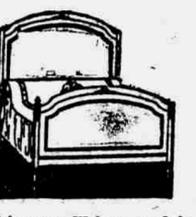
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Aluminum Tea Kettles **\$1.45**

Aluminum Stew Pans **85c**

Galvanized Tubs **65c**

Brooms **29c**

Galvanized Pails **19c**

Adam McMullen Speaks
Beatrice, Neb., July 5.—(Special).—Adam McMullen, candidate for governor on the republican ticket, spoke at Superior yesterday, and Gen. Colby, candidate for supreme judge, spoke at Chester.

R. E. Dale Is Elected Head of Blue Springs School
Beatrice, Neb., July 5.—(Special).—R. E. Dale has been elected superintendent of the Blue Springs schools and Miss Viva Kinney, principal. Other teachers named are Erna Shotwell, Alice Vernon, Margaret Anderson and Mabel Ethel Madison.

De Molay Chapter at Ord
Instituted With 41 Boys
Ord, Neb., July 5.—(Special).—A chapter of DeMolay was instituted here with a membership of 41 boys. The work was conferred by Grand Island chapter, Zoro D. Clark, master grand councillor for the state of Nebraska, delivered a fine address in the evening to the parents of the boys and members of the Eastern Star and Masonic bodies.

Dry Weather Needed
Beatrice, Neb., July 5.—(Special).—Nearly four inches of moisture has fallen at this place the past week and farmers say that dry weather is needed so that they can finish the wheat harvest. It is estimated that about 20 per cent of the wheat has not been cut. Enough moisture has fallen to carry the corn almost through the month of July. Prospects are good for a corn crop.