

Police Seeking 'Other Woman' in Shooting Case

Man Held on Charge of Wounding Bride Declares Injury Self-Inflicted.

Lincoln, July 26.—(Special Telegram)—Police today were waiting return of pretty Heneritta Kramer, the "other woman" in the mystery growing out of the shooting of Mrs. Sarah Duhling, three months ago at Homer Duhling, Sunday night. Miss Kramer was reported to be in Wyoming on a vacation and is expected in Lincoln in a few days.

Duhling was arrested last night, charged with attempting to murder his bride while she was sleeping with her 4-year-old son by a former husband. Duhling maintains that his wife either shot herself accidentally or purposely with a revolver lying on a chair on his side of the bed. He was released on \$5,000 bond.

Lum Doyle, assistant county attorney, declared that the prosecution would attempt to show that Duhling always loved Miss Kramer and married his wife through fear. Doyle also has information that last week Mrs. Duhling wrote a letter to Miss Kramer telling her to keep away from Duhling.

At the Duhling home this morning, the husband's mother, Laura Duhling said:

"Homer wouldn't hurt a yellow dog. He's always gotten into trouble by being too kindhearted. Before Homer was married, his wife asked if there was any money in the family."

Officials were surprised at noon today when they went to the hospital to interview Mrs. Duhling and found her husband sitting at the bedside holding her hands. Only yesterday she gave officials information which caused his arrest.

Posse After Bank Bandits.

Hazlet, S. D., July 26.—The sheriff of Hand county with posse is searching for five bandits who blew the safe in the State bank of Hazlet, near here, early today and escaped with \$9,000 in cash and \$40,000 in securities.



Use RESINOL for a clear skin and good hair

For a skin that is excessively oily, and has coarse, clogged pores, or one that is disfigured by an annoying eruption, there is nothing better than RESINOL. Bathe first with RESINOL SOAP then apply RESINOL OINTMENT and you can be reasonably sure of a speedy and remarkable improvement.

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It's Neuritis! Not Rheumatism

That sharp, stabbing pain in the upper arm, about the shoulder blade, in the nape of the neck, along the forearm or down in the thigh and leg, is often Neuritis—not Rheumatism.

If you have severe frontal headache with a feeling that something is twitching or pulling at the eyeballs—a dull, aching pain in the back, accompanied by an occasional shooting pain in the side—numbness or tingling in the fingers or "itches" of pain here and there, the chances are the your trouble is Neuritis.

No matter where your pain is located, you can get prompt relief without taking bromides, narcotics or other dope. Take a few Tysmol Tablets in hot water, according to directions. Tysmol is guaranteed harmless. It helps to soothe and heal the weak, inflamed nerves.

Don't suffer any longer. Get a \$1 package of Tysmol Tablets from Sherman & McConnell, or any reliable druggist. Tysmol Co., Mfg. Chemists, 400 Sutter Street, San Francisco.

Annual Lawn Social

Given by ST. PATRICKS PARISH

At League Park, 15th and Vinton, Thursday Evening, July 27

Features of the evening a base ball game at 6 p. m., athletic events, dancing and refreshments. The admission, 25c, entitles you to refreshments.

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A Friend to the Home and a Dependable Traveling Companion

Marriage of Barry Wicklow

By RUBY M. AYRES
Copyright, 1922.

(Continued From Yesterday.)

"Before I ever kissed you," Barry supplemented audaciously.

He kissed her again. He felt in his pocket for the special license. "Do you know what that is?"

She glanced at it and shook her head.

"It's a special license," Barry explained, "by which you and I may get married at any time of the day or night anywhere in England. I took it down to Bedmund this morning and had to bring it back again. Well, what do you say?"

"She was looking at him with wide eyes. "Married! You and I?"

"Yes, please," said Barry.

"Oh!" she said her face, suddenly shy.

"We're going to be ever so happy," he urged. "I haven't much money but if you really care about me—"

Apparently there was no doubt about that. Barry's susceptible heart beat fast as he drew his hands down and saw the look in her eyes. "But—mother and Uncle Joe—"

"I've told your mother," Barry answered. "And she didn't mind at all. As a matter of fact, I think she was quite pleased, and as for your uncle—well, he doesn't count."

"He'll be furious," Hazel declared. "Let him! Who cares? Miserable old blighter. After all, once we're safely married, he can't say anything."

"N—no," she agreed, doubtfully. "But—but you will send that wire, won't you? Mother will be so anxious."

"Of course," Barry thrust his head out of the cab window and told the man to drive to the nearest post-office; he got out and flashed off a wire to Mrs. Bentley:

"Hazel safe—bringing her home tomorrow."

"But you're not, are you?" she asked him with anxiety, when he showed her the message. "I don't want to go home!"

"You won't—till we're safely married," he assured her. "Then we'll just run down and let them see you are all right, and then—"

"And then?" she echoed, softly.

Barry climbed back into the cab and kissed her rapturously.

"And now I suppose we'd better find your cousin," he said, more soberly. "If you can stay there tonight, Hazel, I can make all the arrangements, and tomorrow we'll trot along and be married."

She nodded. "Supposing Delia isn't at home, though?"

Bit Delia was at home. She expressed herself delighted to see them, though she looked rather mystified.

Barry explained. "We're going to be married tomorrow. I thought if you'd put Hazel up for the night—"

"Married!" said Delia with a shriek. She stared at Barry. "You sly thing," she said, with a trace of vexation. "You never told me a word when I was down at the farm."

"We didn't know ourselves," Hazel answered. She looked at Barry, a wonderfully happy Barry who hardly took his eyes off her. For once in his life her clothes did not seem of great importance. After all, one can always buy others.

Delia took Hazel to her room. Barry could hear them talking—hear the little staccato shrieks Delia gave from time to time as he waited in the diminutive sitting room.

He was glad Hazel had only got to be here one night. The whole place offended him, though it was pretty in a gaudy sort of way. The chairs all had gold legs and the sofa was heaped with golden-colored satin cushions. The whole place smelt strongly of scent, too, and he noticed that there was a stand of liquors on a side table

and a glass that had evidently been recently used.

He was glad when the girls came back. He noticed that Hazel was rather flushed, and that she came over to where he stood at once, as if for protection.

"I think you'd both better come out to dinner with me tonight and go to a theater afterwards," he said. "Can you manage that, Miss Bentley?"

Delia said she was tired of theaters. "You two turtle doves had better go alone," she said. "I'll give Hazel the latch key. I shall be late myself tonight."

"Hazel can't very well come back alone," Barry said, with a sort of dissatisfaction.

Delia laughed. "How absurd! Of course, she can. It she's going to live with you for the rest of her life she'll have to get used to late hours and things like that. . . . What about some tea?" She skipped off, and they heard her calling shrilly to a maid.

Hazel looked at Barry. "I should like to buy some clothes if I'm going to be married tomorrow," she said shyly. "These are so—so very plain. . . ."

She was adorable, he thought. He kissed her before he answered, "I don't mind what you wear—but we'll trot along to the shops now if you like."

"I should love it; and—and. . ."

"Well?"

"Are you sure you really, really want me to marry you—sure that you don't regret it?"

"No different to women like—well, like Delia. . . ."

"Thank heaven!" Barry interjected fervently.

"And all the other women you must have known before you met me?" she insisted.

Barry took her face between his hands. "You're the only woman I want for my wife," he said. "The only woman I've ever loved."

"And the most surprising part of it all was that, at the moment, at least, Barry really believed he himself, but then all men believe their first love to be their last, and their last the first."

CHAPTER XIII.

Hazel bought her frocks and furbelows surprisingly quickly. Barry had trotted round at the heels of more than one woman on shopping expeditions, but he had never known anyone to decide so quickly what she really wanted.

She ordered all the parcels to be sent to Delia's flat. "And now I'm going to take you to get a meal," Barry said, as they left the last shop. He chose a quiet restaurant and selected a table in an alcoved window. He ordered an extravagant dinner and champagne.

"I've never had champagne in my life," Hazel said. "I don't think I want any."

"You'll love it," Barry assured her.

Dog Hill Paragrafs



White he was looking through his old relics last Sunday Sim Flinders ran across a corkscrew, which he has placed in the family album.

Columbus Allsop was over to Bounding Billows Tuesday. He says he loves to sit and watch the creek pass by, as nearly every bit of it looks different.

You can ever tell about strangers. One passed through here Wednesday of this week, and then came back through here next day.

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Governor Allen Takes White for Topic in Speech

Says "Bill" Dangerous When He Sits Down to Double-Action Typewriter and Writes Emotions.

Emporia, Kan., July 26.—(By A. P.)—The bargages "Henry and Mr." heard on the battlefield of France were mere echoes compared to the bombardment Governor Henry Allen released on his pal, William Allen White, in a speech on the Kansas state normal school at Emporia yesterday morning.

Mr. White introduced the governor.

Governor Allen made it plain that the action taken against Mr. White was for the purpose of enforcing the law, not to deprive anyone of his constitutional rights. "What we need in this country now more than anything else," added the governor, "is a feeling of obligation to our government, to our laws and obedience to authority. It is the duty of every citizen to obey the laws. It was the ruling of the chief law officer of this state that the posting of the signs constituted a violation of the law, in that they tended to intimidate those who wanted to work."

Takes White to Task.

In a friendly manner the governor took his political friend and wartime companion to task for his defiance of the governor's and attorney general's interpretation of the industrial court regarding the posting of strikers' placards which resulted in White's arrest last week.

The governor not only bombarded Mr. White oratorically, but turned his guns on former Governor Stubbs, with whom the governor differs politically.

"If trouble should arise in Emporia," Governor Allen said "Will White would be a brigadier general in the posse which would go out to protect law and order. I've been with Bill under all conditions and I know he is not dangerous. He wouldn't hurt a flea."

"The only time Bill White is dangerous is when he sits down before a double-action typewriter at a time like this and writes out his emotions."

Says Arrest Is Compliment.

"Bill or anyone else has the right to put up a card in his window if he wants to. But when Bill put up that sympathy card he was joining in the movement to break down the efforts of the railroads to keep the trains running. He became the most dangerous figure in that movement because of the faith so many have in

his judgment. And so we had to single Bill out because he is a leader. His arrest is a great compliment to him."

In his reference to Stubbs the governor said that when Stubbs was governor and the miners struck Stubbs checked the matter up to Howat. "Howat didn't do anything and no coal was mined," Allen declared. "The industrial court doesn't permit strikes to be settled in that way."

It was Governor's day at the Kansas normal opening a drive for \$250,000 for a memorial student union building and stadium. Mr. White was on the program as a friend of the school.

She was the most delightful girl he had ever met, he kept telling himself. He had never believed that he could ever care half so much for any woman. He leaned forward suddenly across the table.

"Hazel—I've got to get a wedding ring."

She flushed rosy. "Oh! supposing you had forgotten?"

"There are millions of them in the London shops," he answered.

She laughed. "Do you know," she said presently, "that you have never told me what your Christian name is?"

There was a little pause. Barry colored.

"Haven't I?" he said helplessly. "By jove! . . ." He wondered what on earth he had better say. Somehow he could not meet her eyes.

Then all of a rush he made up his mind. He would tell her the truth.

She would have to know sooner or later. She would have to know tomorrow when they were married. He would have to sign his full name in the register.

He changed his seat and came to sit beside her. "I want to tell you something," he said quietly.

She looked faintly alarmed. "Is anything the matter? You look so grave."

"No, of course not. It's only . . . Hazel, will you be very angry with me if I ask you a question?"

"Yes," she said. "Angry! Why should I be?"

He hesitated. "It's about Norman Wicklow," he said at last.

She sat up with sudden attention. "What about him?"

"He wanted to marry you, Hazel, didn't he?"

She raised her eyes. "Yes, but why do you ask?" There was a touch of anxiety in her voice. "Did you—did you ever know him?" she asked with sudden quick suspicion.

Barry met her gaze steadily. "I was brought up with him," he said. "I have lived with him all my life. He is my cousin."

There was a little silence. Down at the far end of the room the orchestra started to play with startling suddenness. Hazel sat very still. Her eyes fixed incredulously on Barry's perturbed face.

"Your cousin?" she said blankly. "I don't understand."

Barry swallowed hard. He realized that a great deal hung on the next few minutes, but he went on manfully.

"My name is Barry Ashton Wicklow. . . . I'm the cousin Norman spoke to you about—but it's an infernal lie that he ever paid my debts. He's never given me a penny-piece in his life; he's too darned mean."

Hazel dragged her hand free of his. For the moment she was too dazed to realize what this was he was telling her.

"I've never had champagne in my life," Hazel said. "I don't think I want any."

"You'll love it," Barry assured her.

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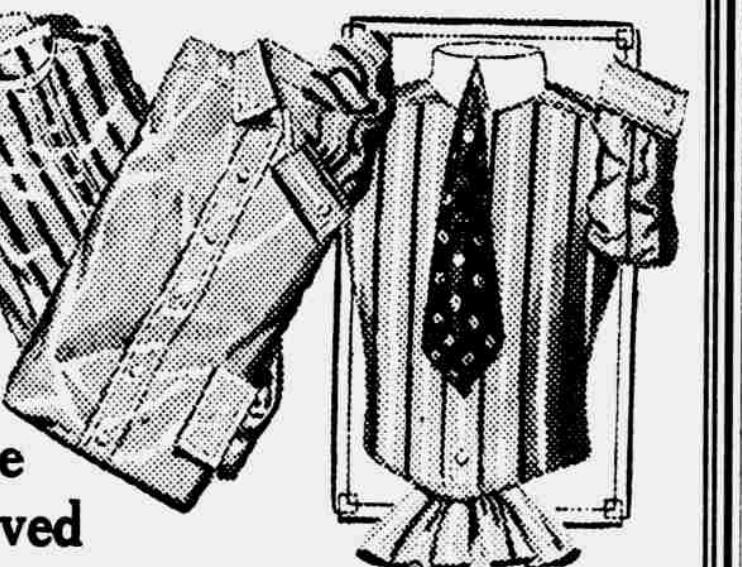
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