

Examination Is Called to Fill West Point Class

Senator Norris Will Nominate Principal and Two Alternates for Military Academy.

By GEORGE F. AUTHOR, Washington Correspondent The Omaha Bee, Washington, Feb. 14.—(Special)—A vacancy exists at the United States Military academy at West Point, N. Y., in connection with which Senator Norris will be permitted to nominate a principal and two alternate candidates. Mr. Norris has arranged with the civil service commission to conduct a preliminary competitive mental examination at several points in Nebraska on February 19.

The examination will be held with the understanding that the young man obtaining the highest rating will receive the principal appointment; the young man receiving the next highest rating will be first alternate; and the young man securing the third place will be second alternate. In the event the principal appointee should fail to meet either the mental or physical entrance examinations to be held by the officials of the War department on March 6, 1923, the first alternate will automatically take his place. Should the first alternate fail either of the official entrance examinations, the second alternate will then have his chance.

The persons who may be nominated for appointment must be actual residents of Nebraska, not under 17 nor over 22 on the date of admission, July 2, 1923, and not less than 5 feet, 4 inches in height at the age of 17, nor less than 5 feet, 5 inches in height at the age of 18 and upwards.

Young men eligible for appointment are invited to participate in the examinations which will be held at Omaha, Lincoln, McCook and Alliance. Senator Norris believes that partisan consideration should not control, but that nominations to West Point and Annapolis should, when possible, and time will permit, be selected after a preliminary competitive mental examination. By this method, he feels that in most instances the applicant best qualified for the place is named.

Military Funeral Held for Paul Beaton at St. Peter

Regium high mass was celebrated yesterday at the funeral service of Paul A. Beaton, by Rev. J. F. McCarthy, who also delivered the sermon.

Military exercises were performed at the grave, consisting of a volley and taps.

Mr. Beaton died Monday in Paxton Memorial hospital after a week's illness.

Lack of Quality Coffee Raises Price of Pound

Lack of fine quality coffee, combined with the fact that there is little hope of any shipment coming forward within the next 60 to 90 days, is responsible for the advance of from 2 to 5 cents a pound. Nicholson & Ogle, coffee brokers, announced yesterday.

Fontenelle Association to Meet on Monday Night

Members of the Fontenelle Park Celebration association will hold their next meeting Monday night, February 19, at the city hall, it was announced yesterday by C. H. H. Timme, secretary.

Births and Deaths.

- Births.**
Bradley and Maybelle Mahison, hospital, 2474 Harney street, girl.
Christopher and Josephine Skow, R. F. D. No. 4, Florence station, girl, 4206 South Twenty-sixth street, girl.
August and Clara Boukal, 2015 Oak street, boy.
John and Mary Novicki, 3623 South Thirty-sixth street, boy.
John and Pauline Podkovich, 2503 X street, girl.
John and Francis Dunn, hospital, girl.
Deaths.
Clara Sundvall, 79 years, seventy-second and Grand avenue.
Albert Cole, 57 years, hospital.
Stanislau Zelich, 2 years, 4420 South Twenty-eighth street.
James Egan, 54 years, 5104 South Eighteenth street.
Henry M. Seibert, 65 years, hospital.
Joseph Ramidies, 1 month, 2414 R street.
Henry H. Claiborne, 84 years, hospital.
Emeline Arnold, 54 years, 79 North Thirty-third street.
Francis O. Shepardson, 57 years, hospital.
Lyle Hughes, 73 years, 4206 South Twenty-first street.
Harry Wozniak, infant, hospital.
Paul Beaton, 46 years, hospital.
Fred W. Welch, 64 years, hospital.
Herbert V. Hart, 57 years, hospital.

Marriage Licenses.

- Louis Abbott, 21, Omaha, and Isobel Brewer, 21, Omaha.
William J. Raymond, 28, Omaha, and Esther Mohr, 19, Omaha.
M. Brown, 25, Omaha, and Alice Warner, 20, Omaha.
Reuben H. Brown, 22, Omaha, and Ann Reebman, 22, Omaha.
Everett Minor, 35, Omaha, and Vivian Curtin, 19, Omaha.
Conrad W. Thomas, 62, Omaha, and Catherine Huchen, 54, Omaha.
Henry Venock, over 21, Omaha, and Katherine Proppel, over 21, Omaha.
Eugene G. Doyle, 25, Omaha, and Christine Marshall, 19, East 26, Louis, 19.
Manuel Alba, 27, Omaha, and Eva Baker, 22, Omaha.
Theodore Roosevelt Mallory, 22, Omaha, and Bertha Lewis, 22, Omaha.
Ethan A. Cole, 48, Council Bluffs, Ia., and Nellie Smith, 25, Council Bluffs, Ia.

Say Ben-Gay for Head Colds

Sniffles and muffles—on outside of nostrils apply

BAUME BENGUE (ANALGESIQUE)
Then squeeze 1/2 in. in boiling water—inhalant steam. Keep a tube handy Theo. Leeming & Co., N. Y., Amer. Agents

Get the Original French Baume

First Aid for Aches and Pains

Girls to Wear Men's Tailored Sport Shirt



Miss Irene Niblock.

If one of the styles displayed by M. E. Smith & Co. at the Nebraska clothing convention becomes popular, not only will young bachelors with unmarried sisters be made more happy through their ability to find their sport shirts when they want them, but the purses of the husbands and fathers will be greatly relieved from much of the strain that now is caused by dressmakers' bills.

The style in question is built around women's love for freedom of attire when indulging in golf and outdoor sports and consists of a man's tailored shirt made expressly for the feminine sex. It can be worn either with "knickers" or sport skirt and the sample shown Tuesday, which was worn by Miss Irene Niblock, came in for much approval.

Fontenelle Association to Meet on Monday Night

Members of the Fontenelle Park Celebration association will hold their next meeting Monday night, February 19, at the city hall, it was announced yesterday by C. H. H. Timme, secretary.

The Magnificent Adventure
By EMERSON HOUGH.

CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

The issue of that great trial was not to come for weeks as yet; but when it came, and by whatever process, Aaron Burr was acquitted of the charges brought against him. The republic for whose downfall he had plotted set him free and bade him be gone.

But now, at the close of this day, the two central figures of the tragic drama found themselves together once more. They could be alone nowhere but in the prison room; and it was here that they parted. Between them, as they stood now at last, about to part, there stretched an abysmal gulf which might never personally be passed by either.

She faced him at length, trembling, pleading, helpless. "How mighty a thing is a man's sense of honor!" she said slowly. "You have done what I never would have asked you to do, and I am glad that you did. I once asked you to do what you would not do, and I am glad that you did not. How can I repay you for what you have done today? I cannot tell how, but I feel that you have turned the tide for me. Ah, if ever you felt that you owed me anything, it is paid—all your debt to me and mine. See, I no longer weep. You have dried my tears."

"We cannot balance debits and credits," he replied. "There is no way in the world in which you and I can cry quits. Only one thing is—I must go."

"I cannot say good-bye!" said she. "Ah, do not ask me that! We are but beginning now."

He looked at her still, an unspeakable sadness in his gaze, at her hand, extended pleading toward him. "Won't you take my hand, Merne?" said she. "Won't you?"

"I dare not," said he hoarsely. "No, I dare not!"

"Why? Do you wish to leave me still feeling that I am in your debt? You can afford so much now," she said brokenly, for those who have not won.

"Think you that I have won?" he broke out. "Theodosia—Theodosia—I shall call you by your old name just once—I do not take your hand—I dare not touch you—because I love you! I always shall. God help me, it is the truth!"

"Did you get my letters?" she said suddenly, and looked him fair in the face.

Meriwether Lewis stood searching her countenance with his own grave eyes. "Letters?" said he at length. "What letters?"

Her eyes looked up at him luminously. "You are glorious!" said she. "Yes, a woman's name would be safe with you. You are strong. How terrible a thing is a sense of honor! But you are glorious! Good-bye!"

CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

The style in question is built around women's love for freedom of attire when indulging in golf and outdoor sports and consists of a man's tailored shirt made expressly for the feminine sex. It can be worn either with "knickers" or sport skirt and the sample shown Tuesday, which was worn by Miss Irene Niblock, came in for much approval.

Fontenelle Association to Meet on Monday Night

Members of the Fontenelle Park Celebration association will hold their next meeting Monday night, February 19, at the city hall, it was announced yesterday by C. H. H. Timme, secretary.

but I reckon if we can stand it all the time, you can for a night."

He carried his saddle-bags into the room pointed out to him, flung them down, and began to pace up and down, sometimes talking to himself. After a time the hostess of the backwoods cabin sought to make up a bed for him, but he motioned to her to desist. "It is not necessary," said he. "I have slept so much in the open that 'tis rarely I use a bed at all. I see now that my servant has come up, and is in the yard yonder. Tell him to bring my robes and blankets."

Peria, his French servant, had by this time found his way to the cabin along the trail. He was alone.

"Come, man!" said Lewis. "Make down my bed for me—I am ill. And tell me where is my powder? Where are the bullets for my pistol? I find them empty. Haven't I told you to be more careful about these things? And where is my rifle-powder? The canister is here, but 'tis empty."

But even as he chided the remissness of his servant, he seemed to forget the matter in his mind. Presently he was again pacing apart, stopping now and then to stare out over the forest. Peria suddenly went about the business of making his master as comfortable as he might, and then departed to his own quarters, down the hill, in another building.

The soft, velvet darkness of night in the forest now came on apace—a night of silence. Lewis made his way across the room to the heavy saddle, the case which had been placed there. He flung the lid open, and felt among the contents. It seemed to him there was not so much within the case as there should have been. He missed certain papers, and resolved to ask Peria about them. He could not find the little bags of coin which he expected; but he found the watch, lying covered in a corner of the case. He drew it out, and stepping toward the flickering candle, opened it, gazing fixedly at the little alibiometer, cut round to fit in the back of the case. It was a face that he had seen before—a hundred times he had gazed thus at it on the far western trails. He brought the little portrait close up to his eyes—but not close to his lips.

There came into his mind some recollection of words that she had written to him once—something about the sound of water. He lifted his head and listened. Yes, there was a sound coming faintly through the night—the trickle of a little brook in the ravine below the window. He rose and stumbled toward the window, carrying the candle in his hand. His haggard face was lighted by its flare as he stood there, leaning out, listening.

It was then that his doom came to him. There came the sound of a shot, a second and yet another.

The woman in the cabin near by heard them clearly enough. She rose and listened. There was no sound from the other cabins. The governor's servants paid no attention to the shots if they heard them. No one called out, no one came running. Frightened, the woman rose, and after a time stopped timidly across the covered space between the two rooms, toward the light which she saw shining faintly through the cracks of

the floor. She heard groans within. A tall and shapely figure met her as she approached the door. She saw his face, white and haggard and stained. From a wound in the forehead a broad band of something dark fell across his cheek. From his throat something dark was welling. He clutched a hand on his breast—and his fingers were dark. He was bleeding from three wounds; but still he stood and spoke to her. "In God's name, madam," said he, "bring me water! I am killed!"

She ran away, she knew not where, calling to the others to come; but they did not come. She was alone. Once more, forgetting his errand, incapable of rendering aid, she went back to the door. She heard no sound. She flung open the door and peered into the room. The candle was standing, broken and guttering, on the floor. She could see the scattered belongings of the traveling-cases, empty now. The occupant of the room was gone!

Staggering groping, his hands strained to him to hold in the life that was passing, Meriwether Lewis had left the room where he had received the wound, and had stepped out into the air, into the night. All the resolution of his soul was bent upon one purpose. He staggered, but still stumbled onward. It seemed to him that he heard the sound of water, and blindly, unconsciously, he headed that way. He entered the shadow of the woods and passed down the little slope of the hill. He fell, rather than seated himself, at the side of the brook whose voice he had heard in the night. He was alone.

He sat, gasping, almost blind, feeling at his pockets. At last he found it—one of the sulphur matches made for him in St. Louis. Trembling he essayed to light it, and at last he saw the flare. With skill of custom, his fingers felt for dry bits of bark and leaves, little twigs. Yes, the match served its purpose. A tiny flame flickered between his feet as he sat. His hand, dropping something responsive only to the supreme effort of his will, fumbled in the bosom of his old coat. There were some papers there—some things which no other eye than his must ever see! Here was a secret—it must always

be a secret—her secret and his! The tiny flame rose up more strongly, twice, thrice, five times—six times in all! Once by one he had placed them in the flames—these letters he had carried on his heart for years—the six letters that she had written him. He held the last one long, trying to see the words. He groaned. He was almost blind. Now they were gone! No one could ever see them. No one could know how he had treasured them all these years. She was safe! His lax hands dropped between his knees as he sat. A little gust of wind sweeping down the gully caught up some of the white ashes—stained as they were with blood that dropped from his veins as he bent them. No one then—carried them down upon the tiny thread of the little brook. It carried them away toward the sea—his blood, the ashes, the secret which they hid.

That night Meriwether Lewis died. Many days later the French servant Peria, rode up to the Lewis homestead in old Virginia. The news he here had preceded him. He met a stern-faced, dark-brown woman, who regarded him coldly when he announced his name, and regarded him in silence. The servant found himself able to make but small speech. "Your son was a brave man—he lived long," said Peria, halting, at the close of his story.

"Yes," said the mother of Meriwether Lewis. "He was a brave man. He was strong!"

"He was unhappy; but why he should have killed himself—

"Stop!" The dark eyes blazed up on him. "What are you saying? He was the victim of some enemy. As for you, begone!"

So Peria passed from sight and view, and almost from memory, not accused, not acquitted. Long afterward a brother of Meriwether Lewis, who now almost unconsciously, his fingers felt for dry bits of bark and leaves, little twigs. Yes, the match served its purpose. A tiny flame flickered between his feet as he sat. His hand, dropping something responsive only to the supreme effort of his will, fumbled in the bosom of his old coat. There were some papers there—some things which no other eye than his must ever see! Here was a secret—it must always

and pathetic adherent to the fallen fortunes of her (distorted father?) Three years after Meriwether Lewis had him down to sleep in the forest, a ship put out from Charleston wharf. It was bound for the city of New York, where at that time there was living a broken, homeless, forsaken man named Aaron Burr—a man excommunicated at home, discredited abroad, but who now, after years of exile, had crept home to the country which had cast him out. A passenger on that ship was Theodosia Alston, the daughter of Aaron Burr. That much is known. The ship sailed. It never came to port. To this day none knows what was the fate of Aaron Burr's daughter.

A million heart-fires mark the campfire trail of Meriwether Lewis. We own the country which he found, and for which he paid. Above him stands the monument which his chief assigned to him—his country. It rises now in glory and splendor, the perfected vision which he saw.

That is the happy ending of his story—his country! It is ours. As

CRANBERRIES every day in every way will make you feel better day by day

SAVE 25 to 50% on Any Kind of Typewriter

We sell all kinds, guarantee them to give 100% service and back up our words with action.

All-Makes Typewriter Co.
205 South 18th Street

"I Wash Dishes—My Hands Are Smooth As A Child's" DAME NATURE CREAM

removes chaps, loosens or softens roughness, soothes, prevents dryness, restores, cracks, soothes, softens, banishes, whitens, brightens—Wash! Wash! Wash! No bother. Use few drops nightly. 3c, 6c, 10c.

CASH CREDIT Prices always the lowest

Hartman's Take a YEAR AND A HALF to PAY

413-15-17 South 16th Street
—Wonderful Savings for You During This Sale!

66th Semi-Annual Clearance Sale

Everything Must Go! Regardless of Cost!

Every item represents a value so great that it will mean dollars saved to purchase at this time. Our limited space here does not permit to enumerate but few specials.

Investigate! Compare! Shop Early

A Wonderful Buying Opportunity--This 5-Piece Colonial Period Dining Suite--Genuine Leather Seated Chairs

An out-of-the-ordinary price for this complete 5-piece golden oak Dining Suite. The table has round design pedestal, with solid oak top—45-inch—which extends to full 6 feet. The chairs are very sturdily constructed, and are upholstered with all seats with genuine Spanish leather. All-in-all, a wonderful bargain. A suite which is a ticket to sell regular price \$119.95. 66th Semi-Annual Sale Price, at only, **\$38.95**

"KROEHLER" 3-Piece Duofold Suite Upholstered in Guaranteed Spanish MOLESKIN

The kind of Duofold Suite you would be glad to welcome into your home. The name alone signifies quality and workmanship. Your choice of several finishes, in a grade of Spanish Mole Skin that has worn fifteen years equals the higher priced leather coverings. Not a cheap imitation upholstery. Suits which sell regularly at \$135.00 offered for this sale event, complete, at only **\$89.45**

3-Piece Simmons' Bed Outfit

A fine, full size, 7 ft. continuous piece Simmons' bed complete with a comfortable full size mattress and spring—3 pieces now at **\$23.75**

Rocker

Timed or Golden tomorrow you purchase this fine chair at 25c. A comfortable full size rocker with pine seat and oak grade upholstery—A real value, at **\$6.35**

Cedar Chests

Genuine Tennessee Red Cedar Chests. Full skirted—light in weight—built and finished. Regular \$28.00—now at only **\$19.85**

50 values, \$12.95; \$24 values, \$20.00

A Few Typical Items

812 foot Brussels Rugs. Limited quantity at this price. A serviceable rug now at only **\$17.75**

812 foot Axminster Rugs. New designs. All colors; specially priced for Thursday at **\$39.75**

812 foot Seamless Velvet Rugs. All the newest colorings and designs. Big savings at **\$43.75**

27x54 inch Velvet Rugs. A heavy grade of velvet—less than regular price. Thursday, each **\$2.95**

36x62 inch Axminster Rugs. New designs. All colors; specially priced for Thursday at **\$6.45**

6x9 foot Axminster Rugs. All colors, in a choice selection of designs. Big savings at **\$22.75**

Rug Bargains

Sun-Maid Raisins

The Supreme Bread Raisin

CUT THIS OUT AND SEND IT

Sun-Maid Raisin Growers, Dept. N-63-17, Fresno, California.

Please send me copy of your free book, "Recipes with Raisins"

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

Your retailer should sell you Sun-Maid Raisins for not more than the following prices:

Seeded (in 15 oz. blue package)—20c
Seeded (in 15 oz. red package)—18c
Unseeded or Seedless (1 1/2 oz.)—12c
Seeded, in 1 1/2 oz. (15 oz.)—20c
Seeded, in 1/2 oz. (15 oz.)—15c

