

SENATE REPORT ON LA FOLLETTE MAY CAUSE ROW

Majority of Committee Finds No Ground for Expulsion and Advises Dismissal of Charges.

Washington, Nov. 22.—Investigation of the alleged disloyal speech of Senator La Follette at St. Paul more than a year ago was abandoned today by the senate elections committee on a vote of 9 to 2. Committee members said that, however much the speech of Senator La Follette on which the proceedings were brought might be developed, there was no basis for expulsion from the senate. Senator Pomeroy of Ohio, chairman, and Senator Walsh of Montana, both democrats, voted against dismissal of the charges. A contest may develop in the senate over the adoption of the majority report, which will be submitted to the senate on December 2, by Senator Dillingham of Vermont, republican. Chairman Pomeroy announced that he would submit a minority report and might contest adoption by the senate of the dismissal recommendation.

Senate Committee Cuts Half Billion Out of War Revenue Bill

Washington, Nov. 22.—Reductions aggregating \$500,000,000 in the yield from the new war revenue bill were made today by the senate finance committee in revising the measure downward to the \$6,000,000,000 total for 1919 proposed by Secretary McAdoo. The decrease was confined principally to the tobacco, luxury, semi-luxury and other special and excise schedules. Among the more important decisions today were elimination of the luxury schedule proposed in the house bill, levying 20 per cent on costly articles of clothing and other merchandise and estimated to raise \$184,795,000; elimination of the house tax of two cents a gallon on gasoline, estimated to yield \$40,000,000; reduction from 10 to 5 per cent or about \$200,000,000 in revenue in rates on many articles classed as semi-luxuries and a reduction of about one half in the house rates on tobacco, a cut of about \$54,000,000 in revenue.

Speeding Production Cause of Big Explosion Gillespie T.N.T. Plant

Perth Amboy, N. J., Nov. 22.—Efforts by the T. A. Gillespie company to increase production at its shell-loading plant in Morgan, together with failure to observe the prescribed rules for safety, were the main causes of the disastrous explosion there on October 4, according to government inspectors, testifying before the senate sub-committee investigating the tragedy.

Saxons Seek Union With German-Austria in Republic

Amsterdam, Nov. 22.—In a proclamation the new government of Saxony, according to a dispatch from Dresden, declares it is striving for the abolition of the old federal constitution and for the union of the Saxon and German peoples in a republic including German-Austria. Self-government, the proclamation says, should be granted to the component parts of the republic. The authority of the soldiers' and workers' councils should be defined most speedily by the national council.

Jury Deliberates on Cause of Bandmaster Fagan

Geneva, Neb., Nov. 22.—On the second day of the trial of J. W. Fagan, former bandmaster at the Girls' Industrial school, who is accused of improper relations with Grace Moore Saul, then an inmate of the school, the defendant was the principal witness. Mrs. Saul occupied the witness stand yesterday and related dramatically her relations with Fagan. The trial was no less interesting today with the former bandmaster on the stand. The decision is now with the jury, who will return a verdict tomorrow morning.

Nebraska in Tabloid.

Miss Marcelle Perkins of Fremont has been selected for Young Men's Christian association canteen service overseas. Mrs. Laura Eddy was granted a divorce from Russell Eddy, Fremont, merchant, and was given the custody of their 11-year-old son. Dodge county is still limited to the three-pound allowance of sugar, awaiting further orders. A foot ball game will be played at West Point on Thanksgiving day between Stanton and West Point High schools. The 7-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. George Breitbach was seriously injured when he was caught in farm machinery. The Spanish influenza is still prevalent in Cuming county.

WHAT ABOUT FATHER?

Obsessed with the big idea of protecting those at home, father often omits the essential protection of his most vital asset—strength.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

is as beneficial to the hard-working man of business as it is to the growing child. Scott's imparts the quality to the blood that enables the body to grip strength fast. Scott's helps solve the problem that faces every business-man—that of keeping up with the wear and tear on the body.

The Abandoned Room

By Wadsworth Camp.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

He broke off, glancing at the door through which Graham had disappeared. "Then remember," she said softly. "I don't believe it." She released his hand, sighing. "That's all I can say, all I can do now. You're ill, Bobby. Go in. Rest for awhile. When you've had sleep you may remember something." He shook his head. He walked slowly with her to the house. As he climbed the stairs he heard Paredes telephoning. He couldn't understand the man's insistence on remaining where clearly he was an intruder. He entered his bedroom which he had occupied only once or twice during the last few months. The place seemed unfamiliar. As he bathed and dressed his sense of strangeness grew, and he under stood why. The last time he had been here he had stood in no personal danger. There had been no black parenthesis in his life during the stretch of which he might have committed an unspeakable crime. For he couldn't believe as firmly as Katherine did. Since he couldn't remember, he might have done anything.

"Come!" he called in response to a steady rapping at the door. Stealth, it occurred to him, had since last night, become a stern condition of his life. Graham entered and noiselessly closed the door. "I had a chance to slip in," he explained. "Paredes is wandering about the place. I'd give a lot to know what he's after at the Cedars. Katherine is in her room, trying to rest after last night, I fancy." "And," Bobby asked, "the detective—Howells?" "If he's back from the station," Graham answered, "he's keeping low. I wonder if it was he or Paredes who followed you through the woods?" "Why should Carlos have followed me?" Bobby asked. "I've been thinking it over, Hartley. It isn't a bad scheme having him here, since you think he hasn't told all he knows." "I don't say that," Graham answered. "I don't know what to think about Paredes. I've come to talk about just that. I'm a lawyer, and I've had some criminal practice. Since this detective will be satisfied with you for a victim, I'm going to take your case, if you'll have me. I'll be your detective as well as your lawyer."

Bobby was a good deal touched. "That's kind of you—more than I deserve, for I have resented you at times." Graham, it was clear, didn't guess he referred to his friendship for Katherine, for he answered quickly: "I must have seemed a nuisance, but I was only trying to get you back on the straight path, where you've always belonged. I can't believe you did this thing, even unconsciously, until I'm shown proof without a single flaw. Until the autopsy the only thing we have to work on is that party last night. I've telephoned to New York and put a trustworthy man on the heels of Maria and the stranger. Meantime I think I'd better watch developments here." "Please," Bobby agreed. "Stay with me, Hartley, until this mba takes some definite action." He picked at the fringe of the window curtain on the heels of Maria and the stranger. Meantime I think I'd better watch developments here.

BAD BREATH

Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets Get at the Cause and Remove It

Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets, the substitute for calomel, act gently on the bowels and positively do the work. People afflicted with bad breath find quick relief through Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. The pleasant, sugar-coated tablets are taken for bad breath by all who know them. Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets act gently but firmly on the bowels and liver, stimulating them to natural action, clearing the blood and gently purifying the entire system. They do that which dangerous calomel does without any of the bad after effects. All the benefits of nasty, sickening, griping cathartics are derived from Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets without griping, pain or any disagreeable effects. Dr. F. M. Edwards discovered the formula after seventeen years of practice among patients afflicted with bowel and liver complaint, with the attendant bad breath. Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets are purely a vegetable compound mixed with olive oil; you will know them by their olive color. Take one or two every night for a week and note the effect. 10c and 25c per box. All druggists.

WESTLAWN

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for with only a motive to go on this detective wouldn't be so sure. Why in the name of heaven should any one kill the lod man, place all this money in his hands, and at the same time send me to the electric chair? Don't you see how absurd it is that Carlos, Maria, or any one else should have had a hand in it? There was nothing for them to gain from his death. I've thought and thought in such circles until I am almost convinced of the logic of my guilt." "I want him to leave me alone," Bobby said. "If he doesn't arrest me I won't have him bullying me." Jenkins knocked and entered. The old butler was a white-faced as Bobby, more tremulous. "The policeman, sir! He's asking for you." "Tell him I don't wish to see him." The detective, himself, stepped from the obscurity of the hall, smiling his queer smile. "Ah! You are here, Mr. Blackburn! I'd like a word with you." He turned to Graham and Jenkins. "Alone, if you please." Bobby mutely agreed, and Graham and the butler went out. The detective closed the door and leaned

against it, studying Bobby with his narrow eyes. Bobby experienced a swift impulse to strangle the brutal word in the detective's throat. But he stood still while the man went to the bureau, struck a match, and applied it to a candle. The wick burned past the curtain of the open window. "Come here," the detective commanded roughly. Bobby dragged himself forward until he stood at the foot of the four poster bed. The detective lit the candle and held it beneath the canopy. "You look all you want now, Mr. Robert Blackburn," he said grimly. Bobby conquered the desire to close his eyes, to refuse to obey him stared at his grandfater, and a feeling of wonder grew upon him. For Silas Blackburn rested peacefully in the great bed. His eyes were closed. The thick gray brows were no longer gathered in the frown too familiar to Bobby. The face with its gray beard retained no fear, no record of a great shock. Bobby glanced at the detective who bent over the bed watching him out of his narrow eyes. "Why," he asked simply, "do you say he was murdered?" "He was murdered," the detective answered.

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Many new dresses received within the past day or two and added to our already great assortments will make choosing especially good right now. Alluring assortment of beautiful dresses in serge, jersey, silk, satin, Georgette and combinations, in all the smartest style ventures of the season. See us on our second floor.

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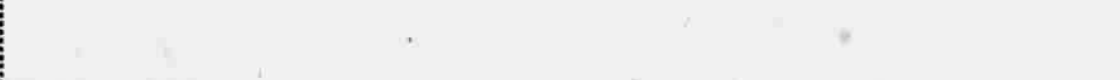
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ELMER BEDDEO.

"I don't want to see him," Bobby said. He drew back from the window, pointing. The detective, Howells had strolled into the court. His lips were stretched in that thin, straight smile. He paused by the fountain, glancing for a moment anxiously downward. Then he came on and entered the house. "He'll be restless," Graham said, "until the coroner comes, and proves or disproves his theory of murder. If he questions you, you'd better say nothing for the present. From his point of view what you remember of last night would be only damaging." "I want him to leave me alone," Bobby said. "If he doesn't arrest me I won't have him bullying me." Jenkins knocked and entered. The old butler was a white-faced as Bobby, more tremulous. "The policeman, sir! He's asking for you." "Tell him I don't wish to see him." The detective, himself, stepped from the obscurity of the hall, smiling his queer smile. "Ah! You are here, Mr. Blackburn! I'd like a word with you." He turned to Graham and Jenkins. "Alone, if you please." Bobby mutely agreed, and Graham and the butler went out. The detective closed the door and leaned

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"Murdered in cold blood, and, look you here, young fellow, I know who did it. I'm going to strap that man in the electric chair. He's got just one chance—if he talks out, if he makes a clean breast of it." Across the body he bent closer. He held the candle so that it's light searched Bobby's face instead of the dead man's and the uncertain flame was like an ambush for his eyes. In response to those intolerable words Bobby's sick nerves stretched too tight. No masquerade remained before this huntsman who had his victim trapped, and calmly studied his agony. The horror of the accusation shot at him across the body of the man he couldn't be sure he hadn't murdered, robbed him of his last control. He cried out hysterically: "Why don't you do something? For God's sake, why don't you arrest me?" A chuckle came from the man in ambush behind the yellow flame. "Listen to the boy! What's he talking about? Grief for his grandfater. That's what it is—grief." "Stop!" Bobby shouted. "It's what you've been accusing me with ever since you stopped me at the station." He indicated the silent form of the old man. "You keep telling me I murdered him. Why don't you arrest me then? Why don't you lock me up? Why don't you put the case on a reasonable basis? He waited, trembling. The flame continued to flicker, but the hand holding the candlestick failed to move, and Bobby knew that the eyes didn't waver, either. He forced his glance from the searching flame. He managed to lower and steady his voice. "You can't. That's the trouble. He wasn't murdered. The coroner will tell you so. Anybody who looks at him will tell you so. Since you haven't the nerve to arrest me I'm going. I'm glad to have had this out with you. Understand. I'm my own master. I do what I please. I go where I please." (Continued Tomorrow.)

Complaint is Filed Against Former Rural Credit Manager Here

County Attorney Magney has filed in district court a complaint against Hiram Tyree, charged with misappropriation of funds and records of the American Rural Credit association, of which he was president in 1916. Tyree has not been apprehended. At the time of the alleged crime he held charge of the association's office in Omaha. The complaint filed by Magney was at the request of Chadron, Neb., persons who intend to prosecute Tyree if he can be brought to bar.

Charles Biersdorf Dies Friday of Heart Disease

Norfolk, Neb., Nov. 22.—(Special Telegram.)—Charles Biersdorf, a pioneer real estate insurance man of this locality, was found dead in his office chair Friday noon. He died from apoplexy. His sons conduct a drug store at Emerson.

Two Bound Over on Charge.

Perl Ellerdine and Gust Laizrovitz, 1527 North Twenty-seventh street, were bound over to the district court on a charge of receiving a stolen auto. Their bond was fixed at \$750 each.

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