

# NO BRUTALITY IS SHOWN TOWARD U. S. PRISONERS

## General Pershing Says Food Scanty, but Germans Are Not Impartial to the Americans

Washington, Dec. 2.—American prisoners returning from German prison camps complain of scanty food and bad housing conditions. General Pershing has informed the War department, but there is no evidence of discrimination against Americans nor any authenticated report of brutality toward them.

The War department today issued the following statement based on a cable from General Pershing, dated November 29 and sent in reply to an inquiry cabled by General March:

"American prisoners released from German prison camps complain of poor and scanty food and bad housing conditions. Only a small percentage of those who are sick are hospital cases. The majority are suffering from slight colds and the prospect is that all will recover rapidly with proper food and housing. There is no evidence of discrimination against the American prisoners."

"Among 7,000 prisoners of all nationalities who have been released there is no authenticated instance of brutality against the Americans."

"The majority of the American prisoners state that the German soldiers also suffered food privations, but that in cases where the supply of food was insufficient, food for the prisoners was cut off before that for the German soldiers."

To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE (Tablets). It stops the Cough and Headache and works off the Cold. E. W. GROVE'S signature on each box. 30c.

Para-ethic. New Greek General. Athens, Dec. 2.—Appointment of General Paraskevopoulos to succeed General Dangliss as commander-in-chief of the Greek army, who has retired, is announced in an official communication.

## American Casualty List

The following Nebraska men are named in the casualty list sent out by the government for Tuesday morning, December 3:

### KILLED IN ACTION.

Corp. Albin Folds, next of kin, Emil Folds, Clarkson, Neb.  
William Arps, next of kin, Mrs. Minnie Glasshoff, Millard, Neb.  
Frederick Maixner, next of kin, Frank Jones Maixner, Bee, Neb.  
DIED OF WOUNDS.

Sergt. Charles R. Wright, next of kin, Fred A. Wight, Scottsbluffs, Neb.  
Charles E. Hand, next of kin, Benjamin F. Hand, Redcloud, Neb.  
Joseph F. Kriz, next of kin, John Kriz, Dodge, Neb.  
Wesley M. Catron, next of kin, William Catron, Oshkosh, Neb.  
DIED OF DISEASE.

Claude E. Shepard, next of kin, Mrs. Claude Shepard, White, Neb.  
WOUNDED SEVERELY.

Corp. Anton John Singer, next of kin, Joseph Singer, Cedar Bluffs, Neb.  
WOUNDED: DEGREE UNDETERMINED.

Harold A. Koop, next of kin, Mrs. Mabel Koop, Louisville, Neb.  
Oscar F. Kardell, next of kin, Frank J. Kardell, Laurel, Neb.

The following Nebraska men are named in the casualty list given out by the government for Monday afternoon, December 2:

### KILLED IN ACTION.

Clifford Miller, next of kin, Jacob Miller, Newman Grove, Neb.  
Sidney Ray Foster, next of kin, Mrs. Mary J. Foster, Kenady, Neb.  
Friend E. Wright, next of kin, John Wright, Petersburg, Neb.  
Harry Gohr, next of kin, James Keeler, Fairmont, Neb.  
Lester G. Fogel, next of kin, Everett Fogel, 5112 South Forty-first street, Omaha, Neb.  
Arnold Neilson, next of kin, Alex Neilson, Overton, Neb.  
Clyde Oliver Thomas, next of kin, Charles W. Thomas, Broken Bow, Neb.

DIED FROM ACCIDENT.

Serg. John F. Hotchkiss, next of kin, Mrs. Jennie Hotchkiss, Seward, Neb.  
Ira A. Peninger, next of kin, Urial T. Peninger, Valparaiso, Neb.

WOUNDED SEVERELY.

Carl W. Korte, next of kin, Mrs. Christian Korte, Columbus, Neb.  
Edward Flaherty, next of kin, Mrs. Rosa Flaherty, Pender, Neb.

### WOUNDED: DEGREE UNDETERMINED.

Corp. Thomas K. Jackson, next of kin, Nelson Jackson, Herman, Neb.  
The following Iowa, South Dakota and Wyoming men are named in the casualty list given out by the government for Tuesday morning, December 3:

### KILLED IN ACTION.

Corp. Alfred Hedum, next of kin, John Hedum, Hedum, Ia.  
Wm. J. Jacoby, next of kin, Jacob Jacoby, Geddes, S. D.  
Andrew Ole Halstad, next of kin, Ole Halstad, Althoy, S. D.  
Bob H. Westbeck, next of kin, J. W. Westbeck, Middlestown, Ia.  
Emory R. Daniels, next of kin, Mrs. Inez Daniels, Bispiny, Wyo.  
Carl H. Jarvis, next of kin, C. M. Jarvis, Burlington, Ia.

### DIED OF DISEASE.

Sergt. Richard L. Hestley, next of kin, Henry J. Hestley, Minton, Ia.  
Cole L. Cosby, next of kin, Mrs. Robert M. Cosby, Redfield, Ia.  
Ralph O. Holmes, next of kin, John C. Holmes, Independence, Ia.  
Roy H. Jewell, next of kin, Tommy R. Jewell, Strawberry Point, Ia.  
Herman Kalkof, next of kin, Lewis Kalkof, Templeton, Ia.  
Lloyd L. Baker, next of kin, Mrs. Ida B. Baker, Burlington, Wyo.  
Ray V. Clark, next of kin, Mrs. Nora Clark Ames, Ia.  
Walter Freidrichson, next of kin, G. Freidrichson, Ramona, S. D.  
Edward S. Gross, next of kin, Mrs. Katherine F. Gross, Tionka, Ia.  
Frank F. Irwin, next of kin, Frank Irwin, Dedham, Ia.  
Ralph P. Patton, next of kin, Fred H. Patton, Bedford, Ia.  
Reynold Bandner, next of kin, Mrs. Mary Bandner, Jonia, Ia.  
Arthur Caldwell, next of kin, Mrs. Madeline Caldwell, Huron, S. D.  
Edward W. Hilker, next of kin, Edward K. Hilker, Paulina, Ia.  
Lizrie H. Minnehan, next of kin, Mrs. Lizzie H. Minnehan, Adana, Ia.  
Olin Olson, next of kin, Ole L. Tynning, Jewell, Ia.  
Arthur O. Peterson, next of kin, Peter M. Peterson, Northwood, Ia.  
James G. Redenbaugh, next of kin, Mrs. Mary Redenbaugh, Bedford, Ia.  
Eddie Reiter, next of kin, David Reiter, Little Rock, Ia.  
Adrian Uttenbogaard, next of kin, Art Uttenbogaard, Sanborn, Ia.  
Henry Wegman, next of kin, Mrs. Helene Wegman, Lovell, Wyo.  
Adolph Reister, next of kin, Mary Reister, Lovell, S. D.

WOUNDED DEGREE UNDETERMINED.

Forest E. Howe, next of kin, Mrs. Stella Howe, Lovell, Wyo.  
Alfred W. Barron, next of kin, Walter Barron, Colfax, Ia.

### MISSING IN ACTION.

Bert E. Friend, next of kin, Mrs. Mary Friend, Chicago City, Ia.  
Harold Frank Harrington, next of kin, Mrs. Geo. Harrington, North McGrew, Ia.  
Jacob Olson, next of kin, Andrew Olson, Pollock, S. D.

Bee Want Ads will boost business.

# The Abandoned Room

By Wadsworth Camp.

## CHAPTER XIII

### The Turning of the Body.

While Graham and the doctor walked to the back of the hall to telephone, Katherine, an anxious figure, a secretive one, beckoned Bobby to the library. He went with her, wondering what she could want.

It was quite dark in the library. As Bobby fumbled with the lamp and prepared to strike a match he was aware of the girl's provocatively near presence. He resisted a warm impulse to reach out and touch her hand. He desired to tell her all that was in his heart of the division that had increased between them the last few months. Yet to follow that impulse would, he realized, place a portion of his burden on her shoulders; would also, in a sense, be disloyal to Graham, for he no longer questioned that the two had reached a definite sentimental understanding. So he sighed and struck the match. Even before the lamp was lighted Katherine was speaking with a feverish haste:

"Before the police come—you've a chance, Bobby—the last chance. You must do before the police arrive whatever is to be done."

He replaced the shade and glanced at her, astonished by her intensity, by the forceful gesture with which she grasped his arm. For the first time since Silas Blackburn's murder all of her vitality had come back to her.

"What do you mean?"

She pointed to the door of the private staircase.

"Just what Howells told you before he went up there to his death," Bobby understood. He reacted excitedly to her attitude of conspirator.

"He said," she went on, "that the criminal had nothing to lose. That it would be to his advantage to have him out of the way, do destroy the evidence."

"I thought of it," Bobby answered, "just before I went to sleep."

"Don't you see?" she said. "If you had killed him you would have taken the cast and the handkerchief and destroyed them. That's why I have told you everything, and I could see his coat for myself. The cast and the handkerchief are still in Howells' pocket."

"Why should I have killed him if not to destroy those?" Bobby took her up with a quick hope.

"You didn't," she cried. "Nothing would ever make me believe that you killed him, but you will be charged with it unless the evidence disappears, you'll have no defense."

Bobby drew back a little.

"You want me to go there—and take from his pocket those things?"

She nodded.

"You remember he suggested that he hadn't sent his report. That may be true, too."

Bobby shook his head. "He must have said that at a bait."

"At the worst," she urged, "a report without evidence could only turn suspicion against you. It wouldn't convict you as those other things may. You must get them. You must destroy them."

Graham slipped quietly in and closed the door.

"The district attorney is coming himself with another detective," he said. "I can guess what Katherine has been talking about. She's right, I'm a lawyer, and I know the penalty of tampering with evidence. But I don't believe you're a murderer, and I tell you as long as that evidence exists they can convict you. They can send you to the chair. They may arrest you and try you anyway on his report, but I don't believe they can convict you on it alone. You're justified in protecting yourself. Bobby, in the only way you can. No one will see you go in the room. We'll arrange it so that no one can testify against you."

Bobby felt himself at a cross roads. During the commission of those crimes he had been unconscious. If he had, in fact, had anything to do with them, his personality, his real self, had more meaning had done no wrong. His body had merely reacted to hideous promptings whose source lurked at the bottom of the black pit. To tamper with evidence would be a conscious crime. All the more, because of his doubt of himself, he shrank from that. Katherine saw his hesitation.

"It's a matter of your life or death."

But although Katherine decided him it wasn't with that. She came closer. She looked straight at him, and her eyes were full of an affection that stirred him profoundly:

"For my sake, Bobby."

He studied the dead ashes of the fire which a little while ago had played on Howells' vital and antagonistic, by the door of the private staircase. The man had challenged him to do just the thing from which he shrank. But Howells was no longer vital or antagonistic, and it occurred to him that a little of his shrinking arose from the thought of approaching and robbing the still thing upstairs, all that was left of the man who had not been afraid of the mystery of the locked room.

"For my sake," Katherine repeated.

Bobby squared his shoulders. He fought back his momentary cowardice. The affection in Katherine's eyes was stronger than that.

"All right," he said. "Howells never gave me a chance while he was alive. He'll have to now he's dead."

Katherine relaxed. Graham's face was quite white, but he gave his instructions in a cold, even tone:

"We'll go to the hall now. Katherine will go on upstairs. She mustn't see you enter the room, but she will watch the corridor while you are there to be sure you aren't disturbed. You and I will chat for a while with the others, Bobby, then you will go up. You understand? Paredes mustn't even guess what you are doing. I'll keep him and Groom downstairs. If he spied, if he knew what you were at, he'd have a weapon in his hands I'd hate to think about. He may be all right, but we can't risk any more than we have to. We must go on tiptoe."

He opened the door. Katherine gave Bobby's hand a quick, encouraging pressure.

"Take the stuff to my room,"

Graham whispered. "The first chance, we'll destroy it so that no trace will be left."

They went to the hall. Without speaking, Katherine climbed the stairs. Graham drew a chair between Paredes and the doctor. Bobby lounged against the mantel, trying to find in the Panamanian's face some clue as to his real feelings. But Paredes' eyes were closed. His hand drooped across the chair arm. His slender, pointed fingers held, as if from mere habit, a lifeless cigarette.

"Asleep," Graham whispered.

"Without opening his eyes Paredes spoke. 'No, I feel curiously awake.' He yawned."

Doctor Groom glanced at his watch. "The powers of prosecution," he grumbled, "ought to be here within the next 15 or 20 minutes."

Bobby glanced at Graham. Then it wasn't safe to delay too long. More and more as he waited he shrank from the invasion of the room of death. The prospect of reaching out and touching the still cold thing on the bed revolted him. Was there anything in that room capable of forbidding his intention? Was there, in short, a surer, more malicious force for evil than his unconscious self, at work in the house? He was about to make some formal comment to the others, to embark on his distasteful adventure, when Paredes, as if he had read Bobby's mind opened his eyes, languidly left his chair, and walked to the foot of the stairs.

"Where you going?" Graham asked sharply.

Paredes waved his hand indifferently and walked on up. There was something of stealth in his failure to reply, in his cat-like tread on his distasteful adventure, when Paredes, as if he had read Bobby's mind opened his eyes, languidly left his chair, and walked to the foot of the stairs.

"The dim, vast room, as he advanced, imposed upon him a sense of isolation. Katherine in the upper hall, the others downstairs, whose voices no longer reached him, seemed all at once far away. He stood in a place lonelier and more remote than the piece of woods where he had momentarily opened his eyes last night; and instead of the remaining trees and the figure in the black mask which he had called his conscience, he had for motion and companionship only the swaying of the curtains in the breeze from the open window and the dark, prostrate thing whose face as he went closer was like a white mask—a mask with a fixed and malevolent sneer.

The wind caught the flame of the candle, making it flicker. Tenuous shadows commenced to dance across the wall. He paused with a tightened throat, for the form on the bed seemed moving, too, with sly and scarcely perceptible gestures. Then he understood. It was the effect of the shaking candle, and he forced himself to go on, but a sense of a multiple companionship accompanied him—a sense of a shapeless, soundless companionship that projected an idea of a steady regard. There swept through his mind a procession of figures in quaint dress and with faces not unlike his own, remembered from portraits and family legends, men and women to whom this room had been familiar, within whose limits they had suffered, cried out a too-powerful agony, and died. It seemed to him that he waited for voices to guide him, to urge him back, because he was an intruder in a company whose habit was strange and terrifying.

He forced his glance from the shadows which seemed more active along the walls. He raised his candle and stared at the dead man. The cast was undoubtedly there. The cast, stretched tightly across the breast, outlined it. He stood at the foot of the stairs.

"I don't know," she answered. "He startled me. He entered the corridor."

Paredes nodded.

"Right. She was there. I was on my way to my room. If your house had electricity, Bobby, this incident would have been avoided. I saw something dark in the corridor."

"You may not know," Graham said, "that ever since we found Howells, one of us has tried, more or less, to keep the entrance to that room under observation."

"Yet you were all downstairs a little while ago," Paredes yawned. "It's too bad. I might have taken my turn then. At any rate, since I was excluded from your confidence, I overcame my natural fear, and, for Bobby's sake, slipped in, and, I am afraid, startled Miss Katherine."

"Yes," she said.

His explanation was reasonable. There was nothing more to be said, but Bobby's doubt of his friend, sown by Graham and stimulated by the incidents of the last hour, was materially strengthened. He felt a sharp fear of Paredes. Such reserve such concealment of emotion, was scarcely human.

"If," Graham was saying, "you really want to help Bobby, there is something you can do. Will you come downstairs with me for a moment to my room. I'll suggest one or two things before the police arrive."

Without hesitation Paredes followed Graham down the stairs.

Katherine turned immediately to Bobby, her eyes eager, full of the tense determination that had dictated her plan in the library.

"Now, Bobby!" she whispered.

"And there's no time to waste. They may be here any minute. I won't see you, but I'll be back at once to guard you against Paredes if he slips up again."

She walked across the hall and disappeared in the newer corridor. Without witness he faced the old corridor, and with the attempt directly ahead his repugnance achieved a new power. The blank en-

trance with its scarcely dared memories reminded him that what he was about to do was an outrage against the dead man. He had to remind himself of the steady purpose with which Howells had marked him as the murderer; and the man's power persisted after death. In such a contest he was justified.

He took the candle from the table. Through the stair-well the murmur of Graham's voice, occasionally interrupted by Groom's heavy tones or the languid accents of Paredes, drifted encouragingly. Trying to crush his premonitions, Bobby entered the corridor. Instead of illuminating the narrow passage the candle seemed half smothered by its blackness. For the first time in his memory Bobby faced the entrance of the sinister room alone. He pushed open the broken door. He paused on the threshold. It impressed him as not unnatural that he should experience such misgivings. They sprang not alone from the fact that within twenty-four hours two men had died unaccountably within these faded walls. Nor did the evidence pointing to his own unconscious guilt wholly account for them. At the bottom of everything was the fact that from the earliest childhood he had looked upon the room as consecrated to death; had consequently feared it; had, he recalled, always hurried past the disused corridor leading in its direction.

Through its wide spaces the light of the candle scarcely penetrated. No more than an indefinite radiance thrus back the obscurity and outlined the bed. He could barely see the stark, black form outstretched there.

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60 Doses, 30c

## KIDNEYS WEAKENED? LOOK OUT!

Kidney and bladder troubles don't disappear of themselves. They grow upon you, slowly but steadily, undermining your health with deadly certainty, until you fall a victim to incurable disease. Stop your troubles while there is time. Don't wait until little pains become big aches. Don't trifle with disease. To avoid future suffering begin treatment with GOLD MEDAL Haemolite Oil Capsules now. Take three or four every day until you feel that you are entirely free from pain. This well-known preparation has been one of the national remedies of Holland for centuries. In 1896 the government of the Netherlands granted a special charter authorizing its preparation and sale. The good housewife of Holland would almost as soon be without food as without her "Real Dutch Drops," as she quaintly calls GOLD MEDAL Haemolite Oil Capsules. Their use restores strength and is responsible in a great measure for the sturdy, robust health of the Hollanders. Do not delay in your treatment with GOLD MEDAL Haemolite Oil Capsules now. Take three or four every day until you feel that you are entirely free from pain. This well-known preparation has been one of the national remedies of Holland for centuries. In 1896 the government of the Netherlands granted a special charter authorizing its preparation and sale.

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