GREGORY GIVES RECORD OF WORK OF DEPARTMENT

Attorney General Shows Effective Activity in Policing Nation Against Enemy Activities.

Washington, Dec. 5.—The story of how enemy agents have been caught, disloyalty suppressed, draft slackers apprehended, dangerous Germans interned, explosions and other sabotage prevented, and enemy secrets ferretted out for use against their armies abroad, was given to the public today in Attorney General T. W. Gregory's annual report. Through a great corps of Department of Justice civil officers, secret agents, and citizen volunteers, this big job of policing has been accomplished, said the attorney general, with a minimum disturbance to the normal life of communities, and with constant effort to avoid encroaching on freedom of speech, action and political criticism.

The attorney general disclosed that only 6,000 enemy aliens have been arrested on presidential warrants and examined with a view to internment and that "a considerable number" of these have been placed in internment camps administered by the army. The balance were paroled. Most enemies interned were German men, and there were comparatively few German women or Austro-Hungarians. About 480,000 Germans have been registered in the nation-wide census — 260,000 men and 220,000 women.

Up to last July 1, Department of Justice investigators had rounded up 23,439 young men who sought to escape the draft, and had caused their induction into the service. More than 220,000 cases of men who for some reason or other had failed to file questionnaires or to appear for physical examination were investigated.

Hints of U. S. Spies.

Hints of an American espionage system were given in the statement that the secret services "have given protection not only to the civilian population but to the armed forces, and some of their activities have also resulted in direct damage to the enemy forces abroad."

The department has been hampered in suppressing propaganda, said the attorney general, by "self-appointed committees or associations of citizens who, ignorant of or dissatisfied with the scope of the federal laws, or jurdisdiction, have sought to supplement them by extra-legal measures of intimidation and punishment." Another hampering influence was the dissemination of hundreds of unfounded reports relating to use of poison gas by enemy agents, ground glass in food, and damage to Red Cross supplies.

Try I. W. W. Individually.

Referring to difficulties with members of the I. W. W., "pseudo-socialists," and similar bodies, the attorney general said:

"It has been the policy of this department that no person should be prosecuted or interned solely by reason of his membership in any such organization, that guilt is always personal, and that under no circumstances should any organization or body of men be prosecuted as such."

Less than one per cent of the enemy aliens arrested on suspicion and later paroled have again fallen under suspicion. Of the 75,000 enemy aliens applying for permission to complete their naturalization, which was stopped on the declaration of war, reports on more than 10,000 have been furnished the naturalization authorities of the Department of Labor.

Crown Prince Gives Up Army Command and Praises His Soldiers

Copenhagen, Dec. 5.—(By Associated Press.)—The German crown prince's last proclamation, announcing that his resignation from his command was necessitated by the emperor's resignation and thanking the troops for their heroism and self-sacrifice, is published today by the Taglische Rundschau of Berlin. In this proclamation, Frederick William, who is now interned on the Island of Wieringen, having fled to Holland, says:

"My army group is unvanquished by arms. Hunger and bitter need conquered us. We can quit the soil of France proud and with heads erect. Your shield, your honor as soldiers, are unspotted. . . .

"Deeply moved, I separate from you, bending my head for your mighty exploits—exploits which history will relate to the coming generations with indelible characters. Be true to your leaders as before. God be with you and our fatherland."

McKenna Held for Theft of Automobiles; Bound Over

William McKenna, alias Jack Fitzgerald, 4138 North Thirty-eighth street, waived preliminary hearing on a charge of grand larceny in police court Thursday morning and was bound over to the district court. His bonds were fixed at $1,500.

He was arrested by Detectives Pszynowski and Murphy, who allege that he has been implicated in a number of automobile thefts in Omaha. They say he has been working with another man whom they have been unable to find and that they have a private garage in Omaha where cars are stored until it is safe to take them to another garage they have in a small town where the cars are sold.

Four cars which they allege were stolen by McKenna were returned and two have been identified. The engine numbers and other identification marks were obliterated.

The identified cars belonged to Gus Wulff of Benson and T. J. Keenan, 210 North Twenty-fourth street, whose car was stolen from the basement of the court house. Mr. Keenan was formerly county superintendent of school but now is in the army.

The Abandoned Room

By Wadsworth Camp

CHAPTER XVI.

Imprint of a Woman's Heel.

Again Bobby wondered if the man would bring matters to a head now. He could appreciate, however, that Robinson, with nothing to go on but Howells' telephoned suspicions might spoil his chances of a solution by acting too hastily. Rawlins strolled in.

"The two women were asleep," he said. "The old man knows nothing beyond the fact that he heard a woman crying outside a little while ago."

"I don't think we need bother about the back part of the house for the present," Robinson said. "Howells's evidence has been stolen. It's your job to find it unless it's been destroyed. Your other job is to discover the instrument that caused death in both cases. Then maybe our worthy doctor will desert his ghosts. Mr. Blackburn, if you will come with me there's a slight possibility of checking up some of the evidence of which Howells spoke. Our fine fellow may have made a slip in the court."

Bobby understood and was afraid—more afraid than he had been at any time since he had overheard Howells catalogue his case to Graham in the library. Why, even in so much confusion, had Graham and he failed to think of those tell-tale marks in the court? They had been intact when he stood there just before dark. It was unlikely any one had walked across the grass since. He saw Graham's elaborate precautions demolished, the case against him stronger than it had been before Howells' murder. Graham's face revealed the same helpless comprehension. They followed Robinson downstairs. Graham made a gesture of surrender. Bobby glanced at Paredes who alone had remained below. The Panamanian smoked and lounged in the easy chair. His eyes seemed restless.

"I shall wish to ask you some questions in a few minutes, Mr. Paredes," the district attorney said.

"At your service, I'm sure," Paredes drawled.

He watched them until they had entered the court and closed the door. The chill dampness of the court infected Bobby as it had always done. It was a proper setting for his accusation and arrest. For Robinson, he knew, wouldn't wait as Howells had done to solve the mystery of the locked doors.

Robinson, while the others grouped themselves about him, took a flashlight from his pocket and pressed the control. The brilliant cylinder of light illuminated the grass, making it seem unnaturally green. Bobby braced himself for the inevitable denouncement. Then, while Robinson exclaimed angrily, his eyes widened, his heart beat rapidly with a vast and wondering relife. For the marks he remembered so clearly had been obliterated with painstaking thoroughness, and at first the slate seemed perfectly clean. He was sure his unknown friend had avoided leaving any trace of his own. Each step in the grass had been carefully scraped out. In the confusion of the path there was nothing to learn.

The genuine surprise of Bobby's exclamation turned Robinson to him with a look of doubt.

"You acknowledge these footmarks were here, Mr. Blackburn?

"Certainly," Bobby answered. "I saw them myself just before dark. I knew Howells ridiculously connected them with the murder."

"You made a good job of it when you trampled them out," Robinson hazarded.

But is was clear Bobby's amazement had not been lost on him.

"Or," he went on, "this foreigner who advertises himself as your friend! He was in the court tonight. We know that."

Suddenly he stooped, and Bobby got on his knees beside him. The cylinder of light held in its centre one mark, clear and distinct in the trampled grass, and with a warm gratitude, a swift apprehension, Bobby thought of Katherine. For the mark in the grass had been made by the heel of a woman's shoe.

"Not a foreigner then." Robinson mused "not yourself, Blackburn, but a woman, a devoted woman. That's something to get after."

"And if she lies, the impression of the heel will give her away," the coroner suggested.

Robinson grinned.

"You'd make a rotten detective, Coroner. Women's heels are cut to a pattern. There are thousands of shoes whose heels would fit this impression. We need the sole for identification, and that she hasn't left us. But she's done one favor. She's advertised herself as a woman and there are just three women in the house. One of those committed this serious offense, and the inference is obvious."

Before Bobby could protest, the doctor broke in with his throaty rumble: "One of those, or the woman who cried about the house."

Bobby started. The memory of that eerie grief was still uncomfortable in his brain. Could there have been actually a woman at the stagnant lake that afternoon and close to the hose tonight—some mysterious friend who assumed grave risks in his service? He recognized Robinson's logic. Unless there were something in that far-fetched theory, Katherine faced a situation nearly as serious as his own. Robinson straightened. At the same moment the scraping of a window reached them. Bobby glanced at the newer wing. Katherine leaned from her window. The coincidence disturbed him. In Robinson's mind, he knew, her anxiety would assume a color of guilt. Her voice, moreover, was too uncertain, too full of misgivings:

"What is going on down there? There have been no—no more tragedies?"

"Would you mind joining us for a moment?" Robinson asked.

She drew back. The curtain fell over her lighted window. The darkness of the courts was disturbed again only by the limited radiance of the flashlight. She came hurriedly from the front door.

"I saw you gathered here. I heard you talking. I wondered."

"You knew there were footprints in this court" Robinson said harshly, "that Howells connected them with the murder of your uncle."

"Yes," she answered simply.

"Why then," he ased, "did you attempt to obliterate them?

She laughed.

"What do you mean? I didn't. I haven't been out of the house since just after luncheon."

"Can you prove that?"

"It needs no proof. I tell you so."

The flashlight exposed the ugly confidence of Robinson's smile.

"I am sorry to suggest the need of corroboration."

"You doubt my word?" she flashed.

"A woman," he answered "has obliterated valuable testimony. I shall make it my business to punish her."

She laughed again. Without another word she turned and re-entered the house. Robinson's oath was audible to the others.

"We can't put up with that sort of a thing, sir," Rawlins said.

"I ought to place this entire household under arrest," Robinson muttered.

"As a lawyer," Graham said easily, "I should think with your lack of evidence it might be asking for trouble. There is Paredes who acknowledges he was in the court."

"All right. I'll se what he's got to say."

He started for the house. Bobby lingered for a moment with Graham.

"Do you know anything about this, Hartley?"

"Nothing," Graham whispered.

"Then you don't think Katherine——"

"If she'd done it she'd taken good care not to be so curious. I doubt if it was Katherine."

They followed the others into the hall. Bobby, scarcely appreciating why at first, realized there had been a change there. Then he understood: Robinson faced an empty chair. The hall was pungent with cigarette smoke, but Paredes had gone.

Robinson pointed to the stairs.

"Get him down," he said to Rawlins.

"He wouldn't have gone to bed," Graham suggested. "Suppose he's in the old room where Howells lies?"

But Rawlins found him nowhere upstairs. With an incresing excitement Robinson joined the search. They went through the entire house. Paredes was no longer there. He had, to all appearances, put a period to his unwelcome visit. He had definitely disappeared from the Cedars.

His most likely exit was through the kitchen door which was unlocked, but Jenkins who had returned to his room heard no one. With their electric lamps Robinson and Rawlins ferreted about the rear entrance for traces. The path there was as trampled and useless as the one in front. Rawlins, who had gone some distance from the house, straightened with a satisfied exclamation. The others joined him.

"Here's where he left the path right enough," he said. "And our foreigner wasn't making any more noise than he had to."

He flashed his lamp on a fresh foot in the soft soil at the side of the path. The mark of the toe was deep and firm. The impression of the heel was very light. Paredes, it was clear, had walked fom the house on tiptoe.

"Follow on," Robinson commanded. "I told this fellow I wanted to question him. I've scared him off."

Keeping his light on the ground, Rawlins led the way across the clearing. The trail was simple enough to follow. Each of the Panamanian's footprints was distinct. Each had that peculiarity that suggested the stealth of his progress.

As they continued Bobby responded to an excited premonition. He sensed the destination of the chase. He could picture Paredes now in the loneliest portion of the woods, for the trail unquestionably pointed to the path he had taken that afternoon toward the stagnant lake.

"Hartley" he said, "Paredes left the house to go to the stagnant lake where I fancied I saw a woman in black. Do you see? And he didn't hear the crying of a woman a little while ago, and when we told him he became restless. He wandered about the hall talking of ghosts."

"A rendezous!" Graham answered. "He may have been waiting for just that. The crying may have been a signal. Perhaps you'll believe now, Bobby, that the man has had an underhanded purpose in staying here."

"I've made too many hasty judgments in my life, Hartley. I'll go slow on this. I'll wait until we see what we find at the lake."

Rawlins snapped off his light. The little party paused at the black entrance of the path into the thicket.

"He's buried himself in the woods," Rawlins said.

They crowded instinctively closer in the sudden darkness. A brisk wind had sprung up. It rattled among thte trees and set the dead leaves in gentle, rustling motion. It suggested to Bobby the picture which had been forced into his brain the night of his grandfather's death. The moon now possessed less light, but it reminded him again of a drowning face and through the darkness he could fancy the trees straining in the wind like puny men. Abruptly the thought of penetrating the forest became frightening. The silent loneliness of the stagnant lake seemed as unfriendly and threatening as the melancholy of the old room.

"There are too many of us," Robinson was saying. "You had better gon on alone, Rawlins, and don't take any chances. I've got to have this man. You understand? I think he knows things worth while."

The rising wind laughed at his whisper. The detective flashed his lamp once, shut it off again and stepped into the close embrace of the thicket.

Suddenly Bobby grasped Graham's arm. The little group became tense, breathless. For across the wind with a diffused quality, a lack of direction, vibrated to them again the faint and mournful grief of a woman.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Lansing to Have Suite Rooms in Big Hotel on Place De La Concorde

Paris, Dec. 5.—Quarters for Secretary of State Lansing and the other American delegates to the peace conference have been assigned at the Crillon hotel, on the Place de la Concorde. This large hotel has been divided up into suites of rooms for the delegates. Each suite will comprise living quarters and a business office for each delegate and his immediate secretaries. The apartments overlook the Esplanade of Place de la Concorde, which is now filled with war trophies and where stand the great statues of Strasbourg, Lille and Metz, each covered with floral offerings and flags.

Each suite is handsomely furnished and has paintings and tapestries. There are commodious baths and sleeping chambers. The delegates will probably dine together in what was formerly the hotel restaurant. All accessories, including the bar, have been removed.

Most of the conferences between the American delegates will be held in the large salon at the Hotel Crillon. The business offices of the delegation, where several hundred experts in international law, geographical boundaries, intelligence, etc., will work, will be in a large building immediately adjoining. Joseph C. Grew, secretary of the peace delegation, has established quarters there.

Private Boats in Navy Are to Be Turned Back to Original Owners

Washington, Dec. 5. — Private yachts, motor boats and other craft taken over by the navy for the war already are being turned back to their owners. Mr. Daniels said by February 700 craft will have been stricken from the navy list.

The release of enlisted men is authorized, not because the navy is over-manned, but to permit the return to civil pursuits of youths who joined for the war and who do not intend to follow the sea.

Members of naval units in schools and colleges will complete their training and then stand discharged. In the cases of special student bodies, such as the paymasters' school at Princeton and the ensigns' school at Annapolis, students in the present classes upon graduation will be commissioned in the reserve.

Porto Rico Will Give Aid to Victims of Spanish "Flu"

San Juan, P. R., Dec. 5.—The legislature has passeed a bill appropriating $300,000 for the immediate relief of those who suffered from the epidemic of Spanish influenza.

Germans, Formerly Residents of France, Sneak Back to Paris

Paris, Dec. 5.—Seven Germans, one of them a woman, who formerly lived in Paris, have found means of returning here, but have been discovered and arrested. They had taken advantage of the homeward movement of prisoners and interned civilians from Germany to smuggle themselves into France and make their way to this city. Their plea was that they thought the existence of the armistice permitted their return.

MRS. LOGAN ONLY WEIGHED 98 LBS., NOW WEIGHS 123

Husband Says He Cannot Find Words to Express His Gratitude for Tanlac.

"Words just can't express my appreciation for what Tanlac has done for my wife," said John C. Logan of 3411 Maple street, Omaha, while in Sherman & McConnell's drug store recently.

"With her," he continued, "Tanlac has acted more like a miracle than medicine. She was in such a bad condition as a result of stomach trouble that she had lost all hope of ever getting well and I had little idea myself that she would recover, but she has already gained twenty-five pounds by taking Tanlac and says she never felt better in her life.

"A good many years ago she began suffering with stomach trouble and kept getting worse, although we just tried everything. The past July her condition became so bad that we found it necessary to send the children away while she was in the hospital. She could not retain the lightest kind of food and just suffered agonies from indigestion. She would almost suffocate at times from the gas pressure on her heart and said she really expected to die just any minute. After spending seven weeks in the hospital without getting any better, I brought her home and it looked like her days for this world were about over.

"She had fallen off to ninety-eight pounds and that's what she weighed when she began taking Tanlac. She had absolute faith in Tanlac from what she read about it, and as I say, it has acted like a miracle with her. She now weighs one hundred and twenty-three pounds, is perfectly strong and well and says she feels fine all the time. It is astonishing how her appetite picked up right from the time she began on Tanlac and now she can eat onions, turnips or anything else she wants without having a sign of indigestion. She is now able to do all her housework and no one could see the wonderful change that has taken place in her and doubt Tanlac being a great medicine. She has recommended it to many of her friends and we are delighted to have the opportunity of telling everybody what it has done for her."

Tanlac is sold in Omaha by all Sherman & McConnell Drug Company's stores, Harvard Pharmacy and West End Pharmacy under the personal direction of a special Tanlac representative. Also Forrest and Meany Drug Company in South Omaha and the leading druggist in each city and town throughout the state of Nebraska.—Adv.