

**FEWER CASES OF "FLU" REPORTED THAN WEEK AGO**

**Street Car Men Fail to Enforce Order Against Overcrowding; Manning May Use Police.**

Twenty-six deaths in Omaha from Spanish influenza in the 48 hours ending Monday morning were reported to the city health commissioner. This is slightly lower than the record for the first two days of last week. City Health Commissioner Manning sent a letter to the street railway company Monday calling attention to the fact that conductors are not preventing crowding on street cars. Unless the order is complied with, Dr. Manning says he will enforce it through police.

**BLUFFS COUNCIL CANCELS FLU CAR SERVICE ORDER** Following the order by Health Officer Manning in Omaha, that cars should carry only passengers as they could seat, the same order was placed in force in Council Bluffs. The Board of Health of Council Bluffs rescinded that order at a meeting Monday night on the recommendation of Dr. S. H. Bower, health director. Doctor Bower said it was the opinion of the 700 doctors who met in Chicago last week, that orders of this kind were of no use, and that it was useless to interfere with people who wished to go to and from Omaha by keeping the order in force.

**Two Youths Are Held Charged With Robbing Gas Filling Station**

Frank Daniel, 25 years of age, and James McDermott, 18 years of age, both giving their home as Omaha, were bound over to the district court in the Council Bluffs police court Monday charged with burglary. They waived preliminary examination and their bonds were fixed at \$2,000.

They were arrested shortly after midnight by Police Officers Weimar and Wood, who allege they were robbing the filling station of the Standard Oil company at Broadway and Seventh avenue when captured.

**Hot Red Light in Window, but Merely For Rent Sign**

Mrs. Edna E. Nicholson, 2617 Harney street, plaintiff in a damage suit being heard before Judge Wakeley in district court, testified that Sergeant Russell and Detectives Cunningham, Chapman and Anderson of the morals squad, entered her home on the night of August 25, wearing heavy shoes.

When the policemen sought entrance by ringing the door-bell 12 times she stated that she wrapped herself in a quilt after advising the visitors of her sartorial condition.

**Price Lists Discontinued by Food Administration**

While the Nebraska food administration has not gone out of business, or closed its offices, it is not likely that the price fixing committee will issue any more lists, showing at what prices foodstuffs will be sold at retail.

**Many Telephone Girls Are Kept from Work by "Flu"**

The influenza epidemic is causing serious inconvenience in the operations of the Nebraska Telephone company, whose operators have been affected from 15 to 20 per cent. The company is doing its best to maintain the service to as high a standard of efficiency as possible.

**New Troops Come to Guard Quartermaster's Depot Here**

A detachment of 20 soldiers, members of the 20th infantry regiment, stationed at Fort Riley, Kan., arrived in Omaha Sunday night to guard the quartermaster depot at Twenty-second and Hickory streets. The men are in charge of Lt. Norman H. Foley.

**The Abandoned Room**

By Wadsworth Camp

**CHAPTER XXVII. An Unexpected Visitor.**

Bobby called on his reason. His grandfather stood before him in flesh. With the old man, in spite of Paredes' ghastly hint, probably lay the solution of the entire mystery and his own safety. He was about to speak when he heard footsteps in the upper hall. His grandfather glanced inquiringly through the stairwell, asking: "Who's that up there?" The sharp tone confessed that fear of the Cedars was active in the warped brain. "The district attorney," Bobby answered. "A detective, probably Hartley Graham."

He indicated Paredes. "What's this fellow doing here? I never liked him. You're not Katherine answered: "They've all come because I thought I saw you dead, lying in the old room."

"We all saw," Bobby cried angrily, and Paredes nodded. Blackburn shrank away from them. The three men descended the stairs. Half way down they stopped. "Who is that?" Robinson cried.

Graham's face whitened. He braced himself against the banister. "Next time, Mr. District Attorney," Paredes said, "you'll believe me when I say the court is full of ghosts. He walked in from the court. I tell you they found him in the court."

Silas Blackburn's voice rose, shrill and angry: "What's the matter with you all? Why do you talk of ghosts and my being dead? Haven't I a right to come in my own house? You all act as if you were afraid of me."

Paredes' questions had clearly added to the uncertainty of his manner. Katherine spoke softly. "We are afraid!"

"The others came down. Robinson walked close to Silas Blackburn, and for some time gazed at the gray face.

"Yes," he said, "you are Silas Blackburn. You came to my office Smithtown the other day and asked for a detective, because you were afraid of something out here."

"There's no question," Graham cried. "Of course it is Mr. Blackburn, yet it couldn't be."

"What you all talking about? Why are the police in my house? Why do you act like fools and say I was dead?"

They gathered in a group at some distance from him. They unconsciously ignored this central figure, as if he were, in fact, a ghost. Bobby and Katherine told how they had found the old man, a black shadow against the wall of the wing. Paredes repeated the questions he had asked and their strange answers. Afterward Robinson turned to Silas Blackburn, who waited, trembling.

"Then you did go to the old room to sleep. You lay down on the bed, but you say you didn't stay. You must tell us why not, and how you got out, and where you've been during this prolonged sleep. I want everything that happened from the moment you entered the old bedroom until you awakened."

"That's simple," Silas Blackburn mouthed. "I went there along about 10 o'clock, wasn't it, Katy?"

"Nearly half past," she said. "And you frightened me."

"He must tell us why he went, why he was afraid to sleep in his own room," Graham began.

Robinson held up his hand. "One question at a time, Mr. Graham. The important thing now is to learn what happened in the room. You're not forgetting Howells, are you?"

Silas Blackburn glanced at the floor. He moved his feet restlessly. He fumbled in his pocket for some loose tobacco. With shaking fingers he refilled his pipe.

"Except for Bobby and Katherine," he quavered, "you don't know what that room means to Blackburn; and they only know by hearsay, because I've seen it was kept closed. Don't see how I'm going to tell you—"

"You needn't hesitate," Robinson encouraged him. "We've all experienced something of the peculiarities of the Cedars. Your return alone's enough to keep us from laughter."

"All right," the old man stammered on. "I was raised on stories of that room—even before my father shot himself there. Later on I saw Katherine's father die in the big bed, and after that I never cared to go near

the place unless I had to. The other night, when I made up my mind to sleep there, I tried to tell myself all this talk was tommyrot. I tried to make myself believe I could sleep as comfortably in that bed as anywhere. So I went in and locked the door and raised the window and lay down."

"You're sure you locked the door?" Robinson asked.

"Yes. I remember turning the key in both doors, because I didn't want anything bothering me from outside."

They all looked at each other, unable to forecast anything of Blackburn's experiences; for both doors had been locked when the body had been found. Granted life, how would it have been possible for Silas Blackburn to have left the room to commence his period of drowsiness? An explanation of that should also unveil the criminal's route in and out.

"The tenacity of the little group increased, but no one interposed the obvious questions. Robinson was right. It would be quicker to let the protagonist of this unbelievable adventure recite its details in his own fashion."

Paredes ran his slender fingers gropingly over the faces of several of the cards he had picked up.

"When I got in bed," Silas Blackburn continued, "I thought I'd let the candle burn for company's sake, but there was a wind, and it came in the open window, and it made the queerest black shadows dance all over the walls until I couldn't stand it a minute longer. I blew out the candle and lay back in the dark."

He drew harshly on his cold pipe. He looked at it with an air of surprise, and slipped it in his pocket. "It was the funniest darkness. I didn't like it. You put your hand out and closed your fingers as if you could feel it. But it wasn't all black, either. Some moonlight came in with the wind between the curtains. It wasn't exactly yellow, and it wasn't white. After a little it seemed alive, and I wouldn't look at it any more. The only way I could stop myself was to shut my eyes, and that was worse, for it made me recollect my father the way I saw him lying there when I was a boy."

God grant none of you will ever have to see anything like that. Then I seemed to see Katy's father, too; and I remembered his screams. The room got thick with things like that—with those two, and with a lot of others come out of the pictures and the stories I've heard about my family."

His experience when he had gone

to the room to take the evidence from Howells' body became active in Bobby's memory.

"There I lay with my eyes shut," Silas Blackburn went on in his strange, inquiring voice. "And yet I seemed to see those dead people all around me. I thought they were in pain again and were mad at me because I didn't do anything. I guess maybe I must 'a' been dozing a little, for I thought—"

He broke off. He raised his hand slowly and pointed in the direction of the overgrown cemetery where they had seen his coffin covered that noon. His voice was lower and harsher when he continued: "I—I thought, I heard them say that things were all broken out there, and—and awful—so awful they couldn't stay."

His voice became defiant. "I said, 'Go on.' Robinson urged, 'What happened then? What did you do?'"

"(To Be Continued Tomorrow)"

**Union Pacific Employees Are to Be Shot Against "Flu"**

As a disease preventive, Union Pacific employees are to be vaccinated with influenza serum. Room 318 at the headquarters building has been set aside as an operating department and at 5 o'clock each afternoon doctors will be on hand to "shoot" the arms of officials and employees. Trained nurses will be present to assist.

In vaccinating as an influenza preventive, Union Pacific doctors will take three "shots" at their patients at intervals of 10 days each.

**South Side SON OF INVALID SOUTH SIDE MAN KILLED BY AUTO**

**Nine-Year-Old Boy Struck on Way from School; Dies on Way to Hospital.**

Rudolph Kroyewicz, 9 years of age, son of Mr. and Mrs. Isadore Kroyewicz, 2510 L street, died Monday noon of injuries received half an hour earlier, when he was crossing Twenty-fifth and L.

The boy had just been dismissed from the South Central school and was at the end of the line of children who marched out. Miss L. Gross, principal, had warned the children about playing in the street and the little boy had kept to the crossing. He was in the middle of the crossing when he was hit by a Buick car driven by an unidentified man. The man stopped and picked the boy up and carried him to Miss Gross, according to her story.

Miss Gross then accompanied the man to Rudolph's home, which is about half a block from the school. She had difficulty in obtaining a doctor, so the man volunteered to go after a doctor in his car. "I never saw him again," said Miss Gross. Finally a man driving a truck was hailed, whose name Miss Gross does not know, and she went with him after a doctor. Rudolph was taken to the Side hospital in an ambulance, but died before the hospital was reached.

The little boy is survived by his parents. He was an only child. His father is an invalid and his mother is employed in a tannery. Miss

Gross said the child had attended the school since the first part of November.

**Leonard Conley, South Side Boy, Killed in Action, Oct. 27**

Leonard E. Conley, a South Side boy, was killed in action October 27 in France. He was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Viret Conley, 4211 South Twentieth street. He received his education in the Hawthorne school and before he was drafted into the army in September 1917, he operated a stock farm near Papillion. He was sent to Camp Funston, where he was a member of Company C, One Hundred and Twentyeighth infantry. Thirty-second division, which was sent to France in April of this year. Private Conley was wounded in action August 1 and sent to camp hospital 15 to recover. December 2 his parents received a telegram from the Adjutant General saying he had completely recovered and had returned to duty. Six days later, December 8, they received a telegram saying he was killed in action October 27.

Besides his parents, Private Conley is survived by two sisters, Florence and Stella and two brothers

Viret and Sheldon. He was 26 years of age.

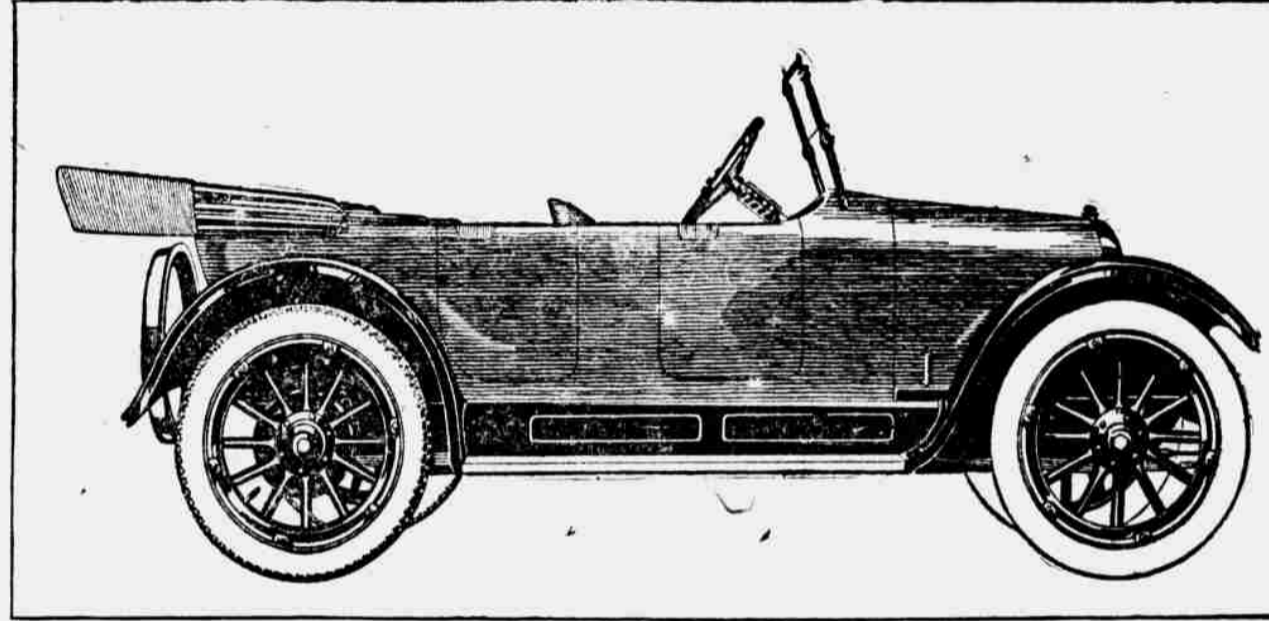
**South Side Brevities** Mrs. Mary Van Ruckegher, 6129 South Twenty-ninth avenue, reported to the police that December 16, a pocketbook containing \$24 in bills was stolen from her dining room table. Later the purse was found in her yard.

**IN THE DIVORCE COURT.** A divorce action filed by Grayce against Henry Hegermann charges the husband with desertion. They were married in Oklahoma, October 27, 1917.

Clara Day alleges that her husband, Union W. Day, deserted her and four minor children on July 5, 1915. In a divorce petition filed in district court she charges non-support, stating that Day is now in France.

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