

OMAHA MAN, HURT LAST SEPTEMBER, IN KILLED LIST

Charles T. McBreen's Name in the Last of Army Casualties Just Reported.

Washington, June 26.—An army casualty list issued today contained the name of one private, Charles T. McBreen, 4015 Sherman avenue, Omaha, killed in action.

In the latter part of September, just after the Argonne offensive had been initiated by the American forces, Mr. McBreen was reported to have been severely injured. His wounds proved fatal.

He enlisted in February, 1918, at Long Island, where he was employed at the time. He was 22 years old and unmarried.

He served with the 49th division in France. His father, two brothers and two sisters, all residing at 1823 Corby street, survive him.

An Instantaneous Wrinkle Remover

The average woman is always surprised to learn, after experimenting with all sorts of patent so-called "wrinkle removers," that the most effective remedy in the world is a simple face wash which she can make herself at home in a jiffy.

She has only to get an ounce of pure powdered azoxite from her nearest drug-gist and dissolve it in half a pint of witch hazel. Apply this refreshing solution to the face every day for a while. The result is charming—marvelous. Even after the very first treatment the wrinkles show less plainly and the face has a nice, firm, comfortable feeling that is thoroughly delightful and lends self-confidence in one's appearance. This harmless home remedy is used by thousands of women to obliterate the unwelcome traces of time.—Adv.

MUSLIN UNDERWEAR AT LESS THAN YOU COULD MAKE IT, SATURDAY, AT UNION OUTFITTING CO.

Sale Prices May Not Be Equalled Again for Months to Come.

Fine Stitchery and Embroidering Emphasize the Quality of the Garments.

With the cotton market on an upward trend, what woman can resist the snowy whiteness of dainty undergarments, when she realizes that the sale prices at the Union Outfitting Company next Saturday are less than Muslinwear of similar qualities can be purchased in the wholesale market today.

There are many attractive styles in Teddy Bears, Night Gowns, Combinations and Envelope Chemise in white and flesh colored materials.

The timely event is another evidence of the increasing Buying Power of the Union Outfitting Company, and the fact that a large store located out of the High Rent District can give better values in dependable merchandise. No transaction is ever considered complete until the customer is satisfied.

OMAHA VAN & STORAGE CO. Phone Douglas 4163. 806 South 16th St.

My, But It Is Hot! Moving Impossible—Not so. For WE, the Omaha Van & Storage Co., will do all the work—pack, move and store your goods.

OMAHA VAN & STORAGE CO. Phone Douglas 4163. 806 South 16th St.

Follow use of Cuticura Soap and Ointment. At night bathe face with the soap and hot water. Dry and rub in the Ointment. Wear old gloves during night.

Do not fail to include the exquisitely scented Cuticura Talcum in your toilet preparations. 25c. everywhere.

DRUISES—CUTS Cleanse thoroughly—reduce inflammation by cold wet compress—apply lightly, without friction.

VICK'S VAPORUBS FOR BRONCHITIS—30¢

Soft White Hands Follow use of Cuticura Soap and Ointment. At night bathe face with the soap and hot water. Dry and rub in the Ointment. Wear old gloves during night.

Do not fail to include the exquisitely scented Cuticura Talcum in your toilet preparations. 25c. everywhere.

DRUISES—CUTS Cleanse thoroughly—reduce inflammation by cold wet compress—apply lightly, without friction.

VICK'S VAPORUBS FOR BRONCHITIS—30¢

THE WOMAN IN BLACK

By EDMUND CLERHEW BENTLEY

CHAPTER VI. Manderson's Family Infelicities

"He said, 'See here, Cupples, you don't want to butt in. My wife can look after herself. I've found that out, along with other things.' He was perfectly quiet—you know he was said never to lose control of himself—though there was a light in his eyes that would have frightened a man who was in the wrong, I dare say. But I had been thoroughly aroused by his last remark, and the tone of it, which I cannot reproduce. You see, said Mr. Cupples simply, 'I love my niece. She is the only child that there has been in our—in my house. Moreover, my wife brought her up as a girl, and any reflection on Mabel I could not help feeling, in the heat of the moment, as an indirect reflection upon one who is gone.'"

"You turned upon him," suggested Trent in a low tone. "You asked him to explain his words." "That is precisely what I did," said Mr. Cupples. "For a moment he only stared at me, and I could see a vein on his forehead swelling—an unpleasant sight. Then he said quite quietly: 'This thing has gone far enough, I guess,' and turned to go." "Did he mean your interview?" Trent asked thoughtfully.

"From the words alone you would think so," Mr. Cupples answered. "But the way in which he uttered them gave me a strange and very apprehensive feeling. I received the impression that the man had formed some sinister resolve. But I regret to say I had lost the power of dispassionate thought. I fell into a great rage."—Mr. Cupples' tone was mildly apologetic—and said a number of foolish things. I reminded him that the law allowed a measure of freedom to wives who received irregular treatment. I made some utterly irrelevant references to his public record, and expressed the view that such men as he were unfit to live. I said these things, and others as ill-considered, under the eyes, and very possibly within ear-shot, of half a dozen persons sitting on the veranda. I noticed them, in spite of my agitation, looking at me as I walked up to the hotel again after relieving my mind—for it undoubtedly did relieve it," sighed Mr. Cupples, lying back in his chair.

"And Manderson? Did he say no more?" "Not a word. He listened to me with his eyes on my face, as quiet as before. When I stopped, he smiled very lightly, and at once turned away and strolled through the gate, making for White Gables." "And this happened—?" "On the Sunday morning."

"Then I suppose you never saw him alive again?" "No," said Mr. Cupples. "Or rather, yes—once. It was later in the day, on the golf course. But I did not speak to him. And next morning he was found dead."

The two regarded each other in silence for a few moments. A party of guests who had been bathing came up the steps and seated themselves, with much chattering, at a table near them. The waiter approached. Mr. Cupples rose, and taking Trent's arm led him to a long tennis lawn at the side of the hotel.

"I have a reason for telling you all this," began Mr. Cupples as they paced slowly up and down. "Trust you for that," rejoined Trent, carefully filling his pipe again. He lit it, smoked a little and then said: "I'll try and guess what your reason is, if you like."

Mr. Cupples' face of solemnity relaxed into a slight smile. He said nothing.

"You thought it possible," said Trent meditatively, "may I say you thought it practically certain—that I should find out for myself that there had been something deeper than a mere conjugal tiff between the Mandersons. You thought that my unwholesome imagination would begin at once to play with the idea of Mrs. Manderson having something to do with the crime. Rather than lose my mind to idle self in barren speculations about this, you decided to tell me exactly how matters stood, and incidentally to impress upon me, who know how excellent your judgment is, your opinion of your niece. Is that about right?"

"It is perfectly right. Listen to me, my dear fellow," said Mr. Cupples earnestly, laying his hand on the other's arm. "I am going to be very frank. I am extremely glad that Manderson is dead. I believe him to have done nothing but harm in the world as an economic factor. I know that he was making a desert of the life of one who was like my own child to me. But I am under an intolerable dread of Mabel being involved in suspicion with regard to the murder. It is horrible to me to think of her delicacy and goodness being in contact, if only for a time, with the brutalities of it. It would mark her deeply. Many young women of 25 in these days could face such an ordeal, I suppose. I have observed a sort of imitative hardness about the products of the higher education of women today which would carry them through anything, perhaps. I am not prepared to say it is a bad thing in the conditions of feminine life prevailing at present. Mabel, however, is no like that. She is unlike that as she is unlike the smirking misses that used to surround me as a child. She has plenty of brains; she is full of character; her mind and her tastes are cultivated; but it is all mixed up—Mr. Cupples waved his hands in a vague gesture—with ideals of refinement and reservation and womanly mystery. I fear she is not a child of the age. You never knew my wife, Trent. Mabel is my wife's child."

The younger man bowed his head. They paced the length of the lawn before he asked gently: "Why did she marry him?" "I don't know," said Mr. Cupples briefly.

"Admired him, I suppose," suggested Trent.

Mr. Cupples shrugged his shoulders. "I have been told that a woman will usually be more or less attracted by the most successful man in her circle. Of course we cannot realize how a willful dominating personality like his would influence a girl whose affections were not bestowed elsewhere; especially if he laid himself out to win her. It is probably an overwhelming thing to be counted all over the world. She had heard of him, of course, as a financial great power, and she had no idea—she had lived mostly among people of artistic or literary propensities—how much soulless inhumanity that might involve. For all I know, she has no adequate idea of it to this day. When I first heard of the affair the mischief was done, and I knew better than to interpose my untought opinions. She was of age, and there was absolutely nothing against him from the conventional point of view. Then I dare say his immense wealth would cast a spell over almost any woman. Mabel had some hundreds a year of her own; just enough, perhaps, to get her realize what millions really meant. But all this is a matter of course. She certainly had not wanted to marry some scores of young fellows who, to my knowledge, had asked her; and though I don't believe, and never did believe, that she really loved this man of 45, she certainly did want to marry him. But if you ask me why, I can only say I don't know."

Trent nodded, and after a few more paces looked at his watch. "You've interested me so much," he said, "that I had quite forgotten my main business. I mustn't waste my morning. I am going down the road to White Gables at once, and I dare say I shall be poking about there until midday. If you can meet me then, Cupples, I should like to talk over anything I find out with you, unless something detains me."

"I am going for a walk this morning," Mr. Cupples replied. "I mean to have luncheon at a little inn near the golf course, the Three Elms. You had better join me there. It's further along the road, about a quarter of a mile beyond White Gables. You can just see the roof between those two trees. The food they give one there is very plain, but good."

My HEART and My HUSBAND

Adele Garrison's New Phase of Revelations of a Wife

What Madge saw in Mr. Stockbridge's Office.

For a long moment Alice Holcombe and I feared each other tensely, she insisted on the course she had outlined, I equally determined against it.

I was willing to go to many lengths for Alice Holcombe, but this proposition to spy upon my principal's wife through a transom was something I could not do. I was big enough, however, to see the justice of her standpoint. She was her duty, her privilege to protect the man she loved from the crazed maneuvers of his wife. But while I was perfectly willing to keep her even to a point involving personal danger, I felt that I must refuse this thing she had asked, nay commanded me to do.

"We probably are risking a scene anyway," I said practically. "But you must decide quickly. I will go down to the office on some plausible pretext, or I will stay here."

"Oh, go down by all means and at once," she said, and I saw that she was having difficulty in controlling her emotions.

Why Madge Hesitated. I was not particularly calm myself, but fortunately my single track mind, as Dicky terms it, enables me generally to put aside from my thoughts everything save the particular task which is engrossing me. So without any more words I turned and went quickly down the staircase to the door of the principal's office, which was closed, contrary to the usual custom of the school.

I debated for a moment whether or not I should knock on that closed door. Then my common sense asserted itself, and told me that Mrs. Stockbridge was the real intruder, and that either Miss Holcombe or I, as the principal's assistants, had the right to enter the office in his absence at will. But my fingers were trembling as I turned the knob and swung back the door.

Milly Stockbridge did not see or hear me, as my trained eyes had time to observe the setting in which her absorbed fingers were framed.

She was sitting at her husband's private desk, and the drawers which he had always kept locked were wide open. A key, one of a bunch on a key ring, was inserted in the lock of the top one, while the principal's simple lives prevent from luxury's contagion, weak and vile! Till then, goody!" He strode off to recover his hat from the veranda, waved it to Mr. Cupples, and was gone.

The old gentleman, seating himself in a desk chair on the lawn, clasped his hands behind his head and gazed up into the speckless blue sky. "He is a dear fellow," he murmured. "The best of fellows. And a terribly cute fellow. Dear me! How curious it all is!"

(Continued Tomorrow.)

Build Yourself Up. A daily ration of Grape-Nuts will help. A Wonderful Food For Sturdy Strength!

office coat, lying carelessly tumbled on the floor, was mute evidence of the manner in which Mrs. Stockbridge had secured the keys. Her husband, upon receiving the summons to the neighboring village, must have forgotten to change the keys with his coat, little thinking that his wife would disobey the mandate which had kept her from the office for so long.

In her hand she held a large envelope on which was printed a caption in large letters. "Not to be opened until my death," knew that her vandal fingers were tearing out from the insensate paper the heart secrets of the man whose life she had made one living hell.

"I'll Give You—"

It took all the courage I possessed to speak, to draw her attention away from the paper she was scanning so greedily. I confess that I held the door open with one hand as I uttered the first words, for I

had no idea what direction her anger would take.

"Pardon me, Mrs. Stockbridge," I said, wondering what in the world I would say next to her. I did not have to ponder the question long, for with a sound like a snarl she wheeled in the chair, then sprang to her feet, her hands crushing together the envelope and its contents, among which I noticed some kodak pictures, the backs of which, however, were turned toward me.

"Oh, it's you, is it, you spy!" she screamed. "I thought you'd be along. Well, now that you are here I'll give you something to think over and report."

She sat down at the desk again, snatched a pen, dipped it in ink, and began to write feverishly across the envelope I had seen.

(Continued tomorrow.)

The census bureau reports from about half the population of the United States show there are more than 250,000 families with children ranging in number from 6 to 25.

CONSTIPATION

Have you ever thought of it as a stoppage of the sewerage system of the body? You can well imagine its evil consequences. If you would enjoy good health have bowels move once each day. When a medicine is required you will find Chamberlain's Tablets are hard to beat. They only cost a quarter.

PILES FISTULA CURED

DR. E. R. TARRY, 240 Bee Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

FOR BEST RESULTS TRY BEE WANT ADS

Nation Faces Critical Coal Shortage

Says the U. S. Government Buy Your Coal NOW

COAL production has fallen off to an alarming extent. This is due to a combination of causes. No increase in output is possible without quick action by coal consumers.

Coal cannot be produced and held in huge quantities awaiting the convenience of buyers. It must be moved from the mines as fast as produced and kept moving until it finally reaches the consumer.

During the past two years we have been confronted with a coal shortage. In 1917 it embarrassed our conduct of the war, shut down factories, left cities in darkness, shortened the working hours of public utilities and caused great suffering in many homes.

In 1918, in response to government appeal, consumers bought their coal during the summer months, and as a result of their action and the superhuman effort on the part of operators and miners, the greatest production in the history of the country was achieved—namely 585,000,000 tons. Thus a shortage was averted.

In 1919--the present year--we face this situation:

Requirements for the year (Govt. estimate)	530,000,000 tons
(55 million tons less than 1918)	
Stocks on hand January 1	30,000,000 tons
Coal production required for 1919	500,000,000 tons
Coal produced January 1 to June 14, 1919	195,000,000 tons
Quantity to be produced during remaining 28 weeks	305,000,000 tons
Average weekly production first 24 weeks	8,125,000 tons
Average tonnage which must be produced weekly during coming 28 weeks	10,900,000 tons

To meet the requirements of the country, production of the mines must be increased 2,775,000 tons each week!

How can this be done? By buying your coal now. This is the only way to increase production.

If production is not stimulated now, somebody will have no coal this winter. Will it be you? Do not think we are alarmists; that the figures quoted above are inaccurate. They are the OFFICIAL figures of the Geological Survey of the United States Government.

Your Government Warns You Dr. H. A. Garfield, United States Fuel

National Coal Association Commercial Bank Building, Washington, D. C.

Doctor Tells How to Detect Harmful Effects of Tobacco

Try These SIMPLE TESTS

New York: Doctor Connor, formerly of Johns Hopkins hospital, says: Many men who smoke, chew or sniff incessantly and who have no other ailments, are suffering from progressive organic ailments. Thousands of them would never have been afflicted had it not been for the use of tobacco, and thousands would soon get well if they would only stop the use of tobacco. The chief habit forming principle of tobacco is nicotine, a deadly poison which, when absorbed by the system slowly affects the nerves, the muscles and vital organs of the body. The harmful effect of tobacco varies and depends on circumstances. One will be afflicted with general debility, others with catarrh of the throat, indigestion, constipation, extreme nervousness, sleeplessness, loss of memory, lack of will power, mental confusion, etc. Others may suffer from heart disease, bronchial trouble, hardening of the arteries, tuberculosis, sinusitis or even cancer. The most common affliction known as tobacco heart. If you use tobacco in any form you can easily detect the harmful effects by making the following simple tests. Read aloud one full page from a book. If, in the course of reading, your voice becomes hoarse, hoarse and indistinct, you must frequently clear your throat, the chances are that you are suffering from catarrh and it may be the beginning of more serious trouble. Next, in the morning, before you smoke, walk up three flights of stairs at a regular pace, then stop. If you find that you are out of breath, your heart beat is forced, trembling or irregular, you may be a victim of a weak and aching heart. If you feel that you must smoke, chew or sniff to quiet your nerves, you are a slave to the tobacco habit, and are positively poisoning yourself with the deadly drug, nicotine. In either case you have just two alternatives—keep on with the self-poisoning process irrespective of the dangers and suffer the consequences, or give up the habit and escape the dangers. You can overcome the craving and stop the habit in a very short time by using the following inexpensive formula. Go to any drug store and ask for Nicotol tablets, take one tablet after each meal, and in a comparatively short time you will have no desire for tobacco, the craving will have left you. With the nicotine poison out of your system your general health will quickly improve.

Note—When asked about Nicotol tablets, one of our leading druggists said: "It is truly a wonderful remedy for the tobacco habit; away from my shelves we have ever sold before. We are authorized by the manufacturers to refund the money to every dissatisfied customer, and we would not permit the use of our name unless the remedy possessed unusual merit." Nicotol tablets sold in this city under an iron-clad money-back guarantee by all up-to-date druggists, including the Sherman, McConnell, the Boston and the Merritt Stores.—Adv.

My Guarantee Means

—that all dental work done in this office MUST be as well done as it is possible to do it—the materials that enter into the work must be first class and exactly as represented—all unnecessary work MUST be eliminated, and last but not least, the charge must be mutually fair.

Come to me with that understanding.

Solid Gold Crowns and Bridge Work	\$5
Good Rubber Plates	\$10
Very Best Plates	\$15

WORK GUARANTEED ABSOLUTELY

Painless Withers Dental Co.

423-428 Securities Bldg., 16th and Farnam Sts., OMAHA

OFFICE OPEN 8:30 A. M. to 8 P. M. Sunday, 9 to 1



Soft White Hands Follow use of Cuticura Soap and Ointment. At night bathe face with the soap and hot water. Dry and rub in the Ointment. Wear old gloves during night.

DRUISES—CUTS Cleanse thoroughly—reduce inflammation by cold wet compress—apply lightly, without friction.

VICK'S VAPORUBS FOR BRONCHITIS—30¢