

# DROP CONTEMPT CASES AGAINST THREE STRIKERS

## Lack of Evidence Forces Court to Dismiss Charges Against Teamsters Charged With Assaults.

Contempt of court charges against George Nebe, F. J. Kelly and J. Smith, striking teamsters charged with assaults in violation of the injunction, were dismissed yesterday in district court before Judge Troup.

The move by the state was a great surprise. Attorney Alfred Munger, appearing for the state, said the case was dismissed without prejudice to the institution of another suit, for the reason that Nebe has disappeared.

It would not be just to go on with the case against Smith and Kelly when Nebe goes free," was the explanation he offered.

The three men were arrested a few days after the teamsters' strike began, because they interfered with teamsters who were at work, and they were charged with contempt of court because their alleged actions were in violation of the injunction.

The case was continued several times in district court. It was finally set for hearing last Wednesday. At that time Nebe failed to appear in the morning. A court order was issued for him, but by afternoon the sheriff had failed to locate him and a further continuance was taken to this morning. Nebe was still missing.

He has been in Omaha only about six weeks, it was stated, and little was known about him by the other teamsters.

# My HEART and My HUSBAND

Adele Garrison's New Phase of Revelations of a Wife

## How Madge Brought Her Interview with Mr. Stockbridge to an end.

I could not help but see the words which Milly Stockbridge scrawled spitefully across the envelope she had discovered in her husband's private desk. Indeed, when she had finished she shook the envelope before my face.

"There, tell that to your dear Kenny," she snarled as my eyes read the words. "Which I hope will be soon," written underneath the request Mr. Stockbridge had put upon the envelope holding his private papers.

She threw the envelope down upon the desk back of her, advanced truculently toward me.

"Now you get out of here!" she said. "Oh, you needn't worry, I'm not going to break up any furniture, although I ought to take an axe to this thing. And oh, what I ought to do to you and that other snake in the grass that I've trusted all these years! But I'll give you with all of you in a bunch, don't you worry. And first, you'll vamoose out of my husband's office. I'm going right now myself, but I won't be spied on and ordered around by any such—"

I closed the door softly between me and her raving. I saw the slit was fast working herself into a frenzy in which she would be capable of anything. Perhaps if I obeyed her she would be placated enough to keep her word and leave the office. I had seen enough to be able to tell Alice Holcombe to inform Mr. Stockbridge that she had been tampering with his desk, and had opened the envelope he had marked not to be opened until his death. How much she had gleaned of its contents I had no means of knowing, or what she might do with the papers her husband had cherished, now that I was safely out of the room.

"Oh, I'm Afraid!" I listened intently for any sound within the room, but heard nothing, save one rending tear as of stiff paper, a click of a lock, and the slamming of the desk drawer. At the last sound I wisked into the nearest vacant classroom, and from its vantage heard Mrs. Stockbridge's high heels click viciously down the stairs. A few seconds later, from a window, I saw her hurrying down the path to the street.

I lost no time in reporting to Alice Holcombe the result of my encounter. She looked exceedingly troubled when I had finished.

"Oh, I'm afraid I'll do something dreadful this time!" she said. "She's jealous of every thought Kenny has, and to find out that he had been keeping any momentos of which she knew nothing will drive her wild. I wonder what they could have been—surely he isn't still cherishing keepsakes of that girl who threw him over—and yet—did you say there were kodak pictures in that envelope?"

Why Madge knew. "I saw two," I returned, but those might have been of anybody or anything, you know what an enthusiastic amateur photographer he is. Probably the things are most common place. It is only her vivid imagination that makes all the trouble."

# THE WOMAN IN BLACK

By EDMUND CLERHEW BENTLEY

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## CHAPTER VII Handcuffs in the Air

A painter and the son of a painter, Philip Trent had, while yet in his twenties, achieved some reputation within the world of English art. Moreover, his pictures sold. An original, forcible talent and a habit of leisurely but continuous working, broken by fits of strong creative enthusiasm, were at the bottom of it. His father's name had helped; a patrimony large enough to relieve him of the perilsous imputation of being a struggling man had certainly not hindered. But his best aid to success had been an unguessed power of getting himself liked. Good spirits and a lively, humorous fancy will always be popular. Trent joined to these a genuine interest in others that gained him something deeper than popularity. His judgment of persons was penetrating, but its process was internal; no one felt on good behavior with a man who seemed always to be enjoying himself.

Whether he was in a mood for floods of nonsense or applying himself vigorously to a task, his face seldom lost its expression of contained vivacity. Apart from a sound knowledge of his art and its history, his culture was large and loose, dominated by a love of poetry. At 32 he had not yet passed the age of laughter and adventure. His rise to a celebrity 100 times greater than his proper work had won for him came of a momentary impulse. One day he had taken up a newspaper to find it chiefly concerned with a crime of a sort curiously rare in our country: a murder done in a railway train. The circumstances were puzzling; two persons were under arrest upon suspicion. Trent, to whom an interest in such affairs was a new sensation, heard the thing discussed among his friends, and set himself in a purposeful mood to read up the accounts given in several journals. He became intrigued; his imagination began to work, in a manner strange to him, upon facts; an excitement took hold of him such as he had only known before in his bursts of art-inspiration or of personal adventure. At the end of the day he wrote and dispatched a long letter to the editor of the Record, which he chose only because it had contained the fullest and most intelligent version of the facts.

In this letter he did very much what Poe had done in the case of the murder of Mary Rogers. With nothing but the newspapers to guide him, he drew attention to the significance of certain apparently negligible facts, and ranged the evidence such a manner as to throw grave suspicion upon a man who had presented himself as a witness. Sir James Molloy had printed his letter in leaded type. The same evening he was able to announce in the Sun the arrest and full confession of the incriminated man.

Sir James, who knew all the worlds of London, had lost no time in making Trent's acquaintance. The two men got on well; for Trent possessed some secret of native tact which had the effect of almost abolishing differences of age between himself and others. The great rotary presses in the basement of the Record building had filled him with a new enthusiasm; he had painted there, and Sir James had bought at sight, what he called a machinery-scapes in the manner of Heinrich Kley.

Then a few months later came the affair known as the Ilkley mystery. Sir James had invited Trent to an emollient dinner, and thereafter offered him what seemed to the young man a fantastically large sum for his temporary services as special representative of the Record at Ilkley. "You could do it," the editor had urged. "You can write good stuff, and you know how to talk to people, and I can teach you all the technicalities of a reporter's job in half an hour. And you have a head for a mystery; you have imagination and cool judgment along with it. I think how it would feel if you pulled it off!" Trent had admitted that it would be rather a lark; he had smoked, frowned, and at last convinced himself that the only thing that held him back was fear of an unfamiliar task. To react against fear had become a fixed moral habit with him, and he had accepted Sir James' offer.

He had pulled it off. For the second time he had given the authorities a start and a beating, and his name was on all tongues. He withdrew and painted pictures. He felt no leaning towards journalism, and Sir James, who knew a good deal about art, honorably refrained—as other editors did not—from tempting him with a good salary. But in the course of a few years he had applied to him perhaps 30 times for his services in the unravelling of similar problems at home and abroad. Sometimes Trent, band," I said shortly, for I did not wish to add to my friend's worry by telling her that I was quite certain Mrs. Stockbridge had meant her and no other by the vicious words she had used.

"OK, do you think so?" she returned, palpably relieved.

I nodded an emphatic assent. "I wonder when Mr. Stockbridge will be back?" she went on after a minute's thought. "He ought to know this as soon as possible, before he goes home at any rate. Will you watch out for him and tell him, as soon as he comes in, or if he telephones ask him to be sure to come back to the schoolhouse before going home."

"I will tell him you wish to see him," I said firmly, "or deliver the telephone message from you to come back to the school before going home, but, my dear, you mustn't ask me to make any accusation of Mrs. Stockbridge to her husband."

"Forgive me," she said with prompt contrition. "I should not have asked you. But—I am nearly crazy with all of this—you don't know."

As she turned and went swiftly into her classroom I said sadly to myself that I did not know just what she was suffering. My eyes had not been blinded since I taught in the Blyview school.

Yet it was true that the manager of the hotel, who had spoken of her beauty in terms that aroused his attention, had spoken even more emphatically of her goodness. Not an artist in words, the manager had yet conveyed a very definite idea to Trent's mind. "There isn't a child about here that don't brighten up at the sound of her voice," he had said, "nor yet a grownup, for the matter of that. Everybody used to look forward to her coming over in the summer. I don't mean that she's one of those women that are all kind heart and nothing else. There's backbone with it, if you know what I mean—pluck—any amount of go. There's nobody in Marlstone that isn't sorry for the lady in her troupe—nor but what some of us may think she's lucky at the last of it." Trent wanted very much to meet Mrs. Manderson.

He could see now, beyond a spacious lawn and shrubbery, the front of the two-storied house of dull red brick, with the pair of great gables from which it had its name. He had had but a glimpse of it from the car that morning. A modern house, he saw; perhaps 10 years old. The place was beautifully kept, with that air of opulent peace that clothes even the smallest houses of the well-to-do in an English country-side. Before it, beyond the road, the rich meadow land ran down to the edge of the cliffs; behind it a woody landscape stretched away across a broad vale to the moors. That such a place could be the scene of a crime of violence seemed fantastic; it lay so quiet and well-ordered, so eloquent of disciplined service and gentle living. Yet there, beyond the house, and near the hedge that rose between the garden and the hot, white road, stood the gardener's tool shed, by which the body had been found, lying tumbled against the wooden wall. Trent walked past the gate of the drive and along the road until he was opposite this shed.

(Continued Tomorrow.)

## One Minute Store Talk

"The 'Freedom of the Clothing Seas' certainly must be yours for the enormous range for selection that you people offer. Who ever heard of such a combined showing of all the leading lines, even in the very largest cities? Omaha is lucky to have you here," said a pleased patron today.

Why be satisfied with less?

## OUR SHOW WINDOWS

The styles of the hour in interesting variety are presented in our windows. Up-to-date men keep posted on what's what for wear. Our windows tell them that and point our value supremacy.

**The Nebraska**

STORE CLOSURE 6:30 P. M. SATURDAY—OTHER DAYS 5 P. M.



# A Haberdashery Business Not a "Side Issue"

COOL Haberdashery in endless variety. One whole floor devoted to the "little" things that spell *summer comfort* in a big way for men who keep going in spite of the heat.

**Silk Shirts**  
—New Beauties  
Post war patterns reveal newly inspired designs and color combinations. Different weaves and effects. Aiming to offer none but characterful patterns, we've drawn on all better makers.

**Union Suits**  
—We're headquarters  
Don't ask for just "underwear." In justice to yourself, match your needs to your undergarments. Come to underwear headquarters, and looking 'em all over, get what you need.

**Negligee Shirts**  
French soft cuffs. Many attractive collar-attached styles. Manhattan, Bates Street, Yorke, the leaders. \$1.50 to \$4.50.

**Breezy Neckwear**  
The final touch for good summer dress up—washables, slip easy, silk stripe washables, fine knitted scarfs. All new, 50c to \$3.50.

**New Crepe de Chine, new Broadcloth and Pussy Willows. Crepe de Lyons and tub silks.**  
\$6 to \$12

**Athletic Union Suits in scores of styles, Vassar, Superior, B. V. D., Nainsook to finest silk.**  
\$1 to \$7

BATHING SUITS NIGHT ROBES PAJAMAS

Footnote—Greatest stock of men's quality hosiery, featuring all the better makers.

# Get Your Straw Hat Today

HERE you'll find what you want. Selections are still intact, but they're going fast—a word to the wise—Get Yours Today.

The season's newest and best straw styles in genuine Ecuadorian Panamas, Baliluks, Banghoks, Italian Leghorns, Porto Rican, Sennits, China Splits and Madagascar Hats. Prices range \$2 to \$12

By Long Odds, Here's

**The Cap Store of Omaha**

Clever new pattern effects in Priestly fabrics and breezy new silks at \$2 to \$3.50

Vast display Boys' and Children's Straw Hats, Cloth Hats, Wash Hats \$1 to \$3.50

Boys' Silk Caps, 65c to \$1.50. Palm Beach Caps, \$1.00. Boys' and Children's vari colored Skull Caps at 25c.

**Nebraska Clothing Co.**

CORRECT APPAREL FOR MEN AND WOMEN

"The People's Store." Omaha's Greatest Home Furnishers for 32 Years. Opposite Hotel Rome.

**UNION OUTFITTING COMPANY**

COMPLETE HOME FURNISHERS

S. E. COR. 16th & JACKSON STS.

# Saturday--Sale of Fine Muslin Underwear

This big sale affords an unusual opportunity to secure beautiful undermuslins at savings of about

## Half Price

Great purchases of hundreds of lovely garments have been assembled for this sale—offering a wide variety in styles and prices.

A wonderful collection of exquisite styles. Many beautifully trimmed with lace and ribbons, also tailored effects. Others perfectly plain. Every garment guaranteed perfect.

Snow-White Nightgowns		Envelope Chemise	
Unmatchable Charm and Beauty			
\$2.00	Guaranteed Worth, all sizes, Saturday, at \$1.10	\$1.25	Guaranteed Worth, all sizes, Saturday, at 69c
\$2.25	Guaranteed Worth, all sizes, Saturday, at \$1.25	\$1.50	Guaranteed Worth, all sizes, Saturday, at 83c
\$2.50	Guaranteed Worth, all sizes, Saturday, at \$1.37	\$2.00	Guaranteed Worth, all sizes, Saturday, at \$1.10
\$2.75	Guaranteed Worth, all sizes, Saturday, at \$1.50	\$2.50	Guaranteed Worth, all sizes, Saturday, at \$1.37
\$4.00	Guaranteed Worth, all sizes, Saturday, at \$2.20	\$3.00	Guaranteed Worth, all sizes, Saturday, at \$1.65
\$5.00	Guaranteed Worth, all sizes, Saturday, at \$2.75	\$4.00	Guaranteed Worth, all sizes, Saturday, at \$2.20

# Midsummer Millinery

Embracing Newest Style Ideas \$3.75 to \$18.50



Many stunning Georgette hats and worth far more than priced. Shapes of every modish style and color, trimmed with flowers, ribbon, chic fantasies, wings, etc.

# New Tub Dresses

Summertime Styles Attractively Priced \$9.75 \$12.50 \$17.50

There are many distinctive styles to choose from, exquisitely fashioned from prettily figured voiles, organdies, linens and chiffons, in smart designs or plain colors and made doubly attractive by many new and original ideas in trimmings.

Wash Skirts Just the very styles that smart, well-dressed women are looking for; cleverly tailored from durable Gaberdines, Russian cords and rich satins. \$3.95 Up

# Georgette Blouses

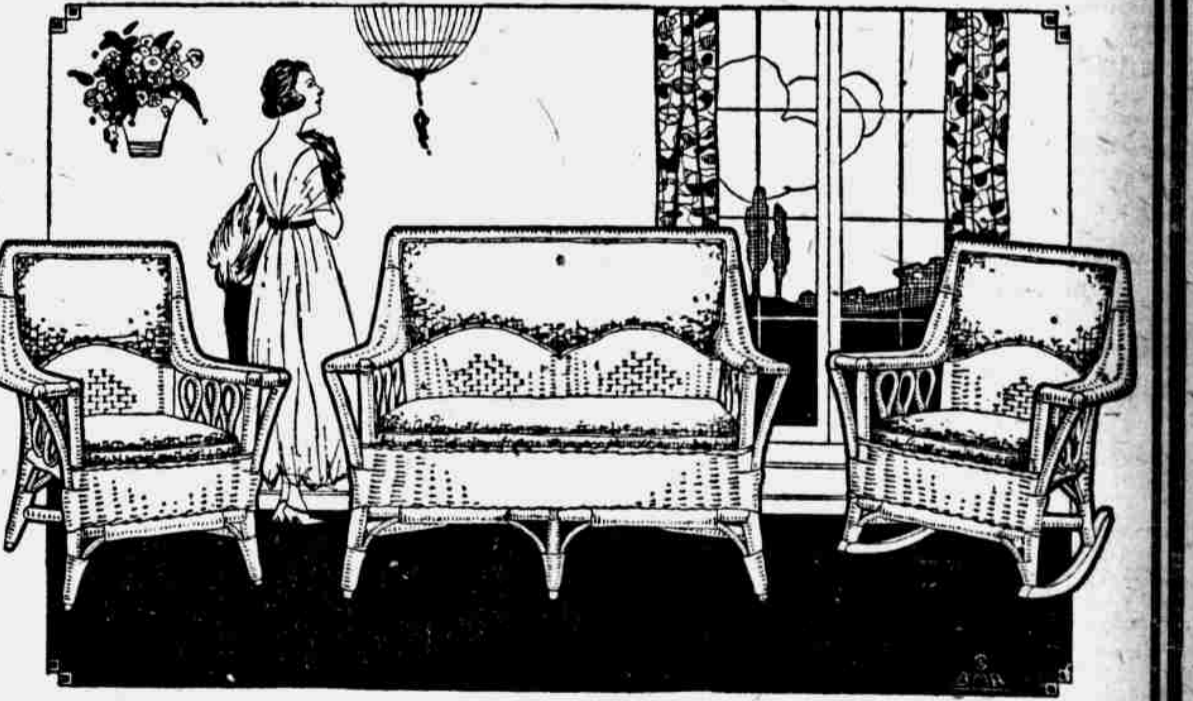
MANY ATTRACTIVE STYLES IN \$4.50 and \$7.50

The new arrivals in our Waist sections are worthy of your interest, owing to the many new style features which find representation. Lace trimmed, panel effects; dainty tucking and plaiting—beaded motifs—braided rope silk embroidery, etc., are among the many smart features. The values are exceptional.

# Show Your Colors on the Fourth

In order that every Omaha home may display "Old Glory" on the Fourth we make this special offer. \$1.59

For a FLAG OUTFIT consisting of large 4x6 foot, weatherproof flag with hand-sewed stripes, jointed pole, halyard cord and holder put up in box so you can put it away until some other time, \$1.59.



# Upholstered Living Room Suites in Fibre and Reed

The light airy grace of a suite of this type is especially attractive for porch, lawn, sun parlor and living room. We are showing them in both fibre and reed in an exceptionally wide range of finishes, including the new frosted brown and green. The durability of these suites will appeal to everyone.

The comfort of these suites, the ease with which they may be moved and their very reasonable cost will interest the bride who wishes to furnish her living room at a moderate price. Most of them are upholstered in dainty cretonne with luxurious spring seats. We are showing individual pieces as well as complete suites.

- Comfortable Rockers, \$8.00 to \$29.75
- Easy Chairs Are \$10.00 to \$29.75
- Roomy Settees Are \$20.00 to \$72.50
- Durable Tables Are \$12.00 to \$35.00
- Day Beds—Fern Stands—Lounges—Tea Carts—Tabourettes—Table Lamps