

BOY KIDNAPED IN YOUTH FINDS HIS LOST MOTHER

Captured by Gypsies When 18 Months Old, He Didn't Find Parents Until War Ended.

Rockford, Ill., June 30.—Like a page from a fiction story in a popular magazine reads the life history of Alvia Cooley, alias William Morgan, private in the 103d infantry, 33d division.

He has just found his mother and sister after being separated for 20 years.

When an infant of 18 months he lived with his mother at Virden, Ill., near Springfield. Mrs. Cooley, a widow at the time, resided with her son and daughter on the outskirts of the city. One day while she lay ill gypsies came to her home. They asked for water and saw little Alvia playing in the yard. Attracted to the boy they carried him off.

Although Mrs. Cooley instituted a nationwide search for her son at the time she was unable to locate the child.

But in the course of time the leaders of the kidnapers, Mr. and Mrs. Coffinberry, quarreled. They separated. Mrs. Coffinberry retained the boy. Shortly afterward she remarried a man named Morgan and named Alvia William Morgan. The trio went to Peoria to live and Alvia grew up to recognize the Morgans as his parents.

Then the qualms of Mrs. Morgan's conscience began to trouble her and she confessed her perjury to the then grown boy. She explained the abduction and said she was not his mother and that Morgan had no claim on him.

In the meantime Mrs. Cooley left Virden and came to Rockford. Here she married a Mr. McBain.

When Alvia learned of his tragic life he himself began searching for his mother and sister. But all efforts were futile because of the migrations of the families and the changes in names.

But fate intervened. It was ordained that the mother and son should meet again.

One day, not long ago, Mrs. McBain heard the name Coffinberry mentioned in Rockford. Her early inquiries brought the search for Alvia up to the Coffinberrys, but there it ended. So when she heard the name she made further inquiries, which culminated in the finding of the Morgan family in Peoria. From them Mrs. McBain learned Alvia had enlisted in the army and was fighting on the western front. Obtaining his address she corresponded with her boy. Her first letter reached Alvia in the thick of battle. The letters that passed between the two from then on cleared up all the mysterious happenings of 20 years ago. Today Alvia and his mother and sister are together again, for Alvia has just been discharged from the army.

Former Omaha Scribe Is Appointed Business Manager of Iowa Paper

Al F. O'Hern, a former Omaha newspaper man, has been appointed business manager of the Davenport (Iowa) Times, one of the largest papers between Des Moines and Chicago. Mr. O'Hern, who until 1904 was connected with Omaha newspapers, had his first experience in the newspaper business as correspondent from Creighton university to an Omaha daily and various college papers.

He was graduated from Creighton university in 1903 with the degree of A. B., and became connected with the staff of The Bee, and later with another Omaha paper. In 1904 he became sports editor of the Davenport Times, and occupied that position until 1916, when he was appointed advertising manager.

Mr. O'Hern succeeds U. S. Sears as business manager. Mr. Sears will become general manager of the Madison (Wis.) State Journal, recently purchased by the Lee syndicate, a corporation with which also the Davenport Times is affiliated.

Malodorous Liquid Too Much for Judge; Owner Sent to Jail

Never again was Police Judge Foster's exclamation after he had allowed the introduction of several vials of malodorous liquid as evidence in court yesterday.

The judge took one long, lingering whiff of the liquids and thought of gas masks.

The fluids were evidence against William Giles, meter reader for the gas company, arrested Sunday on complaint of G. Kramer, manager of the Alhambra theater, Twenty-fourth and Parker streets.

Giles, though he denied the accusation of putting the chemicals in the Alhambra theater with a view toward emptying the house of patrons, was sentenced to 30 days in jail.

Kramer testified that he saw Giles place the stuff beneath a seat at the front of the house. Mrs. Kramer told the court she held a gun at the back of Giles' neck to hold him until the police arrived.

Giles is said to be a sympathizer with movie operators who declared Kramer's theater "unfair."

Sergeant Officeholder Now Gets Even With Mayor

Topeka, Kan., June 30.—The oft repeated "wish" of many soldiers that they might have one of their former officers—or in many cases just an army officer—under their direction is realized here by Sergt. Bob McGiffert.

While the sergeant was overseas elected a city commissioner, the job now. He has under his command 40 of his direct super-

THE WOMAN IN BLACK

By EDMUND CLERHEW BENTLEY

CHAPTER IX.
Murder or Suicide?

Trent had taken out a thin notebook, and as they talked he began to make, with light, sure touches, a rough sketch-plan of the room. It was a thing he did habitually on such occasions, and often quite idly, but now and then the habit had served him to good purpose.

This was a large, light apartment at the corner of the house, with generous window-space in two walls. A broad table stood in the middle. As one entered by the window the roll-top desk stood just to the left of it against the wall. The inner door was in the wall to the left, at the farther end of the room; and was faced by a broom closet divided into openings of the casement type. A beautifully carved old corner cupboard rose high against the wall beyond the door, and another cupboard filled a recess beside the fireplace. Some colored prints of Harunobu, with which Trent promised himself a better acquaintance, hung on what little wall space was unoccupied by books. There had a very unsympathetic appearance of having been bought by the yard and never taken from their shelves. Bound with a sober luxury, the great English novelists, essayists, historians and poets stood ranged like an army struck dead in its ranks. There were a few chairs made, like the cupboard and table, of old carved oak; a modern arm chair and a swivel office chair before the desk. The room looked costly but very bare. Almost the only portable objects were a great porcelain bowl of a wonderful blue on the table, a clock and some cigar boxes on the mantelshelf, and a movable telephone standard on the top of the desk.

"Seen the body?" inquired the inspector.

Trent nodded. "And the place where it lay," he said.

"First impressions of this case rather puzzle me," said the inspector. "From what I heard at Halvey I guessed it might be common robbery and murder by some tramp, though such a thing is very far from common in these parts. But as soon as I began my inquiries I came on some curious points, which by this time I dare say you've noted for yourself. The man is shot in his own grounds, quite near the house, to begin with. Yet there's not the slightest trace of any attempt at burglary. And the body wasn't robbed. In fact, it would be as plain a case of suicide as you could wish to see, if it wasn't for certain facts. Here's another thing: for a month or so past, they tell me Manderson had been in a queer state of mind. I expect you know already that he and his wife had some trouble between them. The servants had noticed a change in his manner to her for a long time. They say he was a changed man, moody and silent—whether on account of that or something else. The lady's maid says he looked as if something was going to arrive. It's always easy to remember that people looked like that, after something has happened to them. Still, that's what they say. There you are again, then: suicide! Now, why wasn't it suicide, Mr. Trent?"

"The facts, so far as I know them,

My Heart and My Husband

ADELE GARRISON'S New Phase of "Revelations of a Wife"

Why is Lillian Underwood's Message so brief and startling? "Madge?"

Lillian's voice was crisp, business-like. I knew at once that something of urgent importance had led her to summon me. Lillian at leisure and Lillian at work are two distinct personalities.

"Yes," I answered laconically. When Lillian begins a telephone conversation with that intonation in her voice I never waste her time by even the most casual of greetings.

"What's the next train you can get to the city?"

There was not even an apology for calling me during teaching hours. The omission made me realize more than ever that some emergency confronted my friend, for despite her sometimes brusque mannerisms, Lillian is punctilious in the little amenities of life.

"Good work!"

For an instant panic seized me. Had anything happened to Dicky in the city? Then my knowledge of Lillian told me that she would have adopted a far different method if her message was one of disaster to me, and I pulled myself together.

"Hold the line a minute until I get a timetable," I requested. "The trains were changed to the summer schedule this week."

A quick survey of the time card told me that I could get a train within ten minutes of the school's closing. I disliked leaving Alice Holcombe alone with the duties devolving upon us because of Mr. Stockbridge's unexpected absence. But I knew I could make it up to her in after times, and there was nothing vital demanding my attention, nothing with which she could not easily cope. It simply meant piling extra work upon her, and I knew that I could explain matters to her so that she would neither resent nor misunderstand my absence.

I went back to the telephone, condensed my message into the fewest possible words.

"I will reach the station waiting room at 4:35." Lillian's voice held a relieved note. "Now you may have to stay all night, so bring your big sweater or come moderately heavy wrap with you. And tell the folks at home that I am ill, and have sent for you to come in and spend the night with me. Dicky was called out of town today, will be gone tonight—the message is probably at your house now, so we won't

London Newspapers Express Relief Over Acceptance of Terms

London, June 30.—Relief, gratification and hope for a speedy readjustment of the world are voiced in the editorials published by all morning newspapers on the signing of the treaty of peace.

"President Wilson's telegram to America," says the Chronicle, "struck the right note regarding the treaty."

Several newspapers mingle thanksgiving with warnings that there must be no relaxing of effort to make the league of nations effective.

The Daily News mentions apprehension regarding Japan and the far east and denounces elements "on both sides of the Atlantic," who the paper asserts, "are trying to stir up discord between England and America."

The Telegraph does not appear to fear anything in this direction, saying: "We made this peace in a co-operation and friendship with the American people such as has never hitherto been approached."

The Bee Want Ads are the Best Business Booster.

ment; but as a matter of curiosity I should like to know."

"All very well to laugh," replied the inspector, "but at the first stage of affairs it's the only safe principle, and you know that as well as I do, Mr. Trent. However, I've seen enough of the people here, last night and today, to put a few of them out of my mind for the present at least. You will form your own conclusions. As for the establishment, there's the butler and lady's maid, cook and three other maids, one a young girl. One chauffeur, who's away with a broken wrist. No boy."

"What about the gardener? You say nothing about that shadowy and sinister figure, the gardener. You are keeping him out of the background, Murch. Out with him!"

"The garden is attended to by a man in the village, who comes twice a week. I've talked to him. He was here last on Friday."

"Then I suspect him all the more," said Trent. "And now as to the house itself. What I propose to do, to begin with, is to sniff about a little in this room, where I am told Manderson spent a great deal of his time, and in his bedroom; especially the bedroom. But since we're in this room, let's start here. You seem to be at the same stage of the inquiry. Perhaps you've done the bedroom already?"

The inspector nodded. "I've been through Manderson's and his wife's. Nothing to be got there, I think. Very simple and bare, no signs of any sort—that I could see. Seems to have insisted on the simple life, does Manderson. Never employed a valet. The room's almost like a cell, except for the clothes and shoes. You'll find it all exactly as I found it; and they tell me that's exactly as Manderson left it at we don't know what o'clock yesterday morning. Opens into Mrs. Manderson's bedroom—not much of the cell about that, I can tell you. I should say the lady was as fond of pretty things as most. But she cleared out of it on the morning of the discovery—told the maid she could never sleep in a room opening into her murdered husband's room. Very natural feeling in a woman, Mr. Trent. She's camping out, so to say, in one of the spare bedrooms now."

(Continued Tomorrow.)

"That last argument hadn't struck me," admitted Mr. Murch. "There's something in it. But on the strength of the other points, which had occurred to me, I am not considering suicide. I have been looking about for ideas in this house, this morning. I expect you were thinking of doing the same."

"That is so. It is a case for ideas, it seems to me. Come, Murch, let us make an effort; let us bend our spirits to a temper of general suspicion. Let us suspect everybody in the house to begin with. Listen: I will tell you whom I suspect. I suspect Mrs. Manderson, of course. I also suspect both the secretaries—I hear there are two, and I hardly know which of them I regard as more thoroughly open to suspicion. I suspect the butler and the lady's maid. I suspect the other domestics, and especially do I suspect the boot-boy. By the way, what domestic are there? I have more than enough suspicion to go around, what ever the size of the establish-

Delayed Honeymoon to India to Be Started in Near Future

Miss Mabel Kahn Gets Passports Through Efforts of Council Bluffs Correspondent of The Bee and Will Accompany Foster-Sister and Brother-in-Law to Orient.

The wedding trip around the world of an Omaha girl and her learned Hindu husband, delayed by the difficulty of securing passports, will begin July 10.

The passport was secured through the efforts of W. H. Lynchard, Council Bluffs correspondent of The Bee.

Mr. Lynchard and his wife called at the home of Isaac Kahn, 2015 Sherman avenue, where live Dr. Keshiva Deva Shastri and Mrs. Shastri, who until her marriage a month ago, was Miss Minnie Jensen, foster daughter of Isaac Kahn.

There they learned of the difficulty in getting a passport for Miss Mabel Kahn, bosom friend and foster-sister of the bride. Her father had offered to pay her expenses on a trip accompanying the bride and groom to Hawaii, Japan, China, Persia, Egypt and India. But the Washington authorities were a "stingy" with passports. Senator Hitchcock had been appealed to in vain.

Mr. Lynchard went back to his office and wrote letters to Senator Cummins and Congressman Green of Iowa, stating the facts and requesting issuance of a passport to Miss Kahn.

He received telegrams last Thursday from these men stating that the passport for Miss Kahn had been issued and was on its way.

"I'm the 'happiest girl in the world,'" said Miss Kahn. "Mr. Lynchard was very kind indeed and got them to give the passport. We have been fortunate also in securing accommodations on the steamship Persia Maru which sails from San Francisco July 24. We will leave Omaha about July 10 and proceed by easy stages to San Francisco and then for the big trip and the wonderful sights."

Dr. Shastri has been here with his bride ever since the wedding, waiting for the passports for Miss Kahn, so that she could accompany her friends on the trip to the palace. Dr. Shastri in Benares, India.

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Makes Rapid Progress.

Many Omaha citizens, and especially the farmers of the surrounding territory are taking advantage of the compressed gas steel cylinders for cooking, light and other purposes, which is furnished by the Omaha Blaugas company. This company, incorporated a year ago, has done an enormous business, the officials of firm state.

Monster Bathing Pool.

"Just to give an idea of the vast surface of the new bathing beach at Krug park," said Stanley Malepeace, engineer in charge of the construction, in commenting on the new attraction, "we used over 2,000 gallons of white enamel to paint the inner surface of the pool. There is in reality over an acre of water surface which will require over a million gallons of water to fill it."

Coal Shortage Coming

—Says U. S. Fuel Administration

Labor Shortage Impends

—Says U. S. Secretary of Labor

Car Shortage Predicted

—By U. S. Director General of Railroads

Buy Your Coal Now

Listen To and Heed What Your Gov't Officials Say

WE are telling you the coal situation as we know it. Moreover, everything we are saying is based upon the official statements of the highest government authorities.

Forty thousand foreign-born miners are returning to Europe. There is virtually no immigration; consequently the men cannot be replaced. Their departure alone means a reduction of forty million tons in the coal output of the year—twenty million tons for the remainder of 1919.

This is of Intimate Personal Concern to You

Coal consumers have not bought for Fall and Winter uses. Result: Production up to June 14 is short 64,000,000 tons or one-eighth of the total amount the country must have if it is to escape shutdown factories—closed public utility plants—discomfort in the home.

Director General Hines, of the United States Railroad Administration, warns the coal consumer that: "Unless he buys his coal this summer, he is going to find it difficult to get it this Fall and Winter."

Secretary of Labor Wilson says: "Those who postpone buying coal in the hope of lower prices are speculating in the future misfortunes of the nation."

Remember your plight in the winter of 1917 and 1918—the coal shortage that caused personal discomfort and industrial loss.

Remember the action that averted a duplication of this distress in 1918—the early buying and storing of adequate stocks for home and business use.

Then face this fact. You must buy now if you are to have coal to operate your factory, heat your home, store, school and other buildings.

Dealers in your own community will tell you facts that concern the local situation. Let nothing delay you.

BUY YOUR COAL NOW!

National Coal Association

Commercial Bank Building, Washington, D. C.

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Carrying a full line of

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Come out of the High Rent District and Save Money and get Quality.

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