HEALTH BOARD PUTS ITS O. K. ON KRUG PARK POOL

Filling of Basin Requires Over 1,000,000 Gallons of Water; Surface Covers Over Acre.

The city Board of Health, after a thorough investigation, has placed its "O. K." on the method for the sterilization and purification of the water that will be used in the new bathing beach at Krug park and pronounce it, from a sanitary and healthful standpoint, the most modern outdoor bathing beach in the country.

"Every provision for the proper and thorough sterilization and purification of every drop of water in the pool has been provided for," said H. L. Bridwell when commenting on the investigation.

"In our investigation we found that the water used in the pool will be taken from the regular city supply; the same used by the city for drinking and household use and after treatment will be kept in constant circulation throughout the pool with a complete change of water being made every eight hours. All the water, before entering the pool, which, by the way, requires over 1,000,000 gallons and spreads over a surface of more than an acre, will be screened, filtered and sterilized by an entirely new process of water purification called ozonation."

The purified water enters continuously at various points around the circumference of the pool about 50 feet apart and under the surface of the water and is drawn off through splash gutters entirely surrounding the pool.

The constant circulation which has been provided for assures fresh, pure and clean crystal-like water at all times and free from stagnant and impure pockets.

AMUSEMENTS

Krug Park
THE HOME OF PICNICS

FREE—TONIGHT—9:15
Positively Their Last Week.
THE FEARLESS GREGGS
In their Act,
"AUTOS THAT PASS IN THE AIR."
The World's Greatest Sensation.

RIDES DANCING THRILLS
NEW BATHING BEACH
Most modern and sanitary in America.
Ready in a few days.
Admission—Adults, 10c; War Tax, 1c.
Children Admitted Free at All Times.

EMPRESS
TYPHOON COOLING PLANT NOW IN OPERATION

NAZIMOVA
IN
Toys of Fate
LEROY AND MABLE HART
Love in the South
FASHIONS A LA CARTE
MUSIC GIRLS SONGS DANCES
TWO CARLTONS
TOM MAHONEY
Fatty Comedy--Pathe News
OUTING CHESTER

THE WOMAN IN BLACK

By EDMUND CLERIHEW BENTLEY

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CHAPTER X.

The Two Secretaries.

"Come my friend," Trent was saying to himself, as he made a few notes in his little book. "Have you got your eye on Mrs. Manderson? Or haven't you? I know that colorless tone of the inspectorial voice. I wish I had seen her. Either you've got something against her and you don't want to get hold of it; or else you've made up your mind she's innocent, but have no objection to my wasting my time over her. Well, it's all in the game; which begins to look extremely interesting as we go on." To Mr. Murch he said aloud: "Well, I'll draw the bedroom later on. What about this?"

"They call it the library," said the inspector. "Manderson used to do his writing and that in here; passed most of the time he spent indoors here. Since he and his wife ceased to hit it off together, he had taken to spending his evenings alone, and when at this house he always spent 'em in here. He was last seen alive, as far as the servants are concerned, in this room."

Trent rose and glanced again through the papers set out on the table. "Business letters and documents, mostly," said Mr. Murch. "Reports, prospectuses, and that. A few letters on private matters, nothing in them that I can use. The American secretary—Bunner his name is, and a queer card I never saw turned—he's been through this desk with me this morning. He had got it into his head that Manderson had been receiving threatening letters, and that the murder was the outcome of that. But there's no trace of any such thing; and we looked at every blessed paper. The only unusual things we found were some packets of bank notes to a very considerable amount, and a couple of little bags of unset diamonds. I asked Mr. Bunner to put them in a safer place. It appears that Manderson had begun buying diamonds lately as a speculation—it was a new game to him, the secretary said, and it seemed to amuse him."

"What about these secretaries?" Trent inquired. "I met one called Marlowe just now outside; a nice-looking chap with singular eyes, unquestionably English. The other, it seems, is an American. What did Manderson want with an English secretary?"

"Mr. Marlowe explained to me how that was. The American was his righa-hand business man, one of his office staff, who never left him. Mr. Marlowe had nothing to do with Manderson's business as a financier, knew nothing of it. His job was to look after Manderson's horses and motors and yach and sporting arrangements and that—make himself generally useful, as you might say. He had the spending of a lot of money, I should think. The other was confined entire to the office affairs, and I dare say he had his hands full. As for being English, it was just a fad of Manderson's to have an English secretary. He'd had several before Mr. Marlowe."

"He showed his taste," observed Trent. "It might be more than interesting, don't you think, to be minister to the pleasures of a modern plutocrat with a large P? Only they say that Manderson's were exclusively of an innocent kind. Certainly Marlowe gives me the impression that he would be weak in the part of Petronius. But to return to the matter in hand." He looked at his notes. "You said just now that he was last seen alive here, 'so far as the servants were concerned.' That meant—?"

"He had a conversation with his wife on going to bed. But for that, the man-servant, Martin by name, last saw him in this room. I had his story last night, and very glad he was to tell it. An affair like this is meat and drink to the servants of the house."

Trent considered for some moments, gazing through the open window over the sun-flooded slopes. "Would it bore you to hear what he has to say again?" he asked at length. For reply, Mr. Murch rang the bell. A spare, clean-shaven, middle-aged man, having the servant's manner in its most distinguished form, answered it.

"This is Mr. Trent, who is authorized by Mrs. Manderson to go over the house and make inquiries," explained the detective. "He would like to hear your story." Martin bowed distantly. He recognized Trent for a gentleman. Time would show whether he was what Martin called a gentleman in every sense of the word.

"I observed you approaching the house, sir," said Martin with impassive courtesy. He spoke with a slow and measured utterance. "My instructions are to assist you in every possible way. Should you wish me to recall the circumstances of Sunday night?"

"Please," said Trent with ponderous gravity. Martin's style was making clamorous appeal to his sense of comedy. He banished with an effort all vivacity of expression from his face.

"I last saw Mr. Manderson—"

"No, not that yet," Trent checked him quietly. "Tell me all you saw of him that evening—after dinner say. Try to recollect every little detail."

"After dinner, sir?—yes. I remember that after dinner Mr. Manderson and Mr. Marlowe walked up and down the path through the orchard, talking. If you ask me for details, it struck me they were talking about something important, because I heard Mr. Manderson say something when they came in through the back entrance. He said, as near as I can remember: 'If Harris is there, every minute is of importance. You want to start right away. And not a word to a soul.' Mr. Marlowe answered: 'Very well. I will just change out of these clothes and then I'm ready'—or words to that effect. I heard this plainly as they passed the window of my pantry. Then Mr. Marlowe went up to his bedroom and Mr. Manderson entered the library and rang for me. He handed me some letters for the postman in the morning and directed me to sit up, as Mr. Marlowe had persuaded him to go for a drive in the car by moonlight."

"That was curious," remarked Trent.

"I thought so, sir. But I recollected what I had heard about 'not a word to a soul,' and I concluded that this about a moonlight drive was intended to mislead."

"What time was this?"

"It would be about 10, sir, I should say. After speaking to me, Mr. Manderson waited until Mr. Marlowe had come down and brought round the car. He then went into the drawing room, where Mrs. Manderson was."

"Did that strike you as curious?"

Martin looked down his nose. "If you ask me the question, sir," he said with reserve, "I had not known him enter that room since we came here this year. He preferred to sit in the library in the evenings. That evening he only remained with Mrs. Manderson for a few minutes. Then he and Mr. Marlowe started immediately."

"You saw them start?"

"Yes, sir. They took the direction of Bishopsbridge."

"And you saw Mr. Manderson again later?"

"After an hour or thereabouts, sir, in the library. That would have been about quarter past 11, I should say; I had noticed 11 striking from the church. I may say I am peculiarly quick of hearing, sir."

"Mr. Manderson had rung the bell for you, I suppose. Yes? And what passed when you answered it?"

"Mr. Manderson had put out the decanter of whisky and a syphon and glass, sir, from the cupboard where he kept them—"

Trent held up his hand. "While we are on that point, Martin, I want to ask you plainly, did Mr. Manderson drink very much? You understand this is not impertinent curiosity on my part. I want you to tell me because it may possibly help in the clearing up of this case."

"Perfectly, sir," replied Martin gravely. "I have no hesitation in telling you what I have already told the inspector. Mr. Manderson was, considering his position in life, a remarkably abstemious man. In my four years of service with him I never knew anything of an alcoholic nature pass his lips except a glass or two of wine at dinner, very rarely a little at luncheon, and from time to time a whisky-and-soda before going to bed. He never seemed to form a habit of it. Often I used to find his glass in the morning with only a little soda water in it; sometimes he would have been having whisky with it, but never much. He never was particular about his drinks; ordinary soda was what he preferred, though I had ventured to suggest some of the natural minerals, having personally accquired taste for them in my previous service. He used to keep them in the cupboard here because he had a great dislike of being waited on more than was necessary. It was an understood thing that I never came near him after dinner unless sent for. And when he sent for anything, he liked it brought quick, and to be left alone again at once. He hated to be asked if he required anything more. Amazingly simple in his tastes, sir, Mr. Manderson was."

"Very well; and he rang for you that night about a quarter past 11. Now can you remember exactly what he said?"

"I think I can tell you with some approach to accuracy, sir. It was not much. First he asked me if Mr. Bunner had gone to bed, and I replied that he had been gone up some time. He then said that he wanted someone to sit up until 12:30, in case an important message should come by telephone, and that Mr. Marlowe having gone to Southampton for him in the motor, he wished me to do this, and that I was to take down the message if it came, and not disturb him. He also ordered a fresh syphon of soda water. I believe that was all, sir."

(Continued Tomorrow.)

My HEART and My HUSBAND

Adele Garrison's New Phase of

Revelations of a Wife

How Madge Startled a Confession from Alice Holcombe.

For a moment I clung to the back of a chair while the walls of the room whirled around me in temporary vertigo.

From my little mother I had imbibed a lasting horror of the false friend who had lured her husband from her, doomed her worse than widowhood, and me to the sad childhood in which the father is spoken of with whispered shame. This woman was to me like the bogey man of which some little childern stand in such terror. It seemed to me that I couldn't again look upon her evil face, confront the sneer I had watched in the cafe upon the only occasion I had ever seen her.

But in a few minutes the love for my little mother which was my whole life until death called her away from me, came to the rescue of my will power. With almost her last strength she had urged me to forgive and cherish my father should I ever meet him. In the same solemn hour she had referred to the woman who had stolen his love with no diminution of the just hatred she had felt for so many years. I knew that if my mother could know what I was doing she would approve of my facing and thwarting the malevolent personality that has caused so much misery.

What were my own feelings compared with the opportunity for serving my father and in part avenging my dead mother, all in one moment? My pulses thrilled with a primitive desire for conflict and vengeanace as I went back up stairs in hurried queset of Alice Holcombe, for the recess time was almost over and I wished to see her before the pupils came in.

A Bitter Smile.

"I have been called away by a business matter of gravest importance," I told her. "If I attend to it properly I ought to get to that train in 10 minutes after school closes. But I hate to leave you alone with the extra work."

"What nonsense!" she exclaimed promptly. There's nothing here I can't attend to easily. But you can't make it from here unless you get a taxi."

"I'm going to telephone for one right now," I said mechanically for my thoughts were busy, not with Alice Holcombe's cheerful ready words, but with the dismayed expression I had seen leap into her eyes with my announcement.

She didn't want me to go for some reason which I was sure was unconnected with the work developing upon us in the absence of Mr. Stockbridge. She had spoken only the trnth. There was nothing especial on hand, and I knew that Alice Holcombe was the last person in the world to object to extra work. She was generous in the extreme in thought and action. It was not the thought of extra work that was troubling her.

With a sudden impulse I put my hand on her shoulder.

"What is it, dear?" I asked. "You don't want me to go for some reason not connected with the work. I can see that. It is imperative that I go to the city this afternoon or I shouldn't think of leaving. But at least tell me what is troubling you. I shall go away easier for knowing, and perhaps I can help you."

She smiled a trifle bitterly.

"The Fear—"

"If you're a nerve specialist with experience of patients having all sorts of queer notions you may be able to do something," she said with ironical drawl she had used so much that it had become almost a part of her. Otherwise you can't help me. Run along, child, and telephone for your taxi. Those hoodlums will be storming upstairs in another minute or two."

"My taxi can wait," I said determinedly. "I can leave my pupils alone long enough to telephone. But as it happens I've had so many queer notions and premonitions myself that I feel that I am particularly well qualified to help out a similar sufferer."

I was talking almost at random, saying almost anything that came into my head, but Alice Holcombe upon one word avidly.

"Premonitions!" she exclaimed. "Do you have them to? Then you know what I'm suffering to day. I know something terrible is going to happen to Kenneth. The fear of it has been crushing me all day."

(Continued tomorrow)

Mrs. Anna Ford Dies

Mrs. Anna Ford, 60 years old, died yesterday at the home of her daughter, Mrs. William Gilbert, 2212 South Fifteenth street. She had been a resident of the South Side for the last 25 years. Besides her daughter, Mrs. Ford is survived by four sons, Patrick, John, James and William, all of the South Side. Funeral services will be held at the home of her daughter at 8:30 o'clock Thursday morning at St. Patrick's church at 9 o'clock. Burial will be in St. Mary's cemetery.

New Top On Hogs

A new high price was established for hogs on the Omaha market yesterday when "Bob" Martin of the Mutual Live Stock Commission company, sold a car load of hogs raised by H. L. Kent of Tennant, Ia., for $21.20 per hundred pounds. The load of hogs averaged 218 pounds each. The previous high price was $21.10 made about a week ago.

Legal Departments Of City Disagree on Occupation Taxes

The legal departments of the municipal government and the school district are not agreed on the right of the city to impose occupation taxes for the benefit of the city treasury, in place of license fees which have been credited to the school district treasury.

An ordinance, making this change, has been passed and is now in force. It is defended by the city legal department whose attorneys aver that the city is quite within its rights.

The amount of revenue involved is about $25,000 a year.

The Board of Education will discuss the matter at its regular meeting next Monday night.

PHOTOPLAYS

BRANDEIS Today TUES., WED.
1 P.M.—11 P.M.
Jess Willard in the HEART PUNCH
Mae Murray In "The Big Little Person,"
Screen Magazine—Comedy
Admission 20c. Children 10c

LOTHROP 24th and Lothrop
Today and Thursday
NORMA TALMADGE in
"GOING STRAIGHT."

PHOTOPLAYS

RIALTO
Direction of A. H. Blank

ANITA STEWART
in
"MARY REGAN"

PHOTOPLAYS

Today to Saturday
STUART
PRESENTS
A ZANE GREY ROMANCE
The LONE STAR RANGER

A greater love story than "Riders of the Purple Sage"
a more thrilling drama than "The Rainbow Trail"
starring the exponent of western drama
William Farnum

PHOTOPLAYS

Strand
DIRECTION of A. H. BLANK
TODAY
THURSDAY FRIDAY
SATURDAY
Geraldine
FARRAR

Supported By
Milton Sills Thos. Santschi
in 'THE STRONGER VOW'
Unfolding three of the most picturesque sides of this versatile player's art.
First as "Senorita Velvet Eyes" of the Carnival, instinct with the beauty and impulse of Spain.
Then to Paris, the happy, luxurious, gorgeously-gowned Paris of the days before the war, and wedded to the man she had vowed to kill.
And into the underworld of the Paris Apache to fulfill a stronger vow.
Promised to be her best role since "Carmen," it's strong, swift and full of suspense.
The Second Series of
JACK DEMPSEY
In Training
in Pathe News
HAROLD LLOYD in BILLY BLAZES, JR.

AMUSEMENTS

HAVE YOU THE NERVE
To Go Riding in a Seaplane?

IF NOT--
You can see one fly for nothing every afternoon and evening until dark.
MANAWA PARK
(Telephone Douglas 1365, or Council Bluffs 947 and make arrangements—$15 a ride.)
BIG JULY FOURTH
Plan to spend the day Bathing, Dancing, Picnicking, or enjoying band concerts and other big attractions at
MANAWA PARK
(The Park Is Right In Omaha)