

CALLS ATTACK ON FEDERAL LOAN BANKS UNFAIR

D. P. Hogan, President of the Omaha Institution, Denies Accusations Made by Representative McFadden.

Characterizing them as "unfair attacks by interests that have been profiting by the old method of handling farm loans," D. P. Hogan, president of the Federal Land bank of Omaha, denied the accusations against the federal land banks made by Representative McFadden of Pennsylvania in extended remarks printed in the Congressional Record.

"Mr. McFadden has for the last six months been the mouthpiece of the American Farm Mortgage Bankers' association and has at various times placed in the Congressional Record articles attacking our system," stated President Hogan. "We have endeavored to confine our loans to actual farmers operating and owning farms and do not wish to violate the terms of the act whereby speculators and those owning rented land receive the benefits of the act."

BEECHAM'S PILLS

quickly help to strengthen the digestion, stimulate the liver, regulate the bowels and improve the health by working with nature.

Largest Sale of Any Medicine in the World. Sold everywhere. In Boxes, 10c., 25c.

FRIENDS SPEAK OF THE CHANGE IN HER, SHE SAYS

Mrs. Albert Downs Is Relieved of Twenty Years Trouble —Praises Tanlac.

"Often my friends speak of how well I am looking these days and when I tell them I have been taking Tanlac they seem to understand all the rest," said Mrs. Albert Downs, who address is R. F. D., Route No. 2, Argentine, Kansas, while in the Owl Drug Store in Kansas City, Mo., recently.

"I suffered for twenty long years with stomach trouble and nervous indigestion," continued Mrs. Downs. "At times it just seemed like everything I would eat would sour in my stomach and form gas and I would be in such misery that I could hardly stand. It was bothered with constipation, too, and was constantly taking something to relieve that trouble and sometimes I would have awful dizzy spells and feel light headed and I was that nervous I couldn't sleep well at all and sometimes I would just roll and toss nearly all night long and would get up in the morning feeling perfectly miserable from loss of sleep and rest. I also suffered like I believe thousands of other women do when they go through that period in life that taxes a woman's strength almost beyond endurance."

"I took treatments and different kinds of medicine, but nothing I tried helped me and I continued to suffer as only one who has gone through it can realize.

"Then I happened to read where a woman living right here in Argentine had gotten relief by taking Tanlac, so, going on the idea that what's good for one is good for another, I concluded to give it a trial myself, and I had only taken one bottle of it when I could notice that it was helping me. My appetite got better and the gas didn't form in my stomach like it used to, so I kept right on taking Tanlac until I was so much improved that I found I could eat just anything I wanted and not be troubled a particle with my stomach afterwards. I don't have any trouble sleeping now, either, and just go the whole night through without waking up once and then get up in the morning feeling rested and refreshed. I have gained in weight, too, and do all my housework with ease now and am just feeling in better health than I have in years. I can certainly speak a good word for Tanlac, because it surely has helped me."

BITES--STINGS
Wash the affected surface with household ammonia or warm salt water; then apply—
VICK'S VAPORUB
"YOUR BODYGUARD"—50¢, 60¢, 1.00

PILES
Rectal Diseases Cured without a severe surgical operation. No Chloroform or Ether used. Cure guaranteed. **FAY WHEN CURED.** Write for illustrated book on Rectal Diseases, with names and testimonials of more than 1,000 prominent people who have been permanently cured.

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

THE WOMAN IN BLACK

By EDMUND CLERHEW BENTLEY

CHAPTER XII.

The Mystery of the Clothes.

"As you left it. Now here is another point—the last, I think. Were the clothes in which the body was found the clothes that Mr. Manderson would naturally have worn that day?"

Martin rubbed his chin. "You remind me how surprised I was when I first set eyes on the body, sir. At first I couldn't make out what was unusual about the clothes, and then I saw what it was. The collar was a shape of collar Mr. Manderson never wore except with evening dress. Then I found that he had put on all the same things that he had worn the night before—large-fronted shirt and all—except just the coat and waistcoat and trousers, and the brown shoes and blue tie. As for the suit, it was one of half a dozen he might have worn. But for him to have simply put on all the rest just because they were there instead of getting out the kind of shirt and things he always wore by day—well, sir, it was unprecedented. It shows, like some other things, what a hurry he must have been in when getting up."

"Of course," said Mr. Trent. "I think that's all I wanted to know. You have put everything with admirable clearness, Martin. If we want to ask any more questions later on, I suppose you will be somewhere about."

"I shall be at your disposal, sir," Martin bowed and went out quietly. Trent flung himself into the armchair and exhaled a long breath. "Martin is a great creature," he said. "He is far, far better than a play. There is none like him, none—nor will be when our summers have deceased. Straight, too; not an atom of harm in dear old Martin. Do you know, Murch, you are wrong in suspecting that man."

"I never said a word about suspecting him," the inspector was taken aback. "You know, Mr. Trent, he would never have told his story like that if he thought I suspected him."

"I dare say he doesn't think so. He is a wonderful creature, a great artist; but in spite of that he is not at all a sensitive type. It has never occurred to his mind that you, Murch, could suspect him, Martin, the complete, the accomplished. But I know it. You must understand, inspector, that I have made a special study of the psychology of officers of the law. It is grossly neglected branch of knowledge. They are far more interesting than criminals, and not nearly so easy. All the time I was questioning him I saw handcuffs in your eye. Your lips were mutely framing the syllables of those tremendous words: 'It is my duty to tell you that anything you now say will be taken down and used in evidence against you.' Your manner would have deceived most men, but it could not deceive me."

Mr. Murch laughed heartily. Trent's nonsense never made any sort of impression on his mind, but he took it as a mark of esteem, which indeed it was; so it never failed to please him. "Well, Mr. Trent," he said, "you're perfectly right. There's no point in denying it. I have got my eye on him. Not that there's anything definite, but you know, as well as I do, how often servants are mixed up in affairs of this kind, and this man is such a very quiet customer. You remember the case of Lord William Russell's valet, who went in as usual in the morning to draw up the blinds in his master's bedroom, as quiet and starchy as you please, a few hours after he had murdered him in his bed. I've talked to all the women of the house, and I don't believe there's a morsel of harm in one of them. But Martin's not so easy set aside. I don't like his manner; I believe he's hiding something. If so, I shall find it out."

"Cease!" said Trent. "Drain not to its dregs the urn of bitter prophecy. Let us get back to facts. Have you, as a matter of evidence, anything at all to bring against Martin's story as he has told it to us?"

"Nothing whatever at present. As for his suggestion that Manderson came in by way of the window after leaving Marlowe and the car, that's right enough, I should say. I questioned the servant who swept the room next morning, and she tells me there were gravel marks near the window, on this plain drugget that goes round the carpet. And there's a footprint in this soft new gravel just outside." The inspector took a folding rule from his pocket and with it pointed out the traces. "One of the patent shoes Manderson was wearing that night exacts that print—you'll find them," he added, "on the top shelf in the bedroom, near the window-end, the only patents in the row. The girl who polished them in the morning picked them out for me."

Trent bent down and studied the faint marks keenly. "Good!" he remarked, "You have covered a lot of ground, Murch, I must say. That was excellent about the whisky—you made your point finely. I felt inclined to shout 'Encore!' It's a thing that I shall have to think over."

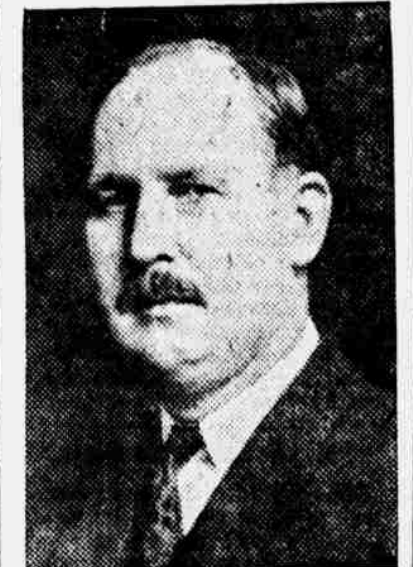
"I thought you might have fitted it in already," said Mr. Murch. "Come, Mr. Trent, we're only at the beginning of our inquiries, but what do you say to this for a preliminary theory? There's a plan of burglary—say a couple of men in it and Martin squared. They know where the plate is, and all about the handy little bits of stuff in the drawing room and elsewhere. They watch the house; see Manderson off to bed; Martin comes to shut the window, and leaves it ajar—accidentally on purpose. They wait till Martin goes to bed at 12:30; then they just walk into the library, and begin to sample the whisky first thing. Now, suppose Manderson were here asleep, and suppose they make a noise opening the window, or however it might be. He hears it; thinks of burglars; gets up very quietly to see if anything's wrong; creeps down on them, perhaps, just as they're getting ready for work. They cut and run; he chases them down to the shed, and collars one; there's a fight; one of them loses his temper and his head, and makes a swinging job of it. Now, Mr. Trent, pick that to pieces."

"Very well," said Trent. "Just to oblige you, Murch—especially as I know you don't believe a word of it. First, no traces of any kind left by your burglars, and the window found fastened in the morning—according to Martin. Not much force in that, I allow. Next, nobody in the house hears anything of this stampeed through the library, nor hears any shout from Manderson either inside the house or outside. Next, Manderson goes down without a word to anybody, though Bunner and Martin are both at hand. Next, did you ever hear in your long experience of a householder getting up in the night to pounce on burglars, who dressed himself fully, with underclothing, shirt, collar and tie, trousers, waistcoat and coat, socks and hard leather shoes; and who gave the finishing touches to a somewhat dandified toilet by doing his hair and putting on his watch and chain? Personally, I call that overdressing the part. The only decorative detail he seems to have forgotten is his teeth."

The inspector leaned forward thinking, his large hands clasped before him. "No," he said at last. "Of course there's no help in that theory. I rather expect we have some way to go before we find out why a man gets up before the servants are awake, dresses himself fully, and is murdered within sight of his house early enough to be cold and stiff by ten in the morning."

Trent shook his head. "We can't build anything on that last consideration. I've gone into the subject with people who know. I shouldn't wonder," he added, "if the traditional notions about loss of temperature and rigor after death had occasionally brought an innocent man to the gallows, or near it. Dr. Stock has them all, I feel sure; most general practitioners of the older generation have. That Dr. Stock will make an ace of himself at the inquest is almost as certain as that tomorrow's sun will rise. I've seen him. He will say the body must have been dead about so long, because of the degree of coldness and rigor mortis. I can see him nosing it all out in some text-book that was out of date when he was a student. Listen, Murch, and I will tell you some facts which will be a great hindrance to you in your professional career. There are many things that may hasten or retard the cooling of the body. This one was lying in the long dew grass on the shady side of the shed. As for rigidity, if Manderson died in a struggle, or laboring under sudden emotion, his corpse might stiffen practically instantaneously; there are dozens of cases noted, particularly in cases of injury to the skull, like this one. On the other hand, the stiffening might not have begun 'untill eight or 10 hours after death. You can't hang anybody on rigor mortis nowadays, inspector, much as you may resent the limitation. Not what we can say is this. If he had been shot after the hour at which the world begins to get up and go about its business, it could have been heard and very likely seen, too. In fact, we must reason—to begin with, at any rate—on the assumption that he wasn't shot at a time when people might be awake—it isn't done in these parts. Put that time at 6:30 a. m. Manderson went up to bed at 11 p. m. and Martin sat up till 12:30. Assuming that he went to sleep at once on turning in, that leaves us something like six hours for the crime to be committed in; and that is a long time. But whenever it took place, I wish you would suggest a reason why Manderson, who was a fairly late riser, was up and dressed at or before 6:30; and why neither Martin, who sleeps lightly, nor Bunner, nor his wife heard him moving about, or letting himself out of the house. He must have been careful. He must have crept about like a cat. . . . Do you feel

Omahian Elected Head Of National Talking Machine Association



George E. Mickel, head of the Mickel Bros. Co., Victor jobbers, has again been elected president of the National Association of Talking Machine Jobbers, in session at Atlantic City, N. J. Mr. Mickel served the association in the same capacity several years ago.

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(Continued Tomorrow.)

My Heart and My Husband

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

What Lillian Told Madge About "the Lady."

Lillian's assurance that we were going to her home before meeting the woman, the sight of whom I had so dreaded, gave me back my poise, sadly shaken by my fevered imagination during my journey to the city. I sank back in the corner of the taxicab with very much the feeling of a condemned prisoner granted a reprieve at the eleventh hour.

My friend made no further comment upon my attitude toward the business in hand, but with her usual acumen went on talking briskly about everything and nothing during the ride home, indeed, until we were safely within her wonderful brown-tinted library. There I, shamed out by my cowardice, interrupted her.

"I am perfectly all right now," I said, "ready to face anything. Please tell me all you've been doing."

(Continued Tomorrow.)

doesn't dream but what she's perfectly safe. Your poor father isn't the only game she is working, but by the time I get through with her tonight, she will be glad she's drawing her breath."

"You'll Do."

Lillian set her teeth together with a vindictive little click that told me the baffling of the evil woman who had ruined my mother's life and was now causing my father and me so much anxiety, was the source of special gratification to her. I, knowing that her interest was solely on my account, felt a rush of loving gratitude to this friend who never failed me.

"I wish I could ever do anything for you Lillian," I said wistfully. "Do you want me throw something at your head?" she retorted. "I've a notion to try it anyway!" meditatively—"it might knock a little sense into you. Do something for me, forsooth! If you don't know you ought to, that you are the only safety valve I have, either for joy or for sorrow. Just let me tell you something; you're the only person who has ever seen me cry. That means something to me. I can tell you. No, no, my dear, the debt's on my side, not yours. You're always doing something for me."

(Continued Tomorrow.)

same rig I have been teaching in all day." "Your suit's all right," Lillian me over critically. "I'll lend you some fresh undertrillies and when I knew the guest was coming I took the liberty of buying a new blouse for you. If you don't like it, I will take it back and give it to someone else. But won't hurt you to wear it one evening."

An Unnamed Guest.

We had reached her bedroom as she finished, and she indicated an exquisite embroidered crepe blouse lying upon the bed. It was of the shade of blue most becoming to me, and harmonized with the color of my suit. It was a royal gift, and from any one else I could not have accepted it. But I said to myself whimsically, that no one else except Lillian would have offered it, and I knew her generous heart would be wounded if I did not take it.

"You'll take it back only over my dead body," I said, hugging her warmly. "It's simply perfect! But who is the guest in whose honor it is to be worn. Surely Mr. Savarin isn't well enough to be here. He's shadowed quickly."

"Indeed not poor Robert, although he is mending so rapidly that we think his sister will be able to take him to his beloved mountain soon. But he could not stand the strain of meeting strangers. Come child, run along and take a cold shower—you look roasted."

(Continued Tomorrow.)

WANTS GARBAGE OF OMAHA FOR \$62,400 A YEAR

Two Bids on Contracts for City's Waste at \$45,000 and \$62,400 Per Annum Respectively.

Henry Pollack yesterday submitted to the city council a proposal to remove and dispose of all garbage within the city limits, for a consideration of \$45,000 per year, on a five-year contract.

John W. Welch offered to sign a contract for \$62,400 a year for five years.

These bids were the only responses to the city's advertisement. The council will discuss the garbage situation at a special meeting Saturday morning.

Mr. Pollack holds a garbage contract for this year, under the terms of which the city has been hauling garbage to his hog-feeding yard and for which he paid \$3,570 for the first six months of this year.

A recent enactment of the legislature, in effect July 18, will permit Omaha institutions having garbage as a by-product to dispose of it to the best advantage. Under this new law, hotel and restaurant owners will make their own contracts for the sale of their own garbage.

Caroline McDole, of Indianola, Iowa, writes: "I have used Chamberlain's Colic and Diarrhoea Remedy and it has done me a great deal of good. I don't believe there is a better medicine on earth" Only 35 cents per bottle.

July 4th

THE NATION that lighted freedom's torch in 1776 rejoices today in having helped spread the rays of Liberty 'round all the globe. The Democracy born but 143 years ago now penetrates the recesses of the world.

It was democracy's call for freedom that gave this nation birth. Civil conflict brought it maturity. The world war beholds it ripened into robust manhood.

We face with cheer the marvels to come. A new world is in the making. Destiny gives us the sceptre of leadership. We must set the pace that is to serve humanity. In the name of Liberty, as we served in a crisis of war, let us serve in the blessing of peace.

The Jay Burns Baking Co.